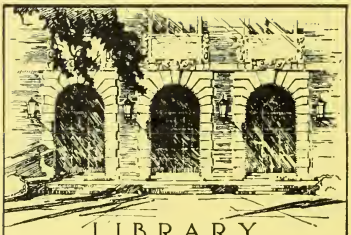

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
052
NAT
v. 21

Return this book on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. A charge is made on all overdue books.

University of Illinois Library

5-26

L161—H41

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/nationalreview2118unse

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XXI.

MARCH TO AUGUST,

1893.

LONDON:
W. H. ALLEN & CO., LTD., 13, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.
Publishers to the India Office.
[*All rights reserved.*]

WYMAN AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND REDHILL.

052
NAT
v. 21

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXI.

AUTHOR.		PAGE
Ahmad, Raffiüddin	England in Relation to Mohammedan States	187
Alderley, Lord Stanley of	The Royal Welsh Land Commission	827
Ashbourne, Lord	The Home Rule Bill and the Army	145
Austin, Alfred	How Florence Rings Her Bells	289
„ „	The Flag of Union	433
Battine, Cecil	Re-organisation of the Army: A Scheme	210
Bompas, H. M., Q.C.	The Argument for Belief	632
Braddon, Miss	Hermann Sudermann	751
Clifford, Mrs. W. K	A Grey Romance	682
Cook, Mrs. E. T.	Romance of the National Gallery	332
Courthope, W. J.	The Study of English Language and Literature	486
Curzon, Hon. G. N., M P.	The Destinies of the Far East	315
Dicey, Professor	Alexis De Tocqueville: a Study	771
Eccles, Symons, M.B.	*Fin De Siècle* Medicine	785
Finch-Hatton, Hon. Harold	The Collapse in Australia	436
Fry, Oliver A.	In Defence of the Paragraph	38
FitzRoy Gardner	The Tory Press and the Tory Party.	
I. A Complaint		357
II An Answer	By the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*	363
	„ „ *Saturday Review*	367
	„ „ *National Observer*	368
	„ „ *St. James's Gazette*	371
Gaye, Arthur	Seven and Three	196
Gundry, R. S.	France, England, and Siam	577
Greenwood, Frederick	The Personal Gratification Bill	739
Greville, Lady Violet	Victims of Vanity	71
Hodgson, W. Earl	A Modern Conversation	594
Holmes, T. Rice	Lieutenant Mackenzie's Ride	58
Houldsworth, Sir W. H., Bart., M.P.	Closing the Indian Mints	805
Jephson, Lady	The French Canadian Habitant	51
Jeune, Lady	Amusements of the Poor	303
Kebbel, T. E.	The Radical Rush	162
Kipling, Rudyard	The White Seal	845

603340

AUTHOR.		PAGE
Low, Sydney J.	Ireland's "Decay" and Ulster's Defiance	292
Lytton, The Late Earl of	Old and New Idyllists	721
Mallock, Miss	Restaurants for the Labouring Classes	62
„ W. H.	A Ground of Agreement for all Parties	22
„ „	Causes of the National Income	151
„ „	Capital: Fixed and Circulating	346
„ „	Wealth, Labour, and Ability	474
„ „	The Future Income of Labour	620
„ „	The Spontaneous Diffusion of Wealth	792
Mew, James	The *Persiles* of Cervantes	659
Nyevelt, Baroness S. I. De Zuylen De	Exile of the Marquise De Falaiseau	500
Parker, Gilbert	At the Sign of the Eagle	518
Pollock, Sir F., Bart.	A Fresh Puzzle of Home Rule	841
„ W. H.	La Mort Du Marquis	174
Rod, Edouard	The Private Life of an Eminent Politician. Part IV.	80
Saintsbury, George	Guy de Maupassant	817
Sharp, William	The Art of the Year	459
Stockton, Frank R	The Watchmaker's Wife	240
Tollemache, Hon. L. A.	Sir Richard Owen and Old-World Memories	606
Toole, J. L.	New Humourists and Non Humourists	449
Traill, H. D.	Mr. Irving's *Becket*	14
„ „	Two Proper Prides	386
Vambéry, Professor	Russian Propaganda	44
Villari, Signora Linda	At the Edge of Italy	218
Waugh, Arthur	The New Era in Letters	510
Whitmore, C. A., M.P.	Conservatives and the London County Council	175
„ „ „	The London Programme	375

Among the Books 118, 266, 407, 541, 704, 860
Correspondence 130, 279, 422, 552, 713, 870
Episodes of the Month 724
In Defence of the Post Office. By "One Who Knows" 647
The Attack on the Church 230
The Bill of Wrongs 1

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 121.—MARCH, 1893.

THE BILL OF WRONGS.

Two hundred years ago, the English Legislature passed the famous Bill of Rights. It is now invited to pass the Bill of Wrongs. The Measure was propounded by the Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, on the thirteenth of last month, and on the eighteenth it was published. As the Bill is backed by the Home Secretary, who, "in another capacity," had at intervals cried out for "more light" on Mr. Gladstone's designs, we may conclude that it was formulated not very long ago. That, indeed, is obvious in the Measure itself. Such a Bill could be presented to Parliament only when those who framed it were in the first excitement of their completed work. If the Measure had been framed six years ago, not even Mr. Gladstone would have been rash enough to present it. A month's contemplation would have sufficed to raise in the lowliest understanding on the Treasury Bench a perception that the Bill was absurd.

The Irish Parliament which it proposes to create is a Parliament of two Chambers. Most of the politicians who are supporting the Measure allow us to understand that they are ready to see an end of the Second Chamber in the Imperial Parliament; but it is clear to them, apparently, that an institution of that kind is necessary in Ireland. Their trust in the people there is subject to a reservation in favour of a twenty-pound franchise. The-stake-in-the-country

doctrine is flouted by gentlemen of emancipated intellect in so far as anyone seeks to mention it, as a pious opinion, in relation to the United Kingdom; but those gentlemen are not sure that there is not something to be said for it in relation to that portion which they propose to sever from it. Ireland is to have an establishment equivalent, as regards its functions, to our own House of Lords. The statesmen who are to compose this body, which is to be called the "Legislative Council," are not to be Peers exactly. In order to be Peers, they would have to sit for life. Bestowing that dignity upon them would be questionable patronage. It would be rendering their lives liable to abbreviation. Irish ideas could scarce be expected to put up with twenty-pound Peers whose views were different from those of the Clan-na-Gael. Therefore, the statesmen of the Second Chamber, of whom those only are to have coronets who happen to be crowned already, are to sit for no more than eight years. By the end of that period, it is estimated, they will have had enough of second-chambering. Occasionally, when differences of opinion with the other House have to be composed, they will have to sit in council with that House, the "Legislative Assembly," and vote for their own opinions to the best of their ability. The best of their ability will not, it is probable, avail sufficiently. All told, they are to be only forty-eight. The members of the Lower Chamber are to be a hundred and three, the same that sit at St. Stephen's now. Thus, even if we assume that the forty-eight will always be unanimous in support of propositions to which twenty-pound stakes in the country are apt to give rise, the Lower House will usually be able to carry their contention. The members from Ulster who are not in accord with the Clan-na-Gael might vote with the Upper House; but even then the views of the Lower would be supported by a majority of four or five. There is thus some reason for fearing that before very long the members of the Legislative Council would conclude that life is a mockery. After a few experiences of the indignity of sitting with, and being out-voted by, the mere Commons, they would feel that Providence and Mr. Gladstone had dealt more kindly with them if the English Liberals had stuck to the original idea of a Black Peerage at Westminster.

It is not for the Second Chamber only that the Bill provides cause of woe. Many subjects upon which the Lower would be pleased to legislate are to be beyond the reach of either. The Irish Legislature is to have nothing to say about "the Crown, or the succession to the Crown, or a Regency." Thus, there will be no room for an Uncrowned King; which is hard on Mr. Timothy Healy, and very hard on Mr. Justin McCarthy. The Legislature

is not even to have a say in the matter of who is to be Lord-Lieutenant. It is not to deal with "the making of peace or war or matters arising from a state of war; or naval or military forces or the defence of the Realm; or treaties and other relations with foreign States or the relations between different parts of Her Majesty's dominions, or offences connected with such treaties or relations; or dignities or titles of honour; or treason, or treason-felony, alienage, or naturalization; or trade with any place out of Ireland, or quarantine, or navigation (except as respects inland waters and local health or harbour regulations); or beacons, light-houses, or sea marks (except so far as they can consistently with any general Act of Parliament be constructed or maintained by a local harbour authority); or coinage, legal tender, or the standard of weights and measures; or trade marks, merchandise marks, copyright, or patent rights." If the Irish Legislature forgets itself so far as to touch any of those matters, its action in that respect is to be "void." When it feels inclined for war, it will have to proceed in its private capacities. In that event, too, it will, if it be wise, read up the history of its predecessor a hundred years ago. The Volunteer Army which at that time was to join Spain in an invasion of England was under the supreme command of a committee of seven generals, one of whom split, and spoilt the fun. Perhaps it would be well, this time, to have only one military chief. A committee of more than a single Irish Nationalist is always apt to bring deep sorrow upon its country, and still deeper upon its own conscience, by being unable to consolidate its aspirations.

Next to his aptitude for war, the Nationalist is chiefly distinguished by his aptitude for keeping heretics in their proper place. That also is a gift which the Irish Legislature will have to exercise in private. Its powers are not to "extend to the making of any law respecting the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or imposing any disability or conferring any privilege on account of religious belief; or abrogating or prejudicially affecting the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education or any denominational institution of charity; or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school." That is a comprehensive prohibition; but it need not cause the Nationalists much solicitude. Such of them as are Roman Catholics will not, when they come to think of it, seriously complain against the ordinance forbidding them to establish their religion. The establishment of the faith would remove a first-class grievance, and a grievance removed is a source of joy dried up. It will be very easy, in the Catholic districts,

to make the priests managers of the schools; and the priests in that position will be a guarantee of the permanence of the illiterate voter, who, as the twenty-pound electors are likely to carry on the British notions of liberty and property, notions ostensibly surrendered in Ireland, will still be the mainstay of Nationalist ideas on those subjects.

Unhappily, however, keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope, the framers of the Bill have had their eyes specially on those very subjects. The powers of the Irish Parliament are not to include power to make laws "whereby any person may be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or may be denied the equal protection of the laws; or whereby private property may be taken without just compensation; or whereby any existing Corporation, incorporated by Royal charter, or by any local or general Act of Parliament (not being a Corporation raising, for public purposes, taxes, rates, cess dues, or tolls, or administering funds so raised), may, unless it consents, or the leave of Her Majesty is first obtained, on address from the two Houses of the Irish Legislature, be deprived of its rights, privileges, or property without due process of law." Those provisions make it clear that there is still to be scope for the Plan of Campaign. Their general declaration that the Irish Legislature is not to be entitled to enfranchise any Nationalist theories of liberty and property is clinched by a special provision that "during three years from the passing of this Act, and if Parliament is then sitting until the end of that session of Parliament, the Irish Legislature shall not pass an Act respecting the relations of landlord and tenant, or the sale, purchase, or letting of land generally."

Seeing that most of the Nationalist leaders have often said that the land question is at the bottom of the demand for independence, we must sympathize with the feeling that that reservation is not generous. The Bill withholds from the Irish Legislature power to deal with the very subject on which Irish ideas are most acute. That is unsympathetic. It might even be called distrustful. It is as much as to say that the Great Liberal Party, which has for seven years been shedding the light of its countenance upon the yearnings of which the Plan of Campaign, Boycotting, and hedgerow heroes with blunderbusses, were the unfortunate but the only possible expressions, has been winking inwardly all the time. What else can it mean? Either the Gladstonian Party, which during all these years has been avowing the most loving trust in the Irish people, trusted them not at all; or it does not trust them now. No other explanation is possible. The Irish Nationalists are entitled to feel hurt at the provision. It casts a reflection upon all the martyrdom which they have been willing to risk when the odds

were in their favour. It says, as plainly as any Act of Parliament, necessarily a decorous document, can say, "You, whom we have called right-minded men patriotically struggling for the liberty of your land, are persons of criminal intent; and we cannot trust you." This is painful. It does not promise well for the Union of Hearts. What are the Irish Nationalists to think of the English allies who, in the very act of proposing to liberate the country, constrain them to keep the Plan of Campaign still going, and the blunderbusses oiled? True Irishmen, of course, always prefer the grievance to the redress; but they have perceptions to be affronted, and feelings to be hurt. They would have had a pang in stowing the Plan into the National Museum, and in hanging the blunderbuss in the outer hall for posterity to gaze at in romantic sorrow for the brave old days departed; but they are not blind to the bulls of the Saxon, and we sympathize with them in the thought, which must be weighing heavily on their minds, that a Message of Peace which leaves the Hill-side men a continuing necessity is a flagrant bull indeed.

The Gladstonians might have had feeling enough to respect Ireland's long-established monopoly in jests of that kind; but they have not. Not content with the practical bull which is involved in the reservation of the land from the scope of the Irish Legislature, they reserve the Royal Irish Constabulary also, and the Dublin Metropolitan Police. Here, again, is an unwitting ministering to the instincts of the Irish Nationalist. The Nationalist can have no happiness in life unless there is someone to tread on the tail of his coat; and if the Police had been abolished, or made his own obedient servants, moonlighting had been emptied of its joy. On the other hand, the Nationalists are entitled to inquire, why are they not to be trusted with control of the Police? If they did have control of them, there would be no protection for landlords evicting, and none for blacklegs entering into derelict farms. That is quite true; but why does the Great Liberal Party take note of it? If the Nationalist ideas about liberty and property were, to that Party's knowledge, true while the Party was in Opposition, must not they be true now also? Does the grant of independence to a country change the moral quality of the principles which inspired it to seek independence? Either that must be so in the estimate of the Liberal Party or that Party had a liberal view of veracity when it accepted Irish ideas of land and of liberty, and avowed that they were to be woven into the texture of the Union of Hearts.

Take it how we will, the reservation of the control of the land and of the Police is not what the Nationalists were entitled to expect. It is ungenerous to the Irish sentiment on the strength of

which the friends of Ireland floated into power. It used to be said that

> "As bees, on flowers alighting, cease to hum,
> So, settling into office, Whigs grow dumb."

Now, it appears, the politicians, who have inherited the place but not the spirit of the Whigs, become worse than dumb under the same auspices. They have betrayed the people by championing whose cause they gained their places and their portfolios. They have repudiated the most intense of the Irish sentiments of the help of which, avowing sympathy with them, they took advantage. That does not cause us any increase of pride in the nation in which they are one of the great Parties; but it is a betrayal from which we would not have had them abstain. If we must have within the bounds of the United Kingdom a people which is largely traitorous, and a Party which is willing to serve itself by alliance with the seditious, it is, on the whole, well that that people and that Party should follow the natural law in such affairs, and fall apart because, on a large scale, good faith among tricksters is impossible.

The betrayal of the Irish Nationalists by the Liberal Party is not the worst which the Bill involves. The Royal Constabulary and the Dublin Police are shamefully used. Those forces have been models of their kind, and the fame of their integrity is wide. If they had been influenced by the disaffection to which the Executive Government of the United Kingdom was opposed, they would never have become hateful to the rebels. They never have been disaffected. Through all the varied straits of peril which have characterized Ireland since the Executive Government itself began to waver, they have been unflinchingly faithful to their duty, and have saved the country from extremities the solution of which could have been accomplished only by open civil war. Now, because they have been faithful, the Government of the United Kingdom, which they have saved from humiliations and disgraces, proposes to disband them. They are to "be gradually reduced"; they are to "cease to exist" within six years from the passing of the Bill. That is the requital of their fidelity. It is shameful as far as the forces themselves are concerned. It is wanton in the extreme when we think of the effect which it may have upon similar forces in other parts of the Empire, and even upon the Army. We have well-nigh unbounded faith in the British Police and in British soldiers. They always have done their duty, simply because it is their nature to, not because they think of reward or reputation. Always, probably, they will do their duty in the same uncalculating spirit; but is it possible that this proposal to disband their brethren in Ireland,

simply because those men have never truckled to treason, can fail to fill them with disgust? Is disgust with the Executive Government a temper which we should infuse into the forces upon which the safety of the State depends? These questions, if the Bill passes, will gradually insinuate themselves into the minds of men in every part of the United Kingdom. Meanwhile they must actively affect public and private sentiment in every part of Ireland. There, the honest, the loyal, every person and every class untainted by criminal disaffections, are already, themselves abandoned by the Executive Government which they have supported through good report and ill, dependent for their liberties and properties, even for their lives, upon men whom the Executive Government has insultingly betrayed. What are the Constabulary and the Police to think during the six years intervening between this and the time when they will be supplanted by forces maintaining order and peace according to "Irish ideas"? It is not in human nature to be zealous in the discharge of duty during the period of notice to quit; and we shall be unable, in our hearts, to blame these men if their career, hitherto absolutely unblemished, gradually closes in demoralization.

Beyond the betrayal of the official classes first responsible for law and order in Ireland, there is a wider, although not more acutely disgraceful, depth of shame. The Bill proposes that the Executive Government shall abandon to their enemies the only people in Ireland who have been faithful in allegiance to the Crown. This of course, will be denied; but the denial will only add to the welter of subterfuges in which Mr. Gladstone and his associates immersed themselves when they began to traffic with sedition. Our statement of what the Bill proposes is implicit, almost explicit, in the Bill itself. The very "safeguards" prove it. If the Ministry do not expect that an Irish Parliament will deal with the property of landowners dishonestly, why do they reserve legislation about the land for three years? Only a belief on their part that that Parliament would seek to attain the ends of the Plan of Campaign in "legal" ways can justify that reservation. It is an insult to the Irish Nationalist as matters stand, and a menace to Irish Loyalists in any case. Three years! Why three, or thirty, or three hundred? Can any sensible man expect that "Irish ideas" on "the land question," which the Executive Government has always treated, and treats still, as the ideas of thieves, will dissolve, and be supplanted by the principles of honesty and fair-dealing, within any period whatsoever of the era when they are free from all control? No sensible man can expect such a miracle. The section of the Bill with which we are dealing is disingenuous on the face of it. The post-dating of the Measure as regards the land gives the lie to any

profession of belief in the provisions ostensibly designed to regulate the attitude in which the Irish Parliament is to hold itself towards property and liberty generally. If the Ministry really believed that the Parliament is likely to be honest, they would not have considered it necessary to exclude the land from the scope of the subjects with which it may deal at any time after "the appointed day." The reservation is proof that the Ministry realize that in order to be honest in action the Legislature will have to practise honesty for a time in theory. In their view, it must have time to grow in grace in the abstract, lest, having no preparation, grace should not come to it at all. The three years of silent meditation on common honesty which the Ministry are to impose upon the Irish Legislature will be a period of paltering in a double sense. The provision, as we have seen, is an insult to the prospective Legislature itself. It is also, as we have said, an attempt to delude the people whom Ministers have resolved to abandon. A dishonest Legislature is no more likely to become honest in three years than a sinner is likely to become a saint in three seconds. The Ministry know this as well as any other men outside Bedlam. Their "safeguards" and their reservations cast discredit upon each other, and are together an attempt at deluding the people in Ireland by whom the Executive Government should have stood to the last; and it is only on the charitable assumption that Ministers are temporarily qualified for Bedlam that we can look upon their Bill otherwise than as a calculated attempt to deceive and betray. The same inexorable facts, combined with similar inevitable inductions from the provisions of the Bill itself, forces us to a similar conclusion as to how liberty of conscience is expected by the Ministry to fare. The Bill refrains from granting the right of the Irish Roman Catholics to establish their Church, merely because an Establishment is not necessary to the end that the Protestants may be discomfited. With the Police under their own control and the schools under control of the priests, the Irish Roman Catholics will have little difficulty in vindicating the sacred rights of the majority. The Protestants, where they are not numerous, will be as much at their mercy as if the Pope himself were Sovereign in Ireland with his Temporal Power restored. That, among other things, is what the Bill proposes. Here again, we know, our interpretation will be denied; and here again, we can show, the denial will be empty words. The Catholic's allegiance to his temporal ruler is subordinate to his allegiance to his spiritual Sovereign. The commands of the temporal ruler are to be obeyed only in so far as they do not conflict with those of the Pope. Thus, as the policy of the Vatican is not always harmonious with the

polity of any Protestant Government, Ireland under Home Rule will be Ireland under the dominion of a Foreign Power. The Ministry can gainsay this only by avowing a belief that the Papacy is not serious, a belief at which every other Government in Europe would, with much cause, be amazed; or by avowing a belief that the Catholics of Ireland are not really Catholics at all. The Bill provides that "the Executive power in Ireland shall continue vested in Her Majesty the Queen, and the Lord-Lieutenant, on behalf of Her Majesty, shall exercise any prerogative or other executive power of the Queen, the exercise of which may be delegated to him by Her Majesty, and shall in Her Majesty's name summon, prorogue, and dissolve the Irish Legislature. There shall be an Executive Committee of the Privy Council of Ireland to aid and advise in the government of Ireland, being of such numbers and comprising persons holding such offices as Her Majesty may think fit, or as may be directed by Irish Act. The Lord-Lieutenant shall on the advice of the said Executive Committee give or withhold the assent of Her Majesty to Bills passed by the two Houses of the Irish Legislature, subject nevertheless to any instructions given by Her Majesty in respect of any such Bill." Being resolved to maintain unity of Sovereignty, Ministers were obliged to make a provision of that kind. They could have done no less. At first sight, the provision is not inacceptable. It seems less to weaken the control of the Crown over Ireland than to make the Monarchy practically absolute. That first impression does not last long. They misapprehend the character of Irish Nationalism who think that a veto by the Crown in Council upon any act embodying "Irish ideas" would be less objectionable to the patriots for whose appeasement the Measure is designed, less the cause of rebellious discontent, than a restriction on the Irish law-givers from any external authority. The provision is not original. It has the merit of being testable by experience. Grattan's Parliament was subject to a system of veto similar to that which it proposes to establish. Besides having power to annul any Act of that Legislature, the Crown could forbid the introduction of any Bill which seemed to it, or to its advisers in Council, incompatible with the polity of the Realm. From the point of view of the Nationalists then, the system was a dead failure. Each of the acts of veto, which were few and invariably reasonable, exasperated the majority in the Legislature, and contributed to the disorganization out of which the Union naturally arose. With the idea of independence conceded, Irish Nationalists submit to no veto whatsoever. They are constitutionally irreconcilable. It is clear, then, that the provision ostensibly designed to preserve the authority of the Crown is itself a betrayal of the Crown. It is a proposal to place upon the

Queen in Council responsibilities of which the Ministry are anxious to be rid. The responsibilities are such as should never be shifted from the central Executive Government. Seeking to shift them, the Ministry are proposing to embroil the Crown in the worst politics of faction.

In introducing the Bill, the Prime Minister indicated that, whilst he was resolved to maintain unity of Sovereignty, he regarded unity of Parliaments as a doctrine less binding upon him. He was prepared to contend, however, that the Bill preserved unity of Parliaments also. Now, the Measure, as we have shown, preserves unity of Sovereignty by obliging the Crown to interfere in politics in a manner which, in the event of "Irish ideas" spreading throughout the United Kingdom, would be certain to imperil the Monarchy. The contention that the Measure is not incompatible with unity of Parliaments is equally grotesque. The provision as regards the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons is that "after the appointed day each of the constituencies named in the second schedule to this Act [constituencies which, under a redistribution of seats, will have eighty Members] shall return to serve in Parliament the number of Members named opposite thereto in that schedule, and no more, and Dublin University shall cease to return any Member. An Irish representative Peer in the House of Lords and a Member of the House of Commons for an Irish constituency shall not be entitled to deliberate or vote on— (*a*) any Bill or motion in relation thereto, the operation of which Bill or motion is confined to Great Britain or some part thereof; or (*b*) any motion or resolution relating solely to some tax not raised or to be raised in Ireland; or (*c*) any vote or appropriation of money made exclusively for some service not mentioned in the third schedule to this Act [the schedule relating to Imperial Liabilities, Expenditure, and Miscellaneous Revenue]; or (*d*) any motion or resolution exclusively affecting Great Britain or some part thereof, or some local authority, or some person or thing therein; or (*e*) any motion or resolution incidental to any such motion or resolution, as either is last mentioned or relates solely to some tax not raised or to be raised in Ireland, or incidental to any such vote or appropriation of money as aforesaid. Compliance with the provisions of this section shall not be questioned otherwise than in each House in manner provided by the House." In the results of that arrangement the Imperial Parliament would become the absurdest Legislative Assembly in the civilized or in the uncivilized world. We need not dwell upon the prospect of the Irish Members popping in and out according to the varying nature of the business in which the Houses of Parliament happened to be engaged from time to time. That prospect is ridiculous

enough, sufficient in itself to make the Bill impossible; but it is not the worst. The gravest of the troubles from which the Imperial Parliament has suffered within recent years sprang from the relation in which the Nationalist Party stood towards Her Majesty's Government and Her Majesty's Opposition. Violating a Constitutional tradition, they used the power of their votes in Imperial affairs without the slightest regard to those affairs themselves. They used it for their own purposes, which they called the aspirations of their country. They have been a source of constant menace to the Government of the Realm. They have never even affected the slightest concern in the greater affair of the nation. The graver the Imperial subject to be dealt with, the more urgent has been the temptation of Ministries to make dangerous concessions to a faction ready to witness any national calamity rather than forego a chance of forwarding a project which until a few years ago every British statesman considered treasonable. There can be no question about this. Mr. Gladstone himself is witness. "If the Liberal Party," he said in Midlothian, on November 9, 1885, "were called upon to deal with this great Constitutional question of the government of Ireland in a position when it was a minority dependent on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority, ... it would not be trustworthy. It would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure as to which, at every step of its progress, it would be in the power of a Party coming from Ireland to say, 'Unless you do this, and unless you you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow.' That would be a vital danger to the country and to the Empire." The hypothesis is actualized. A Party came from Ireland with the proposition which Mr. Gladstone dreaded. Mr. Gladstone and his Party were confronted with the temptation which was to be a vital danger to the country and to the Empire. They yielded to the temptation; they have made the possible danger actual. We should be wasting words if we reproached them for their apostasy. They have been self-condemned so long that they are no longer capable of shame. Happily, the fortunes of the Empire are not under the absolute control of Mr. Gladstone and his immediate associates. The representatives of Great Britain are still, as a whole, independent; not a few of the representatives of Ireland are unaffected either by treason or by the flabby instinct which impels others to conciliate traitors. We trust that the Lower House itself will realize what the Bill, if it passed, would achieve. It would sacrifice the unity of Parliaments. The difference of voting strength between the Liberal Party and the Conservative Party is likely to be permanently so small that the Irish Nationalists would be able to upset the Government, whether Liberal or Con-

servative, on any division. That the Irishmen would use their power we see no reason to doubt. Unless their country becomes absolutely separate, absolutely independent, they will be disaffected always. If the Bill passes, they will chafe against the reservations of the Measure; they will chafe against every veto of the Crown in Council. That is certain. It is certain, also, that they will seek to be avenged. Unable to reach the Crown itself, they will attack its Ministers. Whenever this country, or the Empire, is in crisis, they will seek to overthrow the Ministry. If the question to be decided entails a vote in the House, they will succeed in their endeavour. The Government of the Empire will be maimed at the very time when the existence of the Empire depends upon the unity of its Government.

The Bill is an insult, and a wrong, to all concerned. It betrays Ireland. Offering independence ostensibly, and withholding every liberty of lawless legislation which was really sought, it betrays the Nationalists there. With a perfidy unparalleled in the history of the Empire, an unspeakable meanness which will make England, even in so far as she did not share it, ashamed and dejected for generations, it betrays the Loyalists of Ireland. With a wanton audacity which, in other times, when England thought more simply and more truly, and had the courage to translate her perceptions into acts, would have rendered those responsible for it liable to impeachment for High Treason, it betrays the Crown. This great betrayal is much more ignominious than it seems. It is not to eighty truculent Irishmen alone that the Ministry propose to surrender. Behind that intriguing regiment are the priests of Ireland, a brigade more objectionable still: year in, year out, using spiritual terrors to spread the spirit of insurrection among subjects of the State whose tolerant laws protect them. Nationalism is not a natural growth. It is artificial, forced, out of accord with the polity of a patriotic people left to their own judgment. Is there a sane man in England who will deny that but for the influence of the priesthood a movement so insensate would never have become serious, if, indeed, it had ever arisen? Surely there cannot be. Surely, too, now that we are coming to the point in the wretched episode, the Commons of the United Kingdom will realize that the surrender which the Ministry propose is nothing less than a surrender of the Queen to the Pope, of Great Britain to a foreign and hostile Power. There is no danger of surrender ultimately. This Bill of Wrongs will not become law. Such a Measure will not be sanctioned by the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland. If the occasion does arise, they will act with the approval of the nation. We trust, however, that the occasion will not arise. Highly as we value the Constitutional function of the

Peers, we should deplore an increase of their credit at the cost of a discredit to the Commons; and we shall not believe that the sense of that body is confused and its patriotism sapped to the extent on which the Ministry rely, until it gives its explicit sanction, by a Third Reading, to this wicked and shameful Bill.

MR. IRVING'S *BECKET*.

THERE have been few more pathetic passages in the history of the modern stage than the production and success of Lord Tennyson's tragedy of *Becket* at the Lyceum Theatre. The success was so complete yet so fatally delayed, so long and vainly sought, and, alas! so late and vainly achieved. As the curtain fell on the impressive close of the drama, and the crowded house resounded with the enthusiastic applause of the audience, the classic lines of another great English poet recurred irresistibly, and charged with a new significance, to the mind :—

> "Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust
> Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

It was no uncommon thing in the late Laureate's lifetime to hear expressions of surprise at the intensity of desire with which a poet crowned with the laurels of so many poetic triumphs appeared to covet this one ungathered spray. There was surely nothing very surprising, as certainly there was nothing unworthy, in the dominance of such an ambition over the mind of so great a poetic compatriot of the greatest dramatic poet of the world. The name and fame of Shakespeare have for ever kept alive among Englishmen the traditional but most disputable belief that drama is the proper if not the predestined vehicle and medium of the greatest poetry, even if that belief is not associated with the no less questionable assumption that drama was the natural instead of, as was the case, the purely accidental and ready-to-hand instrument of Shakespeare's poetic genius. How far Lord Tennyson may have been influenced by the former of these two beliefs one cannot say. Certain it is, at any rate, that he longed eagerly and strove strenuously for acceptance as a dramatic poet: that the refusal both of critics and of playgoers to accept him in that character was a sensible disappointment; and that the enthusiastic reception of this latest drama of his by the playgoers, without any serious protest from the critics, would have pleased him greatly.

Nevertheless, it is impossible, I think, to regard *Becket*, or to believe that the Laureate himself would have regarded it, as the

NEW SWINDON.

full realization of his ambition. If, indeed, it were true that all he coveted was success as a dramatist, then might the hearty acclamation of this play have satisfied him. But if that to which he really aspired was, as certainly we must suppose it to have been, the fame not merely of a dramatist but of a dramatic poet, then, surely, we cannot say of *Becket*, remarkable as it is in many ways, that it brought him any nearer to his goal. Considered as poetic drama, by which I mean as drama which never in its greater moments of action and of passion allows you to forget that it is poetry, it marks no advance upon his earlier productions in the same kind. Nay: in the order of pure letters, he had already used the dramatic form to better effect. He had written at least two dramas of higher literary distinction, as well as two others not inferior to it in this respect; while there is but one which it excels in this quality, although that one, to be sure, it excels by much. *Queen Mary* and *Harold* are both of them, as poetry, its indisputable betters; *The Cup* and *The Falcon*, allowance being made for slighter substance, are, at least, its literary equals; it surpasses only, although in so doing, of course, it immeasurably distances, the unhappy *Promise of May*. In a word, it is not as poetry but as drama that *Becket* succeeds; and it has succeeded even as drama not by force of construction, for in truth its narrative coheres loosely, nor from interplay of contending and contrasted personalities, for the great king of the tragedy is not as he should be, a figure dividing our interest, if not our admiration, equally with that of the great Churchman, but because it contains, what few, if any, of the other plays of Tennyson did contain, an intensely-felt and powerfully-drawn character, which, in the hands of the accomplished actor who has impersonated it, seizes upon the sympathies of the spectator, and keeps its hold upon them to the last.

To apportion the respective shares of the dramatist and of the actor in an achievement of this kind is always an invidious and usually an impossible task. It will certainly not be attempted here. Still, although the honours of such a success may be incapable of precise distribution between poet and player, one can, of course, perceive generally and roughly when the share of either the one or of the other is exceptionally large. There are parts, for example, which are said to "play themselves," and others which the actor may be literally and not figuratively described as having "created." It would, no doubt, be going too far to say that Becket is a part of the latter kind; but it much more nearly answers to that than to the former description. There is a vast deal in Mr. Irving's Becket that the actor himself has put there: some of it, no doubt, contained implicitly in the words of the part and directly evolved from them; but much of it the fruit of the actor's sympa-

thetic imagination brought to bear directly on the historic character itself.

How considerable this element is has been shown in a somewhat amusing manner by more than one of the professional critics in dealing with the play itself. Until I read the "appreciations," I confess, I had no idea how extensive had been the ravages made by the "analytic" malady among these excellent men. Their singular grievance against the play and its author is that Lord Tennyson has shown us nothing of the "mental struggle" through which Becket must have passed before the *protégé* and boon companion of Henry II. could have broken the ties of affection and gratitude which bound him to the monarch, and become his inflexible and uncompromising adversary. So persistently did the critics harp upon this objection, and so confidently did they represent it as a serious dramatic fault, that one was almost driven to the lexicon to obtain renewed assurance that the word "drama" is Greek for "action," not for "suffering": that its main object is to set forth character in deeds, not to describe emotion in words. *Becket* is far from being, dramatically speaking, a faultless play; but we have no right to impute to it as a fault that it proceeds upon the broad and simple method of great drama in all ages and countries, and that it allows the inner tragedy of its hero's life and fate to unfold itself in action.

Of course, there is need of great acting to ensure that it shall so unfold itself. There is need that the hero's character shall be conceived with greatness by the actor who seeks to impersonate him, and be greatly rendered. That incalculable advantage Becket has had; and it is an advantage which, saving respect for the critics above mentioned, is worth more than any amount of the literary exhibition of "mental struggle." It is, of course, a thoughtless exaggeration to say that there are no traces of such a struggle in Becket's lines. Many such indications could be easily pointed out. It is true, however, that they are not emphasized and insisted on as apparently our friends would have. It is true that the Archbishop is not continually bemoaning in soliloquies of fifty lines or so the cruel destiny which has arrayed him against the royal friend of his youth. Hence it is, I suppose, that a criticism enervated by long intercourse with analytic fiction has found the dramatic exposition of the play inadequate and unsatisfying. Yet there is one speech of not more than a dozen lines—one impassioned outburst of agonizing doubt—in which the most undramatic of dramatic critics might surely find at least as much and as tragic evidence of mental struggle as he can desire.

"Am I the man? That rang
Within my head last night, and when I slept

> Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster
> And spake to the Lord God and said,
> 'Henry the king hath been my friend, my brother,
> And mine uplifter in this world, and chosen me,
> For this thy great archbishoprick believing
> That I should go against the Church with him,
> And I shall go against him with the Church.
> Am *I* the man?' And the Lord answered me,
> 'Thou art the man and all the more the man.'
> And thereupon, methought, he drew toward me
> And smote me down upon the Minster floor."

Again:

> "O Herbert, here,
> I gash myself asunder from the king,
> Tho' bearing each a wound; mine own a grief
> To show the scar for ever—he, a hate
> Not easy to be heal'd."

Were there throughout the play no other sign of the great prelate's spiritual wrestlings than this stern and solemn passage, as Mr. Irving delivers it it would suffice.

As Mr. Irving delivers it. There is the point. The Becket of Lord Tennyson, whatever may be said of the play itself by way of literary comparison with his other works, is a character not only grandly conceived but bodied forth in what is essentially the grand manner: that is to say, on broad lines and with a free and flowing stroke, but, whilst potentially containing all the finer touches that are necessary to the finished picture, requiring powerful aid from the actor to place them upon the canvas. It is not detracting from the poet's genius to insist upon this paramount share of the player in the completed work: it is to say no more than that he has worked by the methods of all great drama—by the method of Shakespeare wherever and in so far as Shakespeare is dramatist first and foremost, as he is in *Othello* and *Macbeth*, and not poet first and dramatist afterwards, as he is in *Hamlet*. Whatever uncertainties of touch, whatever aberrancies of handling, there may be in the printed play, they are due to Lord Tennyson's always precarious mastery of his means in dramatic writing, and not to any fundamental error of conception or to any inadequate theory as to the proper evolution of an historical play. The "original sketch" of Becket (so to speak) is correct in outline and adequate in scale; and that is why Mr. Irving, working upon it not only with the care and intelligence which he bestows upon all his impersonations, but with those immense additions of force and spirit which are drawn from him only by characters he really feels and loves, and, in a word, believes in, has been able to make of it so fine a picture.

It is this last-mentioned attitude of the actor towards his crea-

tion that is the main origin of its charm. The most commanding quality in the performance is Mr. Irving's intense belief in the Becket of his imagining: his perfectly manifest conviction, audible in every utterance, visible in every pose and movement, every gesture and facial change, that here is how the man would have spoken, stood, and looked, when this or that was happening; and that when one spoke to him in these words, or in those, it was thus, or thus, with just such flash of pride or of anger, such cry of doubt or of faith, such note of solemn melancholy or of infinite tenderness, that he would have replied. There is the true *clairvoyance* of genius about the representation. It testifies to that power of imaginative insight which enables the actor to work deductively, as it were, and from within outwards: to show us the deeds and utter to us the words of his assumed character, not as though he had seen and heard and were imitating them from without, but as though he had himself been originally art and part in the saying and in the doing of them, as though he had sat at the very centre of will and consciousness from which they issued.

This, of course, is only half the feat which an actor has to perform; although, and in acting, assuredly the half, or at any rate the first half, is not greater than the whole. To execute your conception adequately—to make your audience feel as you do, and with something of the same intensity, about the character you are assuming—there, unfortunately for the weak executant in this as in all other arts, is an undertaking in which moral and mental qualities, in which intelligence and imagination and earnestness, will help you not at all. It is true that intense personal realization of a character is an antecedent condition of all great impersonations; it may even be true that the greatness of the one is directly measured by the intensity of the other; yet, alas! it is not true that what that other measures it insures. Howsoever true, howsoever consistent, howsoever vividly felt to the actor's conception, the question whether it will issue in a great or even in a good impersonation is at bottom (hard saying although it be for some) almost purely a question, a bare, brutal question, of physical gifts. Aye; and of the correlation of these gifts to the physical requirements of a part. Mr. Irving, as we all know, has a *physique* of extraordinary plasticity: to that the wide range of his impersonations is enough in itself to testify. We have but to recall Wolsey and Dubose, Louis XI. and Benedick, Lear and Robert Macaire, in order to realize the marvellous variety of the histrionic purposes to which that *physique* can be moulded. We know, on the other hand, that even this unequalled artistic organism does not lend itself in the equal readiness and aptitude to all its many

uses. We can all perceive for ourselves that in some cases it has to be shaped and fitted to the conception which it has to interpret; while we see that in others, as prominently in Becket, the harmony between the two has been complete from the first, and that the thought of the actor, fused and molten with the fervent heat of imagination, has flowed straight into the mould of his art.

In Becket this harmony is indeed complete. The soldier ecclesiastic, as Tennyson has drawn him, and as Mr. Irving has realized him, combines all those characteristics of physical bearing and demeanour which Mr. Irving, of all actors, is the best fitted to set forth, and exhibits all those traits of temperament in interpreting which he is at his best. Taken singly and in detail, we can see instantly, as many of us indeed foresaw, how well-matched would be the "points" of the part with the gifts of the actor. The dignity, the imperiousness, the quick ire, the underlying tenderness, the gracious courtesy, the tranquil courage of Becket—one did not need to be told that these things would have due justice done them by the impressive impersonator of Charles I., of Richelieu, and of Wolsey. We knew that he would look the great Archbishop to the life. We could imagine the calmly fearless front which he would oppose to the blind fury of the King and the brutal menaces of the barons. That great scene of the signing of the Constitutions in Northampton Castle—a scene not unworthy, in its dramatic breadth, of a place among Shakespearian histories—that solemn prelude to the martyrdom which passes in the chamber of the monastery at Canterbury—these and the martyrdom itself we could realize in anticipation. Great as in all these scenes the performance was, it did not, perhaps, surpass anticipation on any point but one—the excellence of the actor's elocution. It is here that Mr. Irving sometimes fails—although always rather through excess than lack of endeavour—to give us of his best. To hear him at his best of best, he must be heard in *Becket*. His delivery, just and admirable alike in moments of passion and in those of restraint, in the trumpet tones of defiance, the solemn organ notes of foreboding, the exquisite modulations of pity and tenderness, attains in the triumphant outcry of that speech which closes with the three lines—

> "First of the foremost of their files who die
> For God to people heaven on the great day
> When God makes up his jewels,"

—to as high a point as elocutionary art can reach. It is the very spirit of religious ecstasy, incarnate, and made visible in words.

Again, however, we return to the point from which we started. Masterly as may be the skill with which the actor executes his conception, it is only through the merits of that conception itself

—through its adequacy, its consistency, the intensity of the actor's belief in it, the tenacity of grasp with which he possesses and is possessed by it—that an impersonation can become entitled to the praise of greatness, and can leave behind it an abiding impression of its reality in the spectator's mind. The question whether Mr. Irving's conception of Becket is entirely true to history is open to dispute. They may be right who say that it is somewhat over-spiritualized, and that there were earthly elements in Becket's character—a leaven of secular arrogance, a touch of vanity and self-consciousness—which have disappeared from the picture which Mr. Irving has presented to us. On the other hand, it has been contended with force and acuteness, and not without substantial backing from authority, by a learned lady writing in one of the Monthly Reviews, that Lord Tennyson's is the true Becket—that the late Laureate has been the first to do justice to a man whom the modern historian, in most cases biassed by a sympathy with the cause of civil authority, has maligned. It matters little which of the two disputants is right. It is enough that the figure which Mr. Irving, working upon Lord Tennyson's lines, has bodied forth preserves all the aspects of greatness which belonged to his historic model, and that if he has brought any one of them for artistic purposes into undue prominence he cannot even here be charged with any wide or serious deviation from the truth of history. After all, even the least friendly critic of the career of the great prelate can never deny that his worldly weaknesses, his human feelings, were of small importance in the sum total of his character, and that, but for the fierce white light of religious enthusiasm which beat upon them, "blackening every blot," they might have escaped the eye of posterity.

Upon this light, and almost upon this alone, it is surely justifiable for the actor, if not his bounden artistic duty, to fix his eyes. Mr. Irving has steadily concentrated his gaze upon it, and he has done well. It is by the aid of this concentration that he has been able to suffuse himself so thoroughly with the personality of his hero, and (still more remarkable feat) to possess his audience with it so thoroughly that they can actually stand the under-plot without having their faith shaken. The Henry-and-Rosamond business—which Lord Tennyson, I suppose, felt bound to introduce in the sacred name of "popularity"; business which even the charm of Miss Terry's acting can make nothing but an irrelevant and intrusive fairy tale—passes before, and is passed over by, the serious spectator like the dream it is. One does not object to Becket's share in this love intrigue. One simply does not believe in it. The Becket who protects the King's mistress from the vengeance of the Queen obscures not—nay, scarcely so much as blurs—the impression of

the Becket who withstands the King in name of the Church. It is too shadowy for that: an air-drawn phantom, a filmy wraith through which the eye passes to rest on that other, the Becket who moves before us, living, breathing, pulsating—solid, tangible, tri-dimensioned—in the drama proper. From the moment of his first appearance at the chessboard on the terrace of the Norman castle to the moment when he lies prone in the transept of Canterbury Cathedral, it is this Becket, and he alone, who is real to us—real alike as King's friend and as King's foe, as soldier, as priest, as martyr; real as the frank and genial comrade of the Plantagenet; real in the transfiguring change which passes over him with the divine call; real in every moment of the great struggle to which he gave, and gave up, his life, and in every mood, whether of courage for his cause, or of regret for his severed friendship, or of boding anticipation of his doom, in which he fought it; real, above all, in that solemn scene in the monastery when, in the midst of his musings on the omens thickening around him, his four murderers gather silently in the chamber, and we feel that the great historic tragedy, moving with the fatal movement of the Greek drama, is but a footstep from its predestined end.

H. D. Traill.

A COMMON GROUND OF AGREEMENT FOR ALL PARTIES.

I.

THE PRIMARY END OF ALL GOVERNMENT.—NO TWO OPINIONS WITH REGARD TO THIS POSSIBLE.

Every year the connection between social and political questions is becoming both practically closer and more generally recognized; and it is assumed in many quarters that social questions will be those which will divide most sharply the political Parties of the future. But no matter how true, within certain limits, this may prove to be, it ought to prove true within certain limits only; for whatever grounds for difference social questions may offer, they will be found to offer, as few other questions do, a common ground of complete preliminary agreement. It will be my aim in this, and other papers which will follow it, to show what this ground is—to point out briefly, and in popular language, a number of facts and considerations, the truth of which, when once they have been stated, will be admitted with equal readiness by Liberal, Radical, and Tory, and which Liberal, Radical, and Tory will be equally concerned to study, in shaping or defending their several policies or programmes.

It will be well, then, to start with insisting on certain general principles, which are often supposed to be the property of the Radical Party, but to which every reasonable Conservative must really assent also. Will any Tory, of even the most prejudiced kind, be prepared to contest what I am now about to say?

The primary end of all government is to secure or provide for the greatest possible number, not, indeed, happiness, as is often inaccurately said, but the material conditions that make happiness possible. As for happiness, that must come from ourselves, or, at all events, from sources beyond the control of Governments. It is not secured by competence or even by riches. Care and misery are no respecters of income. We all know, as well as Horace knew, that they sit behind the master of hounds on his three-hundred-guinea hunter, and board the escaping yacht before it has passed

the Needles; whilst happiness, like sleep, will often visit the cottage, when it will not come near the castle.

But though no external conditions will make happiness come, there are many which will drive it or permanently keep it away, and it is the primary duty of a Government to minimize conditions such as these. Now these conditions, though their details vary in various cases, have all one common characteristic: they are unfortunate conditions of the family and of the home. The primary duty of a Government is therefore towards the homes of the governed—the material surroundings and conditions of their private life.

Certain people may be tempted to condemn this view on the ground that it excludes, or puts in subordinate places, what they are probably accustomed to call the nobler ends of government, such as the power and greatness of the country; but in reality it does nothing of the kind. In the first place, with regard to the power and greatness of the country, it is the material welfare of the home that gives these their fundamental meaning. Our Empire and our power of defending it have a positive money value which affects the prosperity of every class in Britain. Were this not the case—could it be shown that the loss of our Empire would inflict no loss upon any British household—the British Empire would hardly be worth maintaining. But let us waive this argument, and admit that a sense of our country's greatness, quite apart from any thought of our own material advantage, enlarges and elevates the mind as nothing else can—that to be proud of our country, and proud of ourselves as belonging to it, to feel ourselves partners in the majesty of the great battleship, in the menace of Gibraltar stored with its sleeping thunders, or the triumph of the flag that floats in a thousand climates, is a privilege which it is easier to undertake than exaggerate. Let us admit all this: but these large and ennobling sentiments are all of them dependent on the welfare of the home in this way: they are hardly possible for those whose home conditions are miserable. Give a man comfort in even the humblest cottage, and the glow of patriotism will add itself to that which shines on him from his fireside; but a man whose children cry for food, and who is shivering by a frozen hearth, will not find much to excite him in the knowledge that we govern India. Thus, from whatever point of view we regard the matter, the material welfare of the home is the primary end of government, and ceases to be the end of patriotism only when it becomes the foundation of it.

And here let me pause to observe on the foolish and unfair way in which not only Radicals, but a certain school of Conservatives, are, by those who differ from them, now constantly being taunted

with appealing to the cupidity, or greed, of the poorer classes. Cupidity and greed are merely invidious names for a desire which deserves to be condemned under certain conditions only, whilst it is, under others, at once inevitable and praiseworthy, and is continually appealed to by the opponents of Radicalism themselves. The old Conservative argument with which we are all familiar, in favour of legislators with a large stake in the country, is an appeal to cupidity, and an appeal to nothing else. It merely means that such men will do their best for the country's interests because the country's interests happen to be bound up with their own. In men like these—in the great landlord or merchant—such care for their own interests is assumed as a matter of course, and trusted as a valuable virtue; and to the rest of mankind it is certainly not less natural, and must not only be assumed in them likewise, but treated with the same respect.

Cupidity is, then, in itself the most general and legitimate desire to which any politician or political Party can appeal. It is illegitimate only when it is appealed to in illegitimate ways. It must be admitted, however, that this very often occurs, and oftener now perhaps than at any former time. It is necessary, therefore, to distinguish the legitimate ways from the illegitimate—a thing which is at once very easy to do, and about which, theoretically at all events, there can hardly be a difference of opinion—not even amongst men of the most various and hostile Parties.

A politician appeals to the cupidity of the nation or of a class legitimately only when the advantages promised fulfil two requirements. These must, in the first place, not be of the nature of gifts, but anticipated natural results of amended social conditions; and, in the second place, their promised amount must be strictly limited by possibility. And these two requirements are necessary for an exceedingly simple reason—that advantages promised in defiance of them are advantages that never can be given.

The most cogent objection to their being offered as gifts—as things that are to come from a political Christmas-tree—is not the robbery which to many people such a course would seem to necessitate, but the far more important fact that a Government gift of this kind would be no real solution of the problem of the distribution of wealth: for if it is merely to be given as an exception, its benefits will necessarily be transient; whilst, if it is to be repeated periodically, we are at once thrown back on the question not of the gifts, but of the source from which the Government is to take them. And that source is obvious. It is the wealth made by the nation. The Government does not make it. Wealth could not be made as laws are—not even under the *régime* of the most absolute State Socialism. It is made by the nation at large—by the

co-operation of the nation's energies,—and must always be so: and Government can assist in its production in no other way than by securing for these energies the conditions most favourable to their exercise. As, then, the problems of distribution depend on the conditions of production, it is impossible even to conceive of any fresh solution of the first, which is not reached by, and does not depend on, some improved adjustment of the second. The only way in which a Government can legitimately give is by putting the governed in a better position to get; and Parties or politicians are simply deceiving the people when they promise material gifts upon any other terms.

Still more obvious is it that they are deceiving the people also when they describe the gifts which they offer, however legitimate in kind, as greater, in point of amount, than actual facts make possible. False estimates are practically more mischievous than false theories. Let me take, for instance, the proposal of Mr. Henry George, that the State should remit all taxes, and seize the income of the landlords instead of them. One of the principal arguments which Mr. George urged in favour of this, and the one which had most weight with the great number of his disciples, was the amount of the revenue which (he said) would be thus acquired by the public. In his implied estimates, so far as this country is concerned, Mr. George was wrong by some £700,000,000 annually. A politician who indulges in inaccuracies of this description is like a company promoter who concocts a glowing prospectus, promising dividends that are not only unlikely but impossible: and he wrongs and deceives his supporters in precisely the same way as that in which the promoter wrongs and deceives his shareholders.

In proportion, therefore, as the nation at large realizes that the material welfare of the homes of the greatest possible number is the primary end of government, and Parties and politicians base their claims to support on the methods by which respectively they offer to promote this end, it becomes more and more important for the nation at large to acquire a clear, if only a general, knowledge of two things—first, the conditions on which the production of material wealth depends; and, secondly, the amount of wealth which is, as an actual fact, produced in our own country, and how it is at present distributed. Neither of these questions has anything to do with Party. Tory, Radical, and Socialist, it they examine them with equal care, must all agree in their conclusions, just as a German officer will agree with a French officer with regard to the geography of France. This is, of course, self-evident so far as regards the question of the amount of wealth actually produced and distributed; and of the fundamental conditions of production it is true likewise.

With regard to these last, there is no doubt a point at which necessary agreement ends and legitimate controversy begins. There are many conflicting opinions which will never be reconciled by argument, for they depend on differences of ideals, of aims, and of temperaments; but an equal number—perhaps even a greater number—are due to nothing but mere confusion of thought. The most frequent disputes about rent, capital, and profits, are due to false, or rather imperfect, ideas of what these things are. The bitterest disputes about the distribution of wealth are due to an ignorance of how much there is to distribute. So, too, with regard to such questions as an Eight-hours Bill, or Protection: whilst opinions may always differ as to whether their effects would be desirable, half of the dissension about them which actually prevails now is due to mere want of knowledge of what their effects would be—a knowledge which is capable of being very easily supplied, and about which, when once grasped, the most hostile politicians would be in agreement.

In other words: The chief political danger with which we are now confronted is due to a cause which is capable of being entirely removed—namely, an imperfect apprehension of certain fundamental facts—facts which must necessarily be the same for all Parties, and which all Parties are equally concerned to know. There are signs that the nation is beginning to realize this; and these are most marked in the quarter where it is most important that we should find them. The leaders of the Labour Party—or, at all events, the most influential of them—are turning their attention to economic science, and endeavouring to qualify themselves for dealing with the body politic, by studying its anatomy, and learning what its health depends on. My own aim in the following pages will be to assist in disseminating knowledge of this kind in a way which will make it useful to the ordinary voter, and enable him to apply it directly to the practical questions of the moment; and which, though it will not decide for him what results to aim at, will show him with sufficient clearness what results are possible, what are the utmost advantages their attainment could bring to himself, and also the risks or drawbacks which would be the necessary price of attaining them.

II.

THE UTMOST RESULTS POSSIBLE FROM A REDISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY.

We start, therefore, with assuming that what every voter looks to, when he gives his vote to a particular candidate, or joins in a cry for any particular measure, is some personal advantage which

he hopes to secure by doing so: and that, in acting thus, he is acting like a sensible man. The exact nature of the personal advantage he hopes for will vary with his character and circumstances. Perhaps it will be a better dinner, or a larger house, or a warmer fire, or even—if he be a very degenerate man—an extra glass of good whiskey-and-water; or more money to spare for a holiday trip; or it may be more wages generally; or greater security for the continuance of the wages he now enjoys; but, in any case, it is some advantage which we may call material. It is important to insist on this; and it will accordingly be well to observe, in order to meet objections which may possibly be raised by some, that material advantages practically include mental; for it is impossible to obtain these last except by material means. Books are material things; so are libraries and lecture-rooms; whilst even lecturers themselves are the products of material sustenance.

We may, therefore, without offence, push the point yet farther, and say that the advantage which the voter looks for is one which not only exists in the form of matter, but is also capable of being expressed in terms of money. It is indeed true, as we shall see presently, that money, in discussions like these, is little more than a symbol; but, for our immediate purpose, it is the most convenient and accurate one that can be used.

Broadly speaking, then, the voter who is a sensible man, when he supports a Party or measure, has one of two hopes, or both of them: the first being to secure the continuance of his present income; the second, to obtain an increase of it. The first is the hope of all classes; the second is the hope of the poorer. It is perfectly true that the rich as well as the poor are anxious, as a rule, to increase their incomes when they can; but they expect to do so as individuals, not as a class; they expect to do so by their own abilities and enterprise, not by the aid of legislation designed especially to assist them. And even if they did want legislation of this kind—legislation whose special object was to make the rich richer—it is perfectly certain that they could secure no support for it.

But with the poorer classes the case is entirely different. Not only do they themselves look to the State for legislation, the special object of which is the increase of their own incomes, but the richer classes sympathize with the desire that makes them do so. It is, for instance, by no means amongst the working classes only that the idea of seizing on the land without compensating the owners has found favour as a remedy for distress and poverty generally. Owners of every kind of property, except of land, have been found to advocate it; whilst as to such vaguer and less-startling proposals as "restoring the labourer to the soil," or "the repartition of the soil," or such more practical proposals as the limitation of the hours

of labour, the taxation of the unearned increment, or the gradual acquirement by the State of many of our larger industries—the persistent way in which these are being kept before the public is due quite as much to men of means as to poor men.

Our first question, therefore, is: How, and to what extent, can the State increase the income of the poorer classes?

I speak of our first question; but, as will be seen, it comprises two. By what methods is the poor man's income to be increased? and, what is the maximum increase which these methods can conceivably bring him? Is it an extra five pounds a year, or an extra twenty pounds, or an extra two hundred? or is it something still more magnificent? The former question is complicated, and will form one of the main subjects of our enquiry; but the latter is comparatively simple, and, for many reasons, it will be well to deal with it first.

We will begin with reflecting on the simple and obvious fact that the utmost the agitator could do towards fulfilling his own promises would be to seize on the entire income of the nation, and, without any qualms as to confiscation or robbery, to divide the gross amount amongst all in equal shares. Now, it happens that we know with substantial accuracy what the gross amount of the income of the nation is. The actual figures will be given in the next chapter; but we will here anticipate what they teach us, by making the broad statement that, were this amount divided amongst the population equally, the incomes of the majority would be indeed greatly increased; but they would not be such as to allow any average family to command a larger house than many skilled mechanics at present occupy in many districts at a rental of six shillings a week. The utmost pecuniary results of a division would be, therefore, of a very limited character—a fact which, as we shall see presently, is as plain a fact of arithmetic as that twelve bottles of beer, if divided equally amongst twenty-four men, could not give more than half-a-bottle to anybody.

But these pecuniary results of a general division of property are not the only ones of which we must take account. Equally indisputable, and perhaps even more important to realize, is the following, which seems to escape the attention of all Parties.—

Whatever advantages the ordinary worker might derive from the additional income which a general division would bring to him, they would not be the same advantages as those he would derive now from inheriting a similar income derived from invested capital. To add forty pounds to his income, by dividing all wealth equally, would be a very different thing from adding forty pounds to it by leaving him a legacy of a thousand invested at four per cent. In other words: If wealth were equally distributed, it would of

NEW SWINDON.

necessity lose half of the qualities which at present belong to it, and for which it is most coveted. At present wealth suggests before all things what is commonly called an "independence"—something on which a man can live independently of his own exertions;—but the moment the whole nation possessed it in equal quantities this power of giving an independence would go from it as if by magic. If a workman who at present makes £70 a year would receive by a general division of things an additional £40, it is indeed true that no additional work would be entailed on him. The work which at present gets him £70 would in that case get £110; but it would not be possible for him, if he preferred leisure to wealth, to forego the £70, and live in idleness on the £40. Unless he worked, he would lose not only the first sum but the second. He would not have, as we say, "anything to fall back upon." This is, of course, self-evident when we consider what is really the essence of the situation—namely, that the position of everybody is identical. For, if everybody preferred to be idle and no one would do a stroke of work, it is hardly necessary to say that no wealth would be produced at all. However great, nominally, might be the value of our national property, we could not live on it, because it would yield us nothing; and from the very nature of the case, in a nation where all are equal, what cannot be done by all cannot be done by anybody. If, therefore, we calculate the incomes of each individual as an equal fraction of the present income of the nation, then, to produce the total that we suppose to be thus divided, everybody would have to work as hard as he does now. And, more than that, it would be the concern of all to see that his share of work was not being shirked by anybody. This is at present the concern of the employer only; but, under the conditions that we are now considering, everybody would be directly interested in becoming his neighbour's taskmaster.

Nor under these conditions would work gain anything in freedom. This is a point on which it is impossible to insist too strongly. Agitators who are anxious at any cost to obtain a hearing, and seek to extort attention by exaggerating existing evils, are accustomed to declaim against the slavery of the working classes quite as much as against their inadequate rate of payment. By slavery they mean what they call "enslavement to capital"; and this they declare the necessary consequence of the fact that the worker no longer owns, as he once owned, the necessary implements of his work. But never, so far as their general meaning goes, were representations made more cruelly and more stupidly misleading. The whole gist of what is implied in them is that, under improved conditions, the implements of work would be again owned by the workmen; but this, as the agitator must really be

well aware, is not only impossible; it is not even expected by himself. The production of the wealth which is to be divided amongst the workers is, as he himself admits, dependent on at least two conditions—the first being the modern development of the very implements he speaks of, and the second the co-operation of the workers. Now, the first of these conditions means simply the transformation of a thousand old-fashioned implements into a single modern one of more than ten times their aggregate power; and the second means that at this single implement a thousand men shall work. Here, then, comes the point to be noted. This single implement may be owned by one capitalist, just as single looms were once owned by single weavers; but, supposing its ownership to be divided amongst the workers, it is perfectly clear that, in the old sense, it cannot be owned by anybody. If one thousand workmen owned a co-operative cotton-mill, could any one of them say that he was the owner of any part of it? or that he could treat it as he could have treated the loom that his father left him? Obviously not. No part of it could possibly be his own private property, any more than an express leaving Euston Station is the property of any shareholder in the London and North-Western Railway. His ownership would mean merely that he was entitled to a share of the profits, and that he had one vote out of a thousand in electing the managers. But, however the managers were elected, he would have to obey their orders, and their discipline would probably be stricter than that of any private owner.

And the same would be the case with the workman, if the national income were divided, and he were—what in that case is the only thing he could be—one of many million *employés* in a vast co-operative business. He would, as we have seen, be a gainer in point of income; but if, as the agitator tells him, he is a slave to capital now, he would be no less a slave to it were all capitals amalgamated, and out of forty million shares he himself were to own one.

It is specially fitting to mention this aspect of the question here, because it is inseparably connected with what we are now going to consider in detail—namely, an equal distribution amongst all of the entire national income. For we must bear in mind that, not even in thought or theory, is any equal division of the national income possible, unless all the products of the labour of every citizen are in the first place taken by the State as the sole employer and capitalist, and then distributed as wages in equal and assorted portions. When, therefore, I speak in the coming chapter of what each individual would receive, I must be understood as meaning that he would receive so much from the State.

Let us remember, then, a mere redistribution of wealth would

have no tendency to alter the conditions of the workers in any respect except that of wages solely. It would not tend to relieve any man of a single hour of labour, to give him any more freedom in choosing the methods of his work or the nature of it, or to make him master of so much as ten pounds' worth of remunerative capital. It would, on the contrary, do the exact reverse: as, by-and-bye, will be explained more particularly.

We may say, accordingly, that the utmost possible gain that the poorer classes could derive from the most complete equalization of property, may be represented by the present conditions of a family of from four to five persons, who occupy a house with a rental of some six shillings a week, and of whom two at least work nine hours a day in a factory.

And now, having described the prospect in these general terms, I will go on to examine it more in detail, reducing the whole question to pounds, shillings, and pence, and seeing what farther conclusions this process will lead us to.

III.

THE PRESENT NATIONAL INCOME, AND THE INDIVIDUAL'S SHARE IN IT, WERE IT DIVIDED EQUALLY.

The gross income of the United Kingdom—the aggregate of the yearly amount received by the entire population—is computed to be in round numbers some thirteen hundred million pounds. But though this estimate may be accepted as true under existing circumstances, we should find it misleading as an estimate of the amount available for distribution. So far as it related to the income of the poorer classes, it would be indeed still trustworthy; but the income of the richer—which is taken to be the total assessed to income-tax—we should find to be seriously exaggerated, as considerable sums included in it are practically counted twice over. For instance, the fee of a great London doctor for attending a patient in the Riviera would be about £1,200, which is paid him, we will say, by a patient whose income is £12,000. The doctor pays the income-tax on his fee, the patient pays income-tax on his entire income; thus the whole sum assessed is £13,200. But if we came to distribute it we should find there was £12,000 only: and there are many cases of a precisely similar nature. It is not necessary here to dwell upon this point further. I mention it only to warn the reader that the estimates of the national income, as ordinarily given, and accepted, seriously exaggerate the amount actually susceptible of distribution. For argument's sake, however, let us take the estimates as we have them, and assume £1,300,000,000 to be the sum which we have to deal.

And now let us glance at our problem in its crudest and most rudimentary form, and see what would be the share coming to each individual were these millions divided equally amongst the entire population. The entire population numbers a little over thirty-eight millions: so our division sum is simple. The share of each individual would be about £34. But this sort of equality in distribution would plainly satisfy nobody, for a quarter of the population are children under ten years of age, and nearly half are under fifteen; and it would be absurd to assign to a baby sucking a pap-bottle, or even to a boy—large as boys' appetites are—the same sum that would be assigned to a full-grown man or woman. In order, therefore, to give our distribution even the semblance of rationality, each individual share must be graduated according to age; and most people would say according to sex also. The exact proportion to each other which these graduated shares should bear might possibly be a matter for dispute; but probably no one will think we are far wrong if we take for our guide such proportions as obtain at present between the rates of wages paid to men, women, and children, or the diet allowed them respectively in various public institutions.

So much being then admitted, we shall make our calculations best by starting with the family as our unit, and coming to the individual afterwards. The average family consists of four-and-a-half persons: and the families in the United Kingdom number eight-and-a-half millions. Thirteen hundred millions—the sum we have to divide—would yield each family an income of £153. From this, however, we should have to deduct taxes; and since, if all classes were equal, all would be taxed equally, the amount due from each family would be considerable. Public expenditure under a *régime* of State Socialism would necessarily be larger than it is at present; but even if it were not—if it remained at its present figure—each family would have to contribute at least £14; therefore, £14 must be deducted from the £153. Accordingly, we have for every four-and-a-half persons a net income of £139. Now, these persons would be found to consist on an average of a man and his wife, a youth, a girl, and part of a baby—for when we deal in averages we must pass many judgments like Solomon's—and if we distribute the income amongst them, as I said, in such proportions as obtain now, the result we shall arrive at will be this: The man will have £56 a year; the woman, £44; the youth, £20; the girl, £15; and the half of the baby, £4.

Let us scrutinize this result a little further, and see how it looks in various familiar lights. An equal distribution of the whole wealth of the country would give every adult male 22s. a week, and every adult female 17s., and a bachelor who is earning the former sum

now, or an unmarried woman who is earning the latter, would neither of them, under any scheme of equal distribution conceivable, come in for a penny of the plunder taken from the rich. All that on principles of equality they could claim they have got already.

To many people, no doubt, this will be startling news; but if anybody distrusts it let him go over the figures for himself, and he will find that such is the plain conclusion forced on him. The explanation of it is to be found in a fact which men—or, to speak less ambiguously, which males,—are accustomed to overlook—namely, the fact that if anything like equality of distribution were attempted, every woman would have a claim to an independent share exactly as every man would, and her legitimate share would not be far short of his. At the present moment, out of nearly twelve million women, there are not so many as five million who work for wages; and out of the married women of the poorer classes those who do so are probably but as one to six. The remainder work, no doubt, quite as hard, but they work as wives and mothers; and whatever money they have comes to them through their husbands. Thus, when the ordinary man considers the question of income, he regards income as something which naturally belongs to the man, the woman being a piece of property which the man maintains as he pleases; and the entire income of the family seems to him to be his own. But the moment the principle of equality of distribution is accepted all such ideas as these have to be rudely changed; for the claim of all to an equal share of wealth is based, as the Socialists tell us, and it must be based, on the needs of each, and not on the deeds; and just as the ordinary man's claim is as good as that of the extraordinary man, so is the woman's claim as good as the claim of either; and, whatever her income might be under such conditions, it would be hers in her own right, not in that of anybody else. Thus, while the woman's income would, doubtless, be smaller than the man's, the man's would be little more than half of what he might be possibly tempted to expect.

The bachelor, then, with 22s. a week, and the unmarried woman with 17s., could increase their incomes in no way except by marrying; and, as many of their expenses would be greatly diminished by being shared, they would, by this arrangement, both be substantial gainers. But, if the principle of equality were properly carried out, they would gain very little farther by the appearance of children for, though we must assume that by some means or other a certain sum would be payable for the maintenance of each child, the whole would have to be spent for the child's benefit. We may, therefore, say that the utmost results to the individual, of a general confiscation of wealth and a general redistribution, would be represented

by the conditions of a man and wife with 39s. a week, which they could spend entirely on themselves.

And this result, we must remember, could be produced only by equality of the most grotesquely complete kind—by every male being treated as equal to every other male of the same age, and every female being treated similarly. The physician, the architect, the astronomer, the prime minister, the commander-in-chief, would thus, if they were unmarried, be poorer than an unmarried collier is at present; whilst, if they were married, they and their wives together would have four shillings a week more than is now earned by a mason, and five shillings less than is earned by an overlooker in a cotton-mill.

But an equality of this kind is hardly worth considering except as a means of reducing it to an obvious absurdity. Even were it established to-morrow, it could not be maintained for a year, owing to the difficulty that would arise in connection with the question of children; as, unless a State official checked the weekly bills of every parent, parents would inevitably save out of their children's allowances; and those with many children would presently be founding fortunes. And, again, it is obvious that different kinds of occupation require from those engaged in them unequal expenditures. A man writing or drawing in an office will require a fire to warm him, when a man ploughing a field could not have one, and does not want one; so that the inevitable inequality of needs would make pecuniary equality impossible. Indeed, anyone who is anything like a practical man admits this, whatever his sympathies or his Party; and that such is the case is evidenced in a very business-like way by the amounts which have been suggested by the leaders of the Labour Party as a fit salary for a paid Member of Parliament. These amounts vary from £300 a year to £400. We may, therefore, take it for granted that the most levelling politicians in the country would spare those incomes not exceeding £400 a year, and would probably increase those between that amount and £150. Now, it is estimated that the total of the incomes between these limits is at present not less than a hundred and eighty-two millions; so, if we still consider thirteen hundred millions as the sum to be divided, this will reduce the amount for general division to eleven hundred and eighteen millions. Supposing, then, that half-a-million families are the recipients of these larger incomes, there will be eight million families amongst which to divide the remainder. The result of this will be to deduct about ten per cent. from each grade of income as we estimated it just now, thus leaving the average man with a maximum of a pound a week, the average woman with a maximum of fifteen shillings, and the average married couple with a maximum of thirty-five.

There are few people, however, who conceive even a redistribution like this to be possible; and there would probably be fewer who would run the risk of attempting it, if they realized how limited would be the utmost results of it to themselves. The practical agitator, and those whose opinions are influenced by him, as a rule fix their attention on what seem to be more practicable schemes. They do not propose to seize on the entire national income: they content themselves with proposing to confiscate certain parts of it. The parts generally fixed upon are as follows: First and foremost are the incomes of the landlords, the landed rental of the country; second is the interest on the National Debt; third, the profits of the railway companies; and, last, the sum that goes to support the Monarchy. Let us take each of these separately, and see what the community at large would gain by the appropriation of each.

Let us begin, then, with the rent of land. In the popular imagination this figures as something limitless. The landlords are looked on as representatives of all luxury; and to most of our extreme reformers, excepting a few Socialists, the principal remedy for all social distress seems to be some procedure or other by which the landlords will be robbed of something. And it is easy to see how opinions of this kind have arisen. A landlord is commonly taken to be synonymous with a large landlord; and to anyone who studies the aspect of any of your rural landscapes, if he is given to thinking at all about the distribution of wealth, the things that will strike his eye most and remain uppermost in his mind are the houses, the parks, and the game-preserves of the large landlords. Small houses and cottages, though he may see a hundred of them in a three-miles drive, he will hardly notice; he will take them as a matter of course: but if, going from York to London, he caught glimpses of twelve large castles, it would probably seem to him that the whole of the Great Northern Railway was lined with them, and he might well be inclined to picture such men as their owners as absorbing the larger part of the whole wealth of the nation. But ideas like these, when we come to test them by facts, are found to be ludicrous in their falsehood. The rental of the United Kingdom, which has, as a whole, fallen during the last fifteen years, is at the present time about eighty-two millions. The community could not possibly get more than all of it; and if all of it were divided in the proportions we have already contemplated, the share of each man would be a little over a shilling a week, and of each woman about three halfpence a day.

There is a good deal, however, that still remains to be said. Though large landlords own most of the land reckoned by area, yet those who own over a thousand acres own but a third of the land reckoned in value. Their rental is something under twenty-eight

millions. In order to give the result, just mentioned, of some thirteen pence a week to a man and three halfpence a day to a woman, we should have to confiscate the incomes of more than a hundred and thirty thousand people, of whom only a few own more than a couple of hundred acres, and also the incomes of more than eight hundred thousand people, which are derived from small but valuable fragments of urban and suburban property, and vary in amount from £13 to £40.

But if, on the other hand, the expropriation were confined to the iniquitous class that owns parks, and lodges, and avenues, and if smaller people were spared, then we must note that, though the rental to be divided would be nominally £28,000,000, at least a fifth of this would have to be deducted for outgoings, and there would thus be left for division something less than £23,000,000. In other words, the confiscations of the estates of the whole peerage and squirearchy would give each adult male but a third of the sum just named: that is to say, about fourpence or fourpence-halfpenny weekly.

And now let us come to the National Debt and to the railways. A division of the interest on the one and the profits of the other would each, if divided, yield a sum almost identical with that which would be yielded by dividing the rental of the larger landowners—namely, fourpence or fourpence farthing a week to each adult male; —and with regard to the National Debt it may be observed farther that, were the interest confiscated, nine-tenths of those who suffered would be persons with small savings from which they derive on an average about £50 yearly each.

And, lastly, let us come to the Monarchy, with all its pomp and circumstance, the maintenance of which is constantly represented as a burden pressing seriously on the shoulders of the working classes. How much does its maintenance really cost each of us, and how much would its abolition save us? The total cost of the Monarchy is directly about £600,000 a year; but there are Radicals who argue that indirectly it costs double. Let us, then, take their estimate, which is something over a million, and divide that among 38,000,000 people. What does it come to a head? About sevenpence a year, or perhaps three farthings a month: that is the utmost the Queen costs her subjects. That is the utmost which they would gain by abolishing the Monarchy; or would they gain that? If they think so they are singularly sanguine. Let them turn to countries which are under a Republican Government, and they will find that elected Presidents are apt to cost more than Queens.

All these schemes, then, of confiscation and redistribution are either obviously impracticable or their results would be insig-

nificant. This is evident enough from what has been said already. But there is another reason which renders such schemes illusory —a far more important one than any we have yet touched upon, and of a far more fundamental kind. We will consider it in the next number of this review. We shall find that we are brought by doing so to the real heart of the question.

W. H. Mallock.

[*To be continued.*]

IN DEFENCE OF THE PARAGRAPH.

WRITING in the February Number of *The National Review*, Mr Arthur Waugh tells us that in "a few months" it may be "the fashion to couch our *causeries* in verse" (which, indeed, has been done upon occasion for thirty years and more), "to enclose our 'newslets' in a cryptogram, and enhance our special correspondence by the mystery of a missing word." "The new tyranny," he adds, "may be better than the paragraph's. It can scarce be worse." This were absurd enough if Mr. Waugh were levelling his satire at that bastard paragraph, the "snippet," recent production of the cheap print of the *Tit-Bits* kind; for which there is nothing that is good to be said, and for the promotion of which, I suppose, the School Board mainly is responsible. Mr. Waugh, however, is not speaking of this thing. He is speaking of the paragraph proper; by which is meant a short article of news and original comment. The paragraph proper, in fact, is what is called in the jargon of journalism a "leaderette." It is not, of course, necessarily an example of letters, any more than the longest article in the dullest of our daily papers; but it may be literature, and in its best form it constitutes, probably, the highest flight of journalism. Any argument that may be advanced against the slovenly paragraph will hold equally good if advanced against the old-fashioned leader. It is not the thing that is to blame, but the method of it. To find fault with the commoner kind of paragraph is not to allege reason against the paragraph, *qua* paragraph, at all; any more than to condemn the worst and trashiest of novels is to condemn Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Waugh does not write against the abuse of the paragraph. He trains the whole of his very heavy artillery against the paragraph itself. 'Tis clear, therefore, that his quixotic attack is ill-considered from the first, and like to defeat itself.

The Don begins by affecting to discover in Mr. Gosse's recent attack upon "the tyranny of the novel" a parallel to his own notion concerning that of the paragraph. Mr. Gosse's "cry of warning" had more reason than Mr. Waugh's has. I doubt whether it had much more; for the modern incursion of fiction

into our field of letters is considerably due to the general excellence of our modern novelists. The names of George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, Marion Crawford, "Q," Hall Caine, W. E. Norris, Marriott Watson, and Zangwill (to mention a few as they occur to me), go to make a surprising good roll of contemporary writers of fiction. The new novels of 1891 were 896; in 1892 this number rose to 1,147. Is this too great an increase—not for London, be it noted, but—for the whole of the British Empire? I think that there can be no real objection to such a growth of the novel, or to a much bigger growth, so only that the novel be good; and that its incursion is not unproportioned may be seen from other figures. The new books—I am taking no note of new editions—on Political and Social Economy have risen in the same space of last year from 105 to 151; those on the Arts and Sciences from 85 to 147; books of Travel from 203 to 250; and of Poetry and the Drama from 146 to 185. Little evidence here that "Poetry, criticism, and the *belles lettres* are in danger of neglect": the less so when we remember how great is the incentive given to the modern novelist, as distinguished from other writers, by the growing custom of running serials though the weekly papers and paying high prices for the right to do so.

So much for the novel. Compared with the paragraph, it is a small evil in Mr. Waugh's eyes. On this poor thing he opens his attack with a figure whose boldness is not exceeded by his discretion. "A cloud, far smaller, at first, than a child's hand, has—in these few months—grown into something very like a London fog, uncomely in colour, unpalatable in taste, unhealthy in atmosphere. It is time to busy ourselves with its hindrance and prevention." Mr. Waugh is really quite like the lady with the mop. What he means by "in these few months" is even more obscure than the colour and atmosphere of a paragraph. To my knowledge, the paragraph proper has existed in England for more than thirty years. He is equally in error when he attributes the paragraph to America. Much that is bad has come to us across the Atlantic; but, for good or for evil, the paragraph grew in our midst, inevitably. American influence has changed its form and its virtue in some of our cheaper papers; and I am quite ready to credit America with the blatant quality of the headlines that sometimes are added to the paragraph. The thing itself, however, had its beginning in *The Owl*, that clever little desultorily-published sixpenny paper which, born in the early sixties, lived until towards the end of the decade. *The Owl* was the forerunner of what is rather stupidly called Society Journalism. Although it was put together in an upper room of *The Morning Post* under the guidance of Sir Algernon Borthwick, it

was really an amateur journal. The "Owls" included half-a-dozen very brilliant young men whose capabilities have since been approved by their achievement of very high office in their country's service. They were chiefly members of Government Departments, well informed both politically and socially. Their little paper was paragraphic with the modern unheaded paragraph,—always original, often witty and sometimes startling. The "Owls" combined the assurance of youth with much knowledge of what was going on. They only, however, played at journalism. They expended their profits on dinners. When they died *The Owl* died, without a struggle. It had been caviare to the general, and the paragraph had not yet taken root.

At the end of 1868, however, Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, now Member for King's Lynn, invented *Vanity Fair;* and with it he really invented the paragraph that has since become Mr. Waugh's "tyrant." Howsoever original in idea they may have affected to consider themselves, other journals of the same kind, such as *The World*, *Truth*, and the host of smaller followers, were all imitations of *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Bowles's paper was for six years unique. Then Mr. Yates made a bid for its popularity with his sixpenny *World;* whose success might never have been had *Vanity Fair* descended from its shilling pedestal. For the paragraph had not then grown into Mr. Waugh's tyrant, whatever it may have done since. Three years later Mr. Yates and Mr. Labouchere disagreed; and *Truth* resulted, with another paragraphic flow. Since then the flood of imitators has increased to enormous proportions, for by that time the paragraph had "taken." It cropped up everywhere, and it is now ubiquitous. Mr. Waugh has risen to slay it; but that tyrannized person is wrong again when he says that his *bête noire* was at first "a mere convenience of cheaper journalism." Precisely the opposite is the fact.

So much for the birth and growth of the paragraph; now for its apology. Its advantage in enabling the busy man to cull the news as he goes is undenied; and, inasmuch as a little knowledge of men and things is better than none, it should be undeniable also. Mr. Waugh's tirade against it is unbased where it is not clearly absurd. Journalism has not "fallen" under the influence of the new tyrant: the Press was never cleaner, never more rightly enterprising, than it is to-day. With all their faults, our daily-paper leaders and special articles are better now than they ever were; while of weekly papers it is but necessary to mention *The Saturday Review*, *The National Observer*, *The Spectator*, and *The Speaker*, to make clear the strength, scholarship, and critical ability of our best journalists. Apart from the "snippet" papers, there is no journal with us that is overdone with the paragraph; and those prints may well be left out of account, since they

are no more representative of journalism than they are of literature. The leaders in our morning papers are not necessarily "shorter and sharper than of old"; and if they sometimes are so is that a very undignified submission to the tyrant? That there should be found "paragraphs on literature, on science, on finance, on 'the army and the navy and the gallant volunteers,'" in our newspapers, is no very recent innovation; and there are not, I imagine, very many Mr. Waughs to cry out against them. Without such paragraphs; many literary, scientific, financial, naval, and military matters would go unnoted in a general paper, for mere lack of space to devote a long article to each. Literary and dramatic criticism, it is true, may be forced into the pithiness of a paragraph; but surely the merest sense of proportion will often demand that they should be so, and we may be glad to have the paragraph "pithy." The object of a newspaper is, or should be, to instruct on all things current. Mr. Waugh does not tell us how it may do this in these telegraphic days without the aid of the paragraph. He only complains of the bad effect of the paragraph on literary criticism: vainly, since it has had no such bad effect, for the simple reason that the "new fashion in reviewing" has not supplanted the old, but is supplementary. All the old-fashioned reviews are as good, and as adequate, and as dull in their treatment of new books, as ever they were. From *The Quarterly* downwards, they are quite unaffected by "the tyranny of the paragraph"; and when Mr. Waugh asserts that "the paragraph begins to affect the circulation of genuine literature" one can only smile at the enthusiasm with which he tilts at his imaginary tyrant. Books are not yet published for nothing, and authors of repute get more now for their work than ever they did before; while the figures given above certainly do not show that "books are less and less bought."

"We are overwhelmed with autobiography—with recollections and recapitulation. Everyone who remembers anything, and many who remember nothing, are on fire with an anxiety to rush into print. Their productions are the very essence, the true *reductio ad absurdum*, of the paragraph system." I think not. Bad books of the kind referred to are not more frequent than bad books of any other kind; and it is worth noting that the two last published—that by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie and that by the late Mr. Montagu Williams—have much virtue, each in its own way. It may be admitted, however, that books of this kind are often not literature. Sometimes they are but the rough diaries, or note-book jottings, edited in a slovenly manner, of people who, having lived, think that their reminiscences are likely to interest others in the reading. These are written on the "paragraph

system"—not of malice aforethought, as Mr. Waugh, in his jealousy, seems to think, but—merely because their authors, being unlettered persons, cannot do otherwise than let them go forth in their original snippets. When Mr. Waugh says of such works that "to the reviewers they come as angel visitors" he shows complete ignorance alike of the reviewer and of his office. When a well-known person publishes reminiscences, the newspaper sub-editor will seize upon an early copy of it, to clip out of it what he is pleased to call "the plums"—so far as he can pick them out within the short space of time that is his for the work—and to print them in his next edition, with a line or two of introduction; but no one, excepting Mr. Waugh, has ever yet dignified the sub-editor's scissors-and-paste work with the name of a review. It is an advertisement of the book, and a hint to the public of the book's kind; but the review follows a few days later, when the book is criticized in the old-fashioned way which Mr. Waugh so greatly admires.

Still, Mr. Waugh does hold one or two wholesome opinions. The defiling of paragraphs with headlines is a hideous trick; and to put the sordid proceedings of a police court in the form of a humorous anecdote is abominable. Then, the journalism that will not hesitate to make a "smart" paragraph out of the private conversation of a club smoking-room is beneath contempt. It is monstrous unfair, on the other hand, to lay the blame of these degradations upon the innocent paragraph. Mr. Waugh should understand that the paragraph is no more to blame for such things than the leader; all of whose virtues may be, and often are, included in the dozen lines of a paragraph. Many a leader might be condensed into a paragraph, with gain precisely proportioned to the loss that Mr. Waugh would inflict upon us by padding out the paragraph into a leader. There is great art in writing a good paragraph. The mischief is that so few journalists are found capable of writing one really well. That is no true objection to the paragraph. If it were, it would apply equally to all other modes of literature. Tennyson is not to be blamed because atrocious blank verse is written voluminously. There will always be bad work of every kind. If Mr. Waugh is a logical man he will find objection to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's most admirable short story because the author has not stretched it until it should fill three volumes; for the most reasonable fault that shall be found with Mr. Kipling's stories is that they are too much in the nature of a beef-lozenge that would be better for a little dilution. Mr. Waugh is, indeed, honest enough to devote a line or two of reproach to the short story of the day, which he contrasts with "the bulk and weight" of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*. The contrast is strong, truly; but it is idle also. As far as it can be understood to imply anything, it

implies an argument in favour of the paragraph. It points to the tendency of busy modern life to quicken. There is no more comparison possible between the fiction of a century-and-a-half ago and the fiction of to-day than there is between the *flora* of England and the *flora* of the tropics. The circumstance of each is different.

The paragraph proper is in truth a blameless article of literary merchandize. It is open to abuse, of course, and is not generally what it should be. This is mainly owing to the difficulty of writing it as it should be written. Few persons, I suppose, know better than myself how rare is the paragraph which shall include all the essentials of virtue which by right belong to it. When it does so, it is as much literature as any newspaper article ever can be. The good paragraph is a gem, well polished, rounded off into completeness in itself. It is a common saying that paragraph-writing is a gift: that the paragraph writer, like the Poet, is born: and the saying no doubt has truth. Still, the chief reason why so few writers are found capable of turning out good paragraphs is to be found in the miserable system of payment for literary contributions by length. The man who might otherwise write a good paragraph can hardly be expected to do so for a few shillings, when he knows that by setting his gem in a wordy article he may sell it for pounds. If editors were to pay as much for a paragraph as they do for an article, the art of paragraph-writing would be greatly encouraged, and even Mr. Waugh's criticism might be silenced; but not many papers could stand the strain of the cost, and so it happens that the best paragraphs are written by cultured persons of leisure, whose primary reason for writing is not money, rather than by practical journalists. Nevertheless, bad as it is, the modern paragraph has many virtues, and no fault that is not shared by other forms of journalism. Only the leisured reader is to-day able to take his newspaper matter in the huge boluses of the last generation; and the leisured reader of to-day is not as our forefathers were, but often enough is so well informed that he can scarce hope to get much profit by wading through the leaders of the daily papers. He is an educated man; possibly, indeed, as well educated a man and as good a reasoner as some of the leader-writers themselves. This may in some measure account for the lost influence of the Press!

OLIVER A. FRY.

RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA.

"*Nihil novi sub sole*" is a saying which cannot be applied to Russia. She is indefatigable in devising new means and in inventing new instruments for the furtherance of her aggressive policy, and what seems impossible to others is quite feasible to her. It is well-known all over the world that five centuries ago Russia was the most dangerous and the most implacable enemy to Islam. From the fourteenth century up to the present her armies have gradually destroyed most of the former Mohammedan states and principalities. The Khanates of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Siberia, and of Crimea, have succumbed to her policy of conquest. Persia and Turkey have been mutilated; the Nogai, Bashkir Kirghiz, and Turkoman, nomads have had to bow their neck before her; and in recent times we saw the whole Turkestan vanquished and subjected to the rule of the White Padishah on the Neva. Such a long series of Russian victories over Islam very naturally might have convinced the followers of that faith that there is no greater enemy to their community than Russia is. Some of them are fully aware of that fact; but others begin to doubt it, and quite recently there have become audible in certain quarters opinions of the Mohammedan world which run to the contrary conclusion. In respect of their curiosity and novelty the arguments for the new idea deserve attention.

Going back in my memory as far as forty years ago, when Russia was depicted as the blackest devil and as the greatest horror to the followers of the Arabian Prophet, I am struck with amazement when in my conversations or correspondence with Turks, Persians, Circassians, Central Asians, Afghans, I notice the change in their judgment and criticism of Russia. Instead of hearing the name of *Rus* coupled with maledictions, as used to be the case, I find devout Mohammedans showing even an outspoken inclination to approve their traditional enemy. There is a hidden effort to whitewash this *ci-devant* contemptible black Kafir, and to discover in him faculties and virtues which ignorance hitherto concealed. The causes which have combined to produce this extraordinary change deserve to be duly considered by those who have at heart the

interests of Great Britain in Asia, the greatest Mohammedan Power.

Before all, it is the constant policy of conquest followed by Russia, and the great care taken in preservation of her prestige, which have wrought the miracle upon the minds of the peoples in Asia. Upon these peoples nothing has so great an effect as the exhibition of rude power: nothing dazzles them more than the shiny garb of the conqueror. A policy led by humanitarian principles, or dictated in accordance with the taste and exigencies of a free and constitutional nation, is a sign of weakness in Eastern eyes; and the English, who twice evacuated Afghanistan, without being obliged to do so, are looked upon by the Asiatic either as fools or as a nation incapable to lend sufficient power to its will. There is another fact which should not be overlooked in our comparison of England's conquests in Asia with those of her northern rival. The exploits of the British armies on the Indian Peninsula have become very little known in the Mohammedan world, for the good Moslems are in general ignorant about their co-religionists in India; but the Russian victories, trumpeted in all directions, have become the subject of bazaar-gossip in the most distant regions of the East. The fame of Russian valour having been flashed abroad, it is very natural that the Mohammedans, overawed, should turn their eyes towards the so-called invincible enemy. Their admiration increased the more they heard of the affable and friendly manners and customs of the Russians, of whom it is said that they do not betray pride and haughtiness, like the commonalty of unbelievers, and that there are many points of resemblance between them and the Mohammedans. There really is some truth in those assertions. The Russians, semi-Asiatic by origin, in mode of life, and in thought, are really more to the Asiatic than, for example, the English and the French, who, owing to their higher standard of civilization, are frequently hindered in intercourse with the foreign elements subjected to their rule. These, however, are only secondary considerations in the elucidation of the striking change which is noticeable in the whole length and breadth of the Moslem world. When we search for the main motives, we come upon the ever-busy emissaries in the East. Those emissaries are derived mostly from the Mohammedan subjects of the Czar, and are recruited either from the ranks of Moslem civil and military officers or from the midst of those merchants, artisans, and religious vagabonds who, by their innate passion for travel and adventure, move about among the various nations of the Mohammedan community. As to the former class, it is pretty well known that a considerable number of young Circassians, Turks, and Persians enter the Russian (mostly military) schools. Afterwards, as officers in the Army, they have a free field

of competition, and can aspire to very high posts. Only a few of the Mohammedan officers abandon the faith of their fathers. Most of them remain Mohammedans professedly; but even these are imbued with all the vices of Russian officers, and are lukewarm disciples of the Arabian Prophet. They gamble, indulge in strong liquors, and neglect their duty; but, nevertheless, they parade as true believers in the eyes of their co-religionists, who, proud of the high positions attained by their fellow-believers, listen eagerly to the reports of the toleration, the greatness, and the justice of the Russian Government divulged by the zealous servants of the Czar. Strange to say, it is among the Circassian Mohammedans that apostasy is most frequent. The famous Prince Tcherkaski, leader of the unfortunate Russian mission to Khiva in 1717 (in his Mohammedan name, Devlet Kisten Mirza), and the well-known Oriental scholar, Mirza Kasembey, were by birth Circassians who, together with the son of Sheikh Shamil, the dreaded leader of the fanatic Murids, have turned Christians. I need not speak of the many whose conversion has remained unknown. To the military profession belonged the famous Velikhanoff, whose travels among the Kara-Kirghises in the Thien-Shan have greatly facilitated the Russian advance. Of the Circassian Mohammedans who have recently acquired notoriety we may name Alikhanoff and Naziroff, who prepared the ground for the annexation of Merv, and without whose assistance the Russians would have had to try a second Geoktepe. These Russianized Turks of Transcaucasia made their appearance among the Tekke-Turkomans in the garb of simple traders, and, having a familiar idiom, managed to persuade the hardy nomads of the uselessness of resisting the all-powerful Czar. We notice the same procedure along the whole line of Russian advance in Asia. The Russianized Mohammedan officers were the first who appeared on the scene of future conquest. They mitigated (so to say) the horror against the powerful Kafir by alleviating the old picture of its most repugnant features, and by adducing an *argumentum ad hominem* in the rank and position of their own persons. They easily annihilated the aversion; and the Russian conqueror, coming in the rear of his emissaries, has met with difficulties less grave than those of the English in India and of the French in Africa. Hand-in-hand with the military agents there have become conspicuous at all times the Tartar merchants and retail dealers who centuries ago frequented the bazaars of Turkestan and of Persia, and, in order to please their Christian ruler, have always distinguished themselves as useful instruments of Russian policy. I have met with this class of Mohammedans, from Kazan, Samara, Ufa, and Orenburg, in various parts of the Mohammedan world; and I could not help being astonished by the zeal and fervour with which otherwise pious Moslems

speak of the order, security, and justice prevailing in the dominions of the Czar. Now, we have only to realize the contrast between this picture of ideal government and the shocking despotism, tyranny, lawlessness, and insecurity under the native rulers of Turkestan and of Persia, to understand the craving of suppressed humanity for an ameliorated state of affairs. In face of the desperate situation and of the manifold sufferings, nobody cares whether the religion of the new and better Prince is foreign or it is not. All that is expected is that he shall tolerate and protect the creed of the country; and, as Russia has never forfeited the confidence of her foreign subjects in this respect, the Asiatic, whether Tartar, or Persian, or Mongol, readily acquiesces in the change of government, and manifests a longing for the bygone times in very rare cases only.

Apart from the emissaries taken from among her own subjects, Russia has quite recently turned her eyes towards the inhabitants of the Moslem countries conterminous with her possessions, and has contrived to enlist many Mohammedans with whom the name of *Rus* used to be a symbol of horror. Despite their religious fanaticism, those men now go about proclaiming the wonders of Russian power and greatness, and are indefatigable in praising the justice of the unbeliever. The beginning of the laudatory expeditions was made by the Tadjiks and the Sarts of Russian Turkestan and of Bokhara, who, in their capacity of traders, entertain a constant and close contact with the inhabitants of Persia, Afghanistan, and the Upper Oxus country—men whose words seem to have found credit in the most inaccessible mountain recesses and far away in the south. On the other hand, this curious tale was propagated by Afghan and Persian merchants trading in Central Asia; and, strange to say, the farther southwards we come from the confines of the Russian sphere of influence (that is, the nearer to the frontiers of India), the livelier is the picture and the more eloquent the language in which the fame of the new conqueror of the East is spread. I may mention the activity of the Afghan Sheikh, Djemaleddin, actually a resident of Constantinople, whose acolytes move about in the Mohammedan world with the avowed intention of gaining over the sympathies of the true believers to Russia. Some time ago I happened to meet one of these missionaries of Moscovite influence; and, anxious to hear his methods of persuasion, I entered on a conversation with him, quietly listening to his arguments.

"I see," said my interlocutor, "that you are strongly under the prejudice of utterly erroneous statements spread about Russia's doings in Asia. If you draw a comparison between her and England, you will find that the English nation is the real and

dangerous enemy to Islam. Tell me, please: how many mosques have been built by the sahibs in India? The Czar has provided from his own pocket for various musjids and kiraasthanes [houses for reading of the Koran], and is continually subsidizing Moslem schools and infirmaries. There is not a trace of the pride and haughtiness with which the English treat their subjects in the demeanour of the Russian officers in Turkestan. Their behaviour is friendly, brotherly, to us. They associate freely; they eat, drink, and play with us; and, what is the most gratifying, they ignore all difference of birth, and Mohammedans can freely rise to the highest steps of the official ladder. There are Mohammedan *Kornels and Djornels* [Colonels and Generals] in the Russian Army, with lots of civil and military officers all over the Russian Empire; and they even appointed a Consul of Mohammedan persuasion in Djedda, in order to facilitate the intercourse of the Mohammedan subjects of the Czar with the holy places of Islam. I tell you: It is no secret that the Czar and his chief advisers have a marked predilection for our race and religion. They give preference to us even over their own co-religionists, and you must not be astonished that we too have more reliance in their guidance and value them more than we value the cold and egotistic Inghiliz."

You cannot shake the new impression of these zealous admirers of Russia by pointing to all the various unquestionable benefits derived from British rule by the inhabitants of India; nor can you do so by quoting testimonials from most trustworthy Mohammedans and Hindus regarding the happiness, security, and justice enjoyed by the subjects of the Queen-Empress.

"How can you," I asked, "put side by side with the thoroughly liberal spirit of British rule the despotism of Russian autocracy?" The answer was that Russian despotism may well weigh heavily upon the mother country, but that it is not felt in the foreign possessions and dependencies, where Russia has made herself conspicuous by a scrupulous respect for the traditions, manners, and customs of the natives, and where the rigid, and sometimes cruel, modes of government used by the English have never been applied. Those who are bent upon finding faults with any Government are wilfully blind to its virtues. Admitting that the change of masters has always an allurement for the masses in the East, we can, nevertheless, venture the statement that the unmistakable increase of Russian prestige with the semi-civilized Asiatics is mainly the work of active Russian emissaries. Of the extraordinary influence which these men wield a striking example was given during the troubles arising from the tobacco monopoly in Persia. This seemingly profitable business was a thorn in the

eyes of Russian commercial competitors. Although the Shah and the leading men in the country strongly supported the whole concern, the underground work of Russia was effective enough to induce the Imam Djuma of Kerbela, spiritual chief of the Shias, to issue a defence against smoking tobacco as long as the Kafirs (English) exercised control over the plant. If somebody had forbidden the use of bread and water, it would not have been such a great privation for the Persian as the defence of smoking was intended to prevent; yet the whole community submitted to the order of the spiritual chief, and abstained from the *kalian* (Persian pipe) for more than a fortnight. This was exclusively owing to Russian influence. Russian Mohammedans from Transcaucasia have a curious power over the Muchtehids (priests) of the chief towns. Their insinuations penetrated as far as Kerbela and Nejgef, and in the end the Shah had to cancel his decree. The monopoly collapsed, and the Government had to pay half-a-million pounds as gratification to the disappointed English contractors.

It is not only in Persia, in India, and in Afghanistan, that the signs of Russian molework are becoming more and more flagrant. They are to be found in Turkey also. We shall not speak of the movement (encouraged by Russian officials) in Armenia, where Monsignor Khrimian, a pronounced favourite at St. Petersburg, was recently raised to the pontifical seat of Etchmiadzin; but we beg leave to touch upon a curious tale of Russian charity and toleration spread by the Turkish prisoners of the late war in all directions through Asia Minor. These soldiers of the Padishah, after returning home from various Russian towns, where they were kept for months, have greatly contributed towards changing the current of opinion. They had expected all kind of ill-treatment from their hereditary foe, and were all the more astonished on finding themselves well fed and clad—nay: provided with funds for their return journey. From the Turks the fame of Russian affability and humanity has passed to the Arabs. We find laudatory remarks about the government of the Czar in Syrian as well as in Egyptian journals.

It behoves Europe, and particularly Great Britain, to counteract the doings of Russia—not by using similar weapons, which are unbecoming to a civilised State; but by adopting certain measures, hitherto neglected, which cannot be neglected any longer. There is perhaps more than a grain of truth in the assertion that England does not avail herself sufficiently of the services of her native subjects in India. Whilst Russian Mohammedans are discriminately raised to high civil and military posts, the Hindu and Moslem subjects of the Empress of Hindustan are not similarly treated. This is the more to be deplored when we consider the great care bestowed by England upon the educational system of

the natives and the undoubted capacities of the Hindustani. We fully admit that Russia, not having nearly so many Mohammedan soldiers in her army, can much more easily allow Mohammedan officers to pass to the higher ranks. England has 148,000 Sepoys, against 70,000 English soldiers, in a possession far away. We are not the least inclined to cast a slur on the loyalty and fidelity of the native officer in India; but the time has certainly not yet arrived when unconditional reliance can be put upon his skill, his sense of duty, and his devotion to the cause of the foreign ruler. There is, however, one department of government, the Civil Service, to which he should be more freely admitted. There is a mean between measures like the Ilbert Bill and the offensive disregard resulting from an unmistakable undervaluation of the faculties of the natives. The Anglo-Indian Government might confidently put duly educated Mohammedans and Hindus into high civil offices; and if a Mohammedan envoy is entrusted with the very delicate mission to the courts of Cabul, where Imperial interests of the greatest issue are at stake, why should not some of the consulates in Persia and in Turkey be handed over to Indian Musselmans educated in the universities of India?

Sooner or later England will have to give to the natives a greater share in the administration of India. Nay: it would be in the common interest of the ruler and the ruled if the natives, whilst participating in the work of the Empire in general, could be aroused to the proud consciousness of their British citizenship. By this just, honest, and wholesome development of the relations between the Asiatic and his foreign ruler, Great Britain will attain better results than her rival obtains by the use of underground means and through the employment of spies.

A. Vambéry.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN *HABITANT.*

THERE is no peasant so much attached to tradition as the French Canadian. He finds himself on a continent whose moving spirit is that of progression. The rest of the American world is more or less given up to electric-tramway cars, elevated railways, and other abominations. Factory chimneys belch forth their disfiguring smoke, and saw-mills rend the air with hideous noises, within touch, almost, of the quaint, picturesque French villages which lie nestling to the south of the St. Lawrence. The contiguity of progress and push, of manufacture and wealth, in no wise affects the unambitious *habitant*. He teems with contentment and philosophy. Has he not a decent farm, a tidy cottage, a good wife, an enormous progeny, and a *curé* to help him on his road to heaven? Is it not possible, also, to put by a little money each year towards his old age—enough to procure for him and his a decent burial, and to pay for masses, in the sad by-and-bye? What more can a man want? Jacques Bon-Homme has a supreme belief in himself and his belongings, in his country and its Constitution. A poor *habitant* (the story goes) went to Quebec, and was taken by a friendly priest to see the sights of the city. In a convent church he saw a large painting of David and Goliath. Jacques fixed his gaze admiringly on Goliath. "Ah!" said he, "what a fine man!" "Yes," said the *curé:* "it is a fine man." "Magnificent!" said Jacques; then paused. "I suppose he was a French Canadian?" "*Bien, oui!*" retorted the priest, not liking to disappoint the patriot. "O yes! Goliath was a French Canadian."

That strikes the key-note of the French Canadian character. Where people are self-complacent enough to believe themselves perfect, they do not need to seek improvement, nor do they strain after higher ideals. The *habitant* sees no reason to complain of himself or of his position: he believes implicitly in the wisdom of his forefathers, and remains the most picturesque and only historical figure on the continent of North America. He farms his own acres, owes allegiance to no man besides his priest, builds his cottage on the ancient Norman model, and looks upon all new-

fangled inventions (such as steam-ploughs and threshing-machines) as creations of the Devil. Although more than a century has elapsed since the British Standard was unfurled in the Citadel of Quebec, the *habitant* remains as French as his ancestors were the day they left their country. This, too, on a continent where the English, the Irish, and the Scotch, merge their national characteristics in the course of thirty years into those of the ubiquitous Yankee. Jacques, happy in coming under the rule of a generous conqueror, has preserved his language, his laws, and his religion, intact; and he has gratitude enough to value the liberty given him by his English rulers and to make him the strongest opponent of Annexation in Canada.—

The French Canadian peasantry are descendants of the hardy men brought to American shores by Champlain over 200 years ago. Their forefathers were, for the most part, mariners, and the French Canadian of to-day retains traces of his origin in his peculiar phraseology. No true-born *habitant* would use the verb *monter* as applied to a *voiture: embarquer* would be his word: and there are many idioms in hourly use which are essentially and strangely nautical. The *patois* of the French Canadian peasant has long been the subject of discussion and research; but there seems little reason to doubt that it is the dialect spoken by his Norman ancestors 200 years ago. Conservative in this, as in all else, the French Canadian has preserved the dialect of his forefathers; whilst his French cousin of to-day has kept pace with the times and drifted into more modern forms of speech. The *habitant's* accent leaves much to be desired as regards beauty, and in this respect he shares the fate of his compatriot the English Canadian. American air does not seem to favour the cultivation of soft voices and graceful modes of speech. Our good friend Jacques has a shrill voice, and ugly forms of expression: he calls his wife a "*créature*" and his daughter a "*figue*."

The *habitants* of Canada are chiefly confined to the Province of Quebec, by far the elder province in point of colonization, and assuredly the more interesting as regards physical beauty and historical association. From the Gulf, all the way up the wonderful St. Lawrence, the river's banks are dotted with innumerable white houses and villages. Enter any of these, and you find yourself transported to old-world and time-honoured institutions. Here are veritable Norman cottages, steep-roofed, with dormer windows, wide and deep chimneys, picturesque rafters. Cross the road and you see an oven of ancient construction; hard by, a wayside cross, before which the devout peasant kneels in prayer for a good harvest. In the middle of the village stands the church, severely whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof and a picturesque steeple. Glance behind

it and you see the *curé's* neat cottage, and his reverence (arrayed in black *soutane*) pacing his garden-walk. Stiff rows of hollyhocks, dahlias, and sunflowers, delight his soul, and are not out of harmony with his prim exterior. Be sure that a convent lurks somewhere near: convents and seminaries are the only educational establishments approved by the orthodox French Canadian. A glimpse over a fence reveals demure nuns superintending the recreations of convent-bred misses, and the white goffered caps and black robes make us breathe the atmosphere of Old France. The avenues of poplar trees planted by the early settlers in memory of their beloved country help the illusion. On all sides we have evidence of the deep love for his mother country, the reverence for tradition, the piety, and the extreme contentment, which mark the French Canadian character. The *habitant* lives longer than his ambitious, restless neighbour over the border; his digestion lasts; his temperament is placid, and his temper good. When he sins, he wipes out his transgressions by comfortable penance, and when he falls ill he makes a pilgrimage to "La bonne Ste. Anne."

The *habitant* works hard all summer in the fields, and when the winter's snow covers his land he sets to with a will to make boots of cured bullocks' hide (with uppers of sheepskin) for his numerous family. A skilful mechanic, he makes his own hay-carts and rakes, turns out his own furniture, cures the tobacco grown in his garden, salts his own pork, and builds his own house. Curiously enough, gardening is the one pursuit considered derogatory by the French Canadian. It is thought fit only for his women and children. Vegetables are not much cultivated for home consumption, and are usually intended for market purposes. The *habitant* lives chiefly on rye-bread, sour milk, fat pork, and potatoes. Maple sugar, eggs, and fish are appreciated; but fresh meat is little in demand. Omelettes and pancakes, as in France, are reserved for high days and holidays; and, although the present race of French Canadian women possess infinitely less skill or knowledge in cookery than their French sisters, they can generally toss a pancake with the best of them.

All good *habitants* marry young. Edwin is not usually more than twenty when he woos his Angela of seventeen. Enormous families follow; but they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage, and Jacques' bitterest taunt is reserved for the luckless wight cursed with the empty cradle. Owing to the prevalence of Canadian cholera, infant mortality in Canada during the hot summer is great; and thus the tendency to over-population is somewhat balanced.

The good wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and

putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot.* She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool of her own spinning into socks and stockings, and shapes and makes the simple skirts and jackets which her girls wear, and the loose trousers and shirts which clothe her lads. In point of thrift she is not behind her ancestors. Living amid an improvident, extravagant English population, she remains as careful and economical as ever. If an English family come to spend a summer in a French Canadian cottage, Jeanne turns out with all her children into a sort of *dépendance*, taking her spinning-wheel and cradles with her. She petitions the cook for tea-leaves, set apart otherwise for the dust-heap, dries them, and stores them against the winter. She asks for the cast-off and useless clothes, tears them into rags, dips them in home-made dyes, and weaves the strips together, by means of a strong twine, into a firm and useful carpet, called "*catalan*." Her instincts, if immature, are artistic. There is no attempt at tawdry ornament nor gaudy cheapness, no terrible antimaccassar. The walls of the kitchen (which is also the living-room) are of pitch-pine, and the ceiling is made picturesque by rafters. Generally a little staircase, painted deep-red, leads from one corner of the kitchen to the rooms above. The fireplace is open, and much what one sees in Norman cottages. The chairs, severe but suitable, are made of unpainted wood, which by constant use has assumed a rich tone and polish. The spinning-wheel and distaff gives an air of quaintness to the room, and two rocking-chairs lend the one touch of comfort. Underneath the table is a strip of bright "catalan"; over the chimney-piece is a black wooden cross; near it, a print of Sta. Veronica's Veil. Pio Nono's portrait is in every good French Canadian's house. He has not yet seemed to grasp the fact that another man sits in the chair of St. Peter. The bedrooms are usually small, carpeted with "catalan," curtained with homespun material, and having huge four-posters with feather beds and bolsters of great height.

Compared with most peasantry, the French Canadians are wonderfully clean in their houses and persons. Unlike most peasantry, they nearly all ride in their own carriages. On market-days those living outside towns jog long distances in their carts to sell their produce. There can scarce be a more picturesque sight (be it even the Piazza doll' Erba at Verona, or the Campo dei Fiori at Rome) than the old Quebec market-place as it was a few years ago, with its rows of covered carts drawn up side-by-side, and filled with little bright-eyed French women offering their wares for sale. Lamb, butter, eggs, cheese, maple sugar, syrup, homespun cloth, and home-grown vegetables form the staple commodities of the *habitant.*

The ambition of every well-to-do farmer is to have an *avocat* in his family, or a priest; and where enough money can be scraped together to send an olive-branch to a seminary, great are the rejoicings of these simple people. All French Canadians are deeply religious. As a rule their priests are singularly pure in their lives, and wholesome in their doctrines. They are often men of deep learning, and not infrequently of cultivated tastes. They are not devoid of humour. A troublesome parishioner roused his *curé* at uncanonical hours to baptize his newly-born child. The *Habitant* (Gouin by name) had driven some distance in order to have his baby received without delay into the bosom of Mother Church, and was not to be baulked. The *Curé* demurred, grumbled, and at last consented, on condition that he should name the child. Gouin was enchanted, and heard with complacence the name of "*Marin*" given to his baby. As he jogged homewards he coupled the names together: "Marin Gouin, Marin Gouin." "*Sacré bleu!*" cried he: "he has christened my child '*Mosquito*'!" Many have journeyed once in their lives to Rome, and brought back the memory of experiences which last all their lives, and furnish many a tale to amaze "the gazing rustics ranged around." They are all intensely patriotic, and pride themselves on the immeasurable superiority of Canada, in point of scenery, climate, and constitution, to the rest of the world. In times of cholera or of fever the priests have proved themselves worthy successors of the heroic band of Recollet fathers who bore the toil and burden of the day two hundred years ago.

The chief religious *fête* is that of St. Jean Baptiste. Not even in Papal Italy is the procession more picturesque. Emblematic cars and various bands playing the air of "*A la Claire Fontaine*" form part of the procession; but all the interest centres in St. John, who is personated by a small lad wearing a golden wig, dressed in sheepskins, carrying a crook, and accompanied in his car by a lamb. Another great day is that of the *Fête de Dieu*, in which the Host is carried through the streets to various stations, all prostrating themselves before it. Very picturesque, too, are the ceremonies in connection with the first Communion. Troops of little girls in white muslin frocks, wearing white gloves, and caps covered with white veils, are to be seen, accompanied by proud mothers and fathers, walking about the streets.

Poor as he is, the French Canadian is not without his national literature, which takes the form of songs. Every *habitant* loves his fiddle, and in fiddling finds his chief amusement when the labours of the day are over. These lays are often curiously Bacchanalian: in contrast with the habits of those who sing them. In M. de Gaspé's valuable book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, I find two good examples of the style I mean.—

"Oui! j'aime à boire, moi :
C'est là ma manie
J'en conviens de bonne foi,
Chacun a sa folie :
Un buveur vit sans chagrin
Et sans inquiètude :
Bien fêter le dieu du vin,
Voilà sa seule étude," etc.

And

"Bacchus assis sur un tonneau,
M'a défendu de boire de l'eau,
Ni de puits, ni de fontaine.
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau
Il faut vider les bouteilles ;
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau
Il faut vider les pots," etc., etc.

Another is "C'est le Bon Vin qui danse," etc. Not a few are erotic.—

"C'est François Marcotte,
Qui s'habille ben propre
Pour aller en promenade,
C'est à Deschambault
Chez Monsieur Bondrault.
C'est une fille qu'il lui faut.
Bonjour Madam' Bondrault,—
En faisant le faraud,
Faisant des politesses
Des civ itès,
A la compagnie
Marcotte fit un' belle entrée."

"Quand il fut entré,
Il s'agit de parler
Des affaires de conséquence:
De sa bien aimée
Il s'est approché ;
C'était pour la demander," etc., etc.

The majority deal with marriage, as :

"Je voudrais bien me marier,
Mais j'ai grand peur de me tromper:
Ils sont si malhonnêtes!
Ma luron, ma lurette,
Ils sont si malhonnêtes!
Ma luron, ma luré."

Another characteristic French Canadian song is this :

"Mon père a fait bâtir maison ;
L'a fait bâtir su' l'bout d'un pont,
Le beaux temps s'en va,
Le mauvais revient ;
Je n'ai pas de barbe au menton,
Mais il m'en vient."

Another, better known than any I have here quoted, begins as follows :

"Derrièr' chez nous, ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule,"

and the monotonous refrain is

"En roulant ma boule, roulant."

The manners of the French Canadian are superior to those of his English compatriot in the same rank of life. He condescends on occasions to say "Monsieur" and "Madame"; but he is absolutely devoid of any feeling of social inferiority, and merely gives these titles from a sense of politeness, and as he would do to his equals. Without the slightest taint of Republicanism or of Communism, the *habitant's* views find expression in John Ball's lines:

"When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

In a country where all men work, the only distinction between classes, recognizable to him, is that of wealth and poverty, which he understands. With all his simplicity, M. Jacques is keenly alive to the advantages of money, and no Jew can drive a better bargain.

With the upper class of French Canadians (descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who fled from the horrors of the guillotine and Reign of Terror) it is not within the province of this article to deal. I may say, however, without undue digression, that there are many French Canadian *seigneurs* who received their lands earlier than the French Revolution, under charters of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; and life and death were placed in their power.*

The *habitant*, however, is menaced with a change from his idyllic stagnation. The overflow of French Canadian population is gradually finding its way to the broad lands of Manitoba. Here a struggle for supremacy between the English and the French recently began. The *habitant* wished to apply his limited views of life. He insisted, besides, upon a dual language, and that French should be taught in the schools. Fearful lest the priesthood should become all-powerful, as in the Province of Quebec, and the laws be framed exclusively for the French population, the English Canadian resisted. In the end the Englishman triumphed; but time alone can show how far the French Canadian transplanted to Manitoba will assimilate with English ways. In the province of Quebec he stands alone as

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition:"—

faith in his God, faith in his forefathers, faith in himself, in his country, and his belongings. Where, in this doubting, sneering age, can you find a more unique personality?

HARRIET J. JEPHSON.

* The de Lotbinières, for example, whose charter, signed by Louis XIV., I have seen.

LIEUTENANT MACKENZIE'S RIDE.

EVERYONE has heard of Hodson's ride from Kurnaul to Meerut, and from Meerut to Kurnaul, the first of the many daring deeds that won for him a place among the heroes of the Mutiny. But, except a few personal friends, hardly anyone has heard of a far more memorable ride that was accomplished almost at the same time by a young subaltern who had not completed his twenty-second year. Comparisons are not odious when their aim is to do justice to one without depreciating another. The sternest censors of Hodson have never stinted their admiration of his courage. But, when he started upon his famous ride, he was escorted by troops whose fidelity was above suspicion. The youth whose story I am about to tell had only one companion upon whom he could depend.

Six days had passed since the outbreak at Meerut; and still General Hewitt remained helplessly inert. Master of a regiment of Dragoons, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, and two batteries of Field Artillery, the poor old man had suffered the mutineers to plunder, burn, and slay, and then to escape unscathed. Fifteen hundred British soldiers were expecting the word of command; but it was never spoken. Villagers, hearing that the sepoys had mutinied, relapsed into anarchy. The Goojurs, the hereditary thieves of India, robbed and outraged everyone upon whom they could lay hands. It might have been expected that the General who had at his disposal the strongest European force in the North-Western Provinces would make some effort to restore order. He hardly made an effort even to punish the ruffians who were within gunshot of his own quarters. Nor was he alone to blame. There were Englishmen at Meerut who shuddered at the sight of a dark face, and were ready to believe that every native was a mutineer. Some of the natives, in their turn, believed—so complete was the paralysis of authority—that not a single white man remained alive.

On the morning of the 17th of May, Lieutenant Mackenzie,* of the 3rd Light Cavalry, saw a letter lying under a table in one of the barracks. Someone picked it up and read it. It was written in French, and addressed to General Hewitt. It had evidently

* Now Col. A. R. D. Mackenzie, C.B.

been read and thrown away. The writer was one of a party of officers and ladies who had escaped from the massacre at Delhi. They were wandering in the jungle near the city, and implored the General to save them. Young Mackenzie instantly resolved that an attempt must be made. Come what might, women and children must not be abandoned, without an effort, by their own kinsmen. The bulk of his regiment had mutinied; but a small remnant had hesitated. Mackenzie went to the General, and offered to go with five-and-twenty of these men, and attempt the rescue of the fugitives. The General replied that he had considered it absolutely hopeless to try. Was Mackenzie in earnest? Had he reflected on the fearful danger? The young man's manner showed that he meant what he said; and the General gave his consent. Why he did not offer to reinforce the feeble escort which Mackenzie had induced to accompany him does not appear. But self-preservation is the first law of nature. A strong guard was considered necessary for the protection of the barrack in which the General and some of his officers had taken refuge; and this fact may perhaps be taken as his excuse. It is only fair to say that he asked a number of his officers whether any of them would volunteer to accompany Mackenzie. There were men of proved courage among them: but none responded to the appeal. The odds were too great. The troopers were notoriously in an uncertain temper. They had been subjected to the humiliation of disarmament; and, if they did not murder their young leader, it was probable that the Goojurs would. The whole garrison believed that Mackenzie was going to his grave.

Before noon the little party started. As they were riding out of the station, they met Lieutenant Hugh Gough, of the same regiment, a great-nephew of the chivalrous old soldier whose valour Charles Napier so enthusiastically praised. He told Mackenzie that he had heard of his intention, and would not let him go alone. All day they rode on side by side; and neither dared to hope that he would ever see his friends again. Asiatics are capable of great self-devotion; but they are strangely impressionable. The troopers had been obedient so far; but how long would their obedience last? They had witnessed the prostration of British authority, the cowardice of British officers, the imbecility of a British General. They knew that the historic capital of the Mogul Empire was lost to the British. Why should they support a doomed Raj? Every moment the two young subalterns expected that their men would turn upon them, and ride off to join the mutineers. They learned from some peasants that the fugitives whom they wished to succour were hiding in a village called Hirchinpore. Mile after mile they rode; and, to their amazement, they met with no opposition. It may have been chance, or what we call chance. It

may have been that the robber bands had heard that British officers were again abroad, but did not care to encounter them. For in the East they own the truth of Danton's motto, "To dare, and to dare, and to dare again." It was nightfall when the horsemen reached the village. The villagers appeared greatly alarmed, and shut the gate in their faces. They were wearing light grey uniforms; and it was evident that they were taken for mutineers in quest of plunder. Mackenzie, however, undertook to make his men remain outside; and at length he and Gough were admitted. They found the fugitives in miserable plight. There were fifteen of them in all,—seven officers, a merchant, and seven women and children. They had suffered agonies of thirst. They had been robbed of everything they had been able to carry away, and even stripped of some of their clothes. All night long Mackenzie and Gough waited while the head-man of the village was collecting carts for the conveyance of the women and children. Their suspense was not over; for it was quite possible that some of the troopers might hasten to Delhi, and inform the mutineers where their prey was to be found. But to their honour be it said, the men remained staunch; and next day Mackenzie brought his party safely back to Delhi.

He had not been long asleep when he was roused by a brother-officer, Lieutenant Sanford, who told him that he had volunteered to carry despatches to the Commander-in-Chief, and asked for his escort. Mackenzie promptly went off to the cavalry lines, and called upon the tired troopers to turn out once more. The spirit of their youthful leader had regenerated them: they were no longer waverers, but loyal soldiers. They cheerfully obeyed. Their cattle, however, were exhausted; and it was necessary to mount them on some half-broken horses belonging to the Dragoons. The Commander-in-Chief was at Umballah, about a hundred and thirty miles away. Early in the morning the little column started. The young horses reared and bucked and plunged till fatigue had broken them in. All that day and night and all the next day their riders pressed on. On the second day they met Hodson and his escort; and in the evening, having ridden more than ninety miles in thirty-six hours, they reached Kurnaul. Mackenzie has always been jealous for the honour of his friend. "The credit of carrying the first despatches from Meerut to Umballah," he writes, "is due to the late Major Sanford, who, to me and to all who knew him, was a type of all that is most noble and brave and modest. But, alas! his memory is buried in our hearts. The world has heard little of him."

Gordon was right, in a sense, when he said that there is nothing so impertinent as praise. I am mindful of the example of Cæsar, whose reticence is a model for an hysterical age, who appreciated so

deeply every act of courage, but thought it a sufficient eulogy of the bravest to say that "they had done nothing unworthy of themselves." This highest eulogy, so restrained yet so eloquent, Mackenzie, if any, has deserved. The exploits which I have described do not stand alone. A few months later, in the suburbs of Lucknow, he saved, at fearful risk, his friend Lieutenant Robert Sandeman, who only lately closed a brilliant and noble career. And what was his recompense? Every man who followed him on his errand of mercy received, as his reward, two steps of substantive rank. He himself was assured that he should not be forgotten. The gallant Wale, of Wale's Horse, under whom he afterwards served, intended to recommend him for the Victoria Cross; but before he could do so he was slain. And so it has come to pass that Mackenzie is without that prize of valour which is the dearest object of the British soldier's ambition. But many who wear the Victoria Cross upon their breasts might envy him the remembrance which is his imperishable reward.

[NOTE.—The foregoing narrative is based upon a collection of papers which was lent to me some time ago by General Crawford Chamberlain. The papers comprise letters written by Colonel Mackenzie himself, Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., K.C.B., the fugitives whom Mackenzie rescued, and others. Colonel Mackenzie has recently told the story with rare modesty in a little book called *Mutiny Memoirs* (Allahabad: *Pioneer Press*, 1891). I have not come across more than one review of this book; but, unless the tastes of boy-readers have greatly changed, it should be widely read.]

T. RICE HOLMES.

RESTAURANTS FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

To better the condition of the working classes by means of legislation is the object of various schemes now before the country. Many persons calling themselves the friends of the working man are anxious that the law should step in, and authoritatively regulate the number of his hours of toil and the rate of his wages. All this time there are lying at our very doors means by whose employment we should attain, in large measure, the practical effects of interference by Parliament,—means, which, instead of robbing one class to assist another, would work for the benefit of all classes.

Food, clothing, shelter, and warmth, are the elementary needs of life, the needs from which no human being can escape; needs, therefore, which must always have the first claim on the proceeds of labour. To satisfying these, whatsoever a man's means may be, a certain minimum sum must always be devoted; and the smaller these means, the more does this sum tend to swallow them up. It cannot fail to be obvious, then, that if such necessaries of life could be cheapened through economical methods of supply, wages, whilst remaining nominally the same, would become practically raised, simply through the increase in their purchasing power.

Of all a man's wants that of food is the most imperious. Of the man who depends on his daily labour for his daily bread it may be said, with special emphasis, that "he eats to live." The health and strength which enable him to work are his only capital; and, whatsoever else he may go without, he is forced to provide himself with such a minimum quantity of food as will enable him, as far as possible, to retain this capital. The quantity of food which a working man must consume in order thus to retain his powers of work unimpaired is less compressible than any of his other requirements. Therefore, the lower his wages, the greater must be the proportionate amount of them which food alone will absorb. Thus, an average family earning 35s. a week will, it is computed, spend about half that sum on its food; while as wages diminish this ratio will increase, until, at 14s. or 15s. a week, it rises as high as two-thirds of the whole.

When we consider how much has been done in other ways towards bettering the condition of the labouring classes, it is remarkable how very little has been attempted towards placing a supply of cheap food within their reach. Crowds of workmen and artisans are kept all day by their employments away from their homes; and, as a rule, they have no resource, unless they carry cold provisions with them, beyond the small eating-houses abounding in every busy neighbourhood, with whose owners, as with all small dealers, the temptation to make the utmost profits, consistently with the retention of custom, must be always present.

In country districts, where wages are lowest, the labourer, or the mechanic, usually takes his meals at home. His wife, as a rule, does not go out to work; and his food is cooked by her at no expense beyond a small extra consumption of fuel. The cost of the meals is little over that of the raw materials. It is very different with a large proportion of dwellers in the towns. Of these, many, both men and women, are absent all day at their places of employment; and in estimating the cost of their needful food we must make a very considerable allowance, beyond the price of the uncooked materials, for the expenses of preparation. The charges of any restaurant or cooking establishment must be sufficient to pay not for the food itself only, but for rent, rates, fire, light, and wages; and, over and above all this, to leave a profit sufficient to make the business worth carrying on.

As a general rule, the cost of any given article depends on the quantities in which it is manufactured; and to this rule cooked food is no exception. The smaller the scale on which the business of a restaurant is conducted, the higher must be the keeper's charges if he is to extract a living out of it for himself. Where much larger quantities of food are cooked at the same time, the cost of their preparation becomes diminished to a mere fraction of that of the raw material, and charges can be lessened accordingly. The success which has attended an experiment of this kind is notably instanced by the "Volksküchen," or People's Kitchens, which have been established in Vienna. A very interesting account of these was published in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of December 29, 1892. It shows the exceedingly low prices at which food can be supplied where the demand is large and steady, and thus furnishes us with a basis for practical calculations.

At the "People's Kitchens" no fewer than from 40,000 to 60,000 meals, ample and excellent, are prepared daily. The price of a dinner consisting of soup, meat, bread, vegetables, pudding, and coffee, with fruit or cheese, is about 3½d. in English money. A breakfast of coffee, vegetable soup, bread, ham, and eggs may be had for 2d. A supper of cold meat, bread, vegetables, and pudding,

with tea or coffee, costs 2½d. The large consumption of food, which allows it to be bought in cheap markets, is, of course, one of the causes enabling the establishments to maintain such low prices. A more important cause is to found in the perfection of their organization and management. In Vienna, however, this management is contributed without cost by a committee of ladies and gentlemen. It is the one respect in which the kitchens are not self-supporting. Here, in order to place an undertaking of the same kind on the footing of an ordinary commercial enterprise, a slight advance would have to be made on the prices mentioned. On an equally large scale of business, the advance would be very slight. Where 40,000 meals were prepared daily, the charge of an extra farthing on each would produce a gross profit of £52,000; and, even if the quantity of food supplied were much less, an exceedingly easy tariff would still be enough to defray interest on capital invested and the salaries of efficient managers, while providing a reserve for contingencies.

It is within certain limits only that extension of scale can produce diminution of charge. The minimum point is reached when extra expenses in working and management, and extra economy in production, exactly balance each other. In the Vienna "Volksküchen" this point has probably been passed already. To reach it would be an ultimate object in any similar undertaking. The most successful enterprises, however, are generally those which have increased from small beginnings; and in the starting of a "People's Kitchen" it would be especially necessary to avoid, not only, on the one hand, a scale so small as to exclude the advantages of wholesale dealing and preparation, but, on the other, a scale so large as to render the business, in its experimental stage, cumbrous. To ascertain what would be the lowest practicable charges while the consumption remained thus comparatively limited is, therefore, a matter of importance.

Rather more than thirty years ago, during a time of great commercial depression, some cheap restaurants were, with marked success, started in Glasgow. About £5,000 was then spent on the successive establishment of thirteen centres for the preparation and distribution of food at prices only just sufficient to cover expenses and leave a moderate balance. These thirteen centres, together, provided daily for about 7,000 people: 540, that is to say, at each centre. The whole enterprise was superintended by three officials, a manager, a cashier and an inspector; and about 135 women were employed in cooking and serving.

The prices were 4½d. for a dinner consisting of meat, potatoes, and pudding; 3d. for breakfast; 3d. for supper; and a charge of one-eighth of a penny on every penny portion of soup, porridge,

or cocoa, sold separately, produced, alone, a yearly profit of £2,500. In the account from which I am quoting, an article in *The Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1863, the salaries of the officials are not stated; but the wages of the head cooks, or matrons, of whom there was one to each centre, are mentioned as varying from £20 to £35, and those of the assistants from £12 to £14. Board and lodging were provided in all cases. Let us suppose that, as in Glasgow, one centre only should be opened to begin with; and let us assume its situation such as to secure the custom of 500 persons daily for breakfast, dinner, and supper. At what sum might we estimate its probable working expenses? What charges on the cost of the food would be required to cover them?

It must be remembered, in making such a calculation, that food, owing to the enormously increased importation of foreign produce, is cheaper now than it was thirty years ago; while, on the other hand, both rent and wages, especially in London, are higher. Here is an estimate.—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	250	0	0
Rates and taxes	80	0	0
Fuel and gas	100	0	0
Repairs	35	0	0
Insurance	5	0	0
Wages of head cook	40	0	0
Wages of head kitchenmaid	25	0	0
Wages of twenty assistants (double the Glasgow proportion), at £14	280	0	0
Board and lodging of the working staff	400	0	0
Salaries of three officials	380	0	0
Dividend of five per cent. on £2,000	100	0	0
	£1,695	0	0

If these figures are approximately correct, a yearly surplus of at the least £1,695 must be produced on the daily sale of 1,500 meals. We will now see how far, with provisions at their present prices, this would be practicable. The dietary noted below gives a fair sample of the food that might be provided.—

Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
1 pint cocoa.	½ pint soup.	½ pint soup.
½ lb. bread.	½ lb. meat.	1 pint cocoa.
either ¾lb. fried potatoes,	½ lb. bread.	½ lb. bread.
½lb. hominy, or	1 lb. vegetables.	½ lb. pudding, or
oatmeal porridge, or	1 lb. either milk or	3 oz. cheese, or
½ lb. stewed haricot beans.	suet pudding.	2 oz. cold meat.

That is to say, 3 lb. 10 oz. to 4 lb. 4 oz. of solid food in the course of the day, without counting the 4 oz. solid materials taken as soup.

To provide such meals for 500 men, the ingredients required, together with their wholesale prices, would be as follows :—

SOUP, 63 GALLONS, OR 1 PINT PER HEAD.

	s.	d.	
½ cwt. peas or lentils, at 1½d. the lb. ...	7	0	18s. 8d., or a fraction under ½d. the pint.
½ cwt. mixed vegetables, at 1d. „ ...	4	8	
¼ cwt. Scotch barley, at 1½d. „ ...	3	6	
30 lb. fresh bones, at 1d. ... „ ...	2	6	
Seasoning ... ... „ ...	1	0	

COCOA, 126 GALLONS, OR 2 PINTS PER HEAD.

	s.	d	
1½ sacks shell cocoa, at 10s. the sack ...	15	0	£1 2s. 9d., or a fraction over ¼d. a pint.
12 lb sugar, at 1¾d. the lb.	1	9	
18 gallons skim milk, at 1d. the quart ...	6	0	

SUET PUDDING, 250 LB., OR ½ LB. PER HEAD.

	£	s.	d.	
130 lb. flour, at 25s. the sack ...	0	12	0	£1 14s. 11d., or ¾d. the ½ lb.
44 lb suet, at 4d.	0	18	4	
44 lb. treacle, at 1¼d....	0	4	7	
4 lb. baking powder, at 6d.... ...	0	2	0	
4 lb. ginger, at 5d.	0	1	8	

250 LB. MILK PUDDING.

30 lb. rice or sago, at 1½d.	0	3	9	16s. 5½d. or ⅜d. the ½ lb.
25 gals. skim milk, at 4d. the gallon	0	8	4	
7 lb. suet, at 4d.	0	2	4	
14 lb. sugar, at 1½d	0	2	0½	

250 LB. HOMINY CHEESE (SUPPER DISH).

30 lb. hominy, at 1½d	0	3	9	£1 2s. 5d., or a fraction over ½d. the ¾lb.
16 gallons skim milk, at 4d. the gallon	0	5	4	
16 lb. cheese at 5d.	0	6	8	
8 lb. dripping, at 4d.	0	2	8	
3 lb. mustard, at 1s. 2d.	0	3	6	
Seasoning	0	0	6	

250 PINTS HOMINY OR OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

30 lb. hominy or oatmeal, at 1½d....	0	3	9	16s. 11½d., or just about ⅜d. the ½ lb.
Salt	0	0	1	
30 gallons skim milk, at 4d. ...	0	10	0	
30 lb. sugar or treacle, at 1¼d. ...	0	3	1½	

250 LBS. STEWED HARICOT BEANS.

187 lb. beans, at 1½d....	1	3	5	£1 8s..or about ¾d. the ½ lb.
4 lb. flour	0	0	5	
2 gallons milk	0	0	8	
12 lb. onions	0	0	10	
8 lb. dripping	0	2	8	

The wholesale prices of the other materials mentioned as either for daily or for occasional use are as follows :—

	£	s.	d.				
250 lb. meat, at 6d.	6	5	0	or	3d.	the ½ lb.	portion.
250 lb. potatoes, at ½d. ...	0	10	5	„	¼d.	„ ½ lb.	„
250 lb. cabbage, at ½d.... ...	0	10	5	„	¼d.	„ ½ lb.	„
375 fried potatoes, at ½d. ...	0	15	8	„	⅜d.	„ ¾ lb.	„
62½ cold beef or ham, at 8d. ...	1	12	4	„	1d.	„ 2 oz.	„
94 cheese, at 5d.	1	19	2	„	1d.	„ 3 oz.	„

Bread (reckoned at 3d. the 2 lb. loaf, or ¾d. the ½ lb.

The exact cost of the materials for each meal can now be seen.—

Breakfast—1 pint cocoa			¼d.
,, ½ lb. bread			¾d.
Either ¾ lb. fried potatoes	⅝d.	average ¾d.	1¾d.
½ lb. haricots	¾d.		
2 oz. ham	1d.		
Dinner—½ pint soup			¼d.
,, ½ lb. meat			3d.
,, ½ lb. potatoes			¼d.
,, ½ lb. cabbage			¼d.
,, ½ lb. suet pudding	¾d.	average ½d.	5d.
,, ½ lb. ,, ,,	⅜d.		
,, ½ lb. bread			¾d.
Supper—½ pint soup			¼d.
,, 1 pint cocoa			¼d.
,, ½ lb. bread			¾d.
,, ½ lb. rice or hominy cheese	½d.	fraction under 1d.	2¼d.
,, 2 oz. cold meat	1d.		
,, or 3 oz. cheese	1d.		
Average total			9d.

Taking 9d., then, as the average daily cost of each man's uncooked provender, we find that the daily outlay on materials must be £18 15s., £5,850 a year; and that the working expenses, apart from the cost of raw material, being, as we have reckoned, £1,685 a year, or within a small fraction of £5 7s. 8d. a day, this sum is the minimum profit which the sale price of the food must be fixed to produce. A very simple calculation will show the charges required.—

	£	s.	d.
Daily cost of uncooked provisions for 500 men	18	15	0
Gross cost of preparation	5	7	0
,, daily expenditure of	24	2	8

Of this sum, which is just sufficient to cover the various outgoings, each man's share would be $\frac{£24\ 2s.\ 8d.}{500}$, a fraction over 11½d. If the charge were increased to 1s., a small yearly balance would be obtained. This may be clearly shown.—

	£	s.	d.
The selling price of one day's meals for 500 men, at 1s. per head	25	0	0
Less cost price of ,, ,, ,, ,,	18	15	0
gives a gross daily profit of	£6	5	0
or a gross yearly profit of £1,950;			
while, working expenses being £1,685,			
the net profit will be £265			

Such a scheme, then, seems to be practicable. We may now see to what extent it would be likely to profit the class for whose benefit it is specially designed. First, as to the quality of the food itself: Are such meals as have just been described suitable to the require-

ments of the working classes? Physiologists tell us that, in order to make up for the continual waste going on in the body owing to the oxidation of its tissues, a full-grown man, actively employed, needs daily such quantities of the different heat-giving and flesh-forming food-stuffs as are represented by $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. bread and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. lean meat. The meat contributes the nitrogenous, or flesh-forming elements; the bread, the carbonaceous, or heat-producing ones. This meat and bread, however, which in the proportions mentioned form a representative diet, may in part at least be replaced by other foods containing their equivalents; for starch, fat, and sugar of all kinds supply the heat-giving elements, while peas, beans, lentils, eggs, milk, and cheese, contain abundant flesh-formers. In the dietary, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. meat and 1 lb. bread have been thus supplied: the former, in its more direct equivalents, by cheese, milk, beans, and lentils; and the latter by sugar, dripping, suet, and such starchy and farinaceous foods as potatoes, rice, and hominy. So far, then, as the actual needs of the body go, these meals may be considered fully adequate.

As to their character: This, if in any way unsuitable, is so probably by presenting too much, rather than too little, variety for a native English taste. Such a fault is not difficult to cure. A man might use his discretion in exchanging a basin of soup for a second helping of pudding; while to enable each, as far as possible to suit his own taste and means in the composition of his meals, portions of all the different dishes could very well be disposed of separately, at a fractional charge on every pennyworth above the cost price.

Now, a shilling a day for three good meals—6d. for dinner, 3d. for breakfast, and 3d. for supper—is a charge which would place a "People's Kitchen," of the size here in view, on a sound commercial basis. These prices are 50 per cent. lower than the prices of the humbler cook-shops and eating-houses, a dinner at one of which costs on an average 9d., while, if we may judge from their tariffs, a good breakfast or supper could not be had for less than $4\frac{1}{2}$d.; the total for the day's meals being thus 6d. in excess of prices which have been shown to be remunerative where custom is on a larger scale.

It is probable that, with a small business, lower charges could be maintained only by deterioration in quality; but where a whole family depends for its subsistence on from 25s. to 35s. a week, 9s. in six days is a large proportionate sum to pay for the food of one of its members. In so far as this sum could be diminished, money would be set free for other uses; and wages would be to all intents and purposes as truly raised as though the extra shillings came out of the employers' pockets. Besides the special *clientèle*

we have had hitherto in view—workmen employed away from their homes—there is a class on the support of whose custom a large cooking centre might confidently reckon. In the houses of the rural poor, conveniences for simple cooking are seldom absent; but in London and in many of our great towns, where a whole family is often lodged in a single room, the only provision of the kind is frequently a small open grate, and there any cookery more elaborate than the boiling of a kettle is practically out of the question. To persons so placed, the possibility of obtaining good food, at prices really within their means, would be an inestimable benefit. Even a jug of soup or of cocoa would be a welcome addition to the comfortless meal of dry bread and weak tea which constitutes almost the sole food of many of the very poor; and if it were carried by them to their own homes the extra cost of serving would be so small that special arrangements might well be made for its distribution at prices even lower than the ordinary ones.

Like every other undertaking in which the co-operation of many persons is involved, a restaurant of the class in view would have its special difficulties to surmount. Still, where the market for its produce was a sufficient and a steady one there would be none that a proper system of organization and management could not overcome. In other trades honest endeavour to supply the best goods at the lowest remunerative prices—to give the consumer, that is, the benefit of wholesale markets—has, where supported by competent direction, achieved remarkable success—witness, especially, that of the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, and other large co-operative stores;—but to recognize difficulties and dangers is the first step towards subduing them, and in connection with an enterprise such as that now under discussion, it must be borne in mind that the supply of freshly-cooked food—the restaurant trade in fact —on whatsoever scale, or by whatsoever name it may be called, has drawbacks which are unknown where the staple of commerce is not of so highly-perishable a nature. Just as in the case of fresh fruit, fresh flowers, and fresh fish, the market for freshly-cooked food must not only be large but certain, if the sale price is to be such as will merely cover the gross cost of the goods and yield a moderate profit; if, on the contrary, it has not to cover a very large amount of recurring loss as well.

Deterioration in supply, waste in production, and insufficient checking of expenditure, are dangers which beset all commercial enterprises, and these all have their remedies; but, in addition to these, what, in the matter under review, would require specially to be guarded against would be an insufficient contingent of daily contributors to the daily-recurring expenses. Where these could be secured, success would be at command. Should they be want-

ing, the undertaking must either change its character and scale of prices or collapse altogether.

Considering, however, the number of small eating-houses which thrive, within narrowly-limited areas, by selling food at 50 per cent. above prices which would be adequate on a larger scale, we cannot see that there should be any great difficulty in selecting such localities, in the first instance, as would ensure to each kitchen sufficient support; whilst as the business became consolidated arrangements might be made for the conveyance of cooked food to other centres of distribution, as well as for depositing it, if desired, at cabmen's shelters, schools, work-rooms, and other places.

Very large sums of money are annually subscribed for charities which, howsoever well-intentioned, are unavoidably weighted with the tendency to increase, by pauperization, the very evils they desire to remedy; but to place food within reach of even the poorest can never become pauperizing, so long as the price paid by the recipient really defrays its cost. Would not philanthropists act both charitably and prudently by interesting themselves practically in a scheme which needs only efficient handling to produce, in exact proportion to its extension, solid benefits to all concerned?

M. M. Mallock.

VICTIMS OF VANITY.

WOMAN'S "emancipation" has begun. She has entered into competition with man and has beaten him on his own ground. Her capacity is recognized; her rights are acknowledged; her demands are respected. In an age of social awakening like the present a jarring note is struck when we find side by side with this sweeping-away of old prejudices and stupidities, silently and unobtrusively, yet none the less surely, a retrograde movement. Womankind have divided themselves into two classes: those who soar above and defy public opinion and the laws of conventionality, and those who grovel like slaves beneath their iron rule. Certain current notions, instilled by custom and heredity into the latters' minds, have taken firm root, and nothing seems like to eradicate them. Of these antiquated notions, the most popular is that man must be subjugated by personal attractions, and that the desirable result can be achieved by inches only. The diameter of the waist expresses the measure of success. As a matter of fact, the average man is far from admiring abnormal figures, an hour-glass shape, or *outré* dressing. Women do admire these things, and, as is well known, dress at, for, and against, one another. With the advance of civilization, inexperienced people flattered themselves that some follies were extinct. Wiser people noted certain recurrences and feared. Of these follies, crinoline and tight-lacing were the most notorious, the silliest, and the least beautiful. Crinoline claimed its victims by the score. A whisk of the skirts, a sudden careless movement, and the reckless wearer escaped the Charybdis of the fireplace only by falling into the Scylla of the dressing-table candles. Crinoline was always inconvenient, generally ridiculous, hideous, and unmanageable. Men poured torrents of abuse upon it, newspapers railed violently, *Punch* mildly ridiculed; yet for several years it held its ground securely. At last women of their own accord waxed tired of it, and lingeringly allowed it to die out. Now history repeats itself, and we are threatened with its presence once more, notwithstanding the lapse of thirty years in which to grow wiser. Crinoline dead, dress became rational, sensible, and decent; but the demon of unrest slumbered in woman's breast. It was fanned by the persuasions of dressmakers and modistes, and

whispered the magic word "Tight-lacing." "Do not be satisfied with the shape nature gave you. Distort it, spoil it; get rid of harmony and proportion; become a caricature and a monstrosity; destroy your health, your digestion, your comfort, and your happiness; and you will be beautiful in the eyes of your silly sisters." Beauty is proportion, said the sculptor; beauty is grace, said the painter; but woman knew better. Beauty is measurable, and the tape is its oracle.

Fine figures and slender waists tend to be the rule rather than the exception; but it was reserved for *The Gentlewoman* to describe the manner of their development. The revelations therein contained, stated even soberly, are such as to cause grave reflection. What, for example, can we think of the heroism of the girl who, determined to reduce her waist to a maximum of sixteen inches and a half, cheerfully deprived herself not only of dainties, but even of necessary food, lived the severe regimen of a jockey training to ride a light weight, took exercise early and late, and finally slept in her corsets? She reduced herself from half to three-quarters of an inch every month. History does not relate what was the end of this benighted damsel. We do not know whether she faded away into nothingness, or whether, seeing the error of her ways, she renounced beauty and espoused reason. I should be surprised to hear that she espoused a man.

What is to be said of the sinful folly (the mania is apparently not confined to the young) of the mother who put her child into corsets at six years old, or of the young lady who "enjoys the feeling of tight-lacing so much," and never lets her waist exceed seventeen inches, or fifteen and three-quarters if she has no breakfast? We are not surprised to hear that she cannot walk. Are there really such foolish relatives as the one who insisted on a young woman reducing her waist to seventeen inches, saying, "No man will marry a girl unless she looks smart"? These unfortunate victims of fashion sleep in their corsets, and know no release night or day from the agony of tight ligaments pressing gradually on soft and growing bones. The torture of the Chinese lady's crushed toes, and the disfigurement of the savage who shaves off her eyebrows, saws off and blacks her teeth in a mistaken search after beauty, are mild discomforts compared with this prolonged and life-long discipline. Men should be proud to think how women value their admiration, and to what lengths they are prepared to go to be pronounced "smart." These young ladies are satisfied with their courage; they revel in their self-sacrifice; they are the pioneers and the martyrs of progress. Of them it may truly be said, "Out of your own mouth shall ye be judged;" for it is they who have revealed the secrets of the prison-house, torn the veil from their sufferings,

and gloried in the pain which, once conquered, becomes *delicious*. Reading the effusions of these devotees of fashion, one is reminded of the lucubrations of some wild fanatical sect of the East, who inflict injuries on themselves and mortify the flesh, rejoicing in pain as a means to a future of inalienable joy. What is the joy of a victim to tight-lacing? The gratification of a contemptible vanity, coupled with the trembling hope of obtaining a husband. Men must indeed be valuable prizes if they are worth so much misery before marriage: not to speak of the unhappiness often caused by them after marriage when yoked in an unsuitable and unsympathetic union. The man who is captivated by the slenderness of his wife's waist can scarce be a very exemplary or high-minded member of society. Such an one would probably, after a year or two of marriage, cease to know how she looked, or care whether her waist were large or small. He belongs to the tribe of indifferent husbands who, one fine sunshiny day, notice with surprise new dresses which the partners of their bosoms have worn all through the fogs of winter, and comment on their extravagance; or, when they are proud of their nice appearances in a new frock, say, "Yes, my dear: very pretty: I always liked you in that gown;" or, worse still, run after younger and handsomer women, whose waist diameters are less and their busts more largely developed. However, seeing that there do not exist enough men in England to provide husbands for our superfluous women, perhaps we can scarce blame girls for resorting to any trick of attraction, howsoever despicable. The question rather is, Do men prefer unnaturally-small waists? Most people declare they dislike them—some deprecatingly, some sadly, some sneeringly; some cynically, like the writer who said, "The corset is charged with hurting women, and, at times, killing them. But is this to its discredit? Already there is an excess of uncorseted womankind. War and travel keep the number of men within limits, and perhaps the greatest use of the corset is that it does, though less effectually, the same by women." If, therefore, this agony of tight-lacing (not the mere wearing of the corset, for every man prefers to see a neat, trim woman) does not answer the purpose of husband-catching, why do women endure it? Possibly they believe that men are not sincere in their disapproval, remembering how they lavish their admiration on some padded, painted, or made-up "creature," noting their predilection for actresses in tights and for plays called by the French "*Une pièce à femmes*"; or perhaps, to seek no further reason, it is "pure cussedness" on the part of women, inspired more by disease than by any tangible motive. Judging by the revelations of hypnotism, by the recondite consequences of the still uncomprehended laws of heredity, and by the fact of the stated increase in the number of neuropaths and female lunatics (most of

whom drag on existence placidly to a good old age), I should be inclined to attribute this outbreak of tight-lacing rather to a diseased mania than to any real desire for love or for admiration.

Further revelations on the part of those ministrants to the cult of woman's beauty commonly known as "Artistes en corsets" certainly lead to this conclusion. One of these ladies solemnly avers that she has the tightest-lacing *clientèle* in London, that she makes stays of all shapes and sizes, from diaphanous satin to rude coutil, for all times and seasons, for rowing, riding, dancing, and even bathing! Henceforth, let no one believe in the slim figure of the nymphs disporting themselves airily in the silver waters: all is vanity, even the waist of the bather! Further, she deposed that the smallest corset she had ever made was twelve inches and a half. The assistant young lady even appeared for a few moments with a waist of thirteen inches and a quarter. Smilingly the maiden explained that she could not bear this compression for longer than half-an-hour. One and all of these ladies declared that the size of corsets had perceptibly diminished of late years. Manufacturers, they said, constantly made them of thirteen inches, and fourteen or fifteen inches was quite ordinary. Girls are forced by mothers and schoolmistresses and urged by the comments of their sisters into corsets at an early age; in many cases they sleep in them, tightening them daily. Dress has undergone a change in consequence. The bulky underclothing of our mothers has given place to closely-fitting garments, warranted not to wrinkle or to take up too much room. Fashionable finishing-schools appear to be great offenders in this respect; but ladies of high rank, married and single, countesses and marchionesses, are not proof against the insinuations of this abominable practice, which, like drink, grows upon its victims. Envy tempts each fair one to outrival her friend. When exercise is indulged in, it is at a risk and discomfort which only medical men can fully appreciate. With flushed cheeks, bursting bosom, and struggling respiration, a girl will dance, or play tennis, or ride, sooner than yield an inch to the torturing tyrant, or let out a hole in the enveloping zone. Like the predatory savage, she goes hungry, though not (like him) unwillingly, from motives of necessity, and retires to her room to still the pangs of hunger by an extra pull at her waist. That shrewd observer of human nature, Mr. J. M. Barrie, makes the heroine of his idyllic play, *Walker, London*, celebrate the college success of her lover by tightening her belt. "I must do something in honour of the dear man," she says, and gets her schoolboy cousin to perform the office of lady's maid.

The heroines of old novels had their stay-laces cut when they fainted. Our young ladies have long since surpassed that perform-

ance. They neither faint nor require their laces cut. With steadfast endurance they sit through a long dinner, eating nothing, and being "complimented on their creamy whiteness." These congested beauties must have stones for hearts. No natural woman's impulse can beat in their marble bosoms, no sweet girlish enthusiasms stir their stagnant blood. They are stoic philosophers of the severest type; though the foundation of their philosophy is not eternal truth, but flimsy vanity. They seem to have adopted some of the sayings of Epictetus, while, alas! plunged in sad remoteness from the true source of his teachings. "The cynic ought also to have such power of endurance as to seem insensible." "To these objects he directs all his attention and energy, but as to everything else he snores supine." The spectacle of a girl, still almost a child, conquering her natural appetites, killing her love of luxury and ease, suppressing the desire for sweetmeats and good living, bearing pain uncomplainingly and stoically, and doing all this without hope of reward, knowing that she will suffer, and must suffer still more in the future, is pitiable.

Do these deluded enthusiasts, these Jogis of nineteenth-century civilization, given over to penances and sufferings, really believe in their immunity from disease and death? Have they no knowledge of physiology, no faith in science, no natural leanings towards love and motherhood? Do they not know that their actions are more than foolish—that they are sinful? Like Schopenhauer, they have irretrievably mixed up pleasure and pain: they reck nothing where the one begins and the other ends. Pleasure is absence of pain; yet mere pain is pleasure. They have accustomed themselves to pain until they scarce recognize it as such. "To be perfectly accustomed to a thing—that is to say, to perceive it without experiencing any resistance in any of our senses, and in any of our intellectual or motor activities—is almost tantamount to feeling it to be beautiful or good. Every habit begets a kind of personal rule: the act accomplished without resistance in the past becomes a type for action in the future." So speaks the man of science. Doctors preach, parents warn; yet the woman goes on her way rejoicing. Almost one is tempted to believe, as has been asserted by cold-blooded men, that women do not feel pain as men do: that, indeed, they are insentient. Such an idea destroys another sweet illusion. What becomes of the tender, sensitive, sympathetic ideal of womanhood? The physician who remarked that "a fashionable lady does not consider herself well-dressed unless she is a little uncomfortable," and that "the proportion of discomfort experienced is the measure of mischief done," was in the right; and even more right was another who said, "Disease is absence of ease, health means going easily." Herein we must

acknowledge the superiority of the male. He never wears tight ligaments: he insists on all his garments being made loose and comfortable. Utility is the test by which he judges new fashions, and the old ones are good enough for him as long as they answer the purpose for which they were intended. The stock—that instrument of torture to young soldiers—has long since been abolished. Smoking jackets and shooting-coats reach perfection in the matter of comfort. The high collar worn by very dandified young men in town is eschewed directly they get into the country and join in any sport. A "smart woman," on the other hand, walks about like a trussed fowl, with mincing gait, balancing herself on high-heeled, pointed boots, her centre of gravity displaced, and her waist looking as if it must snap at the least shock. Then the results—what are they? "It does not hurt me at all, and I like it," says the wretched fool. Impartial observers think differently. Almost every woman at some period of her life is anæmic, or suffers from hysteria. It is a malady that, like dyspepsia and neuralgia, grows commoner every day. It is not confined to the upper classes. It attacks maidservants, sempstresses, clerks, and governesses. It is generated in cities, and is prevalent even in the country. It means simply that there is a want of good healthy blood circulating freely in the system. What sort of circulation can there be in a tightly-laced body? What must be the strain on the heart? How do the processes of nutrition and digestion go on? They scarce go on at all. Consequently, a condition of semi-starvation is begun, which results in chronic disease or in death. Of two instances that came under my own personal observation, in one case the lady died, with her child, in her first confinement; in the other she became a confirmed invalid, suffering agonies at intervals. A certain illustrious lady, whose waist measured only eighteen inches, used to be carefully weighed and measured every month in order to keep her circumference always the same. She was a fine rider, and took an immense amount of exercise, studying her complexion, drinking chiefly milk, and going early to bed; yet she fell eventually into bad health. The consequences of tight-lacing cannot, unfortunately, be measured or eradicated in a moment. They affect more than the women themselves. They affect the children. Is there not already enough suffering in the world without blindly and recklessly introducing more? Even beauty, doubtless the object aimed at, is not attained. Sallow complexions, purple cheeks, and red noses are the accompaniments of tight-lacing. The spinster who has persisted in the practice shrivels and becomes sour-looking as she ages. Nature takes its revenge upon the matron, and induces an unpleasant condition of *embonpoint*, which necessitates massage, Turkish baths,

and a severe system of diet. Certain modes of action react on themselves till it may be said that "the causes of discord among mankind are always a more or less complete transubstantiation of a piece of primitive bread: man's real vice is hunger in all its forms." A well-nourished frame induces happiness and good temper. Nothing depresses like dyspepsia, the modern equivalent of diabolical possession. All persons who have had dealings with children know that the happy child is the good child.

In which class of society do we find the deluded women that carry the practice of tight-lacing to such an extreme? Precisely where we should expect to look for them: among the ultra-fashionable, the *nouveaux riches*, and the lower middle class: the people who live on shams—whose whole aim and object it is to pretend to be what they are not, and to throw dust in the eyes of their neighbours. The woman-of-the-people may be unlovely from age, work, and privation; but she is at any rate what nature made her. She walks from her hips, she carries weights on her head, she plants the sole of her foot firmly on the ground A Scotch lassie would give many points to the London beauty. Her hair is bronzed by the sunshine; her complexion is transparent with the hue of health; her figure is untrammelled; her bodily vigour is almost equal to that of a man; her children are chubby-cheeked and flaxen-haired, and play about the cottage door, hatless and shoeless, in all weathers, gay as the birds, free as air, till the day they are caught, and tamed, and shod, by the vigilant pedagogue of the village school. The bulk of the middle-classes, the backbone of the nation, disdain to follow the vagaries of fashion. They do not live to dazzle: they have their homes, their children, their professions. Eccentricity is no recommendation in business. The *nouveaux riches*, set on a pinnacle, which causes them to feel dizzy, must be talked about. Notoriety is the breath of life to them, as to all ultra-fashionable people, who imagine that because their names are always in the society papers they must needs be leaders of society. Fashions filter downwards; and, exaggerated, depreciated, rendered common, the example of those people is followed by people in a lower grade of life Whether it be short hair, or chignons, or bulged-out sleeves, or humped-up collars, or bustles, or large hats, or small bonnets, the new thing is eagerly seized on, appropriated, vulgarized. The wide-brimmed head-gear, the trailing, dabby ostrich feathers, and the bird's-nest fringe of the East-End girl, are homage paid to the West-End ladies. For this reason, pernicious practices indulged in by the upper classes work havoc unmentionable when they are introduced into another society. Already the cheap tailor-made gown means the cheap tightly-fitting corset. Fashion-plates permeating

through halfpenny papers to the lowest strata instil ideas and desires that must be carried out in common materials. Steels and whalebone are within the reach of all who can afford to dress at all, in the common acceptation of the term; and a waistband that can be tightened at will is a dangerous implement in the hands of a foolish woman.

The air is thick with the roar of leagues of all kinds. We have temperance leagues, anti-tobacco leagues, anti-crinoline leagues. Why not a man's league against tight-lacing? If men, once for all, pronounced themselves boldly in abhorence of the practice, and vowed never to marry a woman who was guilty of it, by degrees, perhaps, the evil might be mitigated. While men tolerate, and occasionally even admire, an abnormally small waist, women, we may be sure, will justify themselves in indulgence in this baneful habit. Be the mode what it please—statuesque, or Empire, or realistic 1830—the waist is there. High or low, it manages to invite compression. Woman blindly sacrifices the largest ingredient of beauty—grace. No one laced with a cuirass of steel and whalebone can be anything but stiff. The delicious lines of a beautiful human figure, the swaying motion, the lissomness, the suppleness, the willow-like appearance celebrated by poets,—all are thrown to the winds. We are presented with the image of a hard Dutch doll, moving all of a piece; its motions angular, its joints stiffened, unable to bend, or to stoop, or to display the gracious harmony of motion. In what consists the principal charm of Spanish dancing? In the inexpressible rhythm of the motion of the upper part of the body, caused entirely by its freedom. Taglioni, the celebrated dancer, insisted on the free movement of the arms and the bodies of her pupils, devoting all her attention to this: the feet, she said, would naturally follow in unison. Walking, or dancing, or riding, a stiff body is hideous. If women would only believe this, what an enormous step would be gained!

When the ardent lover places his arm round the waist of the girl he adores, he longs to clasp a young, warm, living form to his breast, not a cage of steel and whalebone. As she sways like a lily on her stalk, and yields to his gentle pressure, the grace of her movements charms him. He does not wish to be repelled by the hard, unyielding touch of a jointed lay-figure. When he gradually realizes his disappointment and discovers that what he thought so beautiful is merely an artificial sham, his first feeling is of dismay, his second of disgust. Love is not proof against disillusionment. It is better to promise nothing than to raise hopes that cannot be realized. If a woman's beauty be a sham, what security has one that her moral qualities also are not shams?

The gist of the matter seems to lie in a vicious circle. Women

wish to please men, and they have heard vaguely somewhere that a good figure is more appreciated by them than a pretty face. So they compress and squeeze themselves into the shape they believe to be the ideal one. We do not live habitually with nature. Many a girl has never seen the Venus de Medici, or, if she has, probably votes her hideous, because of her large waist. So the argument runs. We must please men; men admire small waists; therefore we must make our waists small. We may suffer, we may die; but we must fulfil our mission, the law of our being—we must please. Man alone can refute this erroneous reasoning. Man alone can dispel this illusion. Whether even man is strong enough to combat a mania which has gained strength through succeeding generations, and become an inherited habit, must remain a doubtful point. At any rate, man alone can make a wholesome public opinion. Men, however, are blind in matters of dress and of beauty, and apt to tolerate venial sins in women in consequence of their implied inferiority. Perhaps, after all, woman will need to be her own saviour. Until she decides to renounce this degrading, immoral, and idiotic practice, she should not ask for further privileges, or chatter with impunity about the equality of the sexes.

VIOLET GREVILLE.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMINENT POLITICIAN.*

PART IV.

However weak he may have shown himself while matters hung in the balance, Teissier was, above all, a man of action; and once his deterrent scruples were removed, and a decision come to, he became himself again. He grasped the new situation immediately. He had often thought over the various theoretical solutions of the problem of his life. There had been several. Now he saw one, and one only—namely, to carry out his and his wife's intentions, and use every possible means of expediting the necessary legal proceedings, trying at the same time to conceal, as long as possible, the real reason for the divorce. For him, personally, the most important thing of all was to disappear into obscurity, and thus keep the scandal within the narrowest possible limits, and, at the same time, leave him some slender remnant of self-respect. To disappear! and, at one blow, to give up all that had thitherto been the aim and object of his life, the profession that he loved, all his ambition, all his altruism; to descend from his pinnacle to the common level, perhaps lower; to let loose the bloodhounds of hatred, jealousy, and ill-feeling, which were only held in check by personal respect for him. He had arrived at this portentous conclusion in a very few minutes, as if it were the inevitable corollary of the other; and Michael's heart swelled with pride—nay: with an almost complacent satisfaction—when he had made up his mind to sacrifice his life to his love remorselessly.

"Take it! Take it! Take all! Enough for me if I have got you!"

"At all events," he said to himself, "they can't accuse me of self-seeking or meanness. They may say I'm a fool; but they shan't be able to despise me. They will have to allow that what I am doing has a certain touch of grandeur in it. Who will dare to throw a stone at a man who gives up everything?"

His reasoning showed he was not quite as indifferent to public opinion as he fancied.

* The "Private Life of an Eminent Politician" is an English rendering of a novel by the well-known French man-of-letters, M. Edouard Rod.

"But," he continued, "what can it matter what they say?"

He knew perfectly well it *did* matter, and he could rid himself of the idea only by thinking lovingly of Blanche, who was to be his at last! He thought of being with her, no matter where—on some island in the Mediterranean—on some southern strand, bathed by sun and sea, or by the balmy Italian lakes, in that land made for happiness, through which he had, erstwhile, rushed as in a dream, feeling "How happy one might be here!" Far, far away, at an unmeasurable distance, people would go on fretting and fuming over Life: but they would be "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." People and things would have passed into oblivion. Here his imagination faltered, and a shadow drifted across the brightness of his forecast. In his dream of pleasure he seemed to hear, through time and space, the sighs of the loved ones he had forsaken. They sounded like a knell. It cost him an effort to shake off the thought; but he succeeded at last. What was done was done. Why go back on an irrevocable decision that was already as good as carried out?

Michael wrote to Blanche the same evening, after his last interview with Suzanne.—

"We have agreed to take a serious step, dear, which will solve the inextricable difficulty of which we have hitherto been the victims. Suzanne had got to see that some way out of our present impossible position would have to be devised. The separation she insisted on had failed in its purpose, for it did not separate us. I told her, or rather hinted at, what had taken place between you and me to-day. She instantly saw that our love was over-mastering, and she, herself, suggested a divorce. I fancy she had been thinking of it for some time, ever since our stay at Annecy, where our life together was so irksome. Of course, it had often crossed my mind too; but I should never have been the first to suggest it, for I knew what a one-sided arrangement it would be. I think so still, although I have consented to it. You must not suppose I clutched at it like a sinking man at a straw. No. I pointed out fully to Suzanne all that such a step would entail on me, on the children, and on her. She had foreseen my objections, and overruled them all. I think she is right. The most serious were those respecting the children. I feel bitterly the cruel facts of the case; but living together is clearly out of the question for my wife and me. The bond between us is a purely artificial one which would rapidly become intolerable. A divorce will only legalize an already-existing separation, which will become more bearable if made absolute.

"Before leaving the house,—which I shall do to-morrow night,—I shall have a final interview with Suzanne. We must come to an

understanding respecting the terms of the suit, which will necessarily be a complicated one, for divorce is granted only on certain grounds. We must devise some, and I trust your name need not appear. It is to the interests of all of us to avoid scandal as much as possible, and Suzanne is not so small-minded as to want to compromise you from petty spite or jealousy. We will try, therefore, to keep our secret to ourselves. I shall have to tell De Thornes, however, as he shares with me the leadership of our Party, and has a right to know why I give up. (I forgot to say that I am sending in my resignation as Deputy to-morrow.) If we manage to keep everything close, I shall go away for a time after the divorce has been granted, and ask you in marriage as soon as it has blown over; otherwise, we must get married immediately after the decree, and disappear together.

"I know you too well, dear, to have any misconception as to your feelings on reading this letter. I know they will be anything but pleasant. You will torture yourself with reproaches. You may spare yourself them, Blanche. If anyone is to be blamed, it is I, and I only for making you love me. But I can't help thinking we are not quite so guilty as we seem. We have greatly loved and greatly suffered. We were willing to make a bitter sacrifice, and are ready to do so still. But it was too much to ask us to wipe out even memory from our hearts. You must bear in mind we yield only because the one person in the world who could release has released us. I know that the world (which would have been more indulgent had we been less loyal) will judge us harshly. But I continue to think that we are not wholly bad. That thought is all the more comforting just now, when (I will not hide it from you) my conscience is grievously troubled. Would you think any better of me if I were not sad and heartsore on the eve of leaving all my old ties, and dearest duties for ever?

"I will say nothing more. Now is not the time to talk of love. I dare not and cannot; and you would not that I should try.

"Good-bye, dear. Once more I say: Accept the inevitable. Do not write for a day or two. I should not be surprised if the Court demands an examination of my papers if once they got on the scent. As we are anxious to hurry things on, I shall know this in a couple of days. Good-bye.

MICHAEL."

It was late at night when Michael finished this letter. Next morning he sent it off early, gave orders to his servant to pack up his things, as he was leaving home, and then went to see De Thornes.

He found De Thornes just starting for his morning gallop.

"You must give up your ride for to-day, my dear fellow," Michael said to him with the utmost coolness. "I want to have a talk with you now, at once."

De Thornes, whose views on exercise were those of the Medes and Persians, gave in with rather a bad grace, and took Teissier to his study.

"Well," he enquired, "what is it that's so pressing? Are we going to turn out the Ministry?"

"No," said Michael: "it's about something quite different, something personal to myself. I come to tell you a piece of news that will astonish you. I am going to be divorced."

De Thornes usually wore an impenetrable mask; but a surprised, almost scared, look came over his face.

"What do you say? It's not possible! it's not possible, Teissier? It will be the ruin of you!"

"I know it will," said Michael,—"at least, in the sense in which you use it. The news is true for all that, and you are the first I have told."

De Thornes paced up and down the room with his hands behind his back.

"And the reason?" he said suddenly.

"Need I enter into explanations, my good friend? I don't think it will be much use, for I doubt if you will understand. But, if anyone has a right to know, you have. There is a reason, and we shall have to find a plea. What it will be I shall leave to my lawyer. As to the reason, I should wish it to remain secret as long as possible. It is this: I want a divorce in order to marry a young girl with whom I am in love."

De Thornes threw up his hands and halted in front of Michael.

"You are mad!" he cried.

Michael looked at him, and went on calmly.

"No: I'm not mad, De Thornes; but I'm in love—yes: in love: nothing worse. I know it's unusual at my age and in my position; but so it is. Accidents of that sort occur sometimes in life, and have to be dealt with. For upwards of two years I have, unknown to anyone, struggled and fought against it, and resisted it in every way. I need not go into details—need I? You are a practical man, and it's the result that interests you most. Well, I have told you the result."

De Thornes thought for a moment, and like a man unused to give in.

"It might be arranged somehow," he began, reflectively.

"No," said Michael: "it can't be arranged. I can answer for that! You needn't be at the trouble to try. There's no way out of

it. Questions like these are not so easily patched up as a split in the Ministry."

"Unhappy man! Think of your wife and children."

Michael's imperturbable coolness began to desert him a little.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice: "that's the terrible, terrible part! My wife is resigned, De Thornes. She sees it is necessary and inevitable, and, on the whole, more dignified. I had thought of it before she did, but should never have been the first to mention it. It was she who proposed it."

De Thornes shrugged his shoulders.

"It may be very grand," he said, contemptuously, "and very noble, perhaps; but it's ridiculous. Your wife ought to have considered your children before everything."

"You mustn't judge from appearances," said Michael, who had recovered his provokingly cool manner. "My conduct is not, perhaps, so infamous as you imagine. If we were psychologically inclined, we might enlarge on the subject. You may be certain that my wife thought of our children; but she had to think of herself too. And it's not impossible that she is giving me back my liberty because she lacks the virtues of indulgence and forbearance.

"Your ideas are too far-fetched for me, my dear fellow! Forgive me if I say I can't follow such subtle analyses. Had she taken your position into consideration,——"

Michael stopped him, with a touch of impatience in his manner.

"Now, my dear fellow, do you really think that consideration for my position would do what love for our children couldn't? My position! Do you suppose we either of us ever gave it a thought?"

"I don't know about her; but I can easily believe it of you. Had you thought of it, you would have seen that in a few months, perhaps days, you might be placed in office by popular acclamation; that you represent a great national movement; that thousands put their patriotic hopes in you; and that now, instead of leading your Party to victory, you are placing weapons in the hands of our adversaries. Can't you hear them saying, 'Teissier, the impeccable, the irreproachable, the Moral Regenerator of his country!'?"

"My friend, I have thought of every atom of it. But you seem to think I mean to go on with my political career; instead of which I am going to send in my resignation this very evening, as soon as I leave home for good."

De Thornes, who was sitting at his writing-table, made it shake as he brought his fist down on it.

"Good heavens!" he cried.

"Yes: this very evening," repeated Michael, firmly.

"Then you are even a greater fool than I took you for! Once your resignation is sent in, the mischief will be irreparable."

"It is already."

"Oh, dear, no! They would howl about it for a week, or perhaps a month at most,—and then it would blow over. In France those sort of things don't ruin a man. We're not like Englishmen!"

"That's just what Diel said."

"Well, and didn't he take on himself to show he was right?"

"Stay! What Diel said was this—the sentence has stuck in my memory—'In France we always overlook such things, particularly in habitual sinners in that line.' Now, I'm not an habitual sinner in that line, unfortunately: so I am not likely to be forgiven."

"How funny you are!"

"Not in the least, believe me. You are a man of the world, and know it is so. A respectable man is ruined by a first fault. Now, tell me, what would a cynic like Diel,—an easy-going, unconscientious libertine,—have done in my place? He would have simply indulged his passion, and never said a word about it."

"Since you know so well what other people would have done in your place, why didn't you do it?"

"Ah! there you are! Precisely because I haven't the necessary requirements;—I am not cynical, nor unconscientious, nor a libertine;—because, in fact, I am better than my actions; because I have a soul superior to my physical weakness."

Each word of Michael's increased De Thornes' surprise.

"What utter folly!" he exclaimed. "Now, will you listen to a little good sense?"

"Certainly. I wish to be perfectly reasonable."

"I suppose you think your reasonableness carries conviction! But let us argue the matter out."

"By all means."

"If I understand you, you wish to convey to me that you are better than you seem,—better, say, than the average of your contemporaries? I quite believe it. And what is the result? That what for others would merely be a slight mistake, you are turning into utter ruin: what for an ordinary man would be simply an accident is, to you, a catastrophe. Rather than consent to the compromises of weaker men, you compromise your whole Party, and commit moral suicide!"

"Just so!"

"And you expect me to admire you?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow: I never asked you to admire me."

"But you want me tamely to agree."

"Not that either. I want you to do nothing. I only give you

due notice of what I intend doing, as we have interests in common in order that you may take any steps you think advisable."

"What I think the most advisable step is to use every means at my disposal to keep you where you are."

"'Every means at your disposal'? What nonsense you are talking! You have none. I am free to do as I like."

"No: you are not free! Were it only a matter concerning you and yours,—well, after advising you as a friend, I should shrug my shoulders and pass on. But too much depends on you. You are a public man, Teissier, which means a man no longer his own master. The future of your Party,—perchance, of your country,—is at stake. And you would sacrifice it all for a pretty girl!"

Michael held up his hand angrily.

"Be as angry as you please," cried De Thornes. "I prefer you like that. You told me just now you had a conscience. Then I appeal to it. It will tell you whether you are, as you say, your own master, and free to do as you like.

Teissier had recovered his self-possession.

"I know I'm doing wrong," he said, deliberately. "I know perfectly I have no right to act what I am doing. But I am assuming the right, even if I have it not, because, otherwise, I could not go on living!"

"You could not go on living!" repeated De Thornes; and he added, impatiently, "If you can't control your passion, then don't control it; but, if you mean to be wicked, choose the form of wickedness that will be least injurious to everyone concerned. If you can't restrain your love for this girl, whoever she is, some remedy less heroic might surely be found."

Michael's eyes flashed angrily.

"Take heed what you are saying," he growled. Then, with his wonted coolness, he continued:

"No: what seems to you the less evil seems to me infinitely the greater. I told you you would not understand. You are everywhere the same matter-of-fact and practical person that you are in the Chamber. You judge everyone by his acts; I judge of people from themselves. It's true I am going to break up my home, injure my Party, and ruin my own life. It is hateful and horrible, and I'm a criminal. But I should be a far worse one if I listened to you; for I should sink to the level of Diel, whom you hold up as a pattern. What would become of Her? She doesn't count, with you, in comparison to what you call 'vested interests.' Do you know?—all the scandal and disaster that alarms you so much seems to me my only excuse? A poor excuse enough! It doesn't prevent me seeing I am wrong; but at least it saves me from despising myself."

"The world won't look at it in that light."

"No: I know I shall be judged far more harshly than if I had simply taken your advice. But what do I care, if I am less guilty in my own eyes? I don't enquire what people say who know only the bare facts, and judge me by them. It is sufficient for me if I, who understand my own conscience best, can satisfy it. I have chosen the less evil course, and the one that will leave me the fewest regrets, with perhaps a bare possibility of happiness and of oblivion."

De Thornes had ceased to interrupt him. He looked at Michael as if he almost pitied him, and was thinking of something that surprised him a good deal.

"Ah!" he said, after a pause, "what a curse men are who have delicate and over-refined susceptibilities! Other men, with all their weaknesses and faults and vices, get through the world as best they can, with as little jolting and jarring as possible; and, in spite of everything, things move on step by step, and each generation is a wee bit better than the one before. It's only your superior beings who put a spoke in our wheel! You know the saying in the Bible, 'There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons.' And I greatly fear there is more sorrow for one 'just person' who sins than joy for a hundred sinners who repent. I wonder if you have the least idea of what the downfall of such a man as you entails? Have you reflected on the moral crash that it will involve?"

Michael tried to put on an air of indifference.

"It's my turn now," he said, "to borrow some of your matter-of-fact and practical arguments. Very few persons are necessary, and none is indispensable. Somebody will take my place. You, probably; and you will lead the Party with a little less dash, no doubt, but more cautiously and safely, which will be all the better, perhaps. And then the terrible moral crash that my downfall will occasion—what will it really amount to? Some articles in the newspapers for a few weeks; and then they will give up, for I shan't answer; and I hope that '*Order*' won't be so silly as to defend me. And it will all be forgotten, as if nothing of the sort had ever occurred. No one will ever give a thought to a man who, not having the pluck to do his duty, gave up the world to go and bury himself, far from Paris, in an out-of-the-way corner. It will be like the dropping of a stone into water, which makes a splash, some endless, ever-spreading circles, and—that's all! No, no, my friend: make your mind easy. The world will go on just the same whether I'm there or not."

"But what a surrender for you!"

"So you say. I give up what I have and what I may get—my

ambition, and any good I might, perhaps, have done. Yes: I give it all up: I will not say without regret, but, at any rate, knowingly, and with my eyes open, in order to retire into obscurity, and be happy—if I can."

"But you mayn't be."

"Anyhow, it won't be the same sort of unhappiness, which, believe me, is worth sacrificing something for. Yes: I haul down my colours and go. And when I am abused, my friend, pray don't be at the trouble of defending me!"

De Thornes began to despair.

"I must impress on you once more," he said, detaining Michael, who had risen, and was holding out his hand, "that the Party would not desert you, no matter what you did. You are its heart and soul, and it knows it, and would stand by you under any circumstances, however difficult. We should rally round you with all our energy, and shelter you. And, as, after all, Frenchmen are not like Scotch Puritans, you need not fear the fate of Parnell."

"Do you think I should consent to play such a part as his?" answered Michael, hotly. "I followed every incident of his struggle, I can tell you, and watched his fight and fall, with a fierce, personal interest! He only just missed being a great man; in any case, he was an honest one, or it would not have killed him. To my mind his resistance did him no good, and the energy that he displayed in his futile struggle only disfigures the final pages of his history. No, no: I know perfectly well that when a man does what I am about to do he can only hope to preserve his dignity by retiring into silence and obscurity. The Party is welcome to throw me overboard, like Jonah, or to stand up for me: it must act entirely as is best for its own interests, without considering mine; I have none now. I have sat upon my own case, pronounced myself guilty, and sentenced myself to exile! So, good-bye!"

"Teissier, I implore you not to take any irrevocable step to-day! Wait for two days,—even for one,—and think it over."

"No, no: all my thinking is done, and it was not so pleasant that I should wish to go through it over again. Come, give me your hand, my good friend; forgive me the bother I am causing you; think kindly of me, and don't attach more importance to my retirement than it possesses. I am only a soldier who has been killed in the assault. You survivors must push on, ever on; and, if necessary, make stepping-stones of the bodies of your dead comrades; they will never feel the feet that trample them!"

At the very time that Michael was interviewing De Thornes, Blanche Estève had driven to the Teissiers'.

"Is Mdme Teissier at home?" she enquired of a servant whose face was new to her.

"Madame has given orders that she will see no one."

"Take my card to her, please. She will see me."

The servant hesitated.

"I must see your mistress," said Blanche.

He went, and, returning almost immediately, showed her in.

Nervous already, Blanche was deeply moved at seeing again the little sitting-room which was associated in her mind with so many memories. It looked exactly as it used to. While waiting for Suzanne, she examined the familiar trifles that remained immutable and inert amid all the change around them.

Suzanne came before long, and was as calm as Michael with De Thornes—with the resolute calm of fixed determination. Blanche, who was standing, advanced towards her, and said, in a quivering voice,

"I have been told what took place here yesterday. I cannot, and will not, countenance the sacrifice you contemplate. I may be thoughtless and wicked; but I am not heartless and contemptible. In your eyes, no doubt, my conduct has no excuse; in mine, it has just one—I was so unhappy. But I am going away from Paris,—far away,—and will never see him again. I refuse to be the destroyer of your hearth and home, and the ruin of his life."

Suzanne listened with unmoved countenance, and only a smile of sad resignation playing round her lips. She sat down, and motioned Blanche to do the same.

"My poor child!" she said, in a voice whose forced calm scarce hid the bitterness that was in her heart. "My poor child! And do you think that I should have given him up before, had I been able to keep him? Do you suppose that I cannot be selfish too? There is nothing noble in me, and we need not play at pretended generosity! You say you will not do this thing, as if you were still free to choose. You are so no longer. Everything has turned out just as it was certain to do. I accept the situation. Follow my example,—resist no longer,—but accept what Fate has sent you!"

"No! it would be unfair—cruelly unfair! You would have all the sorrow, while I, who have stolen what is yours, should have all the happiness!"

"Happiness! Are you quite sure of that? And I shall not be alone: I have my children. True, I shall be left a goodly legacy of regrets; but I fancy that you and he will not be altogether devoid of them either. And do you suppose that my share will be the worst?"

"You must see and know it is not possible! He could never endure the tortures of remorse!"

"I don't know whether he would suffer as you say; nor do I very

much care, for, I must confess, my own sufferings have made me somewhat indifferent to his. You wish to rouse my sympathies for him; but you forget I no longer possess your youthful and romantic imagination, and am past the age of blind devotion. Once more, I say that in the whole business I am not considering him any more than I am you, but merely myself. I only know one thing—that the present state of affairs must end, and can end only as it is doing. Neither you nor he had strength of will enough to forget; and you never will now, or only when too late. Why should you wish me to keep him, knowing, as I do, that his heart would be elsewhere—and that he disliked me, and would gladly be rid of me?"

"O!" cried Blanche. "How could you ever think that such an idea——"

Suzanne interrupted her with a shrug.

"Why not? Allowing that he might not go quite so far as to wish for my death, still he would have it in his mind, and I should see he had. And, even apart from that, have you ever reflected on what our life together would be when distrust and dislike had alienated affection? No! There are situations that a wife cannot accept."

"But am I bound, either, to accept what you offer me at the cost of your happiness and a hideous scandal? If your self-respect obliges you to do it, mine compels me to refuse it."

"To refuse it? But you can't, my dear. It's yours—you took it. The present I make you is not a very grand one, and I require no gratitude from you for it. I simply say that, as you want it, you may keep it! At the beginning, no doubt, you never thought things would take this turn. I never supposed you were, either of you, any worse than you are: I never accused you of calculated villainy. You foolishly played with Love, without ever asking yourselves where it would end: you fancied you would always be able to stop when you chose: and, as usual, Love has brought you where we are. He has got hold of you, and you can't get away from him: you wouldn't even if you could. I understand it all now, and don't think it is wholly your fault. Both you and he are better than you seem from the way you are acting."

Blanche listened, but did not quite grasp the full meaning of the outraged wife.

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, trying to take one of Suzanne's hands.

Suzanne drew it back.

"Let me finish, and don't waste your admiration on me. I could almost pity you: you are so totally unaware of what you are doing, and what is in store for you. Were you capable of understanding

me, you would know that I forgive you, because you will never forgive yourselves. My pardon is my revenge!"

Blanche gazed at her with frightened eyes as, rising, Suzanne ended by saying,—

"Don't let us prolong this interview. It would be both useless and painful. Good-bye. You know your way out."

And she walked out of the room first, like a stranger, in her own house.

Suzanne and Michael passed each other on the stairs a moment later. Their faces were set and hard as they bowed coldly to each other.

Michael spent some hours in his study putting his papers in order. He burnt the bulk of them, only keeping a very few that were indispensable. Among his business letters he found a few unimportant notes from Blanche: he destroyed these, too, after reading them over. The flames danced merrily over their feast on what had thitherto constituted his life; and when he looked at the little bundle of letters and papers which contained all he had kept he could not help murmuring,—

"How small it seems!"

At his large writing-table, recently so littered, now so bare, he wrote with steady pen his resignation as Deputy, and then some other short business notes. When all was done, he still sat on, dreaming in his chair, gazing for the last time at the familiar objects round him, and dwelling on the crowd of memories they awakened in his mind. He asked himself,

"Can it be true?"

And got his answer:

"Indeed it is!"

At last he rose from his chair, and rousing himself, rang for his servant.

"Is my portmanteau packed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then order the carriage, please."

Just as he was leaving he met Peyraud on the stairs, coming up, as often happened, unannounced.

Informed by De Thornes of the state of the case, the worthy journalist had come to pick up any news he could, animated rather by psychological curiosity than by professional discretion.

With a gesture of impatience, Michael went back with him, and asked him to sit down.

"What have you come about, my dear fellow?" he asked.

Peyraud had his answer ready.

"I came to ask," he said, "what attitude you wish '*Order*' to take respecting the fresh strike at Anzin."

"Is there a strike at Anzin?" said Michael. "I was not aware of it. I have not read to-day's papers yet."

As Peyraud looked at him surprised, he added,—

"There is another matter, which will, I fear, cause you more trouble than that, although it is entirely a personal one. I am resigning my seat in the Chamber."

Peyraud opened his mouth to speak; but Teissier stopped him, and went on in an icy tone that forbade any questions.

"You are surprised? It's true, nevertheless. My letter is written and going to be sent. I shall give up the Editorship of '*Order*.' I have summoned a meeting of the Board for to-morrow. I don't know who will be my successor; but I presume (and shall myself recommend) that you should be given the post of Editor."

Peyraud thanked him.

"I am not anxious about the future of the paper," he went on, "any more than I am about that of the Party. It will not be difficult to find a better man."

Peyraud shook his head.

"Yes: a better man, I say." His voice shook a little. "You will say so yourself before very long."

He rose, so as to end the conversation; but Peyraud had hardly left the room before Monseigneur Russel was announced.

"Please tell Monseigneur," replied Michael, "that I will call and see him this evening or to-morrow morning."

Putting his papers into a parcel, which he tucked under his arm, he went downstairs.

He entered the little sitting-room, where, he knew, Suzanne would be waiting for him. She was seated with her hands before her at her work-table, with Annie on her right and Laurel on her left. It was such a charming picture of domestic peace that a sob of emotion rose in Michael's throat. He repressed it by a violent effort of will.

"I am going now," he said.

He had to make his voice harsh in order to steady it.

Suzanne answered, without looking up,—

"Have you got everything you want?"

"Yes: thanks."

He hesitated.

"I want to say a few words to you," he said at length. "The children can stay: they won't understand. I suppose you agree with me that the real reason for my—journey—ought to be kept absolutely secret?"

Suzanne thought for a moment.

"Yes," she said.

"Then that's settled. Good-bye, children. Good-bye, Annie! Good-bye, little Laurel!" and he kissed them.

"We didn't know you were going away, father," said Laurel. "When are you coming back?"

"I don't know."

"Are you going far away?"

"Yes: I am."

"To Russia?"

"No: not to Russia: somewhere else."

"And when you come back will you bring us something very pretty?"

"Yes, my darlings: I will bring you something very pretty."

Little Annie coaxingly kept hold of his hand. He took it from her gently; and, turning to Suzanne, who was looking absently straight before her,

"Good-bye, dear," he said; and his voice shook.

He took her hand and kissed her brow. He felt her wince, and the sob he was doing his utmost to keep down almost choked him. A big tear rolled down his cheek; but he managed to preserve his self-control.

Just then something passing attracted the children's attention. They ran to the window, laughing, and calling out,

"Good-bye, father! Good-bye!"

He went.

Suzanne was standing dumb and motionless by the little table, when, all of a sudden, she sank down in a flood of tears.

Annie and Laurel ran to her.

"Mother! mother! what's the matter with you? Are you crying because father has gone away? But he'll come back again!"

She clasped them to her.

"No, my darlings," she said through her tears: "father will never come back. Never! never!"

Then, without knowing what for, the little things began to cry too.

Michael did not hear them. He walked out of the house without looking back.

"What station am I to drive you to, sir?" enquired the coachman.

"To the Grand Hotel," he said; and threw himself back in the carriage.

Next day, Teissier's resignation was the talk of the town. The reporters, who were put on his track, ran him to ground in the Grand Hotel. They had each had a different theory to air; but only one journal, the supposed organ of Diel, got anywhere near the truth. It professed to detect a curious coincidence between Teissier's retirement and the breaking-off of Gaval's marriage.

"In any case," said the writer, "we must wait and see. The truth is sure to leak out, and we shall be put in full possession of the facts of the case. Our darkness will then be made light. The life of a man like Teissier is public property. He is of such eminence as to make concealment out of the question; and the parade of virtue, to which he owed so much of his power, gives all of us the right to unmask his secret."

The following Sunday Mondet, who had read the papers and guessed the state of affairs, arrived from Lyons and drove straight from the station to the house in the Rue St. Georges. He had some difficulty in getting in: the servants had received orders to admit no one.

"M. Teissier is away from home, and Madame will see no one."

"Take up my card to her, please. She will see me."

As the servant still declined, he added,—

"I tell you, she expects me."

Suzanne did not expect him, but was not surprised to see him; and looked really glad when he walked into the little sitting-room. As he entered, she recalled with painful clearness the evening they had spent there together: that time—how long ago it seemed!—when a cruel accident revealed Michael's secret to her. The scene flashed across her brain like lightning, and she closed her eyes involuntarily. Drawn closer by a common sorrow, they kissed each other. As Suzanne began to cry gently, Mondet asked her:

"Is it true that he's gone?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"With——?"

She shook her head.

"Then——?"

"I will tell you all."

Then—pausing—hesitating—stopping from time to time, she told her sorrowful tale,—half-ashamed to expose her wounded heart, half-glad to ease it by pouring out her woes to a sympathizing friend who had been hard hit in his faith and trust too.

Listening to her, Mondet gradually realized what a total wreck his old friend had made of a grand career; and he kept on repeating,—

"It's incredible! quite incredible!"

"It's true, nevertheless," said Suzanne; "and I am only now beginning to grasp the full extent of it. He has given up everything: its all gone by the board! It's utter shipwreck for him and all of us. And who and what has he done it for? Can you understand it all?"

Mondet shook his head disapprovingly, in his old way, just as he

used to when Michael made him the recipient of his confidences in the summer.

"And how about the children?" he asked.

"He kissed them before leaving as coolly as if he were only going away for a day or two."

"Poor little souls!"

He paced the little room to and fro, and thought it over and over, in vain.

"Is there nothing to be done?"

Suzanne shrugged her shoulders.

"What can there be?"

"To fetch him back."

She made a quick sign of dissent.

"Why not?" insisted Mondet. "He has taken no irrevocable step."

"He left because I wished it. It was I who first suggested divorce. He didn't want it, for he saw all the terrible consequences. He gave in only because he saw I was quite determined."

"And you regret it now?"

"I regret nothing."

"Don't say that! You yielded to passion."

"Passion? O, no: I leave that to him."

"Anger, then. But, now that you see your home empty, your children fatherless, the public Press hounding him down, his career cut short, the future closed to him, you must surely feel anything was better than such a break-up? And he sees it, too, no doubt."

"He sees it too, perhaps. He is clever enough to see anything. But he has ceased to be master of his own action; he is blind, and cannot perceive the road that lies before him. Ah! don't let us be too hard on him! He did his best. I could see how he fought against it. But he was beaten—and there's an end of it. You could have done nothing. He went away, leaving us in tears. I was crying, and so were the children. But he wouldn't allow himself to hear!"

"Where is he now?"

"At the Grand Hotel."

"Well, I'll go and see him, and say all a friend can say. If he has a vestige of good sense or self-control left, I will bring him back to you."

Suzanne hesitated a moment; but, swallowing her pride,

"You can go," she said; "but I have no hope."

At the Grand Hotel, Mondet thought he would never get at Michael. His order to admit nobody was apparently inflexible, and he was sent from pillar to post. He began to despair, when

suddenly he caught sight of, and was seen by, his friend, who rushed up to him.

"Ah, you dear, good soul! You, at all events, have not forsaken me! Come along, and let's have a talk!"

He took him into the little apartment, consisting of bedroom and sitting-room, that he occupied on the second floor. It was bare and comfortless. There was not a letter or a book about: only a few newspapers. There was no sign of his wonted energy and occupation.

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed Mondet. "What is this I hear you are doing?"

"Are you, too, going to throw stones at me, like the rest of them?" answered Michael, adding, as he crumpled up some newspapers lying on the table,—

"The papers are rending me piecemeal!"

"I don't agree with them: certainly not," said Mondet,—"I pity you quite as much as I blame you. I almost think I pity you most. Yes, indeed, I do, for your folly won't even gain its object. A man like you couldn't be happy under such conditions. You have destroyed your life for nothing—absolutely nothing. Now, listen to me. Nothing has occurred as yet that cannot be set right. Come along home, and the scandal will blow over."

"Indeed, it won't!" laughed Michael, ironically. "Even if I would, you know very well I couldn't. Go back home? Why, my wife would go away then."

"No, my friend: she wouldn't. I have just been with her. She told me all about your separation. She sees now what she ought to have seen at first. She will forgive you and take you back; and you can take up your life again where you laid it down."

"Have you come all the way from Annecy to tell me that?" said Michael, interrupting him.

Mondet looked disconcerted, and Teisseir continued:

"You're quite right. I could take up my life again where I laid it down—just as I could have gone on with it, had I so wished. But that's exactly what I don't want. I held out to the very last, and it was Suzanne who finally broke me down. So much the worse for her! We should only have to go through it all over again. What's done is done. It's just like my luck!"

"What do you mean by 'luck'? When a man has such duties as you have, he has no business to talk of luck."

Michael began to lose his temper.

"Duties, my dear fellow?" he said, angrily. "Don't let's talk of them. I have none. I have got rid of them. I've something else to think of, now. You go on as if I had plenty of time and temper to argue with you. If you wish to remain a friend of mine, Mondet,

you must leave off. Don't let's talk any more about it; but come along and have some breakfast with me.

As he opened the door to show Mondet out, a waiter handed him De Thornes' card and Monseigneur Russel's.

"I told you I would see nobody," he said—; and, taking Mondet's arm, he added, savagely,—

"I can't be bothered with them any more!"

IX.

Suzanne to Mondet:

"Thanks, best of friends, for your affectionate letter. You have guessed the truth. Through all this business, which has made my life a perfect martyrdom, I have felt a terrible loneliness; and I yearn—how I yearn!—for friendly help and advice. I want to open my heart, and confide my sorrow to someone who will understand and feel with me. The cold indifference of everyone round me is a terrible aggravation of my suffering. Out of all the numbers of people for whom I kept open house, there are scarcely any who think it incumbent on them to offer me even the most commonplace expression of sympathy. Monseigneur Russel has been once or twice; and Mdme. De Thornes, and a few others, with long faces, embarrassed, not knowing what to say; avoiding the only subject I care to talk of, and walking on tip-toe, as if there was a corpse in the house. You know, I have hardly any real friends—women seldom have. What with their husbands, their children, and their social duties, there is very little time left for friendship. I have nothing now but my children, and the little things scarcely suffice for me. And yet they are the source of my greatest joy and comfort. I know all their little thoughts, and they are so dependent on me. Do you know? I think children are far better than we are. They have a good-feeling, a delicacy, and tenderness, quite astonishing and refreshing in such young things. Annie and Laurel are delicious. Laurel, with her simple, thoughtless, natural high spirits, is a most cheerful little companion; while Annie has the softest and warmest of hearts, and a deep, loyal, affectionate nature, which shows itself in many pretty ways. As you know, she was her father's pet; and she does not forget it. The other evening—(I always go up to tuck them into bed last thing at night)—I found her crying. I kissed her, and asked her several times what the matter was; but she only answered,—

"'Nothing, mother! nothing!'

"At last she threw her arms round my neck, sobbing, and said, 'I am crying, mother, because I am thinking of father.'

"I caressed her, and had to hurry away for fear of breaking down. The dear wee things are touching beyond all expression;

and I constantly ask myself what their future will be, now that they have only me to look to. When I think of it, I am filled with remorse, and am haunted by the idea that I have failed in my duty towards them. I ought to have sacrificed myself, and put up with anything rather than imperil their happiness. I thought too much of myself, and too little of them. But it's too late now!

"But it's not only on their account I sometimes regret my decision. If you knew how hateful a divorce suit is, with its torturing details and petty humiliations, added to the shame and anguish of being left! And then the horror of having to let utter strangers —lawyers, magistrates, judges, and so on—into the holy of holies of one's life, to desecrate its privacy, and tarnish its most precious associations! I have had no end of trouble to get my lawyer, who has a special experience in these matters, to understand the exact situation. His point of view was this: 'I have to obtain for you every possible concession that it is in the power of the law to grant'; meaning thereby the custody of the children and a handsome allowance. He could not be made to see that these two questions were settled already. I don't require any allowance, as the legacy I inherited four years ago from my aunt is amply sufficient for all my wants; and Michael has not the smallest intention of claiming the children, whom he has sacrificed along with me to his blind passion. I tell him no decree of the Court can interfere with this agreement which we have come to between ourselves. He wants to win something from the other side. He looks upon a lawsuit as a sort of duel. Our opponent must be wounded, and, if possible, killed. I can't get him to take any other view. He is extremely sharp, into the bargain; and has done his very best to find out what Michael's secret is. He very nearly succeeded, having been put on the scent by that odious article you know of—the only one that was anywhere near the truth. I had the greatest possible difficulty in avoiding the traps he laid for me. Why does the man want to know more than I choose to tell him? But he asks nothing better than to advertise himself by publishing the whole scandal, and trampling on the eminent politician who has fallen so low. But this he shan't do!

"What a heart-breaking farce it all is! What a meaningless farrago the whole false and make-believe mode of procedure is! You know, doubtless, that a divorce can only be granted on certain pleas. Now, it seems that we have no valid one—not in the eyes of the law, I mean: so we have had to trump one up. The simplest was what are called 'insulting letters and conjugal desertion.' And—would you believe it, dear friend?—he has had to write me some 'insulting letters? He mayn't have meant one word of them; but they stabbed me to the heart. Had it been I who had to do it, the

pen would have dropped from my fingers first! I should never have submitted to play such a hateful part, and should have died sooner than allowed the memory of our past to be befouled. Fancy! Those letters will be read out in court; and, after undergoing the indignity of receiving them, I shall have to submit to the disgrace of hearing them read out by a lawyer, who will lay stress on their insolence, to a judge, who will weigh every vile word in them before deciding if they are insulting enough! I ask you: Which is the crueller—the law that demands such hypocrisy, or the man that complies with it? If he had even sent me a line, in private, to ask me to forgive him for the odious part he was being made to play! But he took good care not to! I verily believe he distrusts me, and is afraid to send me one word to contradict the contents of those he has written for the requirements of the case, lest I should produce it in court, and retard or jeopardize the decree that he desires, that he longs for, and is hurrying on, by bringing all the interest he can command into play. But he needn't be afraid. I have no wish to go back on the past; our position with regard to each other is irreconcilable already; and we are just as much divorced now as we shall be when the decree is pronounced, and we have complied with all the hateful legal fictions.

"The worst, the most hypocritical, the most barbarous, the most cruelly futile of all these fictions is what they call the 'reconciliation.' We have had to go through it. It is indispensable; the law spares one nothing. We were both summoned to the judge's on the day appointed for this special ceremony. The waiting-room was full of ill-assorted couples, in every aspect and attitude of contempt, or of dislike, or of indifference for one another. Judging by the number, it can't be usually a very long business: much like a civil marriage, in that respect. Two or three stock questions are asked, the answers scarcely listened to; and it's all over. It was a longer affair with us, for we were smarter people. The judge played his part with considerable impressiveness. He went through the whole farcical business. He invited us to sit down, as if we were paying him a visit. He was amiable, polite, smiling, conciliatory, and witty, in turn. It must have lasted twenty minutes at least, during the whole of which time he poured forth a stream of honied accents. We listened to him, patiently, without looking at each other. He became quite intoxicated on his own eloquence, and fancied it was so persuasive and irresistible that he finally exclaimed,—

"'There! it's all settled—isn't it? There is to be no divorce—is there?'

"As I was the plaintiff, he naturally addressed his remarks to me, and I had to answer him. I was so agitated I could hardly speak,

and didn't know what I was saying. Anyhow, he gathered that he was wasting his eloquence, and murmured, regretfully,—

"'What a pity! What a pity!'

"At last he let us go.

"'I have done my duty,' he said, rising from his seat, and bowing us out, plaintively.

"As we were crossing the entrance-hall Michael came close up to me, and whispered,—

"'Forgive me!'

"I made no answer. I knew he meant me to understand that he wanted my forgiveness for all the lies and mummery of the wretched farce—for that, and that alone. I had not seen him since he came to explain to me at full length 'the steps to be taken in order to hurry things on,' as he said. I shall probably not see him again now before I do so in court.

"When it is over,—and will it ever be over? It is like the lingering agony of a death that will not come. Even to the last one clings to hope. Folly! Hope of what? I know that nothing can undo the mischief now. The worst that could happen would be to fail in getting a divorce;—when it is over, I say, I shall leave Paris, and go and pay you a little visit at Annecy before settling down to my new life. Only with you, in all the world, am I sure to find sympathy and hearty friendship.

"Farewell, dear friend! Write to me sometimes.

"I send my love to everyone. What happy folks you are!

SUZANNE TEISSIER."

Michael to Mondet:

"Wherefore, dear friend, do you cover me with reproaches which no one knows better than you, are absolutely unavailing? What is done is done; and, even if we wished to, we could not retrace our steps. For my part, I may add that nothing would induce me to do so, notwithstanding the horrors we shall have to go through to gain our object.

"Supposing, for an instant—what is not the case—that I were not still, as I once was, the victim of a blind and overmastering passion, which has become all the more irresistible now that the last restraining influences have been surrendered by her who alone might have exerted them—do you think that people, with any delicacy of feeling, could possibly take up again a life in common, at the same place where it was broken off, after such a rupture as ours, and after the incidents attendant on a lawsuit that has been going on now for upwards of two months? The lawsuit is far more injurious and final in its effects, I can assure you, than the decree that it is intended to obtain. It has demolished every

trace of the past, dragged every memory through the mire, and degraded one's very soul! And when I think that I was, once, the champion of social law and order! Truly, they are noble objects of admiration, and worth devoting one's life to uphold! I never before saw the inner working of the judicial machine which is supposed to regulate our moral conduct. But, now that I have handled it, I know how filthy it is, and how much imposture, lying, hypocrisy, and cruelty, can exist under cover of such an institution. Our Divorce laws, which I formerly opposed, are, I can see now, only the logical corollary of the Marriage laws that obtain under the present order of things. The one is just as vicious as the other. You cannot imagine to what a level they degrade one, the humiliations they inflict, and the grotesque and indecent farce they force one to take part in. Unless the jurists who framed them were unmarried men, they are quite inexcusable: they can have known nothing about their trade. No divorce can be obtained except on facts. But why facts? We had none to produce: so we manufactured them; and I had to write 'insulting letters,' that made me quiver with shame and indignation, composed for me by my lawyer, who threw himself into the business with the utmost gusto and alacrity. It is lucky that the law recognizes this comparatively simple fiction: otherwise, I should have had to beat my wife in the presence of witnesses, or connived at the trumping-up of still viler evidence. These, and such as these, are the admirable methods by which the Law protects the sanctity of Marriage while permitting its dissolubility. Facts it must have; and it gets them. But at what a price! I should have imagined that a situation like ours was a thousand times more convincing than all the facts in the world. Shouldn't you? Surely my present state of mind divorces me from my wife far more completely than any mere moral or physical ill-treatment? And yet my wife must produce evidence of either, or of both, before she has a valid claim to the relief of the Law. Should I ever return to public life——but I never shall!

"Of course, my accursed notoriety complicates the situation. It avails nothing that I have ceased to be anything but a private person, and the last man in France likely to become a Cabinet Minister now. It will take months to accustom them to treat me like any other Tom, or Dick, or Harry. Lawyers, barristers, and judges, all look on me as a rare specimen, and think it incumbent on them to subject me to every refinement of torture. The scene at the Court of "reconciliation' was extraordinary. How comes it that human beings know so little of one another?

"I confess the incident moved me extremely. Suzanne looked pale and pinched, aged, and indescribably sad. We avoided look-

ing at one another; but I felt that her eyes and her heart were filled with proud reproaches. What cruel injury I have inflicted on the poor thing, although never for a moment ceasing to have a true and deep affection for her! All the dear memories of our life floated through my mind while the judge eloquently poured forth his moral dictums. To think that those days are gone, never to return!—that they must be, henceforward, as though they had never been!

"Then, see the unfairness of our respective lots in life. I, who am at the bottom of all the mischief, ride off into a smiling future, which promises me the happiness I long for, if so be my conscience will let me enjoy it; she, whose portion has been naught but suffering, is left forsaken and alone, and with nothing to look forward to.

"True, she has her children. Her children! I think of them constantly, especially of little Annie, who was my pet; for I thought I saw, in her deep and sensitive nature, an infinite capacity for suffering. She loved me too, and used to play so prettily with my beard while telling me all the little stories she could remember. Does she notice my absence, I wonder? Does she ever ask for news of 'father'? I know not. But, after the divorce has been granted, I will take steps to see them from time to time. Yet I wonder whether it would not be better to leave it alone, and let them suppose I am dead? No one would ever mention my name to them, and gradually I should become one among the many vague memories of their childhood. Otherwise, what would they think were they to see their mother living alone, and their father with another wife? What injury I am doing to them, too! More even than I thought for. Mine is a strange fate! I don't think any man ever started with more fixed or higher ideals of Right; yet few men have inflicted greater suffering on themselves, or those they care for, than I shall have done. I often think that the ruthless destruction of so much that I cherished can come to no good. How can happiness be won by causing such misery? It is not possible—is it? It surely will be poisoned and blighted? And I haven't the heart to accept happiness at such a price.

"I am still at the Grand Hotel, where I have been living for the last two months, amid a perpetual coming and going. It's easier to hide, and be to oneself, in such places. I spend my time in a sort of busy idleness that does not suit me at all. I never see Blanche; nor do we write to each other. We are most cautious. We take every precaution to avoid her name being mentioned in the suit—not for my sake, who have nothing, now, to lose, but for hers, who would feel acutely being thrust into notoriety. We shall do all we can to spare her sensitiveness, which is at once admir-

able and proper. Shall we succeed? I hope we shall, in spite of that infamous article that you saw, and in which I detected the diabolical intentions and ill-feeling of Diel. It had to be passed over in silence, as any reference to it would have only aggravated the mischief.

"I fancy that two months will about see us through, now. It seems that four months at least are required for a divorce suit, and I have had to set all my old friends on to use their influence, in order that that limit of time may not be exceeded. Fortunately, they have aided me in every possible way: not because I am, myself,—for they all know I am nobody any longer—but because it is to the interest of all concerned to get it over,—to my Party's who wish to be rid of me as quickly as possible; and to my opponents, who want to make sure I don't escape from their clutches. Everything, therefore, is being hurried on. How I pity those wretched people who go through months and months of this torture, and eat their hearts out, watching the slow progress of the wheel on which they are being broken! Of course, they have not the additional bitterness of seeing their misery made public property. Good heavens! How I want to vanish into obscurity, and go away with Her somewhere—where my very name has not been heard of, and among people speaking an unknown tongue, so that we may be forgotten and we may forget!

"Good-bye, dear friend. Go on loving me, and don't scold me any more. You are lucky to have 'no history,' and to live in a country that you love, among those that love you, and to whom you have never done an ill turn in your life.

M. Teissier."

Suzanne to Mondet:

"A few days more, and all will be over! Will you believe me, dear friend, when I tell you that I long for the final blow to fall with almost as much impatience as sorrow? I am sometimes in despair when I remember that as soon as the sentence is passed by the judge a chasm will be open between me and the dear past, with its happy memories of the love of my life, the love that had grown into steady affection, and was, I had hoped, to comfort me in my old age, until the end came. On the other hand, I cannot go on bearing much longer the weary waiting and distress of mind, the feverish anxiety caused, and aggravated by the painful interviews with my lawyer, and, above all, the dread of the day when I shall have to appear before the Court, like a malefactor—the slow and gruesome preliminaries are enough to drive one mad! I long so to get away from Paris with my poor little orphans! They know nothing, of course, and are bright and playful. It is four months since they have seen their father, and they have forgotten him

already. Just at first, Annie used to speak of him sometimes, and ask whether he were coming back, and when. Now she scarce ever does so, and seems not to care. I am not sure whether Laurel would know him if she saw him. How nice it would be to remain a child all one's life, and be able to forget so easily! I wonder whether Michael will ever want to see them again? I fancy not. They would only be a reproach to him, and disturb his new-found happiness. And what could he say to them? For, of course, as they grow up, and begin to understand things, they will form their own opinion, and think, 'Father deserted us.' Poor darlings! they don't know yet what it means to be fatherless, and what dangers it adds to life, from which they have only me to protect them. I tremble when I think of the duties that will devolve on me, with no one to help me. Their whole education, with the cares and responsibilities of forming their characters, will be on my poor shoulders; and I dread it. Don't you agree with me that the moral example shown by the parents has an immense influence on the lives and characters of the children? Good breeds good, evil breeds evil, by a mysterious and immutable law. This notion haunts me at times, and I ask myself what sort of influence their father's conduct will have on them. If we are really governed by this inexorable law, they have the seeds of evil implanted in them already, to bear fruit in due course. I have sometimes a sort of presentiment about their futures. Annie especially makes me anxious, from her habitual melancholy, which, in a child of nine, is both abnormal and alarming. She seldom plays or talks, and seems always to be thinking and dreaming. She is very good, almost too passively and mechanically so. I often think it is like the unnatural calm that precedes a storm. Her large, dark eyes tell one nothing yet; but they produce and suggest such intense sadness that one wonders what their tears will flow for. Sweet bairnies, I can wish them nothing better in their lives than happiness such as I enjoyed for twelve short years,—peaceful, healthy, calm, trustful happiness, unclouded by vain regret or restless longing. Many poor creatures never know what real happiness is, in this unfairest of worlds. It looks as if life ought to be so full up, after twelve years of joy, peace, and love, that what is left must be too short to contain a fair share of sorrow. But it is not so! The waking is all the bitterer that the sleep has been so sweet. Past years count for nothing. They are gone, never to return; and that is all I care to know. I endure the present. I dread the future. It is pregnant with sorrow and loneliness and weariness. Woman was not made to live alone, and I dread my solitude.

"You see, dear friend, how many thoughts and anxieties oppress me on the eve of the fatal day. I must tell somebody, and only to

you can I fully open my heart. As soon as the decree is pronounced, remember it is settled I go to Annecy with the children. I shall stay there for some weeks; and after that everything is vague.

SUZANNE T."

Mondet to Michael:

"There is still time to draw back, my dear friend; and I make a last and final appeal to you. I enclose herewith a letter which I have just received from your wife. There is no fine writing, or boo-hooing, or dramatic despair, in it; but it shows such genuine maternal anxiety and profound grief, and takes such a just view of the case, that if you are not completely dead to all right feeling you can't help being touched by it. For months past you have, evidently, been living in a dream, blundering along, like a blind man, or else hypnotized, and under the spell of some outside influence that is leading you to perdition. There is still time to throw it off, and save you and yours. You have sacrificed enough already to your fatal passion. For Heaven's sake, try to master it before it is too late! In the enclosed letter is a passage, relating to your girls, which struck me particularly. Have you ever reflected that the burden of your sin will hang like a dead weight on them all their lives long, and perhaps longer? Their mother, with a woman's prophetic instinct of danger, feels it. She foresees that the better of the two, sweet little Annie, whom you used to love so dearly (no doubt because she was as like you as your shadow), is in most danger. Her future is in your hands, and you are answerable for it.

"You mustn't think that I have been asked to write to you. It is entirely on my own responsibility, and for the sake of our former friendship. I cannot suppose that anything I might say will influence you. Whatever hope I have lies in the fact that I know you are not bad at heart, not so case-hardened in sin, but that a few words from a friend like me might wake you from your bad dream. Would that my letter might arouse your conscience! I know you have one. You have sent it to sleep. The time comes when it will reassert itself; and it will be too late if you persist in your present course.

"It will be no news to you to hear that in these parts, where you were looked on as a hero and a demi-god, your doings are a good deal canvassed. No one presumes to excuse you: not even I, who am alone in saying a good word for you. You are universally blamed, and the reprobation of the public is all the more severe that you held so lofty a place in their esteem. Do you really think you are right, and the whole of the rest of the world wrong? But I should be giving you an erroneous impression if I told you that

their feeling against you was implacable. Not so. They like you, although they blame you, and would very soon learn to forgive you. Yes: these indifferent outsiders, who had put all their hope in you, and now are fain to defend for themselves the cause that you defame, would rejoice over the repentant sinner as heartily as those of your own home and hearth.

"There, now: I have told you what I wished you should know, lest obstinacy and despair are, as well as passion, urging you on. Should this be so, all is not yet lost. The voices of both good sense and duty may work a saving miracle. If you need encouragement, support, sympathy, you have only to lift your finger, and I will come to you.

"I disapprove of you just as much as everyone else; but I love you more, and you can count on me.

"Your old friend,

JACQUES MONDET."

Blanche to Michael:

"While it is still time, Michael, I implore you to retrace your steps. I don't wish for happiness purchased by such tears. Ah! had I only foreseen the horrors of what we are doing! But at one time I saw nothing: and the result is that public curiosity is now battening on the sacred privacy of you and yours. I read the newspapers; and each day, dear Michael, is a fresh martyrdom! Their abusive articles about you will kill me, or make me go mad!

"You know well that it is not for myself that I feel as I do. What can it matter to me, when I remember that, after all the shame, and humiliation, and pain, and struggle, is over and done with, you and I shall go off together to some far country, where no one knows anything about us or our affairs? But we are destroying the lives of others!

"I wanted to tell you I have had a letter from Mondet that has cut me to the heart. He writes about Suzanne and your girls; and asks me if I have no pity for her who was once more than a mother to me, or for her children, whom I called my 'little sisters.' 'It is for you,' he writes, 'and for you only, to point out his duty to Michael. You must use the power you have over him to lead him back into the path of right, out of which there can be no happiness.' His letter is long and cruelly unjust; but, no doubt, he is right even when he is cruellest; and if *he* blames me,—he, who has loved me from my youth up, and my father before me,—what must others think? But, anyhow, he had no business to write me such a harsh letter while asking me to make you do your duty while there is still time.

"I pity Suzanne, and I pity her children; but I pity you, dear,

most of all. You will never be happy. Remorse will come between us and poison our lives. I confess that the thought of losing you is terrible; but how much worse it would be to be yours, and yet fail to make you happy; to feel and know that you regarded me as one of your blunders, and to read in your face the regret, self-reproach, and secret sorrow that you could not confide to me! I must not lure you to your destruction. All that I ask is, that my memory be kept green in your heart, and that, when you think of me it may be as of a something you longed for, and could not have—a sweet, vague, tender, unattainable desire.

"And now, Michael, I must disappear for ever out of your life. Write and tell me I am right: that you will do your duty, and leave me to forget you. Forgetfulness will come, or, at least, resignation. I should, I think, be reconciled and almost glad to know that you were back once more at your own fireside, and at peace.

"Write me a last farewell, and never let us meet again! Good-bye, dear: good-bye!

"I am yours, yours for ever!

BLANCHE."

Suzanne to Mondet:

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"It is all over, and I have nothing to keep me here now; so you may expect me almost as soon as this letter—a wreck after all the emotions of this last terrible day. I might well dread it! But all my anticipations fell far short of the reality—of the agony, humiliation, and despair, that I underwent in those few hours, while my fate was being decided by cold, stern men, who plucked out my heart, and held it up to public view in their set formulas! I felt as if I were falling through space, as in a nightmare. It required all my strength and self-control and dignity to enable me to bear up and repress my grief and my sobs. They rose in my throat and choked me, and well nigh forced their way out. But, instead of giving way to my feelings, I had to reply to the questions of the judge and his officials calmly and clearly. Ah! those questions! I cannot imagine how I had the wretched courage to go through with them, and answer, and not die! I shall never be the same again! Something in me has been done to death by that closing scene. I have drunk too deeply of the cup of shame: the taste of it will poison my lips for ever. He, used as he is to such things, bore it admirably. He replied slowly, and in a clear voice, as if he knew what he wanted to say, and could say it. He looked at me once or twice in the coolest way. He is a perfect actor, I can assure you. I always knew he was clever, but had no idea

how clever till now. But he, too, had a bad time of it. My lawyer, without saying a word to me, all at once made a pointed allusion to 'a romance that, by common consent of all the parties concerned, had been kept in the background, but which was well known to involve the defendant and a lady who should be nameless.' He hinted, vaguely and mysteriously, that the 'reason for the present unfortunate lawsuit was to be looked for in that quarter, and that the future would, doubtless, prove the correctness of his inference.' Michael grew pale with rage, and I thought for a moment he would strike the lawyer. The innuendo made a tremendous sensation in court. What affected me personally was that until then he had remained absolutely callous. He had withstood all the home truths they had hurled at his head about his forsaken children, his neglected duties, his shameful future, and his forfeited position. I don't believe he listened to a word of it. But the moment they laid a finger on Her he loved he became pale with anger.

"I never confessed to you, dear friend, the secret thought which has been in my mind all through this business. I may as well tell it to you, now that I harbour it no more, for I fancy it was shared, in a measure, by you. I hoped, and believed that, at the last moment, before the final stroke of the clock, he would wake up suddenly, and see what an impossible sacrifice he was making, and would come back to me and the children; and how quickly I should have forgiven him! But he went on, straight before him, to the bitter end, reckless of those he was trampling in the dust. Perhaps I was not altogether blameless, either; for had I not been the first to mention a divorce, he would never have dared to do it. At least, I think not. Had I not insisted on it, and thought more of my own feelings than of my children's future, less of love than of self-love, perhaps——. But, no! We could not have gone on as we were!

"But why worry about it all now, or go over the old ground again? If I had only known; if—but one never does. What had to be had to be, and it is all over now! I know I ought to accept the inevitable bravely, and find comfort of a sort in doing it. But I can't. I rebel against it, and am not resigned. I was out in my reckoning, and didn't know how bad it would be! But I know it now—I know it now!

"I need not write any more about it—need I, best of friends? When we meet I will tell you everything. It will comfort me to talk of it. You are the only person in all the world that I can tell everything to; for I know that, like me, you have been sorely stricken, well-nigh to death, in your tenderest point. That wretched man will never know the full extent of the harm he has done. We

who believed in him have fallen from our high estate; like him, alas! like him!

"I am coming soon, good friend, and am, as ever, yours,

SUZANNE."

Michael to Mondet:

"I did not answer your last letter, my dear friend; for what had I to say? It moved and troubled me beyond expression. I thought I had nothing left to suffer; but you opened up new depths of anguish to me, and all for nothing. No one knows better than you how the logic of events leads one on gradually, step by step. How was I to escape from it? I was bound to go on to the end. And you ought to have known I had got to a point when no consideration could stop me. It would have been cowardly to draw back. Yes; and as impossible as it was cowardly. Pious folks would have said 'He has come back to the fold.' But they would have been as wrong as I should have been had I deceived them. Any new weakness on my part would only have aggravated my crime. You see there is a special code of morals for people who have put themselves outside the pale. It is less simple than the conventional one, and quite as difficult to act up to. One gets to know about it when one has only its unwritten laws, and would-be moral edicts, to guide one. They don't satisfy the conscience. One doesn't bow to them, as one did to the old ones, with acquiescent pride and conviction. But one obeys them because they are all we have left. I don't pretend to say that what I have done is right. I am well aware that I ought, from the very first, to have got the better of, and annihilated once for all, the feeling to which I have given way. I ought to have done so by every code of duty and right and propriety. I know it, and suffer all the more in consequence. Still, through the long series of disasters unwittingly caused by my original shortcoming, I hope I have shown myself neither a sneak nor a coward. I cling to this slight palliation of my fault more than ever, now that nothing of what is can be altered, and that I see before me the unexplored new life I have chosen, for which I have, of my own free will, surrendered the old one.

"The sacrifice has not been made without pain, as you may well imagine; and I bear the marks of it. I think as incessantly of the ruin I have caused as a criminal thinks of his crime. I fear the consequences will be even graver than I anticipated; for, whatever you may think, I have reflected on the result of my action. I know you will be seeing Suzanne, for the letter you sent me mentioned her plans. Please let me know how things go with her, and what her state of mind is in her trouble. What must such a blow be to a nature like hers! I look to you to see to her, and bind up her wounds. Goodness and whole-heartedness like yours are made to

help those that fall in the battle of life; and I feel I may count on your friendly offices. Believe me, it is not one of the least of my troubles that I can now do nothing for her. Alas! the hand that has inflicted the wound is forbidden to heal it! She, who was my companion for twelve years, looks on me now as a stranger, perhaps as an enemy. She would not, and could not, believe me if I said that my affection for her is the same as ever; yet that would be only the truth.

"You know me well enough to be aware that I am not a person to give way to vain regrets. What is done is done, and I regret nothing. I only deplore that anything so inevitable should have occasioned such pain. I am absolutely convinced that a separation was the only dignified solution of our unhappy situation. After what had occurred, any attempt at a life in common would have merely been an organized falsehood. We should have had too many unpleasant associations, ill-feelings, and suspicions, to conceal from each other. The past would have always stood between us, and we should have eaten our hearts out in the effort to forget it. We have both acted with frankness and courage; and, notwithstanding the general disapproval of my conduct that you tell me of, I still think we have chosen the better part.

"I have had to modify my plans somewhat, in consequence of the painful turn things have taken. I told you I proposed leaving a considerable interval between the passing of the decree and my second marriage. Our secret, unfortunately, has not been kept as I had hoped, and my wife's lawyer made an allusion to it that everyone understood. I do not for a moment suspect Suzanne of disloyalty or of spite. It was entirely caused by her lawyer's not wishing to lose the chance of making a sensation. Anyhow, the result was not long to wait for. Two days after the suit, I received a letter from M. De Quérieux informing me that I must cease to hold any further communication with his step-daughter, and that, after the recent disclosures, any further acquaintance between us was not desirable. I replied by making an offer of immediate marriage to her, and received a refusal by return of post. And so things remain. Of course, Blanche won't allow herself to be bullied by this opposition. We foresaw it, and a respectful intimation of our intentions will follow in due course. I do not think we are called on to show much deference to a step-father who hitherto has never taken the slightest notice of her, or to a mother who never really cared for her. Still, they are her parents; and here again we shall have to go through family quarrels and bothers. Not so many in this case, however. Mdme de Quérieux, having only just awakened to the fact that she has a daughter, will soon forget that daughter's disobedience. What grieves me most in the

whole matter is the annoyance and humiliation for Blanche. Her name is now in everybody's mouth, coupled with mine; and our wretched story is public property. If being reviled by slanderous tongues is painful even to a public man, what must it be to a young girl to whom modesty and privacy are so precious? Ah! how I long to carry her off from all these people, who are incapable of appreciating the nobility, generosity, and beauty of her love! But what matters what they think? It is enough that I know what she really is, just as she knows what I am. Let them abuse, humiliate, and outlaw us as much as they like! We have each other! We shan't be there to hear their vulgar noise, and shall be happy in spite of them. I know, alas! that our happiness will not be unalloyed. It has cost us too dear for that. But it will be sweet, all the same. I want it to be so for her sake, who has given her life to me!

"I will let you know where we go, and the date of our marriage, when it is fixed. Good-bye. I know that, in spite of your disapproval, you are still my friend, as I am yours, notwithstanding all you have said and written to me.

MICHAEL TEISSIER."

X.

In spite of all the precautions taken to put public curiosity off the scent, a gaping crowd of reporters and curious idlers filled the hall at the Mayor's on the day appointed for the marriage of Blanche and Michael; and their curiosity was not altogether ungratified. The commonplace ceremony which they had come to witness differed in some important details from the usual one. The happy pair arrived together in their ordinary morning dress: Michael, in a dark coat, looking coldly grave and impassive; Blanche, in a travelling cloak, with her face hidden by a thick veil. There was no one with them. The De Querieux protested to the last against a marriage attended by such scandal as jeopardized their own position in the fashionable world. Teissier had ceased to be, in their eyes, anything more than "the man in the street" to whom every door was closed; and Michael had not chosen to invite any of his friends. The witnesses, therefore, had to be selected from among the idlers that hang about the purlieus of such places, who give their signatures for a modest tip, or for the mere pleasure of seeing their names on the Civil Register. As the couple walked in together, some remarks passed among the occupants of the benches.

"Poor little thing!" said one girl. "To be married in such a fashion!"

"Has she no parents?" asked somebody.

"Yes: she has," replied somebody else, who seemed to have

special information: "a mother, who is married again—but they wouldn't come."

"It's a nice sort of wedding—this is!" said a fat dame, shaking her head. "One don't often see the like!"

Then the tittle-tattle ceased; a dead silence fell on the spectators, and a feeling of strained expectation and apprehension spread among them. The official read the formula, in a monotonous voice, perhaps a trifle more slowly than usual, as he peeped over his spectacles at the couple before him. Michael's calm and steady "Yes" was perfectly audible, while Blanche only bowed her head. The crowd drew back, and stared at them with a look half-pity, half-curiosity, as the newly-wedded pair walked quickly out to their carriage.

"How terribly sad!" one whispered.

"Bah!" snarled someone else. "They have only got what they deserved. We needn't waste our pity on them."

Then the crowd dispersed.

Michael and Blanche sat silent in the carriage. The same thoughts, the same regrets, the same ineffable sadness, haunted both. There were no further formalities to go through, for the Church withheld its blessing from a proceeding that was sanctioned by the Law only. They belonged each other now. Every barrier had been broken down; and nothing stood between them and the life they had sighed for so long, and won, against a world in arms.

"Poor darling!" said Michael, taking Blanche's hand. "It was a terrible ordeal for you to undergo!"

Her eyes filled with tears; but she forced herself to smile, and answered, gently,—

"What does it matter?"

Her voice shook: another word, and she would have broken down.

"The world is so cruel!" said Teissier, after a little, adding,

"But we have each other."

The slender hand he held squeezed his convulsively, and a look of loving distress was visible through the thick veil, as though asking to be reassured on more things than can be solved by words.

They separated for some hours, in order that they might complete their final arrangements. Towards evening they took the train for Rouen, where they were to spend two or three days, on their way to England; for it was there they meant to pass the first few months of their new life, in some little cottage, overgrown with greenery, closed in and hidden from the gaze of the curious. They sat silent in the compartment of the railway carriage. They hoped to keep to themselves; but they failed. The train was

crowded and two travellers, after hesitating a moment, got in, and took the two seats at the farther end. One of them was short and stout, with a stiff grey moustache, who mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, as he puffed and blew. The other, who had black hair and beard, and a dark complexion, was younger, much quieter, and better-bred, in manner and appearance. The first one fidgeted about for a bit, put on and took off a velvet skull-cap, and, like a cat, was some time before he settled into a comfortable position. As soon as the train was under way, he pulled out a newspaper, and began reading it with visible interest. His varied feelings were legible in his expressive face. The telegrams, or the money market, were not to his liking. He approved the financial article. He burst out laughing at a naughty story. Suddenly, he knit his brows. There was evidently something that annoyed, irritated, and exasperated him, in turns. Finally, he could not longer contain himself, and, crumpling up the paper, he said aloud, bending towards his neighbour,—

"It's really too much of a good thing!"

The other, who was watching the starved trees, the little red-roofed houses, and meagre suburban garden-plots go by, started at being so abruptly waked from his quiet reflections, and looked round with a puzzled air of polite attention and enquiry.

"This article," explained the fat man. "See: this article on Teissier's marriage! No, really! it's past anything you can imagine!"

"Teissier's marriage?" replied the other, in a tone of interrogation and evident ignorance.

"Yes: Teissier's marriage—Michael Teissier's. People have been talking of nothing else, you know, for months."

"Ah, yes: I remember now. But I thought it had taken place long ago?"

"Not at all! He was married this morning, and there's a long article here on it already. One can't deny that the newspapers are kept well posted up. But this article is really too much. Just listen, please, to the last few lines of it."

Leaning towards his neighbour, who put his hand behind his ear to show he was a little deaf and that his friend must speak loudly, the fat man read out in an indignant tone:

"After all, this tragic breakdown, this absolute surrender of everything that he held dear, this reckless flight with the woman he loves, is, perhaps, the noblest act of Michael Teissier's life. It may seem strange to say so; but it is not meant to be paradoxical."

"Of course not!" growled the reader, as he stopped to vent his anger: "not the least paradoxical!"

He went on again:

"Let us consider for a moment. Our anæmic age is almost totally devoid of natural instincts, and of love. Teissier has been only actuated by the instinct of love."

"That's pretty strong—eh?"

"If our readers doubt it, we would ask them to measure the strength of his feeling by what it has cost him to indulge it. Those who have seen him in his home cannot doubt but that he had deep, warm, family affections. But he sacrificed them. He was ambitious, and the ball seemed to be at his foot. He gave up his ambition. He loved the right. But he has put it out of his power to do it. He valued the good opinion of his fellow-men. He has thrown his reputation to the dogs, who will take good care that not much of it is left. Thus we see that self-seeking, at all events, had no place in his folly. I repeat, no act of Michael Teissier's was ever more disinterested. He is an honest man, and he has continued to be one inspite of his folly. Let us leave him to be condemned by those commonplace moralists who judge from bare facts, without caring to enquire into causes, or without taking character into consideration. When one of the most promising careers of late years is shipwrecked, as his has been, it only remains for men of good feeling and good sense to wish 'God-speed' to their less fortunate brother. Those who judge him less charitably may be quite easy in their minds. Teissier carries in himself his own worst punishment. He will never be happy."

Michael and Blanche had both involuntarily leant forward to catch what was being read out. Each word was a stab to them. When it was over they both lay back again, avoiding to look at each other, and gazed out of the window at the green fields. What did it matter what people said about them? They knew beforehand they would be abused and disgraced. Still, brave it out as they would, in their innermost conscience a little voice whispered they were in the wrong.

"Is such stuff credible?" asked the fat man, crumpling up the newspaper once more. "Is it to be believed?"

The other, who probably had not heard quite distinctly, shook his head, reprehendingly, without speaking.

"'Pon my word," continued the other, "what fools those Press men are! And the man that wrote that more so than any of them. 'Instinct!' and 'Love!' What on earth does he mean? By Jove! when you've children, Instinct and Love ought to teach you to be a good father—oughtn't they?"

"Naturally."

"Why, here's a man, a sober, middle-aged, man, well thought of, occupying a great position, a coming Cabinet Minister, and believed in by the country. He comes across a young girl,—quite a young

girl,—falls in love with her, like any other booby, and, forthwith, sacrifices family, position, duty, everything, for her. Then they tell us, forsooth, that he is only acting from 'Instinct' and 'Love'!"

The other, whose mind moved slowly, and was not easily excited, contented himself by murmuring,

"Yes, indeed: there's no question of it: he has behaved abominably."

Michael looked up angrily, for a moment, and then subsided into his place by the window.

"You see, my dear sir," continued the first speaker, who evidently meant to thresh the subject out, "it's always so with these goody-goody folks. Teissier was the saint of the Chamber. I, personally, always distrusted him, in spite of his popularity. I don't myself believe in saints. Saints and sinners are all very much of a muchness. None of us is perfect. I don't mean anything personal, you understand; for I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before on this line, though I go up to town by it once a week. I have a little bit of property at Poissy. But I daresay you are like the rest of us,—myself included,—we like our little fun every now and then,—and no harm to anybody. But to go on like that! Good heavens!"

He put on as serious an expression as was compatible with his jovial temperament and his own merry reminiscences. The other, who had been listening with the seriousness of a judge, at last took up the word.

"You are right," he said, sententiously, "quite right. I entirely agree with you. The article you read out is absurd. But the modern tendency is to sophisticate the simplest questions. Yet no matter how those gentry try to muddle things up, life is simple enough. Right is Right, and Wrong is Wrong. Do what is right, and eschew what is wrong,—and there you are!"

The fat traveller agreed vociferously.

"Provided one has a little bit of fun sometimes," he said, laughing; and then he added, gravely,—

"It's curious how soon honest folks agree on important questions. Here you and I meet accidentally, and begin to talk about this matter; and we don't require much argument to be of one mind about it."

"There's nothing to argue about. The case was a bad one, and without any extenuating circumstances."

"Just so: it was perfectly plain sailing. Here was a man who had neglected every duty, and behaved atrociously. The case was gone into, and the Court pronounced him to be a rascal."

Michael had turned deathly pale, and would scarcely have re-

strained himself but that Blanche's loving eyes were on him. The voice of their conscience was telling them the same, in less-outspoken, but just as plain, words. The second traveller said, quietly,

"Yes: he was a rascal."

"And that was the opinion of everyone—the unanimous opinion. No one attempted to defend Teissier, whose ears must often have tingled; for every decent person in our set blamed him, just as you and I have done. I defy him to try and get back into the House! He wouldn't get a single vote."

"I think you exaggerate, my dear sir. There are always people ready to overlook the sins of their neighbours, in order, no doubt, that the same clemency may be extended to themselves, on occasion. The article you read out is a proof of it."

"What, I ask you, can a newspaper article prove? It is only the expression of an individual opinion; or written, by some feather-headed fellow, merely to attract attention. It means nothing. The public conscience is the final judge, my dear sir. For, say what we will, there is one, as is plainly to be seen when such cases as these arise."

"I should like to think you were right."

"I am right. Don't let there be any mistake about it. The journalist in question and his congeners may confuse the issue as much as they like: they will not alter the verdict of the public conscience. It is always sound, and does not bother itself about fine distinctions. It's a comfort to find it is so, after all the nonsense one reads in books and papers."

"You seem to have a high opinion of the public, sir. I am less of an optimist; but that does not much matter. We are agreed on the principal point, entirely agreed."

The whistle of the engine, as it approached Poissy, interrupted the conversation. The fat man carefully folded the papers he had crumpled, and prepared to get out. Seeing that his fellow-traveller was doing the same, he exclaimed,

"Are you getting out, too?"

"Yes."

"You never told me."

"We were talking on more interesting subjects."

"Not at all. I'm delighted, and hope we may improve our acquaintance."

As soon as the train stopped, they got out, after making manners as to who should go first; and off they went, the fat man still gesticulating, the thin one, who had a slight stoop, listening drily.

Blanche and Michael were alone at last. They had not lost a

word of the conversation. They had been gazing, seemingly, out of the window; but the low lines of hills, and the rivers, rushed by them unseen and unheard. They were listening, less to the voices of the two strangers, than to that inner voice once silenced by passion, but now triumphantly reasserting itself.

The look they gave each other was sad and searching, with just a touch of doubt and distrust. They could not tell each other their thoughts. Words could not express them. Some things are best left unsaid: once uttered, they are never forgotten. They were silent for a minute or two, until the train started again; but they could guess a good deal from each other's eyes. Then Blanche rose, and seated herself close to her husband's side, with an anxious, beseeching expression.

"Is it true," she asked, in a trembling voice,—"is it true you will never be happy?"

He took her hands, and drew her to him, as if to protect and defend her.

"Happy, my darling?" he answered. "I am happy,—so happy!"

The lying words scorched his lips; for at this very moment, when he felt, for the first time, that the woman he loved was his, wholly his, and that he could carry her off where he listed,—for the whole world lay before him and his love,—at this very moment, there rose between him and Her a vision of the hearts he had broken, the hearth he had quenched, the wrecking of his own career, and the bitter price he had paid for his happiness. He felt daunted, and unlike his old self, in face of the horrid spectre. All heart for joy and love had gone out of him,—the heart of former days.

Lest Blanche should guess, he pressed her to him, convulsively, as she laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

"Yes: I am happy! Are you?"

"Yes: perfectly happy! I love you, and can think of nothing else!"

The last words told their tale; and the little voice whispered, triumphantly, to Michael, "It is false! It is false!"

As they rush on towards the dim, unknown future of their choice, they already seem to feel in the air around them the shadow of a deception.

Distrust of each other, and of themselves, will kill their joy; and the ghost of memories they cannot lay will haunt them until the end.

EDOUARD ROD.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

When Parties are in full shock and the issues most determinate is scarce the moment when we think of the larger movements of which Parties and Party politics are passing indications only. The appearance at this time, therefore, of a book, such as Mr. Pearson's *National Life and Character*,* which directs our attention to them, is peculiarly appropriate. Party is an appreciation as well as a result of the fact that truth covers both sides (which is not to say that it lies between, as flabby men would have it); and Party Government at its best—that is, when the line of cleavage is most distinct—is a rough-and-ready but fairly adequate method of getting at the right. It is apt to be at its worst when the movement is in echelon, so to say; when the keenest intelligences are doubtful of their own minds, and the Party method is a weapon to the hand of the ambitious, and a refuge of the timid and of those who have no conscience. With us at present the line of cleavage is blurred, and the Party method is not at its healthiest. We read this morning, in what is known as an "organ of the Gladstonian Party," that one day recently the Prime Minister entered the tea-room of the House (contrary to his custom), and that, immediately, those who previously to the Great Man's entry had been "clattering" were awe-struck, and a silence fell upon them such as falls upon a school when the teacher appears. The naïve paragraphist cited this little incident as an example of prestige; and the word, if used in its literal significance, is admirable in its selection. Fortunately, whilst such a fetish holds elements of dangerous power, there is implicit in it the weakness suggested by our interpretation of the tea-room story: which is that these mim lads were "the bhoys" who, by the time this is in print, will have "rounded on" their schoolmaster if his ideas of discipline and conduct are not regulated by those of the awed ones. Each has presented him, for the nonce, with a pickled rod, and professes to respect it in his hands; but each claims the right to ask it back, and to apply it at will—on the erstwhile Dominie if needs be. Although it

* *National Life and Character. A Forecast.* By Charles H. Pearson. Macmillan & Co.

INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

does not express itself so indecently, the same independence is present in the other Party in the State. In both there is a semblance of unanimity, and on certain questions the two stand opposed without sign that in either one or the other there are disturbing complications of command or principles. But even Party politics are not haphazard, and irrelevant to currents of speculation and thought, and the very extremity of the struggle is symptom of the unusual movements in which all are necessarily involved. The claims of Democracy, calling forth criticism of its disabilities that itself is appeal for revolutions as great as those which Democracy urges; dallyings with experiment; compromises that create precedents, and precedents that are as much an influence to fresh change as a justification of it;—these and a hundred other things working under surface, difficult to note in what seems the plain issue now being fought out, are apt to be overlooked. That is why it is so corrective to read *National Life and Character*, which makes an attempt to point out the trend of things. It is a forecast, and, therefore, stands many chances of being wrong; but it backs its prognostications with considerable weight of direct evidence, and with great weight of inference. Mr. Pearson deals with practical matters. We laid down his book, and took up an evening sheet which described Mr. Hyndman's plan for feeding children at the Board Schools, reported the debate on Alien Immigration, reviewed a book on Java, and, of course, discussed the question of Home Rule. As we read, all these subjects arranged themselves in our minds with a fresh import in the light of Mr. Pearson's argument; and that, we take it, is an indication of its suggestive and valuable nature.

Mr. Pearson's first contention is that the higher races can live in the Temperate Zone only. The idea that, even where he does not predominate in numbers, the white man will continue to govern in virtue of a higher intelligence, is based upon the experience of the past in America and Australia. There, the primitive races have disappeared because of their comparative want of adaptability for civilization. Chinamen, Hindus, and Negroes, however, will not disappear so. Although the whole emigration of Europe were turned into it, Africa would remain in possession of negroid races. The Malay Archipelago, next to Africa apparently the best outlet for European overplus, cannot be fully colonized by whites; and Central Asia must be peopled by Chinamen. When, therefore, Europe comes to sigh because there are no more countries for her to conquer, China will expand, the Hindus may spread over Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and Southern Persia, and even South America, where the aboriginal races are dying out, will be peopled by half-castes, or by negroes, or by Chinamen; and the globe will be "girdled with a

continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolizing the trade of their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European." This conclusion Mr. Pearson arrives at after a study of the growth of population in the past in different parts of the globe. To all the evidence will not appear equally conclusive; and when the writer proceeds to picture the lower races invited to international conferences, welcomed as allies by the whites, and taken up into social relations with them, he appears to us to ignore the possibilities of change in the sentimental considerations that influence the white races at present—possibilities which his own line of thought makes appear likely. Nor (as it seems to us) is sufficient allowance made for the probability that the grafting of civilization upon the character of the lower races themselves may produce a weakness which will counteract the power which the whites, when they have reached the stationary order, will find arrayed against them.

Mr. Pearson declares that England shows signs of nearing this stationary order. In a country which has landed in it State Socialism will be resorted to, and attachment to a church, municipal feeling, and even family feeling, will become less and less important as factors in the constitution of society. The only offset to these losses that the writer suggests is the growth of a sense of duty to the State; and that growth is surely hypothetical in the extreme. When, therefore, Mr. Pearson reaches the main question, the effects of this evolution on personal energy and independence of thought, which he discusses in the remarkable chapter on "The Decay of Character," he provides us with lugubrious reading. Put concretely, the hypothesis is that modern society is tending more and more to the form of society that prevailed under the Incas, and that such men as Drake and Frobisher, Clive and Warren Hastings, are likely to become rare and disappear. Morality and religion are the great motives that have influenced conduct in the past. Religion was the greater power; and the tendencies of modern thought to reduce miracle to the recognition of a moral order in the world, to limit prayer to spiritual aspiration, and to regard the future life as nothing more than a fanciful and unimportant possibility, are bound to lessen the Church's influence upon the masses. The habits and thought of women will be assimilated to the masculine type, and the world will become mostly secular in tone. State service and State education will be mechanical; and State administration despotic, forbidding the infusion of new blood into a country, and making exile from it ruin. Even if scientific inquiry have great discoveries in store, which is doubtful, to assume that they will elevate the mind, and even reconcile reason and faith, is to assume

that doctrines which aim at spiritualizing the character can be reduced to the condition of problems that satisfy the intellect. In art there is nothing possible but reproductions, which the world will not tolerate; the standards of criticism will be impaired by the discarding of classical models; the newspaper will be supreme. Turn where you will, the world will be less hopeful; and least of all so when it has realized its highest dream of stable and equable order. Even then there is no Nirvana in store for it; but only a besotted and material existence, without faith in the Divine purpose in creation, and without any consolation for the burden of old age, except, perhaps, an aspiration to "stand erect before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest," which may be "nobler training for our souls than the faith in progress."

Such is the argument of Mr. Pearson's book. It is possible that some of the fascination which it exercises is due to the woful nature of its conclusions. We like things hot. Touching the bottom holds a melancholy pleasure. There is an instinct to "wallow" now and then, which may be temperately indulged with value to ourselves. In reality, however, the conclusions come to in *National Life and Character* are less important than the elaboration of the argument, which displays an erudition and a literary skill that make it a remarkable and valuable contribution to current literature. It is a book around which in one's mind others naturally group themselves. For example, one of the most vital of the changed conditions is the loss of the Church's power over popular imagination. Mr. Pearson is perfectly assured that the faith in progress, based upon an assumption as to the Divine purpose in creation, is not only gratuitous, but opposed to facts. The question, put coarsely, of whether Christianity is played out, has recently been uproariously discussed in connection with Mr. Robert Buchanan's *Christmas Carol**. Of *The Wandering Jew* we may say that neither as poetry nor as a contribution to thought does it deserve the notoriety it has achieved, while as an exhibition of disagreeably bad taste it deserves to be long notorious. The discussion raging round it discovers enthusiasm of belief; but, also, a widespread disposition to treat the necessity for disbelief as an axiom. It does not demonstrate the approach of an age of reason, or of a sublimated humanity. And that we are not likely to make such an approach, although esoteric arguments, such as the Agnostic's, undermine the faith of the mass, is their essential weakness. Mr. Leslie Stephen frankly grants this in *An Agnostic's Apology*,† a collection of papers, on

* *The Wandering Jew: A Christmas Carol.* By Robert Buchanan. Chatto & Windus.

† *An Agnostic's Apology, and Other Essays.* By Leslie Stephen. Smith, Elder, & Co.

the limits of knowledge, contributed to various magazines, making a cumulative assault on Belief which it will take all the efforts of theologians to sustain. Philosophy, he says, has not found the leverage necessary to move the world. "It has not the power to put any real stress upon the ordinary mass of mankind." That, however, is no reason for shirking the position to be reached if theologians take the last logical step from their own premises. According to Mr. Stephen, Agnosticism is that position. The Agnostic limits the sphere of human intelligence and draws the line this side of theology: but suppose (Mr. Stephen argues) that we can know as the Gnostics assert, does the knowledge give us firm foothold? Theologians and Agnostics alike denounce reason; both say that the natural man cannot attain to knowledge of the Divine nature, which, as a philosophy, is Agnosticism. Scepticism of the ability to evolve truth without the need of verification from experience is as sound a position as belief in that ability, and it has the advantage of deriving a justification from the smallest possible minority of witnesses. Suppose, again, however, that the evidence of these witnesses be excluded: the goal of thought is still Agnosticism. Theology leads straight to Pantheism, which gives no ground for morality, or for an optimist view of the universe. The free-will position is Agnosticism, escape from which depends on a solution of the problem of evil, and that the Determinist cannot offer. To answer that evil is an illusion because God is benevolent is to deny the existence of the difficulty; and, moreover, when you come to define the condition of God's benevolence, you are reduced to the Agnostic's confession that you know nothing about it. To answer that evil is our dessert is to raise the old difficulties: for free-will is chaos: yet, if free-will be rejected, the question of God's justice is merged into that of God's benevolence. The appeal, therefore, is to experience; and to appeal to experience is to admit the fundamental dogma of Agnosticism.

That is an Agnostic's apology, amplified in half a dozen other papers (of which that on "The Religion of all Sensible Men" is, perhaps, the freshest), and set forth in all with point and, at the same time, with considerable moderation. To one whose business it is to note how well it is done, not to meet the argument, it presses with conviction: at the same time, as he reads, Byron's line, "We start, for soul is wanting there," might recur to him as the Duke of Argyll tells us it recurred in his case when reading the old orthodox economists. The criticism implicit therein, so far as it is a denial of the ability of the Agnostic to give anything in room of what he takes away, is frankly recognised by Mr. Stephen, as we have said. He has no religion to offer: he disbelieves in the possibility of prognosticating the religion of the future: he doubts

the virtue of philosophical doctrines in satisfying his companions between (say) Kensington and Blackfriars on the Metropolitan Railway;—all of which, it will be seen, has a bearing against Mr. Pearson's Forecast, in which the hypothesis is that the doctrine of the philosopher will become the creed of the crowd.

When we speak of experience, to which alone we can appeal for solution of the problems of life, we mean experience in the light of that reason which we have rejected as a guide. It is accepted as an axiom, which cannot be discussed, that it is a waste of time to dispute truths which have long been settled by competent authority; and that practices and doctrines of mankind within historic times may be regarded as founded on laws of nature. Is not the instinct of mankind too often an unconsidered element with some philosophers? Are they quite certain of the few truths which they have accepted as reliable? that it is not merely a question of trivial degree between their own criticism and that of men who would doubt the Copernican doctrine and believe that the world is flat? Confidence in our power to discover the truth, even within the legitimate sphere of human intelligence, might receive a cold-water douche from the Duke of Argyll's *The Unseen Foundations of Society.** It is a warning to prophets and to publicists against drawing conclusions on problems from which important elements have been left out. It is well to understand that this is the scope of the work; for it is possible that otherwise its criticism of the old economists and the new might give us the impression (against which the Duke warns us) that its author's position is one of antagonism to all other writers on the same subject. The Duke of Argyll is generous in his acknowledgment of what we owe to the older writers. Severely as he handles much of their teaching, he is more in accord with the orthodox economists than with those of a new school, whose absurdities, indeed, are evolved from erroneous doctrines proclaimed by their predecessors and accepted by them as sound premises. Our duty in connection with this book, however, is not to follow the Duke in his examinations of Ricardo's Theory of Rent, in which, in a masterly way, he traces the growth of the initial error, and shows how the logical conclusions from it of men such as Henry George reduce the theory itself to an absurdity; nor is it to discuss any of the economic questions with which he deals. Our business is with the manner in which these things are done by the author. The professors of economic science are no more always lively companions than they are always safe guides. On this account

* *The Unseen Foundations of Society.* By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. John Murray.

many people may be "warned off" the Duke of Argyll's book because of its subject and its size. Let us say, then, that *The Unseen Foundations of Society* presents the problems in a fresh and interesting light, and with all the advantages of a graceful literary style. Sound sense, a command of illustration derived from wide knowledge and experience, power of keen analysis, vigorous polemics, and a playful humour, are displayed in this notable work.

Before passing from these books of essentially practical and topical interest to others more purely literary, we may say a word or two about a Forecast* of the great European war that is to be, although, surely, not necessarily before this century has run its course.

Some of us who glanced at the pictures of this forecast War as they adorned the pages of *Black and White*, and did not stay to read the accompanying letterpress, may have passed on with the impression that the thing was childish or, at best, undignified: as it certainly would have been in incapable hands. It is the collaboration, however, not of incapable hands, but of experts who have done their work in a way that will interest keen critics of the situation as much as it will instruct those whose knowledge of international politics, of methods of warfare, perhaps even of geography, is hazy. There will be a difference of opinion about the probability of the course of events here sketched: the kindling of the fire in Bulgaria; the alliance of France and Russia; of England, Germany, Austria, and Italy; our occupation of Antwerp; the resuscitation of Poland; the action of Australia. Some may be doubtful of the success of our arms, and fear (with Sir Charles Dilke) that an evil result of the book may be to make us too "cock-sure" of victory. We are inclined to think that, on the contrary, readers will be less ready to say, "Here are great experts who give *us* the victory," than to say, "Here are Jingo Journalists who make *us* 'lick creation.'" Whatever the experts may hold on these points, all must admit that as a literary feat this Forecast deserves praise. Without straining the machinery, an impression of verisimilitude has been admirably maintained. The telegrams from the special correspondents—Mr. Francis Scudamore, Mr. Charles Lowe, and Mr. David Christie Murray—are skilfully conceived. They are never overdone; yet liberal in detail that gives the thing an air of reality, so that it acts upon you like a nightmare, and keeps you for a moment or two, when you awake in the morning, anxious for *The Times* and its freshest news from

* *The Great War of 189—. A Forecast.* By Rear-Admiral P. Colomb, Colonel J. F. Maurice, R.A., Captain F. N. Maude, Archibald Forbes, Charles Lowe, D. Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore. William Heinemann.

the front. The masterly hand of Mr. Archibald Forbes, and the strategic knowledge of Colonel Maurice, of Captain Maude, and of Rear-Admiral Colomb, are seen in the narratives of the battles. *The Great War of 189—* is a book from which much enjoyment is to be derived.

Many will remember the able and concise little Primer of English Literature which Dr. Stopford Brooke wrote for the use of schools some years ago. His two volumes* on the History of Early English Literature are an expansion of a page or two of the Primer which treated of English poetry from its beginnings to the accession of Ælfred. Dr. Stopford Brooke hopes that these two volumes may be the precursors of others dealing with the further history of English poetry. If his intention is to explore the entire field of English poetry as thoroughly as he has explored this corner, 'tis a bold ambition. Our concern, however, is with the volumes before us.

Like all other things, histories of periods of literature may be good, or bad, or indifferent. They may be good, or bad, or indifferent in any one of many methods. Dr. Stopford Brooke has chosen to write from what he calls a literary point of view. That is to say, he makes use of the work of Anglo-Saxon scholars, and of the research of historians, in order to find out what is in the poems and what interpretation their evolution or history will allow us to put upon them. That done, he brings the poems before our notice chiefly for the sake of what they say. The interest and value lying in their manner of saying it are not forgotten; but the main concern of the author is their ethical purport, not their æsthetic. Unless we are prepared to deny that poetry exists for others than students of poetry, this method is quite legitimate. Some will have it that art may not be popularized: that it were better if pictures were not publicly exhibited, classical music vulgarized by what is known as "Pops," and literature alluringly tricked out for the lending library. All very well. But we have known artists in paint who held that view as far as it concerned pictures, and yet enjoyed, in a popular way, music which they had not understood; and skilled and genuine musicians of our acquaintance have alarmed us by a taste for literature of a popularly emotional character. An appreciation, based upon knowledge of one art, does not necessarily open the door to another art wider than total ignorance of all the arts, whether you name them or "slump" them *Art* with a capital A. We do know men and critics who are authorities on every art, and yet not very

* *The History of Early English Literature.* By Stopford A. Brooke. Two volumes. Macmillan.

well versed in morals. It is not to be denied that poetry has something to do with morals. We are all pretty well agreed in our own minds that it has something to do with morals, although we have a particular lively pleasure in the assault on those who hold that it has all to do with them. So that a popular ethical presentment of literature is probably a very consistent thing. If your artist gibe it and your Philistine hail it, what else was expected? It is the habit of the artist nowadays to pillory the Philistine for being respectable: that is, for being very moral. It is by the grace of God that we are not all Philistines—and not all artists.

Whether or not the method is right, Dr. Stopford Brooke's use of it is good. It will awaken the interest in our early poetry of many of those who have a genuine appreciation of poetry and yet could not read *Beowulf* in the original, and would not if they could. It would be an excellent result were it to awaken the interest of all who are genuinely appreciative of poetry. Then the only uninterested persons left would be the excellent people who frankly confess that for Early English poems they don't care more than the twopenny article at which the Duke of Devonshire rates some high-falutin' aspirations; and those who protest that they would read the poems in the original only—and don't read them in the original. Write as you will, however, of the Early English poems, it is not possible to escape from the critical and scientific questions that "hum like bees" around them. *Beowulf*, for example, is like to offer subject for argument as perennial as the Casket of Letters: if he settle the latter, by the way, as he promises (or, more likely, as is promised for him), Dr. Skelton will prove a bad friend of *littérateurs*. Dr. Stopford Brooke has his own theory of the history of *Beowulf:* that it "was built up out of many legends which in time coalesced into something of a whole, or were composed together into a poem by one poet": that the legends were brought to England by the Angles, or by that band of Jutes or Saxons whom many suppose (Dr. Stopford Brooke recurs to the idea as if he liked it) to have settled, at an early time, in Northern Northumbria; that they were sung in Northumbria, added to by Northumbrian singers, and afterwards, when Christianity was still young, compressed and made into a poem by a Christian singer. Leaving the author's theories of the poems in detail, we may notice that the temptation of a picturesque method—to find a picturesque intention—is yielded to by him in his determination to trace connections between the *now* and the *then* in English poetry. For example, we are told that the very temper of mind which pervades modern poetry of the sea—a mingling of melancholy and exultation—is to be found in English poetry before the Conquest,

and not found again, except in scattered ballads, until we reach our own century. Then, we are told that in *Beowulf* there are the earlier of a long series of natural descriptions which have made English poetry celebrated for more than a thousand years; and that the supernatural element in it is the product of that work of the imagination in Nature, and that transference of human passion to nature, of which modern English poetry is so full. So, too, we are told that the moral theme of *Beowulf*—the purification of the hero—is a subject standing at the head of English literature which has "silently handed down a great tradition, of which our poets have not been unworthy." This idea of continuity in intention in our poetry prevails unduly, perhaps, in these volumes. There can be no doubt, however, that Dr. Stopford Brooke's volumes are serviceable. We found them eminently interesting, and look forward to further instalments of his projected work, of which they are an excellent beginning.

The characteristic common to *His Lordship, and Others**, by Mr. G. B. Burgin, and *Playthings and Parodies*,† by Mr. Barry Pain, which makes it convenient to consider these two books together, are their characteristics which are not admirable. Mr. Barry Pain's volume contains parodies of some half-a-dozen important writers, of which that of Mr. Ruskin seems to us the best. The best, however, is a very superficial likeness, a trick of a didactic manner: "If you forget every other word that I have said, remember at least these conclusions, for I do feel that they are important to every one of us." The other parodies include "*The Ghost of Ghosts*," from "*Every Man His Own Ibsen*," and imitations of the poets which do not strike us as being well done. It is in what, we suppose, are the *Playthings*—the "Secular Confession," "Home Pets," and "Sketches in London"—that the greatest merit lies; and, unfortunately, it lies hid in a mass of very inferior stuff. *Playthings and Parodies*, in fact, is a sorry fulfilment of the promise of *Stories and Interludes*. Mr. Burgin, on the other hand, is new to us as a story-teller, and welcome. The four short tales at the end of the volume add little value to it. It is *His Lordship* that is entertaining; and we commend it for its gaiety, for its bantering spirit that does not dull the sentiment, and especially (as it seems to us) for an appreciative sense of what artists call "keeping." The good qualities of the humourist are there in bud, and so is one very bad quality. The consciousness of being the professional funny man, which pervades Mr. Barry Pain's writing, makes itself seen

* *His Lordship, and Others.* By G. B. Burgin. *The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour.* Henry & Co.

† *Playthings and Parodies.* By Barry Pain. Cassell & Co.

ever and again in Mr. Burgin's. Neither author has adopted a very high standard in his efforts. If we mistake not, Mr. Barry Pain once wrote a forcible little paper in which he attacked "facetiousness." He might have culled illustrative examples from his own volume. He tells us of a van and two horses which have attempted to "perforate a wall." There is a shoemaker in Tottenham Court Road who advertises "the boots of the future," and Mr. Barry Pain's humour discovers that this might be called "the leather forecast." A man might write such stuff, and repent it, and buy up as many copies of the paper in which it appeared as he could lay hands on. Is it the stuff to be republished in a volume by a writer making a reputation, and on the same page with the results of a whimsical and fresh observation upon which a good repute might be built? We have not noticed that Mr. Burgin declines to a gaping public so utterly; but there are signs that he might do so. It is noticeable that the increased demand for light reading has not created a supply of worthy light writing. There are exceptions; but most of our prose writers who are fastidious develop a humour which is sardonic, and often ferocious, while the gay humourists as a rule lack good taste.

More than a passing word is due to *Ecstasy*,* a translation from the Dutch of Louis Couperus. *Ecstasy* is an "impossible" story, and not (like *Elene Vere*, considered in his own country the best work of Couperus) a picture of life in the Hague. It is interesting from the fact of its being an example of a new development in Dutch literature, which finds its counterpart in our own. The new school call themselves "Sensitivists," as we learn from the translators' note, where, also, some justification of the name is attempted. At present, the "Sensitivists"—van Eeden, Gorter, Couperus Alfred Verwey, and others who have developed the fresh methods of "Multatulli"—are the vogue among educated people in Holland, and seem for the time more fashionable than such writers as "Hildebrand," whose volume of short stories, *De Camera Obscura*, has been translated into English. The qualities of work like that of Mr. Couperus are only to be seen fully in the original. The cleanness and finish, however, are evident, even in the translation, which (we are told) is excellent.

Although scarce coming under the head of "Literature," Mr. Robinson's *The English Flower Garden*,† a third edition of which has just appeared, deserves to be named among the more valuable publications of the month. The greater part of the volume is devoted to descriptions, alphabetically arranged, of the habits and uses

* *Ecstasy*. By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by A. Teixeira de Mattos and John Gray. Henry & Co.

† *The English Flower Garden*. By W. Robinson. Third Edition. John Murray.

of all the flowers, flowering-shrubs, and trees, best suited to the flower-garden; the remainder to a general discussion of the style, position, and arrangement of the garden. In this edition the more practical section has been much enlarged, and in the chapter on Design and Position an opportunity is taken of answering certain objections urged by Mr. Reginald Blomfield against Mr. Robinson's theories. Besides, the old plates have been broken up and new ones introduced. Competent authorities tell us that *The English Flower Garden* is a practical work indispensable to the amateur gardener, and it does not take an expert to see that the labour of publisher and of author has gone to the production of a thorough and beautiful book. It may be expected, therefore, to take its place beside the previous editions on the book-shelves of horticulturists. The many readers, not directly interested in horticulture, who found delight in Mr. Blomfield's monograph upon "The Formal Garden in England" would do well to read Mr. Robinson's statement of the case between him and his critic. The terms, "The Formal Garden" and "Landscape Gardening," are used by both so vaguely that it is difficult for the reader to grasp the question at issue. It is made plain in Mr. Robinson's chapter on Design that he and Mr. Blomfield are at one in their condemnation of certain modern practices in gardening. Mr. Blomfield, however, insists upon the fact that the word "garden" means an enclosed space, and that it is necessary to have strong bounding walls within which a design, in accordance with the design of the house, is quite frankly carried out. The necessary and only true, just, and fair use of a garden, Mr. Robinson contends, is the use which Mr. Blomfield declares to be absurd—to show, if only on a small scale, some of the precious and inexhaustible loveliness of vegetation of plain, or wood, or mountain. The wise man will not intervene between doctors who differ; but there is no great rashness in pointing out that Mr. Robinson's practice is sometimes more in accord than are his theories with the spirit of formal gardening. He scarcely appreciates Mr. Blomfield's contention for design; for he writes:

> "That men have never yet generally enjoyed the beauty of good garden design is clear from the fact that the painter is driven from the garden! The artist dislikes the usual class of garden with its formality and bedding; he hates it, and cannot help hating it. . . . Why is the cottage garden often a picture, and the gentleman's garden near wholly shut out of the realm of Art—a thing which an artist cannot long look at?"

On the other hand, Mr. Blomfield equally misconceives and misstates the principles of landscape as opposed to those of formal gardening. In truth, they both are right, and both are wrong. Whether a garden should be formal or informal, depends entirely on circumstances. But nothing can detract from the value of Mr. Robinson's "English Flower Garden."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Liberals and the Labour Party.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

The attitude of the Liberal Party towards those who believe that Labour can best promote its interests by independent political action is such as calls for general criticism. The Liberals have always represented themselves to be the only consistent and genuine trustees of working-class interests. A considerable proportion of working men have taken the liberty of doubting this. Some have even gone so far as to deny it. A fairly energetic section has said: "We refuse to believe that Labour should be tied to the Liberal Party. We shall, in future, remain apart from either Party. We shall formulate the grievances and the desires of Labour, and endeavour to return independent Labour representatives to urge them upon the Legislature. Where we cannot put forward our own candidates we shall submit our proposals to both the Liberal and the Conservative candidates, impartially consider the views of both, and throw in our support with whichever, in our opinion, will do best for the poor."

This seems a fairly innocent course of procedure, and a legitimate use to make of the franchise. If the Liberals themselves really felt that they were the only true friends of the people, they would welcome it as a means of demonstrating how Liberalism invariably accepted and championed the demands of Labour and Toryism invariably rejected and resisted them. An employer says to his cashier, "I propose to engage a special auditor to examine your accounts." If the cashier has an easy conscience he will welcome the proposal, feeling confident that the report of the accountant can only raise him still futher in his employer's esteem. If the cashier objects to the audit on fifty different pleas, and finally makes desperate attempts to evade it, he will infallibly bring suspicion upon himself. If the cashier knows that he is dishonest, and that such an audit will assuredly lead to his exposure, he may prefer to incur the largest amount

of suspicion in the hopes of evading absolute detection and exposure. This very well illustrates the position between Liberalism and Labour. Liberalism, despite all its boasting, is now distraught at the prospect of its doings and intentions on Labour questions being impartially compared with those of the Conservative Party.

So far as this independent Labour policy has been carried, it has resulted in support being given to many Liberals; but it has also resulted in several Liberals being rejected, and the independent vote being given to Conservatives. This was notably the case at Newcastle and at Huddersfield.

The position of the poor man is this: He has to choose between two great Parties; both rich, both led by able and ambitious men, both identified with the well-to-do classes. He has few of his own class really competent to represent him in Parliament independently, and he is not very well able to bear the continual heavy expenses of Parliamentary contests. He has the vote, however, and with it the responsibility of deciding to which Party he shall commit, not only his own class interests, but the interests of the whole community. Surely, it is not only his right, but also his duty, to consider as fairly and critically as he can the position of the rival claimants for his vote.

The Liberals resent this view. "We," they say, "are the only true friends of the working man. We gave him the vote, the big loaf, the Free Press. Now we are anxious about Home Rule, One-man-one-vote, Payment of Members. We will even shake our fists at the House of Lords. Whoever says differently is a dupe or a hireling of the Tories."

Strange to say, there are many working men who are moved to smiles rather than to tears by this declamation. They know that Mr. Gladstone extended the franchise in 1884 to cover the infamies of his Administration, and float him again into power. They know that the "big-loaf" story is an imposture. They think that thanks are not due to the Liberal Party in particular for the Free Press. They know that Mr. Gladstone took up Home Rule when the Irish Party had cornered him, and they are suspicious that it will only be by similar tactics that Mr. Gladstone will be persuaded to face the issues of the Labour question. They are not hysterically enthusiastic about One-man-one-vote, nor certain that genuine social reform will grow by magic out of Payment of Members. They are suspicious that the fuss about the crimes of the House of Lords is raised to divert attention from the shortcomings of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons, and they feel quite certain that there is more real practical obstruction to the fulfilment of the wants of the poor among the "representatives of the people" than there is in the "Gilded Chamber."

The assertion was that every workman who refuses to place his faith in Liberalism is a paid tool of the Tories has done as much good service for the Liberals during the last five years as any modern mendacity has done for any Party. If the Tories are prepared to find money for the working men to fight their own battle in their own way, it is only necessary to acknowledge that it is very handsome of them to do so. The Liberals, however, are entitled to some excuse and sympathy when they make

this charge. For many years they have had many responsible Trades-Unionists and representative Labour men as their meek and humble, and often paid, servants. However, there are some nowadays who are not so easily "worked," and these men are acquiring a larger influence in proportion to their political independence. The exasperation of the Liberals on finding this out is expressed in insinuation that the independence is not real, and that the other Party has brought up surreptitiously what the Liberals should have had first refusal of. Many worthy men among the Liberal Party are so accustomed to buy up the spokesmen of the working-class organizations that they are honestly unable to believe otherwise than that any "Labour leader" whom they cannot buy must have been bought by the rival Party. Throughout the whole of the Liberal position runs the insulting assumption that Labour is incapable of independence and only to be dealt with by patronizing or mercenary means.

If most of the Liberal assertions were true, there would be a more effective reply. It would then appear that the Liberals gave us the vote not to use as we thought best, but only to use for the greater glory of the Liberal Party. It appears that our "friends" know better than ourselves what we want. They are so friendly that they will force down our throats the patent medicine of political changes when we want the solid nourishment of social reforms.

The violence of ill-feeling which now exists between the Liberal and the Labour Party is, on the whole, regrettable. It is increasing. Liberalism must abandon some of its later tactics before a better feeling is possible. Consider, for example, the tactics of the Liberal Party at the Newcastle-on-Tyne bye-election. The Labour Party, in spite of repeated rebuffs, again approached Mr. John Morley, and reasoned with him on the Hours-of-Labour question. They met with an absolute, and not even courteous, refusal. They then interviewed Mr. Pandelli Ralli, Conservative, and found him willing to support a considerable part of their proposals. They decided to support the Conservative. Then began an astonishing exhibition of the ways of the Party of Liberty. The town was incited to a state verging on civil war. The Labour Party were forcibly prevented from addressing meetings. The most drastic "Coercion" Act, administered by the most brutal police, could not have more effectually suppressed freedom of speech. On the polling-day hundreds of men were imported from the neighbouring towns, and no well-known Labour Party man dared walk along the streets. This terrorism in England was considered the necessary and fitting means of ensuring the re-election of the gentleman who was to take a message of peace, love, and liberty to the Coercion-ridden sister isle. The Liberal Party exercised full license for themselves where they refused even the shadow of liberty to others. Every discredited Party hack in the country who had at any time been connected with the Trade-Unionist movement was imported to protest the love of the working men for the Liberal Party. Of course, the Irish Members were enlisted; and Mr. Michael Davitt intimated, with the alleged concurrence of the whole Irish Party, that unless Mr. Morley were re-elected

the Irish Members would vote solidly against every measure of social reform for the English working class. This threat, of course, is not, in itself, very formidable. The amount of social reform likely to be proposed by the present Government is not very tempting. Still, it shows the consummate impertinence of this fervid ally of the Liberal Party who owes his fame to Fenianism, his election to clerical tyranny, and his importance to an alleged acquaintance with the English Labour movement.

The most serious and lasting difference between the Liberal and the Labour Party is the aversion of the Liberals from social reform and their craze for perpetually tinkering with the Constitution. This, however, is a characteristic note of Liberalism. Throughout the whole of their history the only consistent action of the Liberals has been their hostility to social legislation for the wage-earners. The Liberal Party will grant the working people any legislation except such as will assist them to good wages, reasonable hours of labour, healthy and safe factories, sanitary dwellings, or provision for old age. Now, these subjects, which the Liberals so strenuously avoid, are precisely those which the Labour Party is determined to put forward. Whenever Mr. Gladstone has been "cornered" on these points his final shuffle in the discussion has been this: "Let us pass One-man-one-vote, and then the working classes will be able to deal with these questions for themselves." This answer is unsatisfactory. Its real meaning is: "If you help me to get through with my present small majority, I will, in return, do nothing for you; but I will pass such measures as may increase my chance of a bigger majority at the next Election, and if I get it your wishes shall be considered." This sounds nice, especially when said by Mr. Gladstone; but the fact is that it has been said about ten times too often. The British working man is too sharp to be fooled in the same way more than ten times running; and now, instead of swallowing all that the Liberals put before him, he is making up his mind to examine things critically.

My purpose is not to depreciate the Liberals unduly; nor is it to flatter the Conservatives. What I want is to see the working class free to consider and compare the proposals of both Parties, to place their own claims before both Parties, and to be unfettered and unbiassed in accepting such help as either may be inclined to give. The Liberals assiduously and insolently attempt to create not a conviction but a predjudice to the effect that no good can come from the Conservatives, and that from the Liberals cometh all good. There is but one reason of the slightest weight which they advance in order to justify this assertion. It is that Liberalism is more identified with the political principle of democracy than Toryism has been. This is, I think, a false contention. It is true that the Liberals have taken the initiative in extending the franchise; but to whom? Not to the whole people. They have simply extended it a little, and always in the hope of including a class likely to recruit the thinning ranks of their own Party.

The question which working men are now considering is not how to get further improvements in the system of government, but how to get themselves better governed. We cannot have the machinery of government

both perpetually under repair and at the same time profitably at work. If the working class give their adhesion to a Party whose programme consists entirely of schemes for taking the Constitution to pieces and putting it together again, they cannot at the same time expect that their social wants will be attended to.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,
J. L. Mahon,

Leeds, Feburary 20, 1893.

Experiences of Irish Official Life.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The return of Mr. Morley to Ireland, resolved, apparently, upon reversing as quickly as possible many of the measures adopted by Mr. Balfour with such success, and still more the evidence given in the South Meath Election Petition case, which disclosed a state of things, due to priestly intimidation and coercion, worthy of the days of Torquemada, have once more drawn public attention to Ireland. Thus, some of the experiences of an official who throughout the tenure of office of the late Government was entrusted with the task (first) of restoring and (afterwards) of upholding law and order in the most disturbed parts of the country may be of interest. They will show how Mr. Balfour's firm and impartial administration of the law was impeded and obstructed in every possible way, not only by Irish agitators, but also by responsible British politicians, who were ready to accept all statements of their new friends tending to throw discredit upon the Government and the Executive. Hostile criticism had to be met on every hand; and the advice of eminent lawyers, English as well as Irish, was apparently always ready to counsel and guide legal proceedings against any unfortunate official who was thought to have overstepped the limits of duty and rendered himself amenable to damages or to punishment.*

It speaks volumes for the Irish Executive that, in spite of the most unwearying vigilance and incessant misrepresentation, hardly a charge of misconduct was brought home to an official under Mr. Balfour.

For some years previously to the last agitation, which at the accession

* I myself was made simultaneously the defendant in actions in connection with defending the sheriff at some evictions in Co. Clare. After the usual tedious processes of law, the cases were ultimately pronounced by the Lord Chief Baron to be not *bonâ fide*, but brought for the purpose of harassing the defendants.

to office of the present Government was moribund, there had been almost entire immunity from agrarian crime in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Clare, which formed the South-Western police district of Ireland and included most of the disturbed area of the country.

The following tabular statement, showing the rise and fall in the numbers of agrarian offences, illustrates the effects of the so-called "Coercion," which, as rightly described by Sir George Trevelyan, is merely taking the steps which are required to carry out the ordinary law.—

YEARS.	CLARE.	KERRY.	CORK.	LIMERICK.	TOTAL.	
1877	5	8	4	6	23	No agitation.
1878	8	5	22	16	51	No agitation.
1879	21	13	40	24	98	Agitation began.
1880	91	208	287	123	709	
1881	213	401	642	190	1,446	Agitation at its heigh Mr. Gladstone's 1st Crimes Act
1882	207	347	327	126	1,007	Mr. Gladstone's 2nd Crimes Act began.
1883	55	146	100	54	355	Crimes Act working.
1884	38	117	99	49	303	
1885	88	180	107	45	420	Crimes Act ceased.
1886	141	209	113	80	543	No Crimes Act.
1887	153	108	100	57	418	Crimes Act began; League suppressed in Clare and Kerry, and part of Cork.
1888	104	99	76	49	328	Crimes Act working.
1889	65	61	84	30	240	Crimes Act working.
1890	58	56	77	30	221	Crimes Act working.
1891	94	68	47	17	226	Crimes Act partly suspended.

It will be seen at a glance that the passing of a Crimes Act is immediately followed by a large diminution in crime.

There can be no doubt that if Mr. Gladstone's very stringent Act of 1882 had been renewed, on its expiration, in 1885, the agitation, with the concomitant agrarian offences, would soon have been entirely stamped out. This, however, was not to be. We tried to rule the country, still in a state of agitation, under the ordinary law. The consequence was a serious increase of crime in 1885 and in 1886. In the early part of the latter year Mr. Gladstone had returned to office, with his convictions as to the proper mode of governing Ireland changed, and with a "message of peace," in the shape of the promise of a Home Rule Bill.

Agitation in Ireland produces an abnormal condition from which crimes of an exceptional nature spring—crimes which cannot be successfully coped with under the ordinary law;—and no Government worthy of the name would calmly look on and witness such a terrible outbreak of lawlessness and outrages as was witnessed in 1880-1881, or such a steady increase of crime as that in 1885-1886, without adopting measures to make the law operative and to strengthen the Executive.

When the late Government came into power, in August 1886, the counties of Kerry and Clare and parts of Co. Cork were infested by gangs of "moonlighters," and hardly a night passed without the house of

some poor farmer being visited by an armed band of disguised men—often merely for the purpose of carrying off his gun, or with the object of intimidating him from paying his rent, or from taking a farm from which the tenant had been evicted, or as a punishment for assisting or associating with boycotted persons. As a rule the nocturnal marauders restricted their energies to firing shots through the windows and inside the house, without inflicting bodily harm; while they generally forced the head of the family to go down upon his knees and swear that he would relinquish his course of conduct. Not unfrequently, however, severe wounds, mutilation, and death were the result of the reckless firing, while occasionally deliberate murder was the object of the visit. This extreme penalty was reserved for those suspected of having given information to the police or of having the intention of giving evidence in some agrarian case pending trial. Few persons whose houses were raided by these dreaded gangs would even report the incident to the police, who were working entirely in the dark, with every man's hand against them. When, by chance, the police became aware that such an outrage had been committed, the injured party could rarely be induced to speak on the subject or to help by giving information or by identifying their assailants if brought before them. So far did this go, that in more than one instance women who had seen their husbands, and sons or daughters who had seen their fathers, butchered before their eyes, doggedly refused to aid the Executive in bringing the murderers to justice. The crimes reported to and recorded by the police during this reign of terror constitute a terribly formidable "Dossier"; but when we think that anyone who reported an outrage, or gave information, or was even seen talking to the police, was tolerably sure himself to be the subject of a moonlight visit, it may easily be imagined that many outrages were never brought to the knowledge of the Executive, and that the list of crime in these blood-stained counties would have been much longer if it had been full and accurate. There were at this time nearly 2,000 persons more or less severely boycotted in the four counties. They were subjected to a process which Mr. Parnell described as "leaving severely alone," and of which Mr. Gladstone spoke thus: "What is boycotting? It is combined intimidation, made use of for the purpose of destroying the liberties of choice by fear of ruin and starvation."

The normal force of police had been enormously increased, at the cost, to the payers of county cess, of over £31,000 a year, without effecting the slightest diminution of crime, or the arrests of criminals except in a few isolated cases. Very large sums for malicious burnings and other injuries were awarded half-yearly by grand juries. This threw further heavy burdens on the tax-payers. In every part of the country evicted farms lay waste and derelict. Strangers were struck with amazement at seeing men and even women working in the fields, or going along the roads, and labourers mending the roads, closely protected by escorts of two policemen with loaded rifles. Even this protection did not always suffice. In two instances in County Clare, the people of which are certainly bolder and more enterprising than those of any other part of Munster,

the persons protected by the police escort were fired at; murder was the result in one case, and severe injuries were the result in the other. The greater part of Ireland had, through the agency of Mr. Gladstone's two Crimes Acts of 1881 and 1882, been fairly reduced to order; but Kerry and Clare were exceptional. While the Act of 1882 was in operation, the number of offences gradually fell; but immediately it became inoperative (owing to the expiration of its term of three years), agrarian crime it its very worst modes increased with alarming rapidity. It is indisputable that the state of Kerry, Clare, and the parts of Cork to which the attention of the new Government was called by the Executive, and by many inhabitants of this tract of country, was quite as bad as it had been at any period of the agitation.

It is not easy to realize the fact that six years ago there existed in a portion of the United Kingdom only a few hours' journey from London a state of things which was an absolute disgrace to any realm which had the slighest claim to be called civilized. It is still more difficult to understand how Mr. Gladstone and his Party, after having quite recently introduced two very strong Crimes Bills to cope with a condition of affairs only worse because it extended over a larger portion of Ireland, lost no opportunity of attacking the Government for endeavouring by means of exceptional measures of legislation, much less stringent than those which they themselves had adopted, to meet circumstances which, had they arisen in any other State than Great Britain, would probably have brought it under Martial Law. The Government lost no time in responding to the representations and warnings addressed to them. Before the month of August, 1886, was at an end, Sir Redvers Buller, one of the most renowned and capable officers in the Army, arrived in Kerry armed with powers as ample as the existing state of the law rendered possible. He made a rapid tour of inspection through the district committed to his charge, and saw how matters lay. It was evident that there were abuses of which the people had a right to complain; but it was evident, also, that nothing could be done in the way of remedy until law and order were restored and a system of brigandage which would not have discredited Greece or Albania was stamped out. Sir Redvers Buller found the law-abiding portion of the population in a state of terror and total want of confidence in the power and will of the Executive to protect them or to uphold the law, while the evil-doers were triumphant and fully persuaded that the law was impotent. He found the police downhearted and thoroughly discouraged by their total failure to detect crime. Things, however, were very soon changed. Encouragement was given to the police; and the Executive adopted measures by which, within a few weeks, three large gangs of "moonlighters" armed and disguised were waylaid by the police, and, after a desperate struggle, captured. This struck a blow at "moonlighting" in Kerry from which it has not to this day recovered. There have been many raids by small parties in various portions of the county; but the formidable organization which week after week sent out large bands of armed marauders to terrorise, plunder, and murder, was broken up and destroyed.

Had the Government been permitted to carry out their programme without obstruction from others than the Irish Members and similar agitators, their task would have been comparatively easy. Soon, however, it became apparent that certain members of the Liberal Party had formed an alliance with the Separatists, and that nothing would be left undone to hamper and frustrate the Government in Ireland. From the day of the great meeting on September 3, 1887, at Ballycoree, near Ennis, in County Clare, which was convened to denounce the administration of the law, and was quietly dispersed (in spite of the protestations of an English Member of Parliament, who was present) down to the Ponsonby evictions in May 1890, Members of Parliament, agitators, and Socialists from the East-End of London flocked over to Ireland, and put themselves prominently to the front at proclaimed meetings, at evictions, at trials, and, in fact, on every occasion when it might be possible to show defiance and contempt for the law and sympathy with those who broke it. In England also several of the most prominent members of the Opposition availed themselves of the wildest and most improbable rumours, and founded on them serious charges against leading officials. An officer whose duty it was to prevent certain illegal meetings in April 1888 was charged by no less a person than the ex-Premier himself with gross misconduct in that he had "ordered regiments of cavalry to charge in among orderly and peaceful meetings." The fact was that one Hussar, maddened by a shower of stones, broke away from the ranks, and was instantly followed by his officer, who brought him back. Mr. Gladstone fully withdrew the charge of "gross misconduct" when the facts were brought to his knowledge; but, notwithstanding this, the official in question was assailed in the Press, at meetings, and even in the House of Commons, with every abusive epithet that Irish rhetoric could supply, and within the last few weeks, four years and a half after the meeting, the charge was again brought against him.

I should exceed my allotted space if I endeavoured to narrate how eminent politicians evinced their open sympathy with tenants who adopted the Plan of Campaign, an illegal conspiracy, or how by their presence at evictions they encourged the tenants to resist the Sheriff, and thus to bring further suffering on themselves.

It is hard to understand how well-meaning persons can reconcile to their consciences the misery they have inflicted on numerous Irish tenants who were fairly prosperous until they gave ear to evil advice, through which they have lost their homes and are reduced to pauperism. Nothing has tended more to prevent settlements between landlord and tenant than the promise, made by a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, that as soon as the Liberal Government came into power, evicted tenants should be restored to their holdings.*

* Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., speaking at the Galway Convention of the Tenants' Defence Association on December 10, 1889, said:—"We have no doubt as to the result of the Elections. Come they sooner or later, the only difference will be in the less or more complete victory. There cannot be a doubt that *within a month*

NEW SWINDON.

This promise, manifestly, cannot be fulfilled; and the Government will find that a very serious difficulty has to be coped with when the evicted tenants really awake to the knowledge that they have been deluded.

The Irish have real grievances which have lasted for centuries. The worst of them is poverty, consequent, to a great extent, upon absenteeism and the spending of a large proportion of the rents out of the country. Poverty breeds discontent, and discontent agitation. Dean Swift in his *Short View of the State of Ireland*, written in 1727, almost describes the condition of things in parts of Munster to-day. He speaks of "the miserable dyet and dress and dwelling of the people—the general desolation in most parts of the Kingdom—the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins and no new ones in their stead—the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hog-sty to receive them." This is a picture of the condition of the people in a large part of Ireland to-day, and as long as it is so the people will remain discontented and ripe for agitation. How the root of the evil is to be touched by giving Ireland Home Rule, and how by so doing absenteeism is to be remedied by anything short of confiscation of the land, which no Government dare seriously to propose, passeth the wit of man to discover.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

21, Tite Street, S.W., December 9, 1892.

How Agriculture is Affected by the Currency.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

It is demonstrable that the larger currency resulting from the gold discoveries prevented for twenty years the fall in prices that would have been the natural result of the abolition of the Corn Laws. That fall occurred when the supply of gold, which had been adopted as our standard, fell off by one-third. In such case gold—the sovereign, for example,—just buys the more, and prices fall. As gold must be held in a fixed proportion against bank-notes, if the supply of gold is deficient the currency

after such a victory in the hustings, every emergency-man will have fled the country, and every bogus tenant will have resolved himself into his original elements, and agreement will be come to, if not voluntarily, by some legislative process. . . . *Every tenant who has been unjustly evicted may confidently hope to be reinstated* in his holding, and *those who have suffered eviction from honourable motives*, rather than abandon those evicted before them, will ever stand high in the memory of their countrymen, as men who have suffered for an honourable cause."—*Freeman's Journal*, December 11, 1889.

also will be deficient. When the prices of farm produce fall, on the average, twenty-five per cent., the tenant must increase his contribution in produce by one-fourth, in buying gold, or cash, to pay the rent. Neither landlord nor labourer is disposed to make any allowance for the appreciation of gold. We have thrown the whole strain upon gold; and, as the supply has fallen off so largely, while our trade per head has increased fourfold from 1840 to 1880, our business is completely disorganized. We have a superabundance of silver; but we decline to use it at any near approach to its market value. The strain upon gold is increased by the adoption of that standard by other countries from time to time. Our National Debt, all fixed charges, rents, tithes, taxes, rates, and fares on railways, and all debts and incumbrances, are increased in proportion.

This state of affairs is becoming ruinous to the landlords, who, while their debts are increased, have to reduce their rents. Tenants are in poverty before the relief from the extreme pressure of rent has been obtained. The labourer is thrown out of employment, and driven into the large towns, where he is not wanted.

In rejecting silver at its market value, we are only following the foolish example of our fathers, who excluded foreign corn because it was cheap, and would bring down the rent of land. In a former letter, I endeavoured to show how silver might be utilized by increasing the size and the intrinsic value of silver coins. We should not starve the currency by rejecting silver, nor the people by excluding food. We have had repeated and satisfactory experience of the relief afforded in times of financial pressure by the suspension of the Bank Act, and the consequent enlargement of the currency. I have taken the liberty of proposing a permanent enlargement by the more judicious use of both gold and silver, together with a corresponding increase of the paid-up banking capital, and of the amount of the legal tender in silver. To lessen the pressure on gold, and its undue appreciation, we could have one-pound notes and ten-shilling notes issued by the Bank of England, payable in the aggregate of twenty shillings in gold, and sustained precisely as the present notes are. The smaller notes should differ in colour from the larger notes. Bankers, while earning dividends of twelve per cent. on the average, or taking into account the appreciation of gold, fifteen per cent. on the paid-up banking capital, should not object to the handling of the smaller notes, nor to the use of such proportion of honest silver coin as may be a requisite addition to their reserves.

Two of the leading London journals have given a misleading report of the United States Mint with reference to the world's yield of gold and silver in 1891. They refuse to have the figures impugned. The yield of gold is put at 6,102,893 ounces, and the "Mint value" at £25,232,000; but the yield, at £3 17s. 10d. (934 pence) an ounce, amounts to only £23,750,425. If we add one-twelfth for alloy, it is just about the so-called "Mint value." The difference is, in round numbers, £2,000,000 sterling (less £133,000); which seems grossly misleading.

The Mint estimates the yearly consumption of gold in the arts in the United States at £3,840,000. Even although one-twelfth be struck off

as above, the consumption would be £3,520,000. If we take this as one-fifth of the world's consumption, the total will be the annual consumption in the arts of £17,600,000, from an aggregate of £23¾ millions. Relying on a fallacious estimate, our "gold bugs" reckon the world's yield of gold in 1892 at £27,000,000. We are told of the vast increase in the yield in Africa and elsewhere. This mode of reasoning is much like the assurances that the abolition of the Corn Laws would result in the starvation of the British people.

We have been told, also, that agriculture was merely suffering from adverse seasons, and was bound to recover. That forecast has been proved fallacious. Judging by the periods 1815 to 1850, 1850 to 1870, and thence to 1890, we find that the currency has ruled prices.

If we were to utilize our gold and silver supply in a rational manner, we could double the note issues of the Bank of England, and have equally good security to sustain them.

Take wheat and wages as an illustration of our present financial position. According to *The Times* of January 2, 1878, the average price of British wheat for the previous three months had been 52s. 4d. the quarter. (The average from 1846 to 1883 was 51s. 6d.) "The average of this season" was given in *The Times* of January 2, 1893, as 27s. 10d. At 52s. 4d. the price is 6s. 6s. the bushel; at 27s. 10d., 3s. 5¾d. the bushel. At 13s. a week the labourer of 1877 would get two bushels of wheat a week. At the present price the weekly wages will buy 3¾ bushels. In other articles of sustenance we may take Mr. Giffen's estimate—namely, an average fall of twenty-five per cent. We know the difficulty of reducing either rents or wages to meet our circumstances; but a sound and sufficient currency removed similar difficulties after the gold discoveries, and we have both capital and bullion in abundance to put the matter straight. We want the brains to use them.

As regards silver, the "Mint value" of the world's yield in 1891 amounted, according to the Report, to £37,000,000. Taking the yield, as given, at 143,944,000 ounces, we find that the price seems to be reckoned at 61d. the ounce, the market price being 38d. One does not see the propriety of quoting such Mint Reports. They will not bear inspection. Silver is being obtained in abundance; but it should be used at a near approach to its market value, and not on the illusory bi-metallic principle. We are losing tenfold more, year by year, than would be required to put our currency in good order. This remark applies to India also. India, Britain, and Australia, should each have power to coin Imperial silver in proportion to their respective paid-up banking capital. Silver coin of (say) one-fifth greater intrinsic value would be a common denominator, and should circulate alike in those countries; but for payments beyond such legal tender as might be fixed for silver it would be subject to such adjustment as the respective values of gold and of silver might require from time to time. Taking both at market price, we find that the gross value obtained of each in 1891 was about equal (gold £23¾ millions; silver, £22,790,000); but the one is artificially appreciated, while the other is artificially depreciated. We should not permit the business of the

world to be disorganized because we are assured by certain persons that gold, which is becoming less sufficient, as regards our requirements, from year to year, will soon be abundantly supplied. Austria is adopting the gold standard, and may possibly be followed in that course by India. Some Continental States are supposed to be hoarding gold as a safeguard against war. These circumstances may indicate a further fall in prices if the gold standard is maintained and extended.

I have been a careful observer of the currency since 1848; and, although, like bankers and others, I find a short currency advantageous personally, I consider it ruinous to the people generally, both at home and abroad. I am fully satisfied that an honest and sufficient currency would put agriculture, trade, and manufactures on a satisfactory basis. Natural prices, although higher by twenty-five per cent., would restore prosperity. We could spare many of the best of our workers to our colonies with much advantage all round. It is better that the surplus of both farmers and labourers should emigrate, and thus secure double the return for their outlay and labour, than that food should be brought home for them. I have it on the best authority that wheat is now being grown in the Mallee country, in Victoria, and on a very large scale, at a total cost of two shillings the bushel. It is carried by rail to the port for sixpence the bushel, and thence to Britain for ninepence, and is then worth ninepence more than British wheat. This result is partly owing to the more nearly adequate currency in those colonies. The note circulation there is 25s. a head (it is 10s. in England), and their paid-up Bank capital is £4 10s. a head (40s. in England). The colonies are enabled to use admirable machinery in the production of wheat. Although the rate of wages is double the rate in England, the harvesting (which includes threshing and winnowing, all under one process, the grain being dropped off the machine in bags on the field) costs only two shillings an acre. A certain farmer harvested 170 acres in a day. He had a wheat crop of 4,000 acres. I find the current wheat crop of America estimated at an average of 2s. 7¼d. the bushel: which is quite in accordance with present Australian prices. This by the way.

Reverting to the currency, let us take the paid-up capital of the Bank of England as £14,000,000, and the dividends at ten per cent.—£1,400,000. If this capital were doubled, and the Bank had power to issue notes in England (the other banks, which issue $\frac{1}{21}$ of the notes, being duly compensated to some extent), we could obviate certain effects from the failure of local banks from time to time, besides having our notes kept in good order. The Bank of England does its work incomparably well, and it is satisfied with a dividend lower by two per cent. than the English average. It is far from my intention to offer advice to the Bank; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to attempt to show that our present widespread difficulties arise from the deficiency in our currency. The notes of the Bank as now sustained are equal to gold, and are more economical. If the paid-up capital were doubled, we could probably have a currency quite as effective as that of thirty years ago. If the shareholders were to have the option of taking up (say) five per cent. debenture shares (the original

shareholders to bear the risk and have the management as hitherto), the change should be advantageous both to the Bank and to the public.

If the Bank were to secure even as much as £15,000,000 in gold as an addition to the reserve in specie, and hold an additional £10,000,000 in consols, there would be an addition of £10,000,000 to the currency, of which the greater part might be twenty-shilling and ten-shilling notes payable in the aggregate of twenty shillings in gold. Should this change not afford adequate relief, perhaps the enlargement of our British and Indian silver coins by one-fifth in size and intrinsic value (making them identical for both countries, and mintable both there and in Australia in proportion to the respective paid-up banking capital) would be sufficient. To meet the issue of smaller notes, an equal proportion of gold and consols might be both safe and satisfactory. If the requisite additional capital was not provided by the shareholders, the public would take up debentures to the requisite amount at three per cent. The British currency should not be starved while capital is superabundant.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES WILSON.

Glendouran, Cheltenham, January 13, 1893.

The Sun's Radiation of Heat.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

I venture to think that Professor Dewar's recent discoveries in connection with the production of liquid air will have the result of causing the scientific authorities to modify some of their theories. In the account given in *The Times* of January 23 of Professor Dewar's lecture on Liquid Air, it is said that the "difference between the temperature of Professor Dewar's bulb (of liquid air) and the air of the theatre was not less than 210 degrees centigrade; yet, though that scorching blast necessarily had free access to the oxygen in one direction, the liquid was so perfectly protected by its vacuum jacket as to attain that relatively high degree of permanence." "We sometimes," the writer continues, "hear alarming calculations concerning the cooling down of this poor little world of ours, which is supposed to be constantly radiating its heat into limitless space. But is it? . . . The phenomena shown on Friday point to the conclusion that there is no radiation across an absolute vacuum." By "no radiation" the writer must mean no loss of heat by radiation; for we all know by experience that the sun radiates heat to us, and that across what is believed to be an absolute vacuum which has a radius of over 92,000,000 miles. Astronomers are able to calculate exactly the quantity of heat the sun annually radiates; and they assume that this

radiation is a source of loss to our luminary, causing it surely, if imperceptibly, to cool. Professor Newcomb observes, with regard to the sun (*Popular Astronomy*, p. 521), that, "as his globe cools off it must contract, and the heat generated by this contraction will suffice to make up almost the entire loss. This theory is not only in accordance with the laws of matter, but it admits of accurate mathematical investigation. Knowing the annual amount of energy which the sun radiates in the form of heat, it is easy, from the mechanical equivalent of the heat thus radiated, to find by what amount he must contract to make it up. It is thus found that with the present magnitude of the sun his whole diameter need contract but 220 feet a year to produce all the heat which he radiates. This amounts, in round numbers, to a mile in twenty-five years, or four miles in a century."

It is known that hot air radiates little or no heat; and, as all convection of warmth to Professor Dewar's bulb of liquid air was practically cut off, it was enabled to maintain its low temperature. Now, this seems to confirm the surmise that heat cannot be lost by radiation, and that if a hot body be completely protected from loss of heat by convection the only cause that can make that body cool will be the force of contraction acting on its mass. There is a tremendous struggle constantly going on in the vast incandescent globe of the sun between gravitation acting from within (the force of contraction in this case) on the one hand and heat expansion on the other; and the equivalent of the energy that is being expended by those powers is the heat radiated from all parts of the sun's surface. The sun's radiation, then, is evidently the result of the battle I have described; and, although in the long-run contraction may gain the victory, if heat be not lost by radiation in a pure void, it would appear that even the enormous amount which the sun radiates cannot be, as now supposed, a cause which is enabling gravitation slowly but surely to overcome the vast expansive power of the sun's unknown temperature. If this be the case, astronomers, apparently, have no *data* upon which to estimate the period during which the sun has been or will be radiating heat.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. Goff.

Kingstown, February 11, 1893.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 122.—APRIL, 1893.

THE HOME RULE BILL AND THE ARMY.

The Home Rule Bill is so full of monstrosities, absurdities, and injustices, that it never can and never will pass. If it was passed as it stands it would be simply unworkable, and its results would be so grotesque that even its authors would be ashamed of it. It is said that many of its nominal supporters would not be able to bring themselves to vote for it if they thought that it had a chance of passing. There never was a Bill presented to Parliament so full of points of attack, so incapable of defence. It would smash up the Empire, distract Parliament, and plunge Ireland into all the wretchedness of bankruptcy, and all the miseries of civil war. It has even already been torn to shreds in arguments that have never been answered, that have only been met by verbose platitudes and threadbare formulas.

The intention of this paper is not to make a long and exhaustive criticism, but to notice a few points connected with the position of the Army, which will each day as the discussion proceeds assume greater prominence.

Ireland, although placed in the position of a suspected province, whose justice is denied and whose honesty is questioned, is given a Legislature with vast powers for harm. Being handed over the magistracy and police, Ireland will have the interests of Great Britain and of the minority practically at its mercy. It has, how-

ever, been said by some, as a kind of comfort, that the military forces of the Queen are independent of the Irish Executive, and that they will remain amenable only to orders from London. It has been assumed too easily by many that the army in Ireland will be wholly outside the sphere of influence of the new Irish Executive and that thus there will be always a great Imperial force ready to check injustice and prevent wrong. This idea was vastly strengthened by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary of State for War, who, on the debate on the first reading, in reply to Colonel Waring, used these words : "The honourable and gallant member enquired who is to command the troops ? Was it ever expected that they should be altered from the position they now stand in ? The position of the troops and militia will remain just as at present. They will continue under the supreme control of the Commander-in-Chief under the Queen." The point involved in the question was whether the Lord Lieutenant and the new Home Rule Executive would have any power over the army ; and the answer might convey to the uninitiated that they would have no power, as the "Commander-in-Chief under the Queen" would have supreme control, as at present. Lord Spencer, however, interrogated in the House of Lords on the 13th March, read an opinion that had been given as to the power of the Lord Lieutenant, "that under his patent he was entitled to give such orders as he, as the highest civil authority, might deem to be necessary ; in the exercise of his authority as the direct representative of the Queen, he had all the powers and prerogatives of the Crown in Ireland." The words of the Viceroy's Patent, as stated by Lord Spencer in the House of Lords, support this opinion : "We give likewise to our Lieutenant-General, and our Governor-General, power and authority to give such orders and directions to the Commander of our Forces . . in Ireland, as he . . may judge necessary for the support of the civil authority, the collection of our revenue, the protection of our loving subjects, and the defence and security of . . Ireland, and for the suppression of tumults and insurrections, and of all traitorous and rebellious practices, within the same." It is also to be noted that the Lord Lieutenant is expressly named in some of the sections of the Army Act, 1881.

Under section 115 of that Act, the Lord Lieutenent is given the power of authorising for the troops the requisition of carriages in cases of emergency. Again, in section 122, it is enacted that "'qualified officer' for the purposes of the Act, in so far as it relates to convening or confirming the findings and sentences of general courts-martial, means the Commander-in-Chief, and any officer not below the rank of Field Officer in command, &c. It also includes the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Governor-General of

Canada, and a Governor of any Colony on whom the command of any body of regular troops may be conferred by Her Majesty." This Act is instructive as showing the great part which the civil power in Ireland has to play in reference to purely army matters. Billeting pivots upon the action of the civil constable. Billeting offences by officers and soldiers in Ireland are declared to be misdemeanours. Some of them are made punishable summarily by the Civil Magistrate. A summary jurisdiction over victuallers in respect of billeting offences is also given. Again, Justices of the Peace have to be invoked for the impressment of carriages. Thus, it may be taken that the housing and transit of the army on a route depends upon the cordial co-operation of the civil power in Ireland. It is also not to be lost sight of that the Irish prisons are used for military prisoners convicted in Ireland, and that the Lord Lieutenant possesses the prerogative of mercy in these cases, in the same way as he possesses it in the case of civilian convicts.

The proclamation of martial law is a difficult topic, and one as to which it is not easy to lay down any clear propositions. It is to be assumed that, save in cases of grave disorder, practical rebellion, and the dislocation of the civil authority, the responsibility of attempting to proclaim or apply it would not be attempted. It was tried in 1798, 1803, and 1833 in Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant was the directing authority. Orders of the Privy Council were issued with his sanction. Subsequently, Acts of Parliament were passed recognizing this action of the executive. It may well have been thought expedient to get the protection of a statute for acts involving such delicate and complex considerations. It is to be earnestly hoped that this supreme resource of the proclamation of martial law will never be appealed to in Ireland; but it is necessary now to consider all contingencies. If it were applied without the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant and his executive, it would be a state of war—out of all touch with the civil power of Ireland. If it is sought to be used by the Lord Lieutenant, are he and his constitutional advisers to have the right of deciding for themselves the acuteness of the exigency under which martial law is to be invoked?

It appears from the statement of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman that there is to be no change in the position of the Army, and that it is to remain subject to the same control as at present. There will, however, be a change in the position of the Viceroy. He is given an Executive Committee of the Privy Council, an Irish Cabinet, to aid him; and it is to be assumed that in all important matters he will be guided by their advice. There could be no matter of business or administration more important than exercising this

"power and prerogative," and, therefore, it is to be inferred that the Irish Cabinet would be constant advisers on the subject. Although independent of this power of the Lord Lieutenant under his patent, it must be understood that the civil power generally in the United Kingdom has for a great number of years been on requisition supported by the military. Statutes of Charles II. prescribe it in certain cases; but a work of high authority (Clode's *Military Forces of the Crown*) states that an order of the Privy Council, made in 1717, for the use of troops in aid of the Customs is the foundation of the practice of the military supporting the civil power. The Magistrate, however, should be present in person, and, if he be present, the military officer must act under his orders. Anyone reading Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's reply would hardly realise that this was "the position" of things which, it was intended, should, under a Home Rule Bill, "remain just as at present." Is this the serious and deliberate intention of the Government? Is the Lord Lieutenant "exercising all the powers and prerogatives of the Crown in Ireland" to be still "entitled to give such orders as the highest civil authority might deem to be necessary"? Is he to exercise this function alone, or subject to the advice of his Executive? If he acts against their advice, and they resign, how is the deadlock to be got over? If, acting with or without the advice of his Executive, he proclaims martial law, what are the troops to do? Again: Is the transit and billeting of the troops to be left at the mercy of a new police and a new magistracy? If they won't act, and are entirely out of sympathy with the "route" ordered, who is to force them to act? If the soldiers do so, they would be acting without the sanction of the civil power, and against the civil power. They would probably so act; but this would be revolution and civil war. Again: Is it intended that the new magistrates—the summary jurisdiction of the unknown future—are to have the power of requiring the aid of the troops in support of their orders, and, if necessary, of ordering the troops to fire? It is also to be noted that the whole postal and telegraph system of Ireland is to be placed under local control, and that military despatches and messages might be delayed or lost in transmission, and that the offending subordinate would no longer be subject to the stern control of the Postmaster-General in London.

These are grave questions for the Empire, for Ireland, for the Army. No one could tell that they all lay in ambush behind the tranquil and composed assurance of the Secretary of State for War that the troops and militia "will continue under the supreme control of the Commander-in-Chief under the Queen." Yet it is manifest from Lord Spencer's language in the House of Lords on March 17 that there is no difference of opinion whatever between him and

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman as to the present position of the Army in relation to the Lord Lieutenant and the civil power in Ireland.

In the future, assuming such a monstrous Bill could conceivably pass, the position of the Army would be almost as bad and as difficult as that of the minority—if "the position of the troops and militia will remain just as at present."

Under existing conditions no difficulty arises, because both military and civil authorities are branches of the same Government. But under the new *régime* the civil authority in Ireland would not be responsible to the Imperial Government, whilst it might have the power and right to interfere, as it thought right in its discretion, with the movements and distribution of all troops which chanced for the time being to be in Ireland, and its magistrates might possibly requisition their aid as they pleased in all riots or disturbances from whatever cause arising. If the troops were moved to districts and by routes not approved by the civil authority, the officers would have no power to coerce that authority to do its duty as to billeting or transport. It is to use very mild language to suggest that the position of the army in Ireland, under such conditions, would be uncertain, uncomfortable, and galling. The Imperial Government would not be responsible for the peace of Ireland, or have any right to interfere to preserve it, or to restore it when broken. If a rebellion took the form of an organized effort to throw off imperial supremacy the Imperial Government would certainly put it down by force. But if it was a contest between two factions, could the British Government, as such, interfere at all? No authority external to Ireland could use military force in Ireland without a usurpation of the powers of the Irish Executive. The only case to be imagined (and it is by no means clear) would be if the two Exchequer judges called upon the military to support their deputy in executing their decrees. What rare complications are suggested by the mere idea! The only justification for appointing an officer of their own as a sheriff *pro hac vice* would be that the ordinary sheriff and civil power had not done its duty. If the Exchequer judges, and its temporary sheriff (for whose payment no provision is made), invoked the aid of the troops, and if at the same time the Irish Executive, not approving the action of the Exchequer judges, ordered the troops elsewhere, what should they do? If they acted for the sheriff of the Exchequer judges, and unfortunately took a life, they would be promptly tried before a common jury of the locality (if trial by jury was not at the time abolished), and dealt with in "due process of law." Truly, the position of the Exchequer judges is not more comfortable than that of the Army!

It is to be noted that under the Bill it would be probable that the troops would be asked to assist the civil power more frequently than at present. Now there is the splendid Royal Irish Constabulary, and Dublin Metropolitan police, to act with and be the ordinary guardians of the civil power. The police of the future must be far inferior. Ireland would be too poor to pay and keep up anything save the smallest and cheapest force possible. Its executive is left free, with absolute discretion to measure "the police force adequate"; and it will be a great temptation to cut down the force to the lowest possible dimensions if it is known that the military could always be requisitioned to aid the civil power, and thus supply its shortcomings.

It would be impossible within the limits of an article to work out all the complications which must result to the Army if this Bill became law. All would be involved in hopeless and dangerous confusion, and it would be difficult to unravel the legal and constitutional mazes it discloses. It is manifest that there would be grave conflicts of authorities and jurisdictions, and serious complications and dangers. Even a slight examination shows what a hopeless labyrinth the Army would be involved in by this Home Rule Bill. The examination of those problems, as they disclosed themselves, and the position and actions of the Army in Ireland, would also afford the eighty Irish members frequent opportunities of taking part in the debates at Westminster under "the wit of man" section!

ASHBOURNE.

THE CAUSES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

[*This paper forms a continuation of "A Ground of Agreement for all Parties," published in the last number of* The National Review.]

IV.

THE CAUSES HITHERTO HAVE BEEN IMPERFECTLY ANALYZED. A DEFINITE PART OF THE INCOME CAN BE ASSIGNED TO EACH CAUSE.

In a paper published in this *Review* last month, I showed how disappointing to all concerned would be the results of an equal division of the whole national income; and how the state of things produced by it could not continue for a day. But I ended by saying that to any scheme for such a division there was a far deeper objection than the character of the results: and that objection is, that the national income is a thing which is incapable of being arbitrarily and forcibly divided. It is not, as I have pointed out elsewhere, a dead thing like a tree, which can be cut into chips and distributed. It is, on the contrary, a living thing, constantly wasting, constantly reproduced; and liable, like a living thing, to shrink and wither away at the least touch of a knife applied to it in haste or ignorance. I have pointed out elsewhere also that its distribution depends principally on the causes of its production, and that the possibility of effecting any change in the former can be understood only by a careful consideration of the latter. My principal argument was as follows: The same number of men, in the same country, and with the assistance of the same land, do not always produce the same amount of income. Three generations ago they produced in Great Britain little more than a third of what they produce now. Fifty years ago they produced little more than a half. Therefore, before we disturb the entire structure of society in order to re-divide the total income when it is produced, we have to see that we do not, by this process, destroy or diminish the thing we seek to divide.

I propose, therefore, to examine the causes of the production of the national income; and this examination subdivides itself into two. Let us see exactly how.

We may, for our present purpose, represent the national income as a heap of commodities, which are constantly disappearing, and are every year replaced by new ones. Here, then, we have a heap of commodities on one side, and on the other side we have the subjects of our enquiry—namely, the conditions and agencies to which the production of that heap is due. Now, one of the agencies is, of course, the agency of man; but, as pointed out just now, the equal exertions of equal bodies of men are far from resulting always in heaps of the same size. For instance, the exertions of a million men in this country a hundred years ago resulted annually in a heap worth some fourteen million pounds; now the same exertions on the part of the same number of men result annually in a heap worth nearly thirty-five millions.

The two enquiries, therefore, of which I spoke, are as follows: The first is, What are the causes—human exertion being one of them—to which the production of either of these heaps—the smaller or the larger—is to be attributed? The second is: Given the causes of the production of one heap—no matter which—what is the difference between these causes and the causes of the production of the other heap, which will account for the latter being so much larger or so much less than the former? Or, in other words: Amongst these causes, which is the varying element—the element that regulates the quantity of commodities that are produced?

It is evident that the two enquiries must be made in the above order. We must see first what are the causes of the production of commodities generally, before we enquire into what regulates the exact amount produced. Now, it makes no logical difference to the argument whether we imagine ourselves in the first enquiry to be dealing with the larger of the amounts named or the smaller; or, indeed, whether we consider ourselves to be dealing with any definite amount at all. But in point of practical convenience, and what we may call mental convenience, a definite amount, and an historical amount, will be much better to work with; and on the same grounds, of the two historical amounts that have been named, it will be much better to take, for our first purpose, the smaller one—namely, the amount produced in this country at the end of the last century. The selection of this particular date is in one sense purely arbitrary; but here again I have been guided by reasons of practical convenience: for at this particular date production was just entering on its present stage of development: its course from then to now is easy for us to follow continuously, and the principal events of its history during that period are sufficiently familiar to us all.

We will start, then, with the fact that about a hundred years ago —at the end of the last century and the beginning of this—the

income of the nation was such that, if divided equally amongst the inhabitants, the share of each inhabitant would have been about £14; or if we confine ourselves to Great Britain, the population of which then was, in round numbers, ten millions, we have a national income of a hundred and forty million pounds, or a heap of goods or commodities produced every year, to an amount that is indicated by that money value. Here, then, we start with a plain historical fact; and, taking any one of the closing years of the last century, let us ask what were the causes at work in this island to the production of which such a heap of goods or commodities was due?

So far as words are concerned we have an answer ready to hand —the conventional answer: Land, Capital, and Labour;—but, as will be seen by-and-by, this answer is a very imperfect one, entirely leaving out the most important factor in the problem: and even so far as it is true—and it *is* true so far as it goes—it is by most people very imperfectly understood; and its practical significance has rarely been explained by economists. We will, however, begin by taking this imperfect answer; and before adding to it the truths that it does not contain, we will make ourselves understand clearly those truths that it does. We will only, with a view to future criticisms, make one alteration in it, which, for the present, we may consider as merely verbal. For the word *Labour* we will substitute *Human Exertion;* and we will accordingly say that about a hundred years ago the land of this island, the capital of this island, and the exertions of ten million people, produced together, every twelve months, a heap of commodities worth a hundred and forty million pounds. Here we have a statement with which, so far as it goes, nobody can quarrel; for by substituting the term *Human Exertion* for *Labour*, though we make our language more vague, we free it from all inaccuracy. And now, this much being settled, we will go on to examine the part which each of these three agencies plays.

In doing this the great thing to bear always in mind is the question with which we are concerned ultimately; and that is the distribution of the amount of wealth produced. Accordingly, the principal point which will concern us from the very first is, What proportion of the produce is to be credited to each of the several agencies of production? For the possibilities of distribution all depend on this.

And I cannot introduce the subject in a better way than by quoting the following passage from John Stuart Mill; not, however, because it is true, but because it is so absolutely and so absurdly false, and because, by realizing its falsehood, we shall more clearly see the truth. "Some writers," says Mill, "have raised the

question whether nature gives more assistance to labour in one kind of industry or another, and have said that in some occupations labour does most; in others, nature most. In this, however, there seems much confusion of ideas. The part which nature has in any work of man is indefinite and immeasurable. It is impossible to decide that in any one thing nature does more than in any other. One cannot even say that labour does less. Less labour may be required; but if that which is required is absolutely indispensable, the result is just as much the product of labour as of nature. When two conditions are equally necessary for producing the effect at all, it is unmeaning to say that so much of it is produced by one and so much by the other. It is like attempting to decide which half of a pair of scissors has most to do with the act of cutting; or, which of the factors—five or six—has most to do with the production of thirty." So writes Mill in the first chapter of his work on *Political Economy;* and, if what he says applies to nature and labour (or, as we are calling it, human exertion), it applies equally to human exertion and capital. It is impossible to assign to any one of them any specific portion of the product. But Mill's argument is equally untrue with regard to both cases; and little as he perceived that it was so, a large part of his book is virtually a complete refutation of it.

For let us reflect on the various parts into which the wealth produced is divided, not only in actual practice, but theoretically by Mill himself. He divides it into Rent, Interest, Compensation for Risk, and Wages.* Of compensation for risk we need not speak here; but rent, interest, and wages—what are they? They are portions of the product which correspond, at all events in theory, to the amounts produced respectively by nature, capital, and human exertion, and are on that account distributed amongst the human beings who have exerted themselves, and those who own the land and the capital. There are many causes, in practice, which may prevent the correspondence being complete, and hereafter we shall have occasion to discuss them; but that the general way in which the product is at present distributed is based on the amount of assistance contributed to its production by these three things respectively—land, capital, and human exertion—is a fact which no one can doubt when once he has really studied it, and it must, before we go further, be made absolutely clear to the reader. The reader must be shown that, contrary to what Mill says, though three different agencies are all equally indispensable to the result, it is not only not "unmeaning to say that so much of it is produced by

* Profits are not mentioned above. They consist, says Mill, of interest on capital, compensation for risk, and wages of superintendence.

one and so much by the other," but it is possible to make the calculation with practical certainty and precision, and the whole of distribution of the product has hitherto depended on our making it. The easiest way to understand the matter is at first to put capital and interest aside, and to deal only with land and human exertion, together with the proportions of the product that we credit to the agency of each, and that are known under the familiar names of Rent and Wages. A careful consideration of these will bring many things to light, which, though they lie only a little below the surface, the ordinary reader will find completely new to him.

V.

HUMAN EXERTION AND LAND.—THE PROPORTION OF THE GROSS PRODUCE BY EACH.

Economists have often remarked that, of all points in economic science, the nature of rent is the one most difficult to understand. It is certainly the one that is least generally understood; but it seems to me that the fact of its being so is due more to the dulness of the economists in explaining the mystery than to the dulness of the general public in apprehending their explanations. It will, at all events, not be superfluous here to attempt to make the matter absolutely clear and simple.

By rent, first and foremost, we mean agricultural rent; that is to say, a portion of the product or products derived from the use or tillage of a given tract of soil; and we will begin with considering this. Of such products let us take corn, which is the chief, and use it for simplicity's sake as representing all the rest; and, that being settled, let us go a step farther, and, for simplicity's sake also, let us represent corn by bread, and imagine that loaves develop themselves in the soil like potatoes, when the soil is properly tilled, and are dug up ready for consumption. Rent, therefore, is a certain number of the loaves that we figure to ourselves as dug up from a given tract of soil. Now, everybody knows that all soils are not equally good. That there is good land and that there is poor land is a fact quite familiar even to people who, in all their lives, have never spent a day in the country. And this means that, continuing the above supposition, different fields of precisely the same size, cultivated by similar men with the same expenditure of labour, will yield to their respective cultivators a different number of loaves.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, we will say, are three brothers, who have each inherited a field of twelve acres. They are all of them equally strong and equally industrious; they are, in fact, as like one another as three Enfield rifles, and each works in his field for the same time every day, digs up as many loaves as he can, and every evening brings them home in a basket; but, when they come to

compare the number that has been dug up by each, Tom always finds that he has fifteen loaves, Dick that he has twelve, and Harry that he has only nine; the reason being that in the field owned by Harry fewer loaves develop themselves than in the fields owned by Tom and Dick. Harry digs up fewer because there are fewer to dig up. Let us consider Harry's case first.

Each of the loaves is, we will say, worth fourpence; therefore Harry, with his nine loaves, makes three shillings a day, or eighteen shillings a week. This is just enough to support him, according to the ideas and habits of his class. If his field were such that it yielded him fewer loaves it would not be worth his while to cultivate it; for he would each day have to consume more bread than he got from it: still less would it be worth his while to cultivate it if any of the loaves were taken from him, and he were not allowed to consume or to sell them all; for, as we have seen, the total is but just sufficient for his needs. But, so long as the total produce goes to him and to no one else, we must take it for granted that his labour and his land together yield him a livelihood which, according to the standard of his class, is sufficient; for, otherwise, he would leave his land, and seek some other occupation.

And now let us turn from Harry's case to the cases of Tom and Dick. They have been accustomed to precisely the same standard of living as he has; and they consume, in supporting themselves, precisely the same amount of produce. But after they have done this, they each have a something that Harry has not got; they have a surplus. Every day Dick has three extra loaves: and every day Tom has six. To what, then, is the production of these extra loaves due? Is it due to land, or is it due to labour? Mill would tell us this was an unmeaning question; but let us see if that is the case.

It would be the case if we had to do with one of the brothers only—say, with Harry,—and only with Harry's field—a field which rewarded his day's labour invariably with the same number of loaves—namely, nine. Then, no doubt, it would be impossible to say, and it would be useless to speculate, which produced most—Harry or the furrows tilled by him—whether Harry produced four loaves and the furrows five, or Harry five loaves and the furrows four. In that case we should have no occasion for any practical purpose to subject the land to any calculations at all: for even if we were to decide that the land produced seven of the loaves, they would, nevertheless, all go to the labourer. It would, therefore, be quite sufficient to take account of labour only, and say that Harry's labour daily produced nine loaves.

But the moment we have to deal with another field than

Harry's—a field which, though it is of exactly the same size, and cultivated every day with the same amount of labour, yields to that labour a different number of loaves—twelve loaves or fifteen loaves instead of nine—then our position altogether changes; and a calculation which was before unnecessary becomes at once intelligible and necessary. We are at once able and obliged to consider land as well as labour, and to discriminate between their respective products. For if we start with the generalization derived from Harry's case, or other similar cases in which the land is of the same quality, that one man's labour produces nine loaves daily, and then find that Tom and Dick, for the same amount of labour, are rewarded respectively by twelve loaves and by fifteen, we have three extra loaves in one case and six in another, which cannot have been produced by labour, but which must have been produced by something. They cannot have been produced by labour; for the very assumption with which we start is that the labour is the same in the last two cases as in the first; and, according to all common sense and all logical reasoning, the same cause cannot produce two different results. When results differ, the difference must be attributed to some cause that varies, not to a cause that remains the same. And the only cause that here varies is the land. Accordingly, whilst in Harry's case we neither care nor are concerned to credit the land with any part of the product, but say that the whole of the nine loaves are produced by Harry's labour, in the cases of Tom and Dick, we credit their labour with a precisely similar number; but all loaves beyond that number we credit, not to their labour, but to their land. In Tom's case we credit the land with six loaves; in Dick's case we credit it with three.

Now, in doing this, we are indulging in no piece of mere theoretical ingenuity. We are asserting a practical fact. If anyone doubts that such is the case, let him imagine our three brothers beginning to quarrel amongst themselves, and Tom and Dick asserting that they were better men than Harry, on the ground that they always brought home more loaves than he. Cannot everyone see what Harry's retort would be, and see also it is unanswerable? Of course he would answer, "I am as good a man as either of you, and my labour produces quite as much as yours. Let us only change fields, you will see that soon enough. Tom shall take my field and I will take Tom's, and I will then bring home fifteen loaves, and he—do what he will—will only bring home nine. It is your land that produces more than mine, not you that produce more than I; and if you deny it, stand out, and I'll fight you."

And all the world really admits this argument; and not only ad-

mits it, but acts on it; for this extra number of loaves produced by the superior soils is neither more nor less than Rent; and Rent is a portion of the produce which is assigned invariably to the owner of the land, for the simple reason that the land is the agency which has produced it. This must always be so, under any social arrangement. It is not peculiar to our existing system of landlordism. If the land were nationalized the rent would go to the State: where the land is divided amongst the cultivators, the rent goes to the cultivators. It always exists as a special portion of the product, due to the soil, and sticking to whoever owns the soil.

In order that the reader may fully realize not only that this is the case, but that it necessarily must be the case, let us go back to our three brothers, and imagine that Harry has a sweetheart who lives close to Tom's field, and that he is thus very anxious to exchange fields with Tom, in order that he may be cheered at his work by the smiles of the beloved object. Now, if Tom was to assent to Harry's wishes, without making any conditions, he would be not only humouring Harry's heart, but he would be making him a present of six loaves daily; and this, we may assume, he certainly would not do, nor could Harry, if he knew anything of human nature, expect or even ask him to do so. If Tom, however, were on good terms with his brother, he might quite conceivably be willing to meet his wishes, could it be but arranged that he should be no loser by doing so; and this could be arranged in one way only—namely, that, since Harry would gain six loaves each day by the exchange, and Tom would lose them, Harry should send these six loaves every day to Tom: and thus, whilst Harry was a gainer from a sentimental point of view, the material circumstances of both of them would be what they were before. Or we may put the arrangement in more familiar terms. The loaves in question we have supposed to be worth fourpence each: so we may assume that instead of actually sending the loaves, Harry sends his brother two shillings a day, or twelve shillings a week, or thirty pounds a year. Tom's field, as we have said, is twelve acres; therefore, Harry pays him a rent of fifty shillings an acre.

Rent has been called, and by stupid and ignorant people is constantly called still, an immoral tax upon labour, from which labour ought to be relieved; but let the reader reflect on the above case, and he will see how nonsensical all such language is. Let him put himself in Tom's place, and ask his own common sense this: Is the fifty shillings he receives a tax on Harry's labour? Harry, after the fifty shillings is paid, finds that his labour has brought him just as much as it ever did: the only difference in his situation is that the scene of his labour is more agreeable to him. The

fifty shillings was something that he never got before; he only gets it now owing to Tom's kindness; and unless he handed it over to Tom, Tom, for no reason whatever, would be simply making him a present of it. Is there any reader who would admit that in refusing to make his neighbour such a present, and in merely demanding an equivalent for what his neighbour is taking from him, he is levying a tax on his neighbour which ought not to be permitted, and is not rather insisting on the commonest claim of justice, without a respect to which no business between man and man would be possible?

And Tom's case is really the case of every landlord, no matter whether the landlord is an individual, or the State; a peer, who lets his land, or a peasant, like Tom, who cultivates it. He must take his rent, or give it to somebody else, who will be less squeamish. Tom paid his rent to himself before he let his land to Harry; and, unless he had let his land, he would be paying it to himself still. Rent still is rent, no matter who takes it; only the person or the body that takes it must necessarily be the landlord, unless the landlord is prepared to make a present of it to the first man that comes. Supposing that the State owns all the land in the Kingdom, and that Tom and Harry are consequently both tenants of the State, it is obvious that Tom, who has the better field allotted him, must pay for the privilege of occupying it something that Harry does not pay; or else the State would be dealing very unequally by its citizens. In other words: As a mere matter of justice the State would be obliged to exact rent from Tom, whilst it would not and could not exact rent from Harry, for the whole of Harry's nine loaves would be required for his own subsistence; and, in order to put the two men on an equality, Tom's rent would have to be the number of loaves which rewarded his labour in excess of the number that rewarded Harry's: whilst if Harry and Tom, as tenants of the State, wished to exchange fields in the manner above supposed, Tom would be compensated for accepting the poorer field by having to pay no rent for it: and Harry, for the privilege of occupying the better field, would have to pay the same rent to the State that had been hitherto paid for it by Tom.

The reader will therefore perceive that this doctrine of rent, though it is based on a most rigorous definition of what is produced by labour, interferes with no views we may entertain as to the moral rights of the labourer. If anyone contends that the men who labour on the land, and who now pay away as tenants part of the produce in rent, ought by right to keep the whole for themselves, he is not asserting that already they do not keep all that is produced by their labour, but merely that they ought to own the land instead of renting it, and so keep all that is produced by the

land as well. Every Radical who has ever thought about the matter at all, and every Socialist also, assents to this doctrine of rent, and uses it in all his arguments; and when Radicals ignore it, as they very often do, and speak of rent as a tax upon labour, instead of the portion of the product produced not by labour but by land—when, I say, Radicals speak like this, they do so not because they are Radicals, or because they are extreme Radicals, but simply and solely because they are ignorant and stupid Radicals.

The very existence, then, of rent and its obvious necessity—specially obvious if we suppose the State to be the landlord—form a conclusive proof of the fact so forcibly denied by Mill—namely, that though two or more causes—nature and human exertion—may be equally essential to the production of wealth, and that in the absence of either of these no wealth could be produced, we are yet able, under ordinary circumstances, to assign to each cause a definite portion of the wealth as its own special product. And the manner in which these respective portions are arrived at is not only an equally conclusive proof, but is also an example, of the truth of the following principle.

In cases where labour is applied to land which yields only enough wealth to maintain the labourer, practical logic compels us to attribute the whole products to labour, and to take the assumption that labour produces this much, as our starting-point. But in all other cases—that is to say, in all cases where the same human exertion results in an increased product, we attribute the increase—we attribute the added product—not to human exertion, which is present equally in both cases, but to some cause which is present in the second case, and was not present in the first: that is to say, to some superior quality in the soil. Or, to put the matter in a more general form: When two or more causes produce a given amount of wealth, and when these same causes, with some other cause added to them, produce a greater amount, the excess of the last amount over the first is, not merely in a theoretical sense, but in a most real and practical sense, produced by the added cause: or, conversely, the added cause produces precisely that proportion of the total by which the total would be diminished if the cause in question were withdrawn.

Thus, if we take account only of land and human exertion, and, for the present, leave capital out of the question, the land of a country, as distinct from labour, must be held to produce whatever part of the product is in excess of the amount that would have been produced if the whole land of the country had been of as poor a quality as those parts of it on which the labourers can only just maintain themselves. Now, as I shall have again to remind the reader soon, we are at present considering all these points with

a view to the wealth produced in the United Kingdom about a hundred years ago: so we will illustrate what has just been said by figures of that period. The total annual value of agricultural produce of Great Britain was then about seventy-five millions of pounds, and the rent of the country was about twenty-five millions: that is to say, twenty-five millions out of seventy-five was the amount produced by land as distinct from other agencies. Thus far we have been considering one other agency only—namely, human exertion;—and if we continued to do so we should, of course, have to say that the remainder of the seventy-five millions —namely, fifty millions—was produced by human exertion. Now, however, that we have appealed to actual facts, we shall be obliged to take account of what hitherto I have been purposely ignoring; for, as an actual fact, of the fifty millions in question, we shall see that a considerable part was really produced by capital, and was taken as interest by the farmers in their character of capitalists. In the next Number of this *Review* I propose to consider capital, and to show that the principle on which it is credited with its share of the product is precisely the same as that on which, as we have just seen, land is credited with its share under the form of rent.

In concluding this paper I may refer the reader to one of the commonest of our common phrases, which is in itself a proof of what I have been urging. If a farmer is transferred from a bad farm to a good one, and the product of his farming is increased, it will be said by everybody "The good farm *makes* all the difference." This is merely another way of saying "The superior quality of the soil *produces* all the increase."

THE RADICAL RUSH.

It can hardly be denied, I think, by the most sanguine of Conservative optimists that with the year 1893 Radical principles have cleared at one bound the space which divides practical from merely speculative politics. Many of the Bills lately introduced into Parliament may not become law for many years, and perhaps never. Home Rule may break down, and the country before long may restore the Unionists to office. But what is here said will remain equally true for all that. At the opening of Parliament, on the last day of January, suggestions which only a dozen years ago would have been received with either contempt or indignation by all the leading statesmen in the country were introduced for the first time into the Queen's Speech. To be mentioned in the Queen's Speech is for a public question what being presented at Court is for a private person. It is the formal recognition of a certain political status: as the other is of a social one. The subject is thenceforth enrolled among those which may be legitimately entertained by the Ministers of the Crown, and are entitled to a respectful hearing by whomsoever they are brought forward. We are not to suppose that in addressing the great Council of the nation the Sovereign makes use of idle words, or indicates reforms which there is no intention of carrying out. It is highly undesirable that any such conception of so solemn and important a ceremony should be allowed to gain ground in the country: and it may be remembered that one of the principal reasons which induced Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby to take up Parliamentary reform was the frequency with which it had been mentioned in the Speech from the Throne.

To the sincere and zealous Radical, howsoever much we may recoil from his political opinions, is due all the respect which men readily pay to courage, perseverance, strength of will, and self-reliance. He knows exactly what he wants, and, what is more, he wants it very much. Many Conservatives hardly know what they do want, and, of those who do, many are lukewarm in pursuit of it. The Radical has all the advantage which the attack has over the defence; and he knows, or thinks he knows, that time, which, as Lord Lytton so

finely said, is always on the side of the destroyer, is on his side. His path lies clear before him. It may be long and difficult; but he cannot mistake it. He occupies an intelligible position; and in nothing that follows have I the slightest intention of imputing to him anything like trickery, or dishonesty, or malignity. Being convinced that what we call the British Constitution—political, social, and religious—is founded on a total misconception of the real interests of humanity, he is prepared to act up to his convictions, and devote his life to the destruction of it. He has now once more got the reins in his hands; and is at no pains to conceal the goal towards which he means to hurry us.

We are not now, therefore, exactly where we were last October, when two articles appeared in this *Review* on Progressive and non-Progressive Toryism. What has occurred since then has not, we are afraid, strengthened the case in favour of the former. My own sympathies at the time were with its advocate, and still are. But the ultimate safety of our Constitution, and the immediate duty of Conservatism, are scarcely to be looked for now in the direction which he indicated. Before, however, saying what I have to say about the crisis which now directly confronts us, there is one question which I should like to ask of both these writers, and that is simply what they mean. There are certain current phrases available for each which sound well and look well on paper, but fail to satisfy us when we sit down seriously to think about them. "Let us confess," says the Progressive Tory, "that an attitude of pure negation is no longer possible." When was it? The writer answers himself a little farther on by saying that "Toryism and Conservatism have never in the practice or teaching of its best exponents" (who, of course, controlled its policy) "been synonymous with negation or rigidity." Then, if they never have been, why say that they no longer can be? "The natural function of the Tory Party, the Party of negative force," says the Old-School Tory, "is to prevent the Radical Party, the Party of initiative force, from using power wrongly." Yes; but how are they to do it? How are they to do it at this very moment? How are they to do it at any time without the support of that class to which, as the old Tory says, "great reforms are agreeable"? If we require the support of that class, it is certain that we cannot obtain it by a purely defensive attitude; and at what figure does the old Tory place the numerical strength of an Opposition which is "to prevent the Radicals from using power wrongly," and how many times in half-a-century, and for how long at a time, are the Conservatives to be in office to justify the House of Lords in exercising this preventive function?

I would further ask the Progressive Tory at what point he hopes to find any resting-place for the sole of his foot. Where among

the working classes does he expect to light upon the Conservative stratum which will give him the που στῶ required by his theory? This stratum is to be sought, obviously, not among those who are Conservatives already, but among those who are not, and have yet to be attracted to Conservatism by the policy which he advocates. What ground has he for believing that this class will ever welcome what is really an eclectic creed, picking out this measure here, and rejecting that one there, according to each man's idea of the national requirements? Can we ever reach a point at which it will be useless for Radicals to be "more progressive still": a point at which the vast majority of the people will be satisfied to rest and ask for no further changes? I do not say we cannot; and I shall consider the question presently. But the Progressive Tory seems to blink it, though it is the one on which everything else turns. Unless we can answer it in the affirmative, it is better to be non-Progressive, and fight to the last for all that remains to us of good in our old Constitution. If we could keep this afloat for only another generation, that would be a great gain.

But the Old-School Tory is equally bound to tell us where he expects to find his own που στῶ—on what *he* relies for the support of a defensive Party strong enough really to defend. We are very far from saying that the elements of such a Party do not exist in the country. But how can they possibly be developed or organized under such a system as the old Tory recommends? He, too, makes the oft-repeated statement that it is not the business of the Conservative or Tory Party to be in office. Every now and then, he says, when the country is digusted by some more than usually flagrant exhibition of Radical incompetence, they may take a turn at it—but only as caretakers—till a new tenant can be found belonging to the right breed. If popular progress is the order of the day, the proper *régime* is a Liberal Government to introduce organic changes, and a Conservative Opposition to prevent them from going too far. Thus each Party will be in its right place, and both perhaps equally useful. The Conservative Party will occupy a well-defined and honourable position, and always be able to act up to its original principles. This, I believe, is a fair statement of his case. Now, just let us consider what such a system must of necessity end in. To discharge the functions here assigned to it, an Opposition must be powerful, and, to be powerful, it must be formidable. But an Opposition which abjured office would be formidable to no one, and could exercise no real control over the policy of Ministers. What becomes, then, of its pretensions to keep in check Radical excesses? But this is not all. Such an Opposition as this, while it would have no weight with the Ministry, would have no attractions for the public. Clever young men would

cease to throw in their lot with a Party which made a virtue of renouncing all the prizes of political life. The Opposition would dwindle away like the Jacobites, and become totally incapable of exerting that Conservative influence for the sake of which alone it had adopted this self-denying ordinance. To keep a Radical Government in order, Opposition must be able to take its place, and not only to take it, but to keep it. And this it can never do if it makes no effort to enlist the people on its side by giving a respectful hearing, at all events, to popular demands, instead of meeting them all with the same rigid *non possumus*.

What is to be done, then? Well—the first thing to be done, I think, is for Tories to cease to abuse each other, and for both Progressives and non-Progressives to recognize the fact that there is something to be said on both sides, and much which both can do together without treading on debatable ground. We ought all to be able to combine against what is now seen to be the plain intention of our opponents. It is a matter of life and death with the Radicals at the present hour to force such Measures through the existing Parliament as shall compensate for the possible loss of the Irish vote in its successor. If, Home Rule being passed, another Parliament finds them with these Measures unaccomplished, it may go very hard indeed with them. I need only name such Bills as the Registration Bill, the Local Authorities Bill, the Plurality of Voting Bill, and the Payment of Members Bill. If they cannot pass them, they will, at all events, labour to commit the House of Commons to as many preliminary admissions as they possibly can, in order to use them hereafter as the basis of a further movement. The immediate object of the Opposition is to limit the success of these tactics within as narrow an area as possible; and they cannot hope to limit it at all unless they are thoroughly unanimous. The Radical Party have the strongest incentives imaginable to strengthen their position as much as possible during the next few months. Their whole prospects for another generation may depend on what they do this Session, while they can still count on the support of the Irish Party. The constituencies are, therefore, to be doctored once more according to a well-known Liberal recipe, so as to ensure a further infusion of Radicalism into the English electorate against the exclusion of their Irish allies from all share in domestic legislation.

The Radicals are in this dilemma. If Home Rule is successful, they lose the Irish vote. If it is not, Ireland will still stop the way. For every reason, therefore, the present opportunity is one not to be lost. We have to deal with men who are terribly in earnest, and whose methods differ as much as their purposes from those of the old-fashioned Constitutional Liberal.

The honest Radical cares much for equality, but not quite so much for liberty. He has little respect for those more deliberate and formal processes by which legislation has been hitherto conducted in Parliament, so as to secure ample time for deliberation and reflection. Though the unwritten laws and customs by which our Parliamentary procedure is regulated may be very convenient for his own Party in Opposition, he laughs at them in his sleeve, and, when he is in possession of power, makes no secret of his contempt for them. That individual liberty may be more precious even than the triumph of ideas is a position which seems to him absurd; and therefore, in perfect honesty and in perfect good faith, he will proceed to all extremities, and be stopped by nothing but such an outbreak of public opinion as shall make him sensible that he has gone too far. If instances are wanted, they are to be found among, other things, in the Suspensory Bill, in the Welsh Land Enquiry Commission, in the use of the closure after only one night's debate, in the refusal of Mr. Morley to render that assistance to the Irish Sheriffs which the law requires of him, in the ruling of the new Chairman of Committees on the subject of supplementary votes, and in the Radical suggestion that Ministers should deliberately violate the law which regulates the financial proceedings of the House of Commons, in order to read the Irish Bill a second time before Easter.

Without going into any further details, we have here a tolerably fair picture of both the methods and the Measures which the Radicals are prepared to adopt by way of disabling their opponents; or, if they cannot do it all at once, towards paving the way for it hereafter. Whether they succeed or fail in the designs we have indicated, the duty of the Conservatives will be one and the same. When the battle has to be fought out on purely domestic questions one essential condition of victory will be that the Radical pill shall be stripped of its gilding: in other words, that the boon which is offered to a large and powerful class of voters to induce them to support measures for which they have no natural inclination shall be shown to be one which Conservatives have both the will and the power to confer upon them, by means simpler and more direct than any which the Radicals can command.

My belief, based on a tolerably wide knowledge of the English peasantry, is that they dislike, above all things, being dictated to by their neighbours; and that if they support such Measures as, for this very reason, they do not want, it is only because they fancy that through them they may secure others which they do want: and that the men who advocate the first are the only men likely to promote the second. I believe that a dislike of and contempt for all that savours of Puritanism is as deep as ever in the English

rural districts. If they submit to the same kind of tyranny from which they escaped with such delight in the 17th century, it is for the reason above given. The English peasant, if left to himself, will never believe, any more than we do, that giving power to fifty small groups to oppress fifty smaller groups is really the advancement of liberty, or the proper work of any Party which is entitled to call itself Liberal. The creation of fifty petty tyrants to enforce certain high moral views on their unregenerate neighbours may be a good thing or a bad thing; but it is not liberality. It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but it's not Homer. We shall never believe, without much stronger evidence than any which we have yet seen, that the peasantry, as a body, have any sympathy with Radicalism, except as it concerns the Land Question. To Local Option Bills, Eight-Hours Bills, Suspensory Bills, Disestablishment Bills, Plurality of Votes Bills, Enfranchisement of Places of Worship Bills, they are either hostile or profoundly indifferent. But if their own objects are to be gained by the temporary support of Radical or Puritan tyranny no doubt they will support it. So, too, with Parish Councils: the labourer will be pleased to have them as a means to one particular end. But if this could be attained without them, he would, I am persuaded, after the first novelty had worn off, take very little part in them. They would fall into other hands, and under the management of a class who have other objects in view, and other passions to gratify, far more important in their eyes than the improvement of village life.

There is only one way left. It is idle for Conservatives to waste time, trouble, and perhaps reputation, in trying to be Progressive "all along the line." They can do better than that. All that is wanting to a united agricultural interest is the accession of the peasantry, already more than half their own. There is one thing the peasantry want, and one gift which would abundantly repay the giver; and it is on this one thing that Conservatives should concentrate their energies. That will be sufficient. They themselves are in possession of the commodity for a portion of which the labourers are so anxious; and it is for them to devise the means of satisfying this very natural desire. What has been done hitherto is only a drop in the ocean—only touches the fringe of the question. And we do not believe that what is wanted can be done by Parliament alone. The Conservative Party in the country must take the work into their own hands, and do it for themselves. They will require the help of Parliament in one way or another, I daresay; but it is greatly to be wished that the question should not be left in the hands of County Councils or Parish Councils, full of local jealousies and petty personal feuds. I would rather see the redistribution of the soil among the peasantry entrusted to a Govern-

ment department. But what would be still better would be a Land Association in every county in England, for enabling landlords to carry out the work themselves. Of farms that are still tenanted the rents have fallen fifty per cent. For many more no tenants can be found at all. Why should not every owner of an estate make up his mind to subdivide such farms, and let them out in holdings varying from ten to fifty acres? Such a change could not well be for the worse. And consider what the effect would be of such a measure as this carried out over the whole of England, and establishing at once, and everywhere, a large class of small farmers in touch with the peasantry, and in a position so little above the labourer as to afford him a reasonable hope of climbing into it! The most discontented class of labourers are always to be found where there is a great gulf between the two classes—the tenant and the workman. Where there is no intermediate grade between the big farmer, with his three hundred, five, seven, or a thousand, acres, according to what constitutes a big farm in this or that particular district, and the ordinary farm labourers, there is always the most friction and the best field for agitation. Where occupiers descend in a gradual scale from the large tenant farmer, who is almost a gentleman, to the small tenant farmer, who is really a peasant, it is noticeable that the labourers are much better satisfied with their lot, and much more inclined to support Conservative candidates, than they are elsewhere.

Such a scheme as this would destroy nothing; would leave our whole social, political, and ecclesiastical system exactly where it is; would be purely and unreservedly Conservative. If the landowners wanted money to enable them to carry it out, it would be very much better that assistance should be given them out of the public funds for this purpose than given either to the County or to the Parish Council for the purposes described in the Allotments Acts or Small Holdings Act. It would be necessary, however, that the plan should be carried out on a large scale, so as to restore the face of the country to something like what it was before the great and sudden increase of Inclosure Acts, which began about the middle of the last century. It is in the power of the Conservatives, if they exert themselves, to do this; and, if they do this, they need do nothing else. Whether they do or do not, I am quite convinced of one thing: that the same end will never be gained by whittling away our institutions and trying to bribe the poor by invading the rights of property. The peasantry are the class we have to look to. And what does the agricultural labourer care for the Disestablishment of the Church—"on a reasonable basis," forsooth—or the Reform of the House of Lords, or the Confiscation of Leasehold Property? Not a brass farthing. He wants a farm.

He wants to be his own master, and no longer to be dependent on wages.

It seems to me to be well within the power of the Conservative Party to carry out such a genuine and wholesale agrarian reform as would effectually secure the peasantry to the side of order, and make them as little anxious to change our institutions as the deepest-dyed "Ultramarine" to be found in Great Britain. This is my answer to the problem What is to be done? For the Conservative Party to proclaim itself a stationary and defensive Party only, abjuring all claim to office, and all right to propound a policy of its own, would be to strip itself of the very powers which are necessary for acting on the defensive. To offer to sacrifice our institutions in order to preserve our property is to say that property will be more secure when its strongest supports are cut away.

But it seems possible, without adopting either of these extreme attitudes, without pledging ourselves against all popular reforms on the one hand, or embracing a revolutionary programme on the other, to combine the whole rural interest against the "Radical Rush" by a natural process, involving no violence, no Socialism, no interference with either property or contract, no attack on our existing order. This is the one thing needful: the one Progressive movement that will pay. It rests with the Conservative Party to make it their own; and, if they do, they will reap their reward. If they do it in time, the "Radical Rush" may still be stemmed. But they must close up their ranks. The enemy is upon them, inspired by the consciousness that this may be his last chance for many years to come, as it is certainly the best chance he has had for many years past. We have pointed out to the best of our ability where their safety lies. It lies, where we should naturally look for it, in the affections of the peasantry, in the complete reconciliation of those who are old hereditary allies, and who, in uniting together for the common good, would be only preserving the continuity of an ancient and generous connection. These are not mere words. How to heal the breach between the Conservative Party and that section of the labourers who say that their interests are in direct conflict with those of the landlords is the great question of the day. The answer is a simple one: Let the peasants have what land they want, and they are yours.

Are the public awake to the gravity of the present crisis? This is a question which is often asked, and often answered in the negative. We heard a veteran politician, only the other day, who has been closely connected with the Liberal Party more than forty years, declare that the one thing which alarmed him now was the public indifference. We should say that the present state of the

public mind is one rather of perplexity than of apathy. Convinced that an overwhelming majority of the British people are either openly or secretly hostile to Home Rule, the country finds itself looking helplessly on while it is being carried by a *coup de main*, and Disestablishment and other noisome things are creeping in behind it. The public are not indifferent: they are bewildered. Irishmen complain of Ireland being governed by England; Englishmen now feel that England is being governed by Ireland. It is Ireland that is forcing Disestablishment, Land Commissions, and attacks on property in general, down the throats of the British people; and the British people cannot help themselves. That is the situation. Mr. Gladstone, in his Welsh policy, is treading exactly in the footsteps of his Irish policy: the Church first, the Land next. This was the order in which he assailed in Ireland the two most loyal classes of society; this is the order in which he is attacking them in Wales; and, supposing him to succeed, this is the order in which they will be attacked in England. Another blow is already aimed, in the new Parish Councils Bill, at the remaining influence of the country gentlemen, the destruction of which is, of course, the real object of the measure, much more than any positive benefits to be conferred by it on the peasantry, which are only used as a stalking-horse: legitimate party tactics, no doubt, but such as should be thoroughly understood. All these movements have been, are, and would be, parts only of a general policy—forced on Mr. Gladstone, we admit—the consummation of which means the overthrow of the whole political and social system under which England has grown up to be the great Empire which she is. Some may say she has done so in spite of it: others may say she would have been more happy had she been less great. Both replies raise profoundly interesting questions which it is impossible to deal with here. But I may point out very briefly that the downfall of an ancient *régime* brought about by the agencies we have supposed, would not merely be the change of one form of government for another: that is to say, it would not be merely a political and social change: it would also be a moral change affecting, for all time, the character of the people and the future position of Great Britain among the nations of the world. Perhaps it is necessary that this truth also should be fully grasped by the national intelligence before the public sets seriously to work to combat the brilliant and dexterous audacity with which the attack is being conducted.

In speaking of Conservative principles, of the British Constitution, of the Monarchy, of the Empire, of the Church, of the Aristocracy, and of that commercial prosperity to which character has so largely contributed, we do not mean that the Tory Party

is fighting for them simply because they represent certain rights and interests which we are under the strongest obligations to respect, or because they constitute an excellent working system, tested by centuries of experience, for the government of the country and the maintenance of its greatness, which, if once broken down, could never be rebuilt. Such considerations go to make up the great body of belief by which that Party is actuated in its practical converse with affairs. But Constitutions, Churches, Aristocracies, are but the outward manifestation of one great principle which has been struggling to maintain its hold over the consciences of mankind since the world began. England, men may say, is good enough for them. Show them what is good for her glory and prosperity, and they will be satisfied with that. This is sufficient, I grant, for the politician in the midst of action. But it is not all, nevertheless. There is more, far more, behind. We are fighting for more than that.

We are fighting in an ancient quarrel which concerns the whole human race. There are various shades of Conservatism and Liberalism; and sometimes it may be difficult to distinguish between them. But there are two very distinct and antagonistic theories in politics,—using the word in its widest possible sense,—between which there is no middle term, and which may fairly enough be represented by the words Conservative and Radical. It is an ancient quarrel, and still raging among the nations. It is the conflict between authority and contempt for authority. In England there are philosophical and well-read Radicals, and Radicals who are neither. The latter will declare that authority has never worked for good, that it has always been an instrument of oppression; and they regard with a hatred, unsoftened by the least touch of sentiment, the historical institutions connected with it. With these men the shortest way is the best; and they are likely, we should say, to be the future leaders of the Party. The former would take rather a different view. Their idea is that authority has played a useful part in the development of civilization; that feudalism and Catholicism can show a good record; that authority, in fact, has been to liberty what the law was to the Gospel, a schoolmaster, to bring us to the new and more enlightened dispensation of the present day, whose yoke, however, we are now in a position to throw off.

There are those, on the other hand, who believe that man never can be in a position to throw it off altogether: that subordination is a law of his nature, and essential to the state of probation in which he finds himself. They contend that he is happier and nobler when he has something to look up to, to reverence, and to obey, than when he denies that anything is worthy of respect, or veneration,

or loyalty. They believe that no strong national character can be formed under an absolute and genuine Democracy, and that, great and grievous as have been the abuses of authority, the abuses of liberty have been greater and more grievous still. The European tyrannies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were cruelly severe; but Europe has never seen anything so frightful as the French Revolution. Therefore, says the Conservative, we must support everything which makes for authority and helps to sustain or to prolong that great system of subordination, that ordered freedom, and that national dignity, on which, we believe, the happiness of mankind, no less than the greatness of Empires and the safety of civilization, is dependent.

The history of government, not to say the history of mankind, is the history of the conflict between these two principles, in the several spheres of religion, politics, and morals. Which is in the right? It is no light issue that is before us: on it depends all that constitutes our happiness in this world, and possibly in another. The Radical, of course, has made up his mind, and it may be that he has the truth on his side; but to all such as confess the Conservative faith, and are ready to fight under the Conservative banner, we would offer this final counsel: If it seems hopeless to secure for a Conservative Party the permanent guidance of public affairs; if things have gone too far for that, and the mass of the people are really and finally alienated from the old order; if it is useless to try to win them back even by such means as are in this article recommended, there is, nevertheless, one thing left. If the Constitution cannot be saved, its death may be deferred. Though much is taken, much remains; and if we make up our minds that this is all that can be done, we may perhaps ward off the catastrophe for a longer period than if we formulated, and failed in, any more ambitious scheme. We have spoken of the moral effect of political and social institutions; and those who attach any importance to it must attach importance to this also, the obligation, namely, which rests upon them, of securing to their posterity, if only for a single generation, the advantage of living under the same system and of sharing in the same happy influences of which themselves and their fathers had the benefit: the source of so much that is generous and vigorous in that great English character which they would wish to be the character of their children.

On the hypothesis to which alone these remarks are applicable, I for one should be decidedly with the Old-School Tory; but I cannot yet accept this estimate of the present situation. I hope for better things. The Government, it seems, were too wise, and, let us trust, too honest, to adopt the suggestion which is

said to have been pressed upon them by Radicals more advanced than themselves with regard to the Estimates—a project which amounted virtually to a *coup d'état*. But that any section of their supporters should ever have ventured even to whisper such a thought into the ears of Her Majesty's servants shows how much farther advanced on the revolutionary road we really are than with our easy-going political insouciance we have been in the habit of thinking possible. Now, may it not fairly be expected that a few more revelations of this kind—and we have not seen the last of them—will rouse up men not usually repelled by even the widest interpretations of Liberalism to a reconsideration of what it is that they are now called upon to endorse, and to ask themselves whether we have really come to such a pass in England that Constitutional methods are no longer sufficient for the accomplishment of necessary reforms? Such times, perhaps, come to all countries in turn, when men are obliged to choose between temporary disobedience to law and perpetuation of forms of government which they have entirely outgrown. But will anyone venture to say that England has arrived at such a stage? If the Radical, in the fulness of his convictions, answers Yes, let the country consider what is in store for us should a Government entirely composed of such thinkers ever be installed in office. The more the people look at the prospect, the less they will like it, and the more will they be inclined to give the Tory Party another chance of showing themselves equal to the crisis which, twenty years ago, was foretold so accurately by Lord Beaconsfield. Conservatives have already on their side all who love the Church and the Monarchy, all who prize the rights of property, the validity of contracts, and the freedom of both labour and capital. Let them add to these sources of strength a united and contented peasantry, and their work is done for at least another half-century.

T. E. Kebbel.

EPISODE TIRÉ DES MÉMOIRES INÉDITS DU MARQUIS DE ——.

Un Attentat contre Monsieur le Marquis.

Le Marquis dormait, paisiblement, ne se doutant de rien, dans sa chambre-à-coucher.

Jacques (dit le Roux), grâce à un sien ami qui était de la valetaille, se glissa dans l'appartement ; il s'approchait lentement, lentement, de la porte. François, le maître d'hôtel, le surprit, et lui barra le passage.

" Que fais-tu ici, brigand ?" lui dit François, d'un ton menaçant.

" Monsieur," balbutia Jacques (dit le Roux) " j'voulons tuer l'Maître."

" Ah ! alors," fit l'autre, nonchalamment, " si ce n'est que ça, vas-y gaîment. Et que Dieu te protége !"

Et Jacques (dit le Roux) poursuivit toujours son chemin.

Walter Herries Pollock.

CONSERVATIVES AND THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

The cleavage between the opinion of London on Imperial and on Municipal questions does not seem to be diminishing. The policy of the Progressive majority on the County Council retains its attractions for the working-classes, and has, as yet, produced no perceptible reaction among other classes. Among Unionist electors it is clear that there are still many who, in Council elections, will either abstain from voting or even vote for the Progressive. In Chelsea, where the Unionist majority at the last Election was 566, a bye-vacancy the other day was filled by the unopposed return of a Progressive. This state of feeling is full of danger to the future political representation of London. Allegiance to Progressives (who are also political Radicals) on one set of subjects must have a tendency to sap the voters' enthusiasm for Unionist candidates. The election of the Progressives as Councillors puts them in a recognized position of local authority and influence. Were the question of Home Rule with its dominating importance to be removed from practical politics, it cannot be doubted that the power of the Progressives would be greatly increased in Parliamentary contests. Apart, altogether, therefore, from Municipal considerations, which are sufficiently important, it is the pressing interest of Conservatives, for political reasons, to consider how this power can be reduced, and how a new popularity can be obtained for Conservatives in Municipal matters.

In my judgment one of the primary reasons for the failure of the Moderate Party is a personal one. It is one which the authors of the Local Government Act should have foreseen. It is the deep-seated unwillingness of the gentlemen of London to take a public part in local administration and life. The Redistribution Act, with its splitting-up of the pre-existing huge and incoherent constituencies, has done much to quicken the political life of London Conservatives; but of Conservative gentlemen who now take an active part in the work of Conservative Associations and Primrose Habitations, how few there are who are serving on local bodies, or will even condescend to attend the unending round

of local dinners, charitable, athletic, social, or join in any way in the local non-political life. All the solid work connected with local institutions is left to the middle-class, and the ceremonial part of it is borne by the long-suffering Member or candidate. The result is that when by some rare accident a Conservative gentleman is willing to stand for the Vestry or the Board of Guardians, he is unknown to the constituency at large, and cannot in a perfunctory canvass make himself sufficiently known to it. If there were in London any number of gentlemen corresponding in their devotion to local business and interests to the best type of country gentlemen, and if such men were willing to come forward as candidates for the County Council, I believe that, without the label of a Party nickname, they might be successfully returned, though, no doubt, with the support of Unionist organizations. But under existing conditions, as the last County Council Election showed, in very many Divisions not even a known local man of the middle-class was forthcoming, and the Conservative organization was compelled to select some talking young politician of no local reputation and no experience of administrative work. Another reason for the failure of the Moderate Party, which I have some delicacy in alluding to, but which cannot be passed by, is the comparative indifference to London questions of the Conservative leaders, and of the Conservative London Members. At the beginning of the Parliament of 1886 this was not unnatural. It was as opponents of Home Rule that we had gained our seats. In the 1886 Election London questions possessed no importance; but all that has changed. The two County Council Elections, and even the last Parliamentary Election, should have opened all our eyes to the interest which these London questions have for great masses of its electorate. We all know that it was not Home Rule for Ireland, but "Home Rule for London," that was the attractive cry for workingmen last July. We all know that it was not our votes in support of Coercion, but our supposed antagonism to London reforms, which told against us then. Antagonistic, no doubt, we must still remain to many of the proposals of the Progressives; but that is no reason why we should not interest ourselves in the problems involved in them, or why we should not, in some instances, cordially recognize the goodness of their aims, while we absolutely differ as to the wisdom and practicability of their methods. In the last Parliament some London Members adopted an attitude of immutable and irreconcilable hostility to the County Council and all its works, which, in my judgment, was unfair in itself, and prejudiced the more reasonable criticisms of less biassed partizans. A third reason, and one which is closely connected with the last, for the powerlessness of the opponents of the Progressives is this.

There is no convinced and argued-out body of opinion among Conservatives on these questions. There is a great deal of vague dislike of the Progressive policy, and still more, perhaps, of the Progressives themselves; but there is very little reasoned criticism of it. There is still less any deliberate consensus of opinion as to a positive alternative policy. Conservative Members of Parliament, and even Moderate County Councillors, must often, in consequence, feel that they are fighting in the dark. They cannot be sure whether they are giving voice merely to their own views, or to those of a small minority, or, perhaps, even to a great, though as yet inarticulate, body of opinion. The remedy for this can be found only in the education, and subsequent formulation, of Conservative opinion. For this end, there must be the freest and fullest discussion among Conservatives themselves. Administrators, Members of Parliament, and Conservative organizers, must meet and exchange views, and endeavour to arrive at some common and definite conclusions. I should wish very diffidently, and with no pretension to authority, to indicate some of the main problems we have to face; to state the principal objections to some of the leading features of the Progressive Programme; and to suggest certain positive lines of policy on which, I should hope, Conservatives might agree to travel. My object is not to dogmatize. It is rather to furnish outlines of views which, I hope, may gradually be filled in by the frankest consideration on the part of London Conservatives at large of all these difficult questions.

The Progressive Programme ranges itself under three main heads:—

I. The demand for further powers, and additional functions, for the County Council.

II. The demand for an enlargement of its administrative area by the absorption of the City and its Corporation.

III. The demand for changes in the general law relating to taxes and rates on houses and land, and to the general law relating to the acquisition of land for local public purposes.

I will discuss those demands in their order, limiting this article to the consideration of No. I.

In the first place, the demand is made for further, or altered, powers, in the discharge of duties which have already been entrusted to it. In the comprehensive Memorandum presented to the Council this winter by its Local Government and Taxation Committee, it is stated on page 2, under the head of "Procedure": "The Council found the Act in many points unworkable, and it pressed upon Mr. Ritchie at an early stage the need of certain practical amendments on points in which the rules devised for rural counties

could not reasonably be applied to London. The actual proposals (such as the power to keep a petty-cash account, and to administer oaths) were in many cases practically non-contentious; but the Government refused to permit the theory that London was not a City but a County to be broken down. Most of these matters, therefore, remain to be dealt with. Important questions arise as to the system of financial estimates. At present there is nothing which really corresponds to a Budget. The financial authorities of the Council have long been considering the question whether another system suited to London's needs ought not to be devised; and, if the Finance Committee is prepared to bring up any proposals, some amendment of the controlling Act may be required." And on page 4 of the same Memorandum it is stated: "It is not always realized that the Council is deprived of many general powers which a provincial town, or even a London Vestry, may exercise if they think fit. In consequence of certain legal objections raised by the auditor in the days of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Council found itself legally disabled from even inquiring into the vexed question of water-supply, or from inquiring or negotiating as to London markets, until it had, after extraordinary hindrances, secured special amending legislation. It is disabled still from spending a penny on any inquiries or negotiation as to the gas monopolies and the dock and port arrangements, to cemeteries and charities, or, in a word, any public interest and service which happens outside the Council's actual statutory work. The City has practically unlimited freedom in such matters; but any ordinary Vestry has powers of initiation denied to the Council. Chelsea, for example, has created and maintains a labour bureau. The Council resolved some time ago to inquire into the success of such experiments and the expediency of providing one or more such bureaux for London; but the Solicitor advised that they could not even spend the money necessary to translate a Paris report, and that the whole inquiry was *ultra vires*. As regards Parliamentary Bills, the powers of the Council are specially limited as compared with those of ordinary Municipalities. The Council has wide powers of opposition, but is much hampered in promotion." Now, some of the increased powers demanded in the second quotation may be of disputable expediency: but I think that inside the scope of their "statutory work" Conservatives should be as anxious as Progressives to leave the Council unfettered by perplexing restrictions or technical difficulties. As regards such matters as the procedures and formalities of its finance, surely such changes may be legalized as experience has shown to be desirable. For the purposes for which it was created, we may all alike wish that the machine should work as smoothly and effectively as possible.

In the second place, the demand is made for additional functions.

This includes the demand for the transfer of the control of the Metropolitan Police from the Government to the Council; and this, as it involves political considerations of the highest importance, must be considered separately. The two catch-arguments which are vulgarly used for this change are contained in the questions, Why should not the London County Council have the same power of maintaining a Police Force that Liverpool, or Manchester, or Birmingham, has? and, secondly, Why should not the ratepayers be the masters of their Police? The answer to the first question is that London is not Liverpool, or Manchester, or Birmingham; that it is essentially different; that, from its enormous size, and its status as the Capital City, its Police are obliged to perform duties different in kind and in gravity from those which the Police of the largest provincial town can ever be called upon to discharge. This distinction is recognized in the Republics of the United States and France, for both in Washington and in Paris a State Police is maintained. The distinction was recognized in Sir William Harcourt's abortive Bill of 1884, which provided that the Metropolitan Police should remain under the control of the Home Office; and it is noticeable that when the Amendment in favour of the transfer of the Police to the County Council was moved in Committee on the Local Government Bill, neither Mr. Gladstone nor Sir W. Harcourt took part in the debate or in the Division. The Metropolitan Police discharge duties which are not simply Metropolitan. They watch over the dockyards; they guard the residences of Royalty in every part of the country; they guard the Government Offices and the Houses of Parliament; they are charged with international police work; they are entrusted with the detection of political crime and the protection of property, not in London only, from such crime. Even Progressives generally admit that for such purposes it would be necessary that the Government should retain a separate Police Force under its direct control. But there is a further duty—a border duty between the confines of purely Metropolitan and purely political duties—which is also thrown upon this force. Take State ceremonials, such as those which marked the Jubilee year, or the visit of the German Emperor. Very arduous and responsible duties then fall upon them. The arrangements for these ceremonials must be made by State officials. The orders for carrying them out would certainly be impeded and confused if they had to pass through the medium of a Police Committee of the Council. And, beyond this, there are contingencies, which we all hope may never arise, but which cannot be ignored, the bare possibility of which should make any prudent citizen peremptorily refuse to hand over the control of the Police to the County Council. It is a disciplined force of some 14,000 men. At any moment of unhappy civil discord such a force

in the Capital must be under the immediate control of the Queen's Government. No other authority, howsoever stable or business-like, could be safely trusted with the command of such a force. What would be the use, at such a moment, of the trivial band which Progressives propose to give to the Government, if alongside of it in London, and under different control, ranged the overpowering ranks of the 14,000 men? In fine, it seems to me to be clear that in normal, quiet times, the limited Government Police would be, for most purposes, superfluous, whilst in the abnormal time of civil disturbance it would be wholly inadequate, and even useless. The second question may be as unhesitatingly answered. In point of fact, the one serious drawback to the present control of the Police by the Home Office is that a large temptation is thereby offered to unscrupulous politicians to attempt to damage the Government through the rare indiscretions of individual policemen or of their superior officers. It is, indeed, a fierce light which beats down upon the Metropolitan Police; and its masters, its unceasing and most inquisitive critics, are not only the ratepayers of London, but every pushing Radical M.P. who wishes to gain an ephemeral advertisement for himself. No: London has practically a thorough and effective control over its Police through the House of Commons; and, without a shadow of a doubt, it may be asserted that no Police Force ever was more popular with the civil population among which it carries out its difficult duties. Anyone who knows anything of London local life will agree that among the best-known and the best-liked men in the local communities are the Superintendents and higher officers of the local Divisions of Police, and that its rank and file are in no way a separate caste, but are regarded by their neighbours as fellow-residents of character and reputation. To this demand, then, for the transfer of the control of the Police to the County Council, Conservatives can but offer an uncompromising resistance.

As regards the other demands for further functions, I have always thought they should be considered mainly on commercial and business grounds. There can be no real reason why partizan prejudice should enter into their consideration. There is no conclusive political reason why the County Council of London should not own and manage the Gas and Water Supply of London. There are, it is true, two general considerations which must not be lost sight of when any one of these demands is put forward. The first is, How far the municipalization of industrial undertakings will tend to check private and individual enterprise; and on this point the evidence of Sir Thomas Farrer before the Labour Commission should be carefully studied. The other is: Can an administrative body, which is popularly elected, be a discreet and independent

employer of the labour, which, in large numbers, helps to elect it? It is impossible not to think of the House of Commons, and not to note how sections of its Members are more and more constrained to interfere in questions of wages, and the terms of employment, of Government *employées*, and clerks, which should be settled by the Executive Departments. It is obvious, in these days, that the moment an administrative body which is popularly elected becomes a very large employer, this will occur, and that much time and thought will be diverted from other work to the constant problem of how to satisfy the varying claims of its *employées*. But, apart from those general considerations, the questions to be asked, and which must be asked separately in each case, are: Can the property of the industrial undertaking be acquired on terms favourable to the community? and, Can the County Council afford the time, and supply the business capacity required, for the wise management of this particular undertaking? On the question of the time and the capacity of the Council to take upon itself large new duties, it is instructive to recall an incident that occurred before a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, which was sitting last Session on London Electric Railway Schemes. The Council, through its Parliamentary Committee, had passed an ambitious Report, and very far-reaching Recommendations. We examined, as witnesses, in their support, Mr. Charles Harrison, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, and Mr. R. M. Beechcroft, Chairman of the Public Health and Housing Committee. It was apparent that, though their proposals were magnificent, they had not sifted the subject with sufficient care, and had not realized the difficulties raised by their Recommendations. At last Mr. T. H. Bolton, the Gladstonian Member for St. Pancras, asked Mr. Beechcroft: "How is it that the members of the London County Council do not give attention to these questions in their large bearing, and, if they have not the knowledge themselves individually to grasp these questions, or to understand the facts, get the facts and information from capable and experienced people, so that you may come to a Committee of the House of Commons, or to a Committee of both Houses, with something definite and reliable in the shape of evidence to support it?" To which Mr. Beechcroft replied: "The business of the County Council is one of so gigantic a character that it is as much as we can do to perform our ordinary functions." "But they are asking for fresh powers?" "Not in this connection." What could be more significant than this? The same lesson is taught by a recent debate in the House of Commons, and some consequent proceedings in the County Council, which throw much light on the confused manner in which the present press of work compels the Council to transact its business. Mr. Pickersgill

moved that it be an instruction to the Committees, sitting on a batch of London Electric Underground Railway Bills, that they may insert clauses giving to the County Council powers to purchase these railways in accordance with the terms of the Tramways Act of 1870; and he asserted that he was authorized to make this proposition in behalf of the Council. But Sir John Lubbock denied that the County Council had considered the question since the Report of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons which had sat upon the schemes last year, and disputed Mr. Pickersgill's claim to speak in behalf of the Council. Mr. Mundella said the Council had not communicated with the Board of Trade on the subject; and finally Mr. Pickersgill was forced to admit that his instructions in the matter came not from the County Council, but merely from its Parliamentary Committee. Subsequently the propriety of Mr. Pickersgill's action was questioned in the Council; and, after some discussion, from which it would appear that no one quite knew what the Council, as a Council, had decided in the matter, and after the interval of one sitting, the Chairman complacently quoted a Resolution of the Council of May, 1892, as confirming Mr. Pickersgill's allegation that he was authorized by the Council to move his instruction. And yet, in fact, this Resolution was passed with respect to different Bills, during a different Parliament, and before the Report of the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons, which exhaustively considered the whole policy of these new electric lines, and came to the conclusion that if such terms of purchase were imposed upon them the required capital could not be raised. Could a proposal of the most far-reaching importance have been launched upon Parliament with more frivolous levity or in a less-considered fashion? But, no doubt, this is the result, not of any want of energy or of industry on the part of the County Council, but simply of the embarrassing weight of the load of business under which it even now staggers.

It is indeed obvious that the duties at present discharged by the County Council are most onerous. We know that the burden entailed upon individual members of it has been found intolerable by many who have business, or professions, to attend to. But it is precisely such men, the men of trained business habits and experience, and not clever talkers, with political ideals, that are required on an administrative body. And the larger the functions, the more commercial the duties of the Council, the more essential it will be, and yet inevitably, at the same time, the more difficult it will become, to obtain the services of such practical men. Supposing, however, that the vast importance of the work did attract to it the most competent administrators, is it conceivable that they could with efficiency at one and the same time conduct the present business of the Council, and

also the management of the Gas and Water Supply of London, and of the docks, to say nothing of the multitude of supplementary duties which light-hearted Fabians would confer upon them? Now, these are arguments which would have great weight, even if the Council had remained, as it was intended to be, a non-partizan and non-polemical body; if its ruling majority had abjured ulterior and external political aims, and if they had managed all their present business on simply business principles. But this has not been the case. The Progressives cannot escape from the consequences of their own deliberate policy. They have chosen to give to the present Council, and to certain sides of its administrative work, an inalienable political colour. They have avowedly advocated the acquisition of huge commercial undertakings, not for economical reasons, but in order to give effect to certain political dreams. In their conduct as employers of labour, they have shown that they care more for the votes of their special supporters than for the pockets of the ratepayers or the interests of the community as a whole. In addition, therefore, to the arguments which might originally have been advanced against overweighting the Council with administrative burdens, other and equally strong arguments have been forced upon us by the action, and the demands, of the Progressives themselves.

Anyone who wishes to understand the principles which the County Council has actually adopted as an employer of labour should read the evidence given by Sir Thomas Farrer before the Labour Commission, on January 27 last. It appears from this that, in his words (Questions 7,709 and 7,710), the Council has resolved to pay 6d. an hour to all its labourers, "without reference to the nature or the value of the work, and without reference to the capacity for work"; or, in the words of Mr. Sidney Webb, in his evidence before the same Commission (Question 3,780): "The London County Council has come to the conclusion that 24s. per week for adult workers in London is the moral minimum wage, and we do not pay anyone less than that—without reference to what services they perform—on the ground that we should be adding to the destitution and pauperism of London if we paid anyone lower than that." This increase in the minimum wage has been carried out simultaneously with the abolition of overtime, and a reduction in the normal number of hours of work, so that "an additional number of men receiving higher rates of wages are required to do the same work as was formerly done" (Question 7,728). Sir Thomas Farrer proceeds to point out the injustice to, and consequent irritation among, other London labourers, produced by this fancy wage. Beyond that he states (Question 7,746): "That is not all; because it is not only the injustice to other

labourers, but the evil to London. The great evil under which London suffers is that it is becoming the sink of the poorly-paid labour of the country, and if the country labourer hears that men, doing less good work than he, can get twice or three times the amount of remuneration in London, it attracts him to London."

It is highly necessary, moreover, to consider the economical effect of this system of wage-payment, supposing that the County Council became the owner of larger commercial undertakings. Sir T. Farrer (Question 7,752) states that the present labour bill of the London Gas Companies is between two and three millions. "Now, if that is to be transferred to the Council, and the Council are to go on the principle of accepting whatever wages are asked by the Unions, or, in fact, by the labourers, it will make a very great addition to the expenses of London." He adds that, if they become the managers of other commercial undertakings, "it is impossible to say what the expenses of London government might not come to. I may say that I know some persons who formerly felt very strongly that the water-supply ought to be transferred to the London Council have hesitated to support the course since seeing what the action of the London Council with regard to labour is; and I confess it has considerably damped my ardour in that matter" (Question 7,754).

While, therefore, for these practical reasons, it may be generally deemed inexpedient for some time to come, and until the Council has purged itself of its political distempers, to give to it the huge additional labour of controlling the Gas or the Water Supply of London, and while the constitution of separate Public Trusts for the discharge of these specific duties might commend itself to many as a preferable course, I think that the tone and temper which too many Moderate speakers and journalists have habitually adopted with regard to the manner in which the County Council has performed many parts of its present duties is much to be deprecated. After all, the County Council was the creation of a Conservative Government and a Unionist Parliament. It was a tremendous experiment. It started from its birth with administrative work of infinite magnitude and of very great variety. One would have thought that any man who took a part in this work, and the Council, as a body, in its initiation of it, deserved the gratitude and the sympathy of London; but, instead of magnifying the importance and dignity of this body, Moderates have too frequently minimized its powers, and vilified its members. In a sentimental age they have left a monopoly of sentiment to their opponents. Whilst their prime aim should have been to attract to the service of the Council the best men in London, by their constant detraction of it they have repelled and deterred any busy one from entering it. Now,

with all seriousness, it may be impressed on the minds of the multitude of Londoners, who are not bitter Radicals, that the existing functions of the Council are in the highest degree important and interesting, and that to take a share in discharging them supplies an object of ambition worthy of the most distinguished and ablest men among us. In many minds, indeed, this question might suggest itself: Which is the more interesting, and which the nobler, occupation—that of the ordinary M.P., who, hand-bound by Party ties, spends his days and nights in barren talk, or not much more fruitful legislation; or that of the County Councillor, who can take an active and practical part in the work of securing Open Spaces for London, and of beautifying them, who can help to give her labouring-classes better houses, who can strike out new thoroughfares, who can build new bridges, who, in a word, can see from year to year the positive results of his own individual thought in a London gradually becoming more healthy, more beautiful, and more humane? There can be no reason why the philanthropic aspirations which underlie these labours should not be as keenly felt by Conservatives as by Radicals. As a matter of fact, every Borough, and County, Council throughout England gives proof of the zeal and ability of Conservatives for constructive work of this kind. Let them, then, in London also, enter into a friendly and avowed rivalry with the Progressives in such works. There is no question that the Parks (except in the vexed subject of labour) are being admirably managed by the Council. Every visitor to Battersea Park will admit that care is being bestowed upon the gardening, and that, beyond this, much kindly thought has been given to making this Park a pleasant and healthy playground for the thousands of poor children that delight in its use. And this, I believe, is true of the other Parks and Gardens under the control of the Council. Equally good work is being done by the Housing Committee, by the Technical Instruction Committee, and others into whose functions partizan passions can with difficulty penetrate. As regards street improvements, magnificent projects have been laid before Parliament; but they have been saddled with the condition that, in order to defray the expense, an Improvement Rate of novel incidence and questionable policy, or some variety of a Betterment Rate, should be concurrently imposed. Parliament has been unable on Private Bills to sanction grave alterations in the general law. Twice has a separate Select Committee of the House of Commons rejected on its demerits a particular scheme of Betterment. The result is that these improvements remain in the air. London is forced to wait for the construction of new streets of undeniable utility until their cost can be met on a new and barely thought-out principle, to be adopted by Parliament in an irregular

and capricious fashion. Now, surely, on this point Conservatives have an advantage. By all means let them sift the merits of the proposals for Betterment and for Landlords' Improvement Rates; and when there is a general agreement that a new tax or rate will be fair in itself, and certain in its incidence—that the money which it is intended to take from the ground-landlord should, in fact, and wholly and finally, be paid by him, and by no one else,—let them hasten to have this change in the general law effectively carried out by a Public Act. But, in the meantime, let improvements proceed. Let the great scheme, for example, for a new arterial thoroughfare in Central London, from the North to the South, be started. Let labour have no longer to wait for its share in the benefits of its construction. A Conservative candidate for the Council who showed himself imbued with a just sense of the possibilities of adding to the comfort and beauty of London in this and all the other great constructive departments of its work would commend himself infinitely more to the London electorate than one who confined himself (as did too many in 1892) to an acrid depreciation of the Council as a whole, and to mere negative criticisms of its blunders.

In the next article I will deal with the two other heads of the Progressive policy.

C. A. Whitmore.

ENGLAND IN RELATION TO MAHOMEDAN STATES.

Professor Vambéry's article in the March Number of *The National Review* is of much importance both to the English people and to the Mahomedans. M. Vambéry has noticed a reversal of Mahomedan feeling towards Russia and her policy highly prejudicial to England, and he warns this country against the danger of allowing her great Eastern rival to increase her influence among Islamic nations. In my travels in Turkey and in other parts of the Mahomedan countries, I have myself, to my great sorrow, marked this change; and I have pondered its causes and its probable effects. M. Vambéry attributes it to Russian intrigues and the failure of British diplomacy. From whatever causes the change may have sprung, it is undoubtedly deplorable: the more so, because of recent events in Egypt and in Morocco.

Is it desirable for England to arrest the drift of Mahomedan opinion in favour of Russia? Should she seek to secure the confidence and friendship of the followers of the Prophet?

It is necessary to enlighten the British public on the magnitude of the Islamic States, and of the British interests in them. It cannot be too often brought home to the English mind that Great Britain is the greatest of Mahomedan Powers. The Queen's Empire has in it more Mahomedans than Christians. There is not a single Mahomedan country with which England is not closely connected in politics or in commerce. Indeed, the advantages which England derives from her close connection with the Islamic States are a source of growing envy to many European nations. The question of the Anglo-Mahomedan Alliance is bound sooner or later to attract attention. The statesman or the journalist who accentuates the interest of the British public in the Mahomedan countries is a patriot. He renders the highest services to his nation. The present generation may be slow in recognizing his services; but posterity will appreciate his wisdom.

As regards their connection with England, Mahomedans may be mentioned in four categories:

(1). Those that are directly under the British flag.

(2). Those that are under British protection.

(3). Those that are under independent Mahomedan rulers.

(4). Those that are under non-Mussulman powers other than England, or that are under no recognized ruler, and only in remote connection with her.

Our first category includes India, Burmah, Ceylon, Perim, Islands of Socotra, Kuria Muria Islands, Bahrain Islands, British Borneo, Cyprus, Kamram Islands, and a large portion of the Straits Settlements. The total population is more than sixty millions.

The second comprises Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Zanzibar, Somali Coast Protectorate, Maldive Islands, Keeling Islands, Johor, and other Principalities of the Strait, and Egypt. The total population is more than eleven millions.

The third embraces the Empires of Turkey, Persia, and Morocco. The population is about fifty millions.

Under the fourth we may place the Mahomedans of China, Russia, France, and the Netherlands, the numerous tribes of Central Asia, and the countless tribes in the interior of Africa. According to the latest information, China has thirty millions; Holland, fifteen millions; France, three millions; and Russia (with Central Asian Khanates), more than fifteen millions. There can be no conclusive estimate of the Moslem population of the interior of Africa: the country is not yet fully explored, and the growth of the Moslem population in it has been rapid and enormous. It is reported, however, that the number is no less than twenty millions.

In 1881 the Mahomedan population of the world was estimated to be more than 175 millions. As during the last decade there has been an increase of eighteen millions in India alone, the Mahomedan population of the world may be safely stated at 210 millions.

They say that an Englishman's heart is in his pocket. Therefore, a few words on his commercial interest in the Mahomedans may be useful.

In the first place, of the Moslems that are directly under the British flag sixty millions are clothed by industrious Lancashire. If on the average ten yards of cotton be required per head per annum, the quantity of cloth supplied to them is six hundred million yards, and if five yards of cotton is sold for one shilling the amount put into the pockets of the people of Lancashire is six millions sterling. In other words, if sixty pounds be the average annual income of a working man of Lancashire, 100,000 working men are supported annually by this sum. It may be said that the cloth produced by the native industry must not be lost sight of. That is true; but the cloth is in demand, and that slight, in some quarters only; and the loss occasioned by the supply of it

is more than compensated by the superiority of the cloth supplied by England.

Apart from Lancashire, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and other centres of industry, have much more real benefit from the Moslem states. I admit that Birmingham, which supplies the heathen with wooden gods and missionaries impartially, has no customers among the Moslems; but it has a chance in many other things. Almost all articles of daily necessity and usage, such as needles, pins, thread, pens, paper, lamps, and furniture are supplied to the Moslems by England. At present there is a mania for English watches and watch-chains.

In the second place, as regards the Mahomedan States that are under her protection: Trade follows the flag. It is no surprise, therefore, that Moslem countries under the protection of England will soon find here, if they have not already done so, the best market in the world. Eleven millions of them are being fast secured as customers of the British workmen. Civilization invariably increases the measure of man's wants. The gain of the British public, curiously enough, is directly proportionate to the spread of civilization in countries under her protection. The progress of trade in Zanzibar since it came entirely under British protection may be particularly noticed. In 1889, when Zanzibar was not under British protection, the imports from Great Britain to that country were valued at £87,642. In 1890 they were valued at £195,850. The increase is attributable to the protectorate. Again: A splendid field is opened for a noble class of which the British public has too much—the British authors. England's supremacy over Moslem countries has indirectly compelled the followers of the Prophet to acquire her language, and to watch the inclination of her thought in spheres of knowledge with which their own destinies are inextricably involved. Many of the old Arabian schools of philosophy and science, having imbibed a moderate dose of Baconian doctrines, find its temptation irresistible, and have resolved to enrich their libraries with as much modern literature as they can acquire. Mr. Balfour must not be surprised if he receives Islamic criticisms of his work on Philosophic Doubts; nor his publishers if they have orders from the Mussulman graduates of the University of Al Hazar, in Cairo, or from the students of the Anglo-Mahomedan college, Aligarh. Sir Edwin Arnold will observe a like repose under a new vogue for his Japanese poesy and Persian song; and by-and-bye, perhaps, Mr. Harrison's Positivism will burst the bonds which confine it to a room in Fetter Lane. I shall not be astonished even if the voices of Mr. Auberon Herbert and Miss Louisa Bevington find a new wilderness to cry in, or if the League of Minor Poets perceive occasion to establish a branch in the Himalyas. Lord

Dufferin remarked in Rajputana that English will one day be the language of the world. It is a fact that it is becoming the means of communication between the educated Moslems.

The political importance of the Moslems cannot be over-rated. The largest portion of the British army is the native army in India. Although this army is supposed to defend its own country, it has not unfrequently been required to defend Imperial interests in remote regions. Distinguished military officers and strategists of many European nations have repeatedly testified to the high efficiency of the native army. It is constituted by the flower of martial races in India. The Mahomedan, the heir of the military virtues of his conquering ancestors, is the readiest recruit. The firm loyalty of the Mahomedan soldiers has been proved amid trying circumstances. Russia attaches the highest importance to the military and political abilities of the Indian Mahomedans. In the memorandum on the invasion of India presented to the Russian Emperor by General Duhomel, and published by *The Times* on January 29, 1873, we read:

"The best, shortest and healthiest road is from Cabul, Jallalabad, Peshawar and Attock. At Attock the invading army reaches the road to Lahore and Delhi, the principal objects of the attack. Proceeding on this road, the army will stir up the *Mahomedan* population and carry rebellion into the very heart of the English territory . . . . If we induce the Sikhs to make common cause with us, all the better; if not, the Afghans (Mahomedans) alone are enough for our purpose . . . for not to conquer India, but only to destroy or shake the English rule, must be our object in invading India.

In a later memorandum it is said that "ten millions of Mahomedans in Hydrabad only wait for the opportunity to shake off the yoke of the English." While Russia labours under those delusions, it may be interesting to European readers to recall the answer which the Mahomedans of Hydrabad gave the Russians. A few years ago the Nizam of Hydrabad, the first Prince in India, voluntarily offered 60 lacs of rupees towards the fortification of the Indian frontier, and, in a letter to the Viceroy, which I will quote, loyally placed his own army, which is not contemptible, at the disposal of the paramount power. His Highness's example has been followed by many other Mahomedan and Hindoo Princes in India.

"My Friend,—

"No inhabitant can be indifferent to the persistent advance of another great military power towards India; to the necessity that exists for putting the frontier in a proper state of defence; and to the burden it imposes on those charged with its safety and the care of the empire. All who have the welfare of India at heart are bound to consider what should be done, and to show they are heartily in sympathy with those who are endeavouring to place the frontier in a proper state of defence, so as to ward off all danger from our hearths and homes. The princes of India have not been blind to the movement of events. We realise the financial responsibility the present state of affairs imposes on the Indian ex-

chequer. It seems to me that the time has arrived for showing in some open manner that India is united on this question; and for that reason I write you spontaneously to offer to the Imperial Government a contribution from the Hyderabad State of twenty lakhs annually for three years for the exclusive purpose of Indian frontier defence. This is my offer in time of peace. At a later stage you can count upon my sword.

"Your sincere friend,

"MIR MAHBUB ALI KHAN."

The opinion of Mr. Blunt upon the Indian Mahomedans is worthy of especial notice. He says:

"To understand them at their full value, it must be remembered, first, that the Mahomedan population is a largely increasing one; secondly, that its geographical distribution coincides pretty closely with that of the political life and energy of the country; thirdly, that it is homogeneous to a degree shown by no other Indian community. Though less numerous by two-thirds than the whole Hindoo population, it is far more so than any coherent section of that population, and is thus the largest body of opinion in the Empire. Fourthly, it is the only section of the community which possesses the tradition of its lost political importance. And, lastly, it is no isolated body, but remains in close communication with the mass of its fellow believers throughout the world. The Mahomedan population of India is, therefore, an exceptional as well as a large one."

Russia has long been wooing Afghanistan; but the eagle eye of the Afghan always detects in her a hypocrite. She has only the garb of love and friendship. The Bear, however, is an obstinate suitor. The British Lion cannot witness with equanimity the advances of the other beast. At a durbar held at Rawal-pindi in 1885, H.H. Ameer Abdurrahman Khan publicly announced his friendship with England in these memorable words: "With this sword I shall destroy all the enemies of England." Thus has the Czar been taught that the Mahomedans of India and of Afghanistan have become strong supporters of our Queen.

British interests at Constantinople and at Tehran need not be described at length. Constantinople hostile would hamper the hands of British diplomatists in many countries, and produce acute disturbances in the south-east of Europe. Tehran hostile would mean Persian trade becoming monopolised by Russia. There is, in certain influential quarters, an idea that public opinion is unknown to Turkey and Persia, and that the rulers of those countries issue mandates and post despatches, in the harem, heedless of the dumb *vox populi*. That is a mistake. Seemingly the Sultans are absolute rulers, but there is not a single matter of importance in which public opinion is not considered. The Sheiks, the Ulmas, and other representatives of law, learning, and property, hold the reins of power. It must be admitted, therefore, that the interests of England would be jeopardised, and that serious complications would arise, from the failure of British diplomacy, or by disregard of public opinion, among the Moslems.

The necessity of acquiring and retaining the confidence of the Mahomedan nations being established, I turn to the suggestion of M. Vambéry that England should immediately counteract the action of Russia in Mahomedan countries. M. Vambéry renders us a great service by drawing our attention to the administrative policies of Russia and of England in relation to the Mahomedans. The policy of England towards her Mahomedan subjects admits of much improvement. The Professor quotes the views of a Mahomedan subject of the Czar.—

"I see that you are strongly under the prejudice of utterly erroneous statements spread about Russia's doings in Asia. If you draw a comparison between her and England, you will find that the English nation is the real and dangerous enemy to Islam . . . The Czar is continually subsidizing Moslem schools and infirmaries. There is not a trace of the pride and haughtiness with which the English treat their subjects in the demeanour of the Russian officers in Turkestan. Their behaviour is friendly and brotherly to us: they associate freely; they eat, drink, and play with us; and, what is more gratifying, they ignore all differences of birth, and Mahomedans can freely rise to the highest step of the official ladder. There are Mahomedan colonels and generals in the Russian army, with lots of civil and military officers all over the Russian empire; and they even appointed a consul of Mahomedan persuasion in Jedda, in order to facilitate the intercourse of the Mahomedan subjects of the Czar with the holy places of Islam."

Every Mahomedan under the flag of England prides himself upon his enjoyment of the invaluable rights of British citizenship in a free government. He pities co-religionists under the absolute Czar, and the idea of Russian government is simply abhorrent to him. It seems, however, that the co-religionists pity him, and that not without some show of reason. The innumerable blessings which we enjoy as British subjects, for which we are deeply thankful to the British people, are unknown to our co-religionists abroad. The worst-governed part of British India is undoubtedly preferable to the best-governed part of Russia. Still, the idea that our co-religionists under autocratic Russia should enjoy better privileges in any respect is as much distasteful to us as it is discreditable to England. We therefore invite the attention of the British statesmen to certain suggestions, and request them to adopt measures for the satisfaction of the Indian Mahomedans.

Promotion of Mahomedans to high military ranks is a subject of great importance. There are hardly any Mahomedan colonels, or majors, or even lieutenants, in the Indian army. This is deplorable. The loyalty and the efficiency of an Indian officer have been duly acknowledged. Time was when a discussion of the subject would have been undesirable; but it were impolitic to be silent any longer. When the Russian Government, based upon physical force alone, does not see any objection to Mahomedans rising high in the army, it cannot be understood how the British Government, which derives its strength more from moral considerations, refuses superior

military honours to the Moslems. In an article on the loyalty of the Indian Mahomedans, published in *The Nineteenth Century* for December, 1886, Sir William Welby-Gregory says :

"Sir F. Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, is anxious to bring young Mahomedans of family, with their adherents, into our regiments, especially cavalry ; offering them an increase in the present rank. I did not meet an officer who was not favourable to this cause, and I have reason to believe that overtures have already been made from India to the authorities at home."

Six years have passed, and we have heard nothing of those overtures. We have been utterly disappointed. If the scheme had been carried out, the martial spirit of historical military families of India would have been kept up, and general confidence in the British Raj would have been further strengthened. It is to be hoped that the Secretary of State for India will consider the subject along with Lord Roberts on that great soldier's return from India.

M. Vambéry draws the attention of British statesmen to another point of importance. Russia wisely secures the favour and friendship of the Mahomedan nations through the agency of her own enlightened Mahomedan subjects. England does not utilize the invaluable services of her educated Mahomedan subjects in this direction. M. Vambéry says :

"It behoves Great Britain to counteract the doings of Russia by adopting certain measures, hitherto neglected, which cannot be neglected any longer. Whilst the Russian Mahomedans are discriminately raised to high civil and military posts, the Hindu and Mahomedan subjects of the Empress of India are not similarly treated. . . . . If a Mahomedan envoy is entrusted with the very delicate mission to the court of Cabul, where imperial interests of the greatest issue are at stake, why should not some of the consulates in Persia and Turkey be handed over to the Mussulmans educated in the Universities of India?"

Why, indeed ? The consular and diplomatic advantages which England can derive through the agency of a well-qualified Mahomedan in Moslem countries cannot be overrated. His religion and his knowledge of Eastern character will enable him to work more smoothly at Oriental courts. He will inspire confidence more readily, and in cases of friction he will be an adequate buffer between the Powers.

It will not be quite out of place here to describe some of the merits or demerits of England and of France. France has nearly three millions of Mahomedans under her in the North-west of Africa. In the administration of Algeria, the Republic has indeed shown great tact and judgment. In the first years of their Government, the French committed a serious blunder. They treated the Arabs just as Americans treated the Indians. They soon found out, however, that they had to deal with a proud, sensitive, and self-respecting nation. They have conceded to them

many important rights of citizenship. In comparing the French administration of the Mahomedans of Algeria with the British administration of them in India, I find one point to which the attention of the British public must be drawn. France has rendered one incalculable service not only to the Mussulmans of Algeria but also to the Mahomedan world in general. She has wisely patronized and stimulated the growth of Mahomedan Law and jurisprudence among the Arabs, and she has encouraged the cultivation of Arabic among her own people. Mr. Custin, in his essay on the French North-African Empire, says:

"But we are glad to find that in Algeria every public officer is compelled to speak Arabic, and those who are more specially employed among the Berbers are expected to speak one or two dialects of that language, while the French Government has taken measures to have grammars and dictionaries prepared in those languages. This principle cannot be too rigidly enforced in British India."

All civil suits in Algeria are decided by a Mahomedan judicial officer (Kazi), who is also notary public and registrar of marriages. The Kazi is respected both by the rulers and the ruled, and is a buffer in all cases of friction between them. The Arabs, who are jealous regarding their institutions, have the great satisfaction in seeing justice meted out to them by one of themselves in accordance with the dictates of their religion and time-honoured custom. The British, once in India, encouraged every branch of Mahomedan law and literature, to the delight of the Indian Mussulmans. They also appointed Mahomedan *Muftees* to decide civil suits among them. They maintained the institution of the Kazi, and derived many advantages through it. Alas! this policy did not last long. England undid what she had nobly done. Upon this subject I will quote a great authority on Mahomedan Law, Mr. Justice Ameer Ali:

"Prior to his [Lord W. Bentict's] administration, the cultivation of their [Mahomedan] Law was encouraged by successive governors, their traditions were respected, and they themselves were treated with a certain amount of consideration due to the former rulers of the land. All this changed under Lord W. Bentict's Administration, and the Indian Mahomedans were relegated into the cold shade of neglect. While the French in Algeria were endeavouring to give a new impetus to the cultivation of Moslem Law and literature by subvention and Government assistance, and whilst they were utilising the indigenous institutions with the object of improving the condition of their subjects, the British in India allowed the study of every branch of Mahomedan learning to fall into decay. The mischief which has resulted from this mistaken policy can hardly be overrated. Owing to an imperfect knowledge of the Mussulman Law, of Mussulman manners, custom, and usuages, it is not unfrequent, even now, to find cases decided by the highest law courts against every principle of Mahomedan Law. It is not surprising, therefore, that every miscarriage of justice adds to the long roll of indictment which the popular mind has framed against the British rule in India."

From the Mussulman point of view, justice, as administered among the Mussulmans in India, though not blind, is lame. The only cure lies in the possibility of utilizing Mahomedan agency in judicial affairs. This is a measure which we advocate as much for the consolidation of the British rule as for the happiness of the Indian Mussulmans, who are its greatest supporters.

Lastly, it must be borne in mind that a new awakening of intellect and conscience is visible among Islamic people: an awakening such as has never been known since the revival of letters in Christendom. Every corner of the Mahomedan world has been roused to a sense of grave political danger. The darkest hour, however, is just before the dawn. The descendants of those who placed the whole of Europe under a debt of gratitude for the revival of ancient learning have, after a sleep of centuries, awakened only to find the then ignorant nations of Europe in the lawful possession of their own intellectual inheritance. They are now in search of the philosopher's stone that raised their forefathers from ignorance and indigence to light and plenty. This can be found only through the medium of a trusted friend and guide. One or other of the European nations that hold the keys of learning in their hands must be applied to. England, France, Russia, Italy: which? If it is not to be England, her own will be the fault. It is England's duty, and her interest, not to allow Russia or any other European nation to beguile the Mahomedans from their allegiance. She must exercise motherly supervision over them; she must adopt means for the diffusion of learning among them; she must patronize and foster their national institutions, and allow high military and civil honours to her Moslem children. She may rest assured, in that case, that she will always have the loyal support of a valorous and honest people.

Rafiüddin Ahmad.

SEVEN AND THREE.

Next to names, there are few conventional symbols more fascinating to the curious mind, or more bewildering, than numbers. Whether we regard them as the working tools of arithmetic or as mere arbitrary figures, they can hardly fail, when considered attentively, to impress us with a sense of both awe and admiration. Although to the eye they are small and feeble, they may serve to represent, as we well know, infinitely much. In the form of statistics, for example, the population of a vast continent will occupy, in printed space, something less than a linear inch. The greatest army the world has ever seen, even the fabulous host of Xerxes, can be expressed numerically within the breadth of a thumb-nail; the most prodigious annual income in about half that measurement; the years of the longest life—nay: the extravagant pilgrimage of Methuselah himself—in one quarter of it. What is more, in three or four seconds it is possible to write down on a slate a total which no human mind can so much as imagine. In a twinkling we range far beyond our powers of computation. A whole regiment of Babbages would fail to count the billions which we are able to represent by means of the Arabic tokens while another is telling a poor score. We are accustomed to hear the infinity of time and space spoken of with a glibness which robs those mysterious phenomena of much of their real solemnity; yet we are perfectly conscious that no effort on our part can avail to make time an hour longer or space a mile wider. It is different with figures. A little reflection shows us that here, at least, we do possess a power which knows no bounds. The result, it is true, may be of no practical value, if not wholly unintelligible, to ourselves when we have produced it; but there it is, and perhaps none the less wonderful in that it conveys no definite meaning. It is strange that the Greeks, with their pantheistic leanings, encouraged no worship at the shrine of a god Arithmos. They recognized and illustrated his influence while they denied him divine honours. Many of the minor deities of both Greece and Rome were reverenced on weaker and more shadowy grounds than a god of Number might have fairly claimed.

If, however, no temple was dedicated to Arithmos in the abstract,

there is abundant evidence to prove that not only among the Greeks but by most other peoples, ancient and modern, certain specific numbers have ever been viewed with something akin to religious, or at any rate to superstitious, feeling. Hence they are often called Mystic Numbers, though the mystery which they involve will not always yield readily to inspection. They appear, as we shall see, amid sets of circumstances of great variety. Even at the present day, when their original significance is altogether forgotten, or, at best, is reduced to the level of mere guesswork, they assert themselves in most unexpected places, the relics of a pathetic credulity which once upon a time had undoubtedly a very strong hold on men's minds. Conspicuous among them are the two whose magic it is proposed to trace, not indeed to its source, but in some of its more obvious developments. We have it on the authority of Bacon that "there is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise." Possibly that shrewd observer would have held that seldom, in small matters, has the predominant folly of mankind been more strongly marked than in the almost universal veneration of Seven and Three. That such a veneration has existed time out of mind, and still survives, is not to be denied. Consciously or unconsciously, to this day we are charmed by a spell which first began to work when all the world was young.

To the theological student the frequent recurrence of the number Seven is well ascertained, or easily ascertainable. If he is sceptical, let him consult a Concordance. He finds it in Genesis, and he finds it in Apocalypse. Between those extremes he is constantly coming upon new examples of the same strange preference. Although modern geologists have taught us to believe that the "days" of the Creation were probably periods of time to be represented by nothing short of thousands, perhaps millions, of years, they have not hitherto seriously attempted to shake our faith in the number of such periods, howsoever protracted they may have been. We are still free to accept the assurance that they were six, and that on the seventh the Creator rested from His work. Some of us, also, are inclined to suppose that from the story of the Creation has been deduced the hebdomadal division of days into weeks. Others think that this is due to lunar observation, which naturally, they argue, led to a division of the month into periods of seven days, or four quarters of seven days each. According to Dion Cassius, the Egyptians were the first to refer those days to the seven planets. Be this how it may, it cannot be disputed that the first total of which we read in Holy Writ is Seven.[c] A little farther on in Genesis seven-fold vengeance is denounced on the slayer of Cain, if such a one should be found. Pharaoh's dream of the kine and the ears of corn is familiar to the least biblical of readers.

Balaam, again, demands seven altars, and, for victims, seven bullocks and seven rams. Seven years did Jacob serve for Rachel; and seven times, in his nervous apprehension, he bows himself before the outraged Esau. Nebuchadnezzar's furnace was heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated" for the faithful Three. Seven priests with seven trumpets marched round the doomed Jericho. Seven times did Elijah's servant look, at his master's bidding, seaward. For no special reason that we can detect, Seven was the chosen number of Deacons. In the Book of the Revelation we should expect to find most frequent reference to whatever is mystic and symbolical, numbers included; nor are we disappointed. The very first chapter introduces us to the Seven Churches of Asia, the seven golden candlesticks, and the seven stars; and throughout the book the same numerical identity is constantly meeting us. The Bible, in short, in both Old and New Testaments, and in Apocrypha to boot, is full of similar instances: from the seven "of every clean beast" taken into the Ark to the sluggard who is wiser in his own conceit than "seven men that can render a reason," from Jethro's seven daughters to Sceva's seven sons. There is no need to multiply instances. Those who care may read and count them with little trouble in Cruden and his editors.

Nations which had nothing else in common with the Hebrews were equally addicted to this numeral. One of the earliest tales of the Heroes celebrates the disastrous expedition of Polynices and his six companions against Thebes, the subject of a Play of Æschylus, and the origin of the modern nickname "Septem Contra Christum" given some years ago to the authors of *Essays and Reviews*. The starry firmament was laid under contribution for several chapters of the old mythology. Thus the Pleiades furnished one legend, the Hyades another, and the Great Bear or Seven Plough-oxen a third; and in all three the same odd number is prominent. In Roman History the tradition of the early kings is no longer accepted as literal fact. Like many another fable once implicitly believed, it has been unable to withstand the sieve of mineteenth-century criticism. There it is, nevertheless; and the kings are seven, even as the hills which their city eventually covered. Wisdom, again, was held to have resided pre-eminently in that favoured band which has ever since been familiar to us as the Seven Sages. The Wonders of the World—those, that is to say, of man's own contrivance; for the mightier achievements of Nature were not yet regarded—were not in ancient times permitted to exceed the same numerical limit. It was not once or twice stronger, but seven times, that the giant Antæus grew for each contact with his mother-earth; it was seven youths and seven

maidens that formed the periodical tribute paid to the inexorable Minotaur.

Leaving mythology, and turning to what is more or less accredited fact, we need still be at no loss for illustrations. We may notice the seven-days fête in honour of Apis, the Egyptian deity. Herodotus, among the many scraps of information, authentic and otherwise, which he brought away with him from the banks of the Nile, mentions a mode of plighting faith in vogue with the Arabs of the desert. "When two men would swear a friendship," he says, "they stand on each side of a third: he with a sharp stone makes a cut on the inside of the hand of each near the middle finger, and, taking a piece from their dress, dips it in the blood of each, and moistens therewith seven stones lying in the midst." It is useless to speculate as to what may have been the mystical significance of such a ritual. Who knows whether it is even yet extinct?—for the Ishmaelites are not given to change. The same love of the lucky Seven is, at any rate, to be traced in the religious belief of those who, so many centuries later, inhabit those dreary wastes. Votaries of the Moslem faith recognize an inferior class of angels, called Moakkibat. Two of these are appointed to keep watch over every mortal, one on either hand. Islam teaches that at the close of each day the attendant spirits fly up to heaven with a detailed account of their ward's proceedings. Every good action is recorded ten times; but when a sin is committed the one says to the other, "Forbear for seven hours to record it: peradventure he may repent and pray and obtain forgiveness." The creed of the Mussulman likewise provides for seven stages in the place of punishment after death, which may be reasonably compared with Dante's somewhat similar plan of seven *gironi* in his *Purgatorio*, and the patristic scheme of seven cardinal virtues and as many vices. Finally, who has not heard of the seventh heaven?

In addition to those instances, which for the most part bear on myth and religion, there are many Sevens which refuse to be classified under any special head. We may, if we please, regard them as mere coincidences or as unconscious imitations of a partiality which has existed from time immemorial. In any case, they are curious and interesting; and they are of almost infinite variety. If, for example, we look into a catalogue of chapbooks, the chances are that we are very soon confronted with *The Seven Wise Masters of Rome*, or *The Seven Famous Champions of Christendom*. If we look at a family of young children we are reminded, if we still retain our Aristotle and Quintilian, that seven is the age at which those thoughtful men, both of them well experienced in the instruction of youth, recommended that a child's education should begin. Again, the Seven Ages of man appear to us a perfectly natural

division of human life, and we are quite willing to fall in with the theory that our bodies are wholly renewed every seven years until they reach the grand climacteric. Our popular fairy-tales make great capital out of their Sevens and Threes. How many legendary families consist of seven brothers and a sister, or of three brothers, of whom the youngest invariably wins the highest honours in the end, usually marrying the king's daughter and living in ideal happiness ever afterwards? Who fails to recall the strange adventures of the man who made a memorable journey to St. Ives and met by the way an extraordinary number (but always a multiple of seven) of "kits, cats, sacks, and wives"? What are we to say of the two Acts which have been passed in the course of our history to regulate the duration of a British Parliament? Is it for nothing that they are known to us as the Septennial and the Triennial? To what fascination is it owing that they were not the Biennial and the Quinquennial? There is not much sentiment, as a general rule, to be extracted from a legal document, and mysticism is the very thing which it seeks, though not always with success, to exclude. How is it, then, that leases are so often drawn for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years? Pehaps, after all, the gentlemen of the long robe are unwittingly encouraging a prejudice which was in full bloom many centuries before either lease or lawyer arose. An equivalent coincidence, if it be nothing more, we may distinctly trace in most of the old indentures by which apprentices were bound. A servitude of seven years was the rule, almost without exception; and it obtains to this day. Even arithmetic itself is not without symptoms of the influence exercised by the weird number. In logarithmic tables the results are commonly worked out to seven places of decimals, and no farther. The die of the Roman gambler, like that of his British representative, was so marked that the sum of the dots on any two opposite faces was always seven. The musical scale is another case in point. It is to the combinations of a simple series of seven notes that we primarily owe the masterpieces of Mozart and of Beethoven.

In the very place-names of the world this characteristic has often been turned to account. Thus, Middle Egypt was called by the Greeks *Heptanomis;* and *Septempeda*, now *San Severino*, was a Roman municipium in the territory of Picenum. In modern geographical nomenclature we have the Rhenish *Siebengebirge*, the Sardinian *Sette Fratelli*, and our own *Sevenoaks*, *Sevenhampton*, *Seven Sisters*, and many others. In Evelyn's *Diary*, under date October 5, 1694, we read: "I went to see the building near St. Giles, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area." This, in after years, became

the notorious Seven Dials. It would be easy to go on adding to the list indefinitely.

Instances enough have been cited to prove that, whether by accident or by design, Seven has always been a favourite numeral: sometimes with a symbolical flavour, as in the masonic Seven Stars; sometimes with a mythical, as in the Seven Sleepers; sometimes with a comical, as in Touchstone's famous "quarrel on the seventh cause."

It is time to pass on to the consideration of that other number which, whilst in its usage it resembles Seven, is yet more closely interwoven with our ideas, both sacred and profane. Besides being the most solemn symbol in various religious creeds, it enters with ridiculous pertinacity into endless subjects of our daily conversation.

The number Three was regarded as possessing a mystic significance by many ancient people—notably by the Assyrians and Egyptians—and the modern Chinese go so far as to attribute to it omnipotent creative virtue. According to the Chinaman's theory, One produced Two, Two produced Three, and Three produced all things. A somewhat similar doctrine is that of a writer quoted, not without derision, by Archbishop Whately. "This three-fold constitution of ideas," he says "is universal. Three-in-one is the law of all thought and of all things. Nothing has been created, nothing can be thought, except upon the principle of three-in-one. Three-in-one is the deepest-lying cipher of the universe." Without waiting to expound this dogma, we may admit that no number is so generally as Three associated with the various religious systems which have been in vogue throughout the world's history. Besides the Christian Trinity, there have been Assyrian triads, sundry Hindoo three-fold combinations, such as that of Brahmah, Vishnu, and Siva, and others well known to students. It is not, however, the theological importance of the number that most peremptorily arrests our attention. What is even stranger, and perhaps more generally interesting, is that this little numeral is perpetually cropping up in every conceivable connection. It is obviously nature's favourite, and it occurs more frequently than any other in the purely artificial classifications of man.

In those epidemics of genius which, from time to time, have illumined a specially-favoured age or people, this peculiarity has always been very strongly marked. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were all born within a period—brief for the exhibition of such a galaxy of dramatic talent—of five-and-forty years, and Greece gave us no other tragic poet of any note. In like manner, her three greatest philosophers followed each other in rapid succession, the second being the pupil of the first, even as

the third sat at the feet of the second; and there have been none in later or in earlier times worthy to be placed in the same rank with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. It is the same with the classics of mediæval Italy. It has been truly said of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, that they are the three main sources of the beautiful, the true, and the great in Italian literature. In the very words of the critic, "*i tre fonti principali onde si deriva tutto ciò che han di bello, di vero, e di grande le lettere italiane.*" Yet from the *Divina Commedia* to the *Decameron* there was a space of barely fifty years. Even when we range farther afield and cover many centuries of history, we find the same fatality not seldom exemplified. Take the "three poets in three distant ages born." Will there ever be a fourth whose epic shall dispute the palm with that of Homer, or with that of Virgil, or with that of Milton? Where shall we look for the founder of a creed which is any way comparable, whether in popularity or in intrinsic merit, with Christianity, Islam, and Buddhism, the three systems practised, with greater or less strictness, by more than nine-tenths of the world's population? Ethnographers are accustomed to divide mankind into three great families, which, they say, are indicated by Nature herself; while all terrestrial objects, animate and inanimate, are referred to one or another of the three so-called Kingdoms which, in truth, represent, each one of them, a realm more densely populated than that of any human sovereign.

If we turn to the old mythology, the Three bias is there, as we very soon discover, in still greater force than the Seven. Mythology is a museum of trios. What consternation would ensue were it suddenly brought to light that, after all, there was a fourth Grace! An addition to, or subtraction from, the number of the Furies we might possibly endure; but it would seem little short of sacrilege were we constrained to tamper with the roll-call of the Fates. Who could ever bear to add one to the grim company of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, or to impair the triple perfection of Euphrosyne and her sisters? The Sirens, the Harpies, the Gorgons, again, all attest the favour with which the mysterious Three was regarded long before history and chronology came into being. The Judgment of Paris turns on precisely the same point, and the Judgment of Paris must now be something like three thousand years old. In the pale kingdoms of Dis we are met by the three-headed Cerberus, and the bench of three Judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, or, as some say, Achilles, the name of one of whom at least has passed into a proverb for justice without mercy. It is here, too, that we find Hecate, the title in the lower world of a goddess known on earth as Diana, and on high as Luna. Moreover, her chapels are wont to be erected, as a subor-

dinate name, *Trivia*, indicates, at the junction of three ways. Perhaps the famous riddle of the Sphinx, which only an Œdipus could solve, owed its celebrity in some measure to its tripartite character. The legend of the Sibylline books certainly loses none of its mystery or interest by the prominence it gives to Three and its multiples, for is not the same number inseparably connected with the groundwork of our own religious belief? We readily recognize its peculiar fitness as a symbol of profound solemnity. Similarly, we accept without demur the tale of the Horatii and Curiatii—not implicitly believing that such a contest ever really happened, but welcoming the mystic number of combatants on either side as being in harmony with our own estimate of triads. The birth of a mighty nation is heralded, happily enough, by the introduction at the outset of an internecine conflict, if conflict there must be, between powers of Three. With equal satisfaction we acquiesce in the story of Horatius and his two comrades who so doughtily withstood the assault of Lars Porsena "in the brave days of old."

We apportion our earth among three zones, and mathematical formulæ remind us at every turn of the natural propensity of geometrical figures to fall into classes which are too many for two and not enough for four. The triangle, which is significant of so much, may be taken as the basis of three-fold division. Of all symbolical figures it is probably the most popular. Its mathematical value is proved by the fact that it gives its name to a complete branch of geometrical study. Its angles can be measured in three ways, and only three; according to the size of those angles, it is acute, or right-angled, or obtuse; according to the proportionate length of its sides, it is equilateral, or isosceles, or scalene. Similarly, the sections of the cone result in the parabola, the hyperbola, the ellipse; and the algebraical progressions are three. Above all, there are the three dimensions; and the ingenuity of many generations of mathematicians has not hitherto availed to discover, with any approach to certainty, a fourth. In mensuration we reckon by linear, square, and cubic feet; our weights are troy, avoirdupois, and pharmaceutical.

Grammar, to some minds the least sentimental of all known studies, tells a like tale. Dry and unsympathizing though it be, it cannot resist the all-pervading influence of one, two, three. Its genders, persons, numbers, voices, follow the common rule; its positive, comparative, and superlative degrees can never be exceeded or curtailed. Its cases, it is true, are in Aryan languages usually more than three; but in the original system, the Sanscrit, which has the full complement, including locative and instrumental, they may be fairly called seven, for nominative and vocative

are really one; and seven and three are both mystic numbers. Logicians and grammarians between them have decided that every proposition may be so dissected that ultimately it becomes simply subject, predicate, and copula. Logic itself exhibits the products of thought as terms, as propositions, as inferences; and a syllogism consists of two premisses and a conclusion. Mathematics, in its narrow modern sense, consists of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry.

In fact, look where we will, the irrepressible self-assertion of this numeral is continually forced upon our notice, or would be so forced if we were not long habituated to its prevalence and its utility. Dating, as we have seen, from the dim distance of the mythological age, and passing through the several regions of religious faith, history, and science, it has finally entered into all the details of common life, and is now quite indispensable. If the idea of Three were suddenly expunged from the human brain, we should be in the dark. The Christian doctrine could no longer be taught; the division of governments into despotisms, limited monarchies, and republics, would become meaningless; we should be unable to appreciate the formula of "King, Lords, and Commons." We should be lost as regards precedence in the orders in our Church: we could no longer distinguish bishop from priest, or priest from deacon. Churchmen High, Churchmen Low, and Churchmen Broad would become hopelessly jumbled. Even the main arteries of modern Christianity, the Protestant, the Romish, and the Greek, would cease to be distinguishable. We should have to abandon the favourite legend of the Three Kings of Cologne; gold, frankincense, and myrrh would be bereft of their significance; faith, hope, and charity would be an impossible sisterhood. The Three R's once formed the brief bill-of-fare of the humblest education. Board School French and pianos have caused us to enlarge our ideas in this respect, and the *Dreikaiserbundniss* (expressive word!) of reading, writing, and arithmetic is dissolved. It leaves us, however, an inexhaustible stock of instances. Take away our Three, and where would be our botanical arrangement of annuals, biennials, and perennials? What would become of the farmer without his rotation of grain, grass, and roots? What notion could be formed of Nelson's victories, won with three-masted ships carrying three tiers of guns—a threefold cord which was not quickly broken? The schoolboy would be puzzled to attach its due import to the terrible line:—

"*Aut disce, aut discede; manet sors tertia, cædi.*"

Nothing, in short, could compensate us for the disappearance of Three. That once gone, a good half of our most fondly-cherished

conceptions, if not more, would be irretrievably wrecked. It is scarcely too much to say that in Three, and what Three involves to us, the essence of our life, spiritual and secular, reposes. Any numeral could be more cheerfully dispensed with. Number 1 might be removed. As individuals we should probably feel the difference; but the world at large would not be incommoded. The obliteration of Number 2 would entail a re-adjustment of matrimonial relations, and peradventure a relapse into polygamy, together with other difficulties which would not be smoothed away in a minute. Without Three we should be altogether helpless. Being neither beneath the loftiest intellect nor above the lowest, it is the total into which our imagination naturally falls. Whether we regard it in the aspect of A, B, C, or in that of Sun, Moon, and Stars, we feel instinctively that it is, and must always be, essential not only to our well-being, but to our being at all.

We shall, however, be better able to estimate its value if we proceed to enumerate a few of the commonplace examples in which we have long been pledged to its use; otherwise it might, perhaps, be supposed that only in scientific classifications or other like divisions of a more or less abstruse character could its frequency be fairly noted. We have not far to look. Every time we take a railway journey we are brought face to face with the invidious process of distinguishing passengers by means of a sliding-scale of fares and accommodation. It was not thus in the very earliest days of railway enterprise, which contemplated only two grades of customers. Soon, nevertheless, the irrepressible hankering after a *tertium quid* made it necessary to enlarge the programme; and we have now for many years enjoyed the privilege of a first class, a second, and a third. The same principle is brought home to us by the division of time in the scholastic world. The three terms in the year, though not to the advantage of parents' pockets and boys' prospects, are now universal. Among the publishers, again, the same influence, subtle and mysterious, has long been busily at work. What are the books chiefly read in this country, and in what shape are they issued to the public? They are three-volume novels. The few books which venture to appear in a less pretentious form are merely the exceptions. There is no obvious reason why the great majority of novels should not be compressed into a single volume. It is to this condition that they invariably descend if their performance in the fashionable pattern shall have proved encouraging. Why are they *ter*-voluminous in the first instance? According to Chesterfield, a novel is "a little gallant history, which must contain a great deal of love, and not exceed one or two small volumes." The heroes and heroines of our

most modern fiction comply with the first half of the definition; but they are apt to overstep the limit prescribed in the second. They are fond of bold type and bolder margins, more worthy of some grand classic than of the lives and loves of characters created to-day and forgotten to-morrow.

The good old fashion of sign-boards, which once swung over every shop door, is now practically confined to those houses which deal mainly in fluid comforts—fluid, and fleeting also. We may deplore this monopoly on the part of the licensed victualler; but the historical interest of the signs is as great as ever. Here the number Three is once more in the front rank. There are on record no fewer than sixty-nine examples of it in this company. Here we find the "Three Angels," and there the "Three Merry Devils;" in one street the "Three Admirals," in the next the "Three Washerwomen." An exhaustive catalogue of the patron saints thus set forth in triplicate would be tedious; but it includes Ravens, Roses, Turks, Tuns, Crowns, Squirrels, Hats, and Blackbirds. The complete list is to be read in Hotten's elaborate *History of Sign-boards*. There is one, however, which deserves especial mention. This is the "Three Legs," once the sign of Thomas Cockerill, a bookseller, over against Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry. It represented, of course, the Manx arms; and, in order to accentuate the mysticism, Mr. Cockerill, we are told, was in the habit of describing the house, on the title-pages of his publications, as the *Three Legs and Bible*. The wit of the combination, it must be owned, is not visible on the surface. Possibly he was thinking of the three parts of the Bible—Old Testament, New Testament, and Apocrypha—each of which might be fancifully viewed as a moral and religious "leg," or support. Some element of relevancy must surely have lurked in the legend. The improved edition of the sign is no longer popular; but the Legs without the Bible still proclaim certain alehouses. Perhaps, amid the circumstances, it is as well that they have parted company. The "three balls" are a familiar symbol above the portal of an establishment which with us corresponds to the Parisian *Mont de Piété*. It may be thought that they would be fitly superseded by the warning inscribed over the entrance of Dante's *Inferno*. In these highly educated days it is scarcely needful to add that, instead of being, as was once commonly believed, the arms of Lombardy, they formed part of the armorial bearings of the Medici, from whose states, and from Lombardy, the first bankers came. Their influence may be traced in the name and in the business of Lombard Street. The Balls were originally blue, and it is only within the present century that they have been gilded. According to Mr. Hotten, the popular interpretation of their existence (for they lost their ancient significance

long ago) is that there are two chances to one that whatsoever passes under them will never be redeemed.

Nature has made our lives past, present, and future; and moralists in all ages, from Socrates to the All Souls' dial, with its "*Pereunt et imputantur*," have impressed upon mankind the solemn message of time and his tenses. The Romans kept up some semblance of a tripartite division by means of their monthly Kalends, Nones, and Ides, while later nations have had recourse to seven-day weeks. It is quite possible, however, to point to traces of the inborn love of Three in our modern computation of time also, and even in business matters, where its fascination might have been expected to have little scope. In the operation known as "bill-discounting" allowance is made for what are called days of grace, three of which are granted before payment can be legally claimed. In London, and perhaps in the provinces, one of the most usual arrangements for letting houses is on a three-years agreement. A more extended tenancy involves a lease, as above noticed, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years—an association of the two mystic numbers. It is remarkable that in so prosaic a domain as that of the house-agent these two should be precisely the numbers which enter most frequently into our calculations. Of late years, again, the ruling passion has asserted itself in that popular, but possibly not over-wise, method of doing business so widely advertised as "the three-years system." Why not two, or four or five? Some "odic" force, of which they were themselves unconscious, compelled the piano-dealers and furniture-brokers to fix on three, and an arrangement which included for this purpose a greater period or a less would now be regarded with suspicion. Who ever got up and proposed two or four "cheers for the Queen?" The very crier thrice delivers, or delivered, his Norman "*Oyez!*" Instinctively the auctioneer, in his most moving tones, delays the inevitable end with his "Going, going,—gone!"

We are much attached to the principle of three grades in our dignities, whether civil or military. The mayor of the county town has aldermen and councillors under him, and Government offices almost invariably employ three classes of clerks. Nay: are there not—*parvis componere magna*—three grades in the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, which, after all, derives its title from nothing grander than the homely ablution which preceded the installation of knights—for cleanliness was not always next to godliness? Its motto, too, is "*Tria Juncta in Uno*." There are three stages of generalship; of admiralty, likewise, three. A Parliamentary Bill is in similar plight: thrice must it issue triumphant from the strife of Parties before it can become law. So it is with matrimony, according to the rubric of the Established Church; for,

unless the mean advantage of a license be taken, the banns of the contracting parties must be thrice published before the ceremony can be performed. Despite continual protest, the only public vehicles available in the streets of London are the omnibus, the "growler," and the hansom. There is the tram; but it more fitly belongs to another triad, the two other members of which are the ordinary railroad and the electric development of more recent times. Our medium of currency is succinctly written £ s. d. Our very beer is marked X, XX, XXX. If, unhappily, we enjoy no privilege like that embodied in the *Jus trium liberorum* of Roman law, we are, on the other hand, no longer liable to a *trinoda necessitas*. We have the unrestricted use of pen, ink, and paper, which privilege makes our newspaper press alike the most free and the most honourable in the world; while the liberty of the subject is so untrammelled that our public parks, on every Sunday in the year, are the happy hunting ground and rostrum of the tag, rag, and bobtail of the Metropolis. Whatever the music may be, a major or minor third is seldom absent.

Finally, the titles of books, especially of novels, tend to show that the race of fiction-mongers is not impervious to the same magnetic attraction. In former times, as has already been mentioned, we had the "Seven Champions of Christendom" and other examples of the septenary influence; and recently there has been a decided revival in favour of Three. The books of which this monosyllable helps to form the superscription are not, as a rule, among the immortal works of our greatest authors. What they lack in quality, however, they supply in numerical strength. To mention them all in detail would be to transcribe some pages of a library catalogue. For the sake of brevity, we may begin with Trollope's *Three Clerks*, continue with Black's *Three Feathers*, and conclude with *Three Men in a Boat*, or *Soldiers Three*. This practice is quite consistent. Many authors deliver not only their titles, but their pet sentiments also, with reference, implied or expressed, to the unseen power. While one writer assures us that happiness consists in the judicious union of a faith, an occupation, and a home, another says that we must not look for success unless we can command confidence, ability, and opportunity. This is the *ter beatus* of the poets. The makers of proverbs are seldom to be discovered. Their handiwork, as we know, "is one man's wit, and all men's wisdom," and, therefore, soon becomes public property; but they, too, whosoever they were, made capital out of our two numerals. "Seven brothers in a council," the Spaniard says, "make wrong right;" "Three know it, all know it," the Italian found; that "Three removals are as bad as a fire," we ourselves are quite convinced.

Pliny, the naturalist, if occasionally rather wide of the mark, is always observant and suggestive. "*Cur impares numeros*," he asks, "*ad omnia vehementiores credimus?*" If he had given an answer to his own question we should have been for ever grateful. Alas! he is silent. He merely cites as an example of the superior energy of odd numbers the fact that on those days men's fevers are invariably worse. He cannot explain the tertian. Modern physicians cannot explain why typhoid fever reaches its crisis on the seventh day, or on the fourteenth, or on the twenty-first. Pliny was probably not conscious that his *Historia Naturalis* was itself published in the seventy-seventh year of the Christian calendar, perhaps the "oddest" that was open to him in his generation. What would he have thought of that famous Lambach Church, triangular, three-towered, three-windowed, having three doors, three façades, three organs, three altars in marbles of three colours, three sacristies, costing, it is said, 333,333 florins, and dedicated to the Trinity? The force of superstition could surely go no further. He knew, however, the story of Cæsar, who, having had a carriage accident, secured a safe journey ever afterwards by means of a simple expedient—*carmine ter repetito*.

By this time, all save the most hardened sceptic must confess how persistently the Seven and the Three have entered, and do still enter, into human affairs. Instances are so common, so ready to our hand, that, as Rosalind suggests to Orlando, we are not "gravell'd for lack of matter." Such an extraordinary array of coincidences must really point to a common principle. What that principle, or prejudice, may be, we cannot with certainty determine. A faint glimmer of it, however, we can discern. We are not quite in Cimmerian darkness. We cannot exclaim joyfully, with Teufelsdröckh, "*Es leuchtet mir ein!*" We feel, rather than know, that it is not owing to mere chance that those two remarkably odd numbers enter so frequently into mortal calculations. We are sometimes told that Seven is often used in the Bible to express an indefinite number. Who can answer the plain question, "Why?" In the Book of Job a precise account is given of that patriarch's possessions both before and after the grievous trial in the course of which his three friends—three again—comforted him so sorrily. We read that his latter end was more blessed than his beginning. His flocks and herds were exactly doubled. The number of his family, however, and the proportion of males and females, remained exactly the same, as if incapable of improvement. Moreover, both number and proportion are significant. "He had also Seven sons and Three daughters."

ARTHUR GAYE.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY: A SCHEME.

THIS time last year a vigorous agitation created much public interest in the need for a reform of our military system. It would not be well if the subject were lost sight of in the Home Rule controversy. It is of more importance to us that we should have an Imperial home to rule than that we should be unanimous; or disunited, as to the ideal system of governance. The military question was left unsolved, and is more pressing than ever. I need not apologize, then, for laying before the readers of *The National Review* a modest offering to the country's knowledge of the subject. The scheme of reorganization to be sketched is, I believe, sound; but I shall be well content if it does little more than revive public concern in the most important political question of the day.

Although international politics seem at this moment serene, it is certain that the continent of Europe presents a problem the only solution of which, as far as the insight of experience can tell, is a war involving in its issue the existence of the States at strife, and the contingent interests of every European nation. They are sanguine who suppose that England is unlikely to be drawn into the prospective turmoil. It is for us to consider whether we are in a condition to take a creditable and profitable part in such a struggle; or whether, if we are able to remain neutral, we shall be fit to face the state of affairs in which the struggle will result—a state of things which, whatever happens, will be less favourable to ourselves than any which we have known since France and Germany, with their allies, became too intent in watching each other to interfere with us. A satisfactory answer to either question is impossible; but it is impossible, also, to ignore the question; and I propose to consider some of the means by which the Empire might be made secure against a possibility, usually unheeded, with which events may ere long bring us face to face—an invasion of the British Isles.

We may take it as the basis of our calculations that the British Fleet will in the long run prove superior to its opponents, or that, at all events, it will be able to prevent them from holding command of the Channel for any length of time. Nevertheless, the exigencies of naval warfare may enable a hostile fleet to obtain

superiority in our own waters for a time sufficient to cover the passage of a formidable army to our coasts. To prepare to meet any of the armed nations of the Continent which should have leisure and opportunity to employ its whole land force against us would involve the introduction of universal service in England. Presuming, for the sake of argument, that this contingency is unlikely to be realized, we cannot conceal from ourselves that, whilst our supremacy at sea is likely to be challenged by fleets not much inferior to our own, our dominions on land will not improbably be assailed on the North-West frontier of India, and even on the coasts of England itself in the manner and to the extent we have just described.

Howsoever much it be increased, the fleet cannot ensure the safety of India; and, although the invasion of England might be made impossible by reinforcing the Navy, this would be done at far greater expense than by a sound system of military organization, which would have the further advantage of strengthening the situation in India. Moreover, the hands of our Admirals would be freed for offensive operations, which are necessary to a complete success at sea. Anxiety for the safety of England itself would be removed if confidence could be placed in the ability of the Army to concentrate rapidly enough, in such numbers and such quality, to make it certain that an irruption of even 150,000 men, the greatest force which we have supposed to have a chance of being thrown upon the coast, would be defeated.

It is possible that we could have such an Army, and that at a cost very little greater than that which now, by general consent, yields such unsatisfactory results.

The military policy of Britain may be said to have three principal objectives :—

I. The defence of the Kingdom against a "raid-invasion" of (say) four Army Corps which may be thrown upon the coast during the absence, or the temporary embarrassment, of our fleet.

II. Defence of the North-West frontier of India. At the present moment we should have great advantages on our side in case of war; but these advantages will become neutralized when the territories north-west of our frontier become more opened up and developed, and the communications are improved. Further, the course of events may set free large numbers of Russian troops who are now employed elsewhere. The best way of meeting those dangers, should they arise, is to develop and improve our Army at home.

III. Ability to place in the field an expeditionary force to assist a continental ally, or to strike at the communications of a Russian attack on India. That consideration is a corollary to the others.

Time is no longer on the side of the defence; nor did passive defence ever end otherwise than in defeat. To resign all power of taking the offensive is, therefore, not to be thought of.

The principal proposals for reform which have been urged by the most competent persons are as follows:—

1. That the control of the military and naval affairs of the Empire should be subject to a Council or Parliament representing the whole of it; not the United Kingdom only.

2. That one and the same Minister should represent both the Navy and the Army in the Cabinet.

3. That, the authority of the Cabinet having been secured, the military chiefs should be given a free hand in the preparation of the materials confided to them. The Indian system of supreme direction of command and administration has been recommended.

4. Alterations in the conditions of service with a view towards rendering them more popular and increasing the fighting strength of the Army. Long service for India and the Colonies; short service for home, to train a Reserve. A prospect of fixed employment to be held out to long-service men, in the way of pension, or of employment in the Civil Services, or otherwise.

5. Removal of petty grievances as recommended by the Wantage Committee.

6. Higher battle training to be insisted on.

7. Organization and training of the Reserve, and strict limitation of their liability to recall to the colours.

8. Decentralization of command and administration, and the creation of the real responsibility of individuals.

9. Great development of the system of registration of horses and Government control over breeding operations.

10. Maintenance of higher establishments of horses for Cavalry and Artillery, and of materiel and field guns, sufficient to mobilize the forces we intend to employ beyond the sea, without denuding the United Kingdom.

To these propositions, which are insisted upon by a consensus of the best authorities, two may be added:—

a. A division of the United Kingdom into three Army Corps Districts, each of which should further be divided into three Regions; each Region to be an independent unit of command and administration.

b. A reform of the auxiliary forces on the principle of sacrificing numbers to efficiency, and of rendering a proportion of the forces liable for service abroad in the event of a great war. (*A great war* to have the same definition as the state of National Emergency which justifies the Government in calling out the Reserves.) Also that these forces should be fairly paid and adequately equipped at the public expense.

The only system by which rapid mobilization can be obtained is a Territorial division of the United Kingdom, on the basis of population, similar to that of every Continental State. The principal objection to such a division has hitherto been that it would not fit in with the actual quartering of the troops, and that the expense of building new barracks would be too heavy. We propose, however, that the forces now called "Auxiliary" should be reorganized on a scale which should increase their importance greatly; and that they should not only form the army for defending the country from invasion, but should contribute a portion of the troops required for warlike operations beyond the sea. Each Region should form a unit intact of Volunteers; each Army Corps District a unit intact of the troops of the Line, within whose Region those troops should be exclusively quartered during their service at home. A blending of recruits from different parts of the country in each corps of the Line is recommended to the extent adopted at present in spite of the Territorial system which is supposed to exist.

It must be remembered that if Britain is involved in a war necessitating operations on land on the same scale as the last French war imposed upon her, our military system would have to be greatly expanded. Our organization, then, should be shaped so as to prove sufficiently elastic to accommodate itself to vast extension.

Each battery of the Volunteers, each squadron, each company, should have its local headquarters for training, recruiting, and mobilization.

In dealing with the Auxiliary Forces—the Yeomanry, the Militia, and the Volunteers—the Yeomanry would probably, if we were invaded (while a considerable number of our troops were engaged oversea), be the only cavalry in the country, when they would be invaluable. Accordingly, everything should be done to encourage and improve the force, hitherto neglected. As in our other services, so in this: a number of cadres, absurdly large in proportion to the fighting strength, are maintained. Even after the recent measures of reform, 39 regiments are to be maintained for an effective strength of less than 10,000 sabres—about 250 men to a regiment. At the lowest computation, no squadron should in peace consist of less than 100 sabres (for that means an even smaller effective on the battle-field), and four squadrons should go to a regiment. If each Region under the proposed Territorial division had one brigade of three regiments, we should have 27 regiments, or 108 squadrons, in all. It would be better to reduce this force to two regiments in a brigade than to maintain the larger number of cadres with insufficient effective strength.

The Yeomanry needs more money. If it is worth anything, it is worth whatever is required to yield a satisfactory result. Its horses

should be registered at a fair fee when they could not be sold or changed without permission. A higher standard of excellence, particularly in musketry, should be insisted upon. More frequent drills are necessary. All that is required can be taught to each squadron separately. Eight days' training for the regiment should suffice.

It would be expedient to merge the Militia and the Volunteers into one force under the name of *Volunteers*, which is the more modern and more popular. Whilst consisting of much smaller numbers than the present enrolled strength of the two forces, it should have much greater cohesion, higher training, better discipline, and complete equipment. Most important of all: the whole force should be adequately paid.

Apart from a universal service, nothing short of such a reform appears likely to provide troops of the right quality. Naming this force *Volunteers* would facilitate its creation by rendering the project popular. The force, however, would differ in several important respects from the Volunteer Force as it now exists. To take the Infantry as a sample of the proposed organization: There should be twelve battalions of active troops in each Region, 108 in all; and 108 battalions of Territorial troops similarly distributed.

The men should be enrolled for

One year's recruit service,
Eight years' active service,
Three years' Reserve of active battalions.

For the remainder of service in the Volunteers men should be enrolled in the Territorial Battalion corresponding to the active battalion in which they had served. Should the recruit elect to serve his recruit's time at a dépôt, it should be reduced to 84 days. Before a man could be enrolled as a trained Volunteer in the Infantry, he should have to pass a certain fixed standard of musketry and drill. The liability of the active battalions should be as follows: In case of a war with any one of a specified list of Powers, or with a combination of them, they should become available in regular roster for service beyond the sea, either for garrisoning the coaling stations or for reinforcing an army in the field. In view of the extreme rarity of those occasions (in the last 78 years the country has only once been engaged in war with a great Power), it is probable that such a liability would not be unpopular: and it would much increase the military spirit of the force and its prestige. In case of a great war the liability of the Territorial cadres would be to assist in garrisoning the United Kingdom to meet invasion or the imminent danger of it.

For all small wars and colonial expeditions the resources of the

Regular Army should suffice. The liabilities of the Yeomanry, of the Volunteer Artillery, and of the Engineers, should be determined on similar principles. During eight years' service in the active cadres each man should have to attend a fixed number of company drills annually, and undergo the same course of musketry as the Line, besides battalion training of eight or ten days. During his service in the Reserve of active cadres, musketry only should be required; in the Territorial cadres a much smaller number of musters for company drill and a biennial course of musketry would be sufficient.

Each of the 216 battalions should be maintained, as nearly as possible, at a strength of 1,000 men. We should then have rather more riflemen, of higher training and military value, than are now enrolled in the Volunteers. Each man will be liable during the first part of his service to greater sacrifices, while he will be able to earn an easier position as he acquires seniority. The training of old soldiers will not be thrown away, and the problem of maintaining cadres of men in their prime without keeping them long from their homes and employments will have been solved. Parliament would have to fix the rate of pay with regard to the amount of sacrifice of time and labour required, and the risk of war service involved. The whole of the vote now applied to the Militia would become available; and almost the whole of the expenditure would flow directly into the pockets of the labouring classes, from whom the rank and file of the Volunteers would be drawn. The system might be expected, therefore, to prove not unacceptable to the class which is now politically dominant in England.

No real discipline or efficiency can be hoped for from men who are merely amusing themselves; and it is manifestly unfair that what is everyone's business should fall entirely on the patriotic, and that they should reap no reward. The privileges of Volunteers should be jealously guarded by Parliament, and it should be made worth a man's while to serve his time and to pass on into the Territorial cadres. Although the terms of service have been laid down precisely, it is probable that, at first, considerable elasticity might have to be admitted in practice. It would be necessary, however, that the strength of the different cadres should be maintained, so that the country should have at its disposal a compact force of known strength and trustworthy quality.

An alternative plan would be to reorganize the Militia, training a force of Field Artillery for them, and making them available for service beyond the sea, while retaining the Volunteers and the Yeomanry, in their present shape, solely for Home Defence. The advantage of this scheme would be that existing institutions would suffer less dislocation. The disadvantages would be that the present

Militia vote would not only not be available for increasing the efficiency of the Volunteers, but would not nearly suffice for the Militia itself—that is, if the force were really fit to take the field by the side of the troops of the Line;—while all the old drawbacks would continue to hamper the Volunteer Force, and the use of the large number of trained men who pass through its ranks as a last organized reserve would be foregone.

The district of each Volunteer squadron, company, and battery, being fixed, a good groundwork of military organization for the whole country is obtained; while the increasing tactical importance of the smaller units of Infantry and Cavalry permits of a very thorough training in limited areas without long or frequent assemblies in regiment and battalion. Further, the organization is one which might be applied to the Colonies. Indeed, in a similar shape, it is actually established in some of them. It is not easy to foresee whether Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers would easily accommodate themselves to the new order of things; but were it evident that Parliament and the Ministry were in earnest, and knew their own minds, serious opposition, it is probable, would not arise. Two objections to the scheme will readily occur.

The first springs from the difficulty which Ireland presents in any scheme of military reform. I allude to the British prejudice against the thought of a Volunteer Force in that country. We have not quite forgotten the history of the last Volunteer Army in Ireland. I believe, however, that the substitution of smaller numbers of trained men—men not only employed annually for a month's "job," but under a long engagement to Government, and holding a stake in the national welfare for the present Irish Militia—would not create a public danger. On the contrary, it might attach to the State many of the best class of Irishmen. Surely it is not unreasonable to hope that the time is at last approaching when the danger and weakness to the whole Empire caused by the disaffection of the mass of the Irish electorate will cease. Were the English people agreed on the "Irish Question"—and not impossibly they may have urgent necessity for agreeing ere long—Ireland would not remain a trouble. The system of keeping the arms and equipment of Volunteer troops might have to be changed throughout the Kingdom.

Great difficulties would be encountered in adapting a symmetrical organization to the local necessities of the Volunteers; but none of them would be insurmountable.

The importance of the proposed force would attract excellent officers; and if the rank and file were liberally dealt with, and their sacrifices fairly compensated, a hold over them would be obtained, and minor obstacles in carrying out the scheme would

be got over. Some latitude would have to be observed in permitting men to transfer their services from one corps and locality to another corps and locality when the stress of trade compelled them to migrate. The Territorial partition into Regions would have to be regulated, not only on the basis of population, but also by the number of men willing to serve in different districts. Lancashire, for example, might yield a much larger force in proportion to population than the West of England.

Special provision would have to be made for men who actually were obliged to serve beyond the sea. They should be treated similarly to the troops of the Line as regards pension for woundness, sickness, and misadventure, occasioned by the public service. Parliament would have to protect Volunteers in the matter of losing their employment by the exigencies of the Service by special legislation, or by the incidence of taxation, or otherwise. In view of the fact that a great war involving this country in important operations by land would probably compel us to adopt universal service, the men who held a vested interest by belonging to the Volunteer Force under the proposed terms before the outbreak of war would occupy a position of much advantage compared with that of the men compulsorily enrolled.

Inventions are yearly making an invasion of England more feasible, while the military and naval armaments of our neighbours, the march of political events, and the decisive results possibly to be obtained, all tend to the same result. Should France and her allies, or the Triple Alliance, gain supremacy on the Continent, we should be confronted by an aggressively triumphant and perhaps hostile coalition, and there can be no doubt that if we seemed likely to fall an easy prey a bold leader would make the attempt.

All military systems take time to get into working order and to produce their best results, and the longer we put off reform the less benefit we shall reap from it when it is forced upon us by a critical situation. Now is the accepted time. Is it too much to expect of the patriotism of both the great political Parties that they should co-operate on a question so vital?

C. W. Battine,
Lieut. 7th Dragoon Guards.

AT THE EDGE OF ITALY.

Bosco Chiesanuova is a Veronese summer resort, 3,000 feet above the sea, and five hours' drive from Can Grande's city. The actual distance is about twenty miles; but it is collar-work nearly the whole way. Once past the fortified hills outside Porta Vescovo, the road mounts between the limestone walls of Val Pantena, through chestnut groves, and across fat uplands to the first spurs of the Alps. Pine-woods rise ahead parted by tortuous ravines; bold ridges stretch forth into the plain.

One skirts great bluffs of limestone—younger brothers of the Tirolese Schlern—seamed by horizontal lines of caves, and the ground all about yawns with quarries of red Veronese stone. Hedges give place to loose stone walls; houses are roofed; gardens are fenced by slabs of the same mottled pink stone, resembling monstrous slices of Castile soap.

Magnified Sussex downs spread in huge billows about us, sink into wooded hollows, and rise eastward to a lofty ridge capped by the cone of Purga di Velo. In spite of the Italian sky, Lombard Plain and the grand bulwark of Garda's mountains climbing in slow curves to misty summits, downs, chalk-pits, and oak-copses give a familiar English aspect to the landscape. So on for miles: then the way is steeper, pines are taller; the bones of the world break through the turf in limestone reefs. There is a glimpse of grey peaks to the north above an amphitheatre of forest; scattered houses appear, and the gaunt, white barracks of the "Alpine regiment"; and here at last is Chiesanuova, the capital of the "Thirteen Communes" formerly known as "I Monti del Carbon," or Charcoal Mountains.

It is an untidy townlet, with a fringe of raw new houses, loose stones, and timbers; but it is enchantingly placed on a height commanding half Lombardy, clasped by rocks and woods, and backed by the Lessini range, which divides this corner of Italy from Austrian Tirol. To the west, beyond broken land scored by the limestone gullies peculiar to the district, long-flanked Monte Baldo rears its bulk; and at the root of this noble mountain a stretch of Lake Garda is seen: and the Peschiera forts, and the tip of Catullus's island home thrust

forth like a tongue in the blue water. It is the Lombard Plain that gives life and variety to the prospect. The glory of it, and the vastness, seem to widen one's mental horizon and sweep petty cares away. Ever-changing effects and colours play over its surface (on clear mornings even the far-distant Apennines are visible); the Adige and lesser streams, on their way to the sea, inscribe the great green level with a hundred silvery scrolls; and rice-fields and lagoons gleam like mirrors beyond.

On this plain of historic fights, these watery arabesques might be runes recording the deeds of the dead on a grander scale than the memorial tower—that white speck away, to the right—raised to the heroes of Solferino and San Martino.

Chiesanuova is a very primitive place, and nothing is done to advertise its charms to the outer world; yet the peaks of the Tirolese "Cadrega," within a day's work, deserve your notice; and the Lessini summits, Corno d'Acquilio and Monte Malera, are interesting and easy ascents. Italian landlords, however, are unspeculative, and Italian visitors unexacting. Fearing increased prices, the visitors prefer the place as it is. Both fall back on the formula that in the mountains, *si sa*, one must rough it. Accordingly, year after year, Veronese families contentedly return to the same frowzy lodgings; the two bad hotels are always crammed to overflowing; and the dingy fly-blown cafés in the Piazza drive a thriving trade. Still, new houses are springing up on the waste ground behind. In one of them, Casa Luigia Tinazzi, good accommodation and cleanliness may be found. Western windows frame exquisite views of Lake Garda and its peaks; front ones look to the ridge of Monte Tabor, crowned by the groves and turrets of Count P——'s hospitable home, and forming a Giant's Causeway to the heights beyond. The Tinazzi house is reputed to be quiet; but quietness is loosely understood at Chiesanuova. Instead of merely comprising an extravagant proportion of deaf-mutes, all its inhabitants might be deaf. To have blocks of stone quarried and grooved and blown up at one's front door, iron girders hammered close by, wood chopped and sawn behind, bowls played on the road a few yards off, all the small fry of the place romping in and out of empty carts on the green, tipsy peasants wrangling over games of "Morra" at the pot-house round the corner, together with frequent clanging of church bells—this scarce realizes hopes of silvan seclusion. It is a good day when only hammering and chiselling go on incessantly from five o'clock in the morning to seven p.m. As extra treats, pig markets are held on our green. One of these greeted our arrival in the retreat; and the interest of watching the crowd and discovering that the elder peasants assembled mostly wore a Tirolese costume of knee-breeches, blue hose, red garters, and feathered

hats, did not close one's ears to the squeals of their ill-treated ware. Then, what a crescendo when, the day's business done, unsold beasts scampered the wrong way, were roughly recaptured, driven by their poor tails, and hoisted by their ears into carts!

The big Piazza, of course, is the centre of Chiesanuovan life. It is an irregular oblong: with picturesque houses and shops on one side, and great white church, massive red belfry, and scattered dwellings, on the other, overhanging woods and plain. A white marble Virgin on a column stands in the middle of the square, where, at nightfall, male and female voices intoning the "Rosary" in turn, peasants kneel devoutly in prayer.

The church dates from the XIII. century. Its well-proportioned interior has pointed Gothic arches. Unluckily, it has been restored, and the time-worn stone pillars are painted to imitate Verona marble. Despite the tawdriness of its decorations, the interior is effective in festival array. Sunbeams filtered through stained glass, and festoons and draperies of red, blue, green, and yellow tarletan, play pretty tricks of colour on the throng of white-veiled heads in the nave. The men are packed apart in choir and transept, for the old custom of dividing the sexes still obtains in Chiesanuova. High mass is always accompanied by brisk operatic airs, and the "Traviata" drinking song is thought appropriate to the elevation of the Host. When the preacher appears in the pulpit, the congregation compose themselves for the sermon by turning down the seats of their praying stools; during this clatter the orator has time to blow his nose, and his acolyte to settle comfortably on the pulpit stairs. From the enlightened parish-priest one is sure to hear kindly, well-delivered teachings suited to the needs of his flock; but sometimes a burly Capuchin, with dramatic gesticulation and rhetoric, takes his place, or a Jesuit missionary calls sinners to repentance by declaring that recent floods, earthquakes, and hailstorms, had been sent to punish them for taking God's name in vain.

Chiesanuova is pious, and the parish is large. During the five days devoted to the "Forty Hours" all the country-side poured into the town. On Sunday it joined in a monster procession, bearing three Madonnas and a dozen saints, that took more than an hour to wind its multi-coloured length round the Church to the cross at the edge of the woods and back again to the altar. Every afternoon these days one saw the women, with their veils and books wrapped in handkerchiefs, tramping away to their distant homes; most of the men remained behind to drink and gamble.

Although too fond of wine, the mountaineers are peaceful and courteous even in their cups. "Pardon, Signora: I'm drunk," one of the tipplers said as he lurched against a lady on the road. Even street boys are polite, stopping their games to let you pass with

friendly nods and smiles. The babies are a well-fed, rosy throng, born of comely mothers.

Save for the abundance of deaf and dumb, one might imagine that neither excess of merrymaking in summer, nor of huddling in close stables during the long winter, impaired the vigour of the race, derived, according to local tradition, from the ancient Cimbrians, and, undoubtedly, from some Teutonic stock. This ethnological problem shall be touched upon anon. Meanwhile it should be explained that Bosco Chiesanuova is a misnomer. Two hundred years ago, when these hills still supplied all Venice with fuel, the Bosco may have deserved its name; but, at the rate the timber is now vanishing, it will soon be as a Scotch deer forest. Pastures pay better than trees. Therefore, the land is split into small holdings, and the woods are scattered patches, seldom extending over more than a few acres. Two or three hillsides are still covered with fine beeches, and a few splendid firs linger in the hollows; but most of the trees are of less than moderate growth. One sees no giant aisles of pines, as in the Tuscan wilds of Camaldoli, Abetone, and Vallombrosa. Nevertheless, these Chiesanuovan woods are charming in their way. The glades are scored with limestone reefs like tiny Pompeian streets; and the winding ravines, called Vaji, almost as deep as American cañons, give unexpectedness to the landscape. Flowers are plentiful, for the field and alpine floras meet here in equal luxuriance. Every cleft of moss-cushioned boulder is rosy with cyclamen; campanulæ and mulleins rear blue and yellow spikes; pirolas nestle on northern slopes; gentians and eye-bright carpet the ground; and giant gentians tower up in glorious azure plumes.

The worst fault of the district is its scarcity of water. No torrents course down these silent hills. The nearest spring—a mere trickle—is two miles off; and the only considerable water runs from the rocks of Scandole, nearly double that distance from the town. Still, paradoxically, Chiesanuova does a brisk trade in ice. Rain-water is stored in innumerable ponds and reservoirs, flanked by wigwam-like ice pits. One is always meeting carts full of great dripping slabs covered with layers of pine twigs.

Industry and thrift rule in this prosperous township. There are no beggars, no tramps, and (seeing that all doors are left on the latch) apparently no thieves; and nearly all the land is owned by peasants. This is an ideal state of things; but one's admiration for it is rather marred by personal inconvenience. To keep out trespassing cattle, every wood and pasture is enclosed by stone walls, which, although low and loose, oblige the rambler to continual gymnastics. Practice is needed to negotiate these barriers without bringing down tons of rock upon one's toes. Success soon gives zest

to the effort: especially on finding that the cattle are not penned in here or there on account of their ferocity, but that the cows are as amiable as the people, and even bulls inoffensive.

Besides strolls in dreamy glades among birds, squirrels, butterflies, and flowers, a good deal of stiff climbing may be done, up and down precipitous Vaji to lonely hill-towns. For military reasons, no carriage-roads are allowed to connect the frontier villages. Thus, although interesting Erbezzo and the sanctuary crag of Purga di Velo are within a few miles of Chiesanuova, it is impossible to reach them on wheels without first driving down more than half-way to Verona, and remounting by a circuitous route. Certainly, in case of war with Austria, an invading force would be more likely to attempt unguarded passes than to steam down Lake Garda or run the gauntlet of the Val d'Adige forts.

The vicinity of the frontier adds to Chiesanuova's charms. An exiled Trentino settled in Italy comes hither every summer to gaze at his native province and sigh for its freedom from Austrian rule. The boundary-stone on Monte Sparviero, 6,000 feet above the sea, may be reached in an easy three-hours ride across the pastures of Podesteria; and, standing beside it, one looks over a precipice into the verdant depths of Tirolese Val de' Ronchi, at the foot of the Cadrega. To the left, past jagged headlands, lies a riband-like stretch of Val d'Adige, with river and rail apparently running uphill beyond Ala. From this lofty perch, with one foot (as it were) in Tirol, we seemed to gaze into a world of dreams. Mists suddenly appearing from below, half-veiled the lovely view, and floated in filmy trails over the opposite crags and fields. Besides, the mere sight of another land stirs the imagination, and ("Irredentista" theories notwithstanding) there is a difference of physiognomy between Italy and Tirol. Even the solitary farmhouse nestling yonder among the firs at the foot of our mountain is quite distinct in its broad-eaved cosy trimness from the gaunt homesteads this side of the border. Patches of rhododendrons a hundred yards below enhanced the impression of northernness, and presently an agile Italian revenue-man came bounding up the steep with the alpen-roses and edelweiss he had plucked for us.

The pastures of Podesteria are vast rolling downs ending in sudden precipices to the north, and sinking southwards by wooded ravines to the Lombard Plain. Cattle innumerable are grazing on the treeless waste; in every hollow are tiny ponds, and a few herdsmen's huts in the shape of miniature wigwams. The only buildings far and wide are one rude stone inn and a chapel, hardly to be distinguished from the group of grey rocks behind them.

On that blazing, cloudless day, there was no suggestion of bleakness in the landscape: the turf was a flower-garden of golden

arnica, torquoise forget-me-nots, grey campanulæ, and scented nigritella; only tinkling cow-bells broke the stillness; but one could imagine what a place of desolation it must be when swept by howling winds or deep in snow. The guard who had so lightly leapt into Tirol for a handful of flowers must have a dreary time in this exposed station. Once a year, however, there is a high festival at Podesteria. Mass is served in the little chapel; there is dancing and merry-making; crowds of Tirolese flock over the border, and subjects of the King join hands with subjects of the Kaiser.

Another favourite excursion from Chiesanuova is to Cima di Malera, at the eastern end of the Lessini range. Again, taking horse at Tracchi, where the carriage-road ends, one mounts to the summit by a route more varied and steeper than the Podesteria path. Again one traverses vast downs with bluffs and boulders of limestone on all sides; but these rock-girt pastures and intervales command more striking scenery; and, crossing the head of the Squaranto ravine, one notes with interest that even this deep and precipitous gorge starts, like other Vaji, from a shallow dint in the downs. These dry cañons are, indeed, the most curious feature of the Lessini region. The dairy farms scattered about are different from the picturesque woodland "Malghe" of South Tirol. These of the Lessini are rough stone shanties on treeless slopes, with internal arrangements of a primitive sort; but their cream and curds are delicious, and send us refreshed on to the Croce di Malera. This crag overhangs a deep narrow gully walled by wonderful cliffs, orange and grey, backed by sharp pinnacles, and zigzagged by a perilous tract to Recoaro. The frontier station lies far below on the bank of a small torrent that, after speeding to earthquaky Tregnago, is seen, increased to a respectable river, twisting across the plain to the Adige. Westwards, through a gap in the hills, the towered ridge of Monte Tabor is throned among the woods of Chiesanuova. The double cone of the Malera Alta rises steeply beside our lesser crag; and after luncheon we climb to the stone man on the summit, and gain a wider view of Tirol. The edge of Italy is wilder and more precipitous here than at Podesteria, and the Cadrega peaks show their finest profile at the turn of Val de' Ronchi. Beyond, in dream-like distance, rise range after range of peaks with seams of snow and ice. We had made the ascent along the crest of the ridge; but now, zigzagging down into an intervale, we reached the "Busa," or Hole of Malera.

This surprising cavern must have been the *moulin* of a prehistoric glacier. It resembles a huge artificial well. Its circle of limestone is nearly perfect, only interrupted at one section by a few intruding crags. Its diameter is at least one-third greater than

that of the famous XVI.-century Pozzo S. Patrizio at Orvieto, and its depth is unknown. The mass of snow and ice about a hundred feet down has never been probed to the bottom. Quantities are continually extracted; but the supply seems inexhaustible. A few yards off a smaller hole of irregular form leads to a cavern containing a tiny spring of water. This also must have been a *moulin*. Near it I found bits of stone scored with ice marks. No guide-book mentions those curious pits, and, as far as I know, no written account of them exists.

Despite the neglect of its natural beauties, the Lessini region is well known to ethnologists. Germans and Italians are engaged in hot controversy as to its original population. Like their neighbours of the Seven Communes in the Vicentine hills, the people of the Thirteen Communes claim descent from a Cimbrian horde, said to have found refuge in the wilds when routed by Marius on the Paduan Plain. The theory is held by many German and a few Italian *savants*. All quote the testimony of the Danish King Frederick IV., who, visiting these mountains and the Seven Communes in 1708, declared that the people spoke the language of Jutland, the home of the ancient Cimbri. According to Benedetto, an esteemed Tirolese authority, the supposed Cimbri were a Teuton tribe, summoned to Italy by Theodoric early in the VI. century.

Other Germans maintain that the people of both the Thirteen and the Seven Communes are merely Germanic "islands" derived from the Teutons of Tirol, and parted from the parent stock by the Italianization of the neighbouring districts in the XII. and XIII. centuries. Next comes Schneller's theory that all the Trentino, the Veronese highlands, Vicenza, and even Verona and Padua, once formed a compact Teutonic nation, and, consequently, that the inhabitants of all this region are of German descent. This is contradicted by Italian ethnologists: especially by Professors Marinelli and Malfatti, who urge many arguments to show that, even in the old times, the province of Trent included a strong Italian element, and that the Lessini, instead of being merely colonized by German settlers, have been continuously inhabited from a very remote period. Indeed, the flint implements found in the Velo caves, a few miles from Chiesanuova, prove the existence of a population in the neolithic age. Near these caves, on the cone of Monte Purga, there was once a fortress of unknown origin, afterwards replaced by a mediæval stronghold, and now the site of a great sanctuary visible, on its lofty perch, even from Venice. Relics of Roman occupation abound in the eastern hills of the Lessini; Tregnago and Selva di Progno contributing various inscriptions, San Vitale in Arco remains of fortifications; while the Verona

Museum has stores of weapons, ornaments, glass, pottery, and imperial coins, exhumed from a Roman villa in the same district.

The names of the Thirteen Communes are certainly of Latin derivation,* and so are those of the larger villages; but many hamlets bear German appellations, such as "Gries," "Gierz," and "Becherle." The term "Lessini" comes from "lexin," signifying pasture land.

Whether derived from Cimbrian warriors or from Tirolese nomads, this mountain race has a strong German strain. Light eyes and hair abound, and most of the babies have lint-white polls. The people cling proudly to the Cimbrian tradition, and point, as evidence, to the hamlet of Cimberlini, in the hills behind Chiesanuova. In any case, the legendary Cimbrians must have died out by A.D. 814, when (as shown by documentary proofs, contracts of sale and lease, etc.) the greater part of the highlands belonged to Veronese monasteries† and nobles, and served to pasture their cattle. Then, about the middle of the XII. century, a nomadic German tribe drifted across the border to the Seven Communes, and soon, overflowing into Veronese territory, were allowed by the Bishop to settle on the Lessini. In 1376, another Bishop of Verona, Pietro della Scala, confirmed this permission by granting a twenty-five years' lease of the mountains to two German chiefs, Olderico of Altissimi and Olderico of Vicenza, who fixed their abode at Rovere di Velo, and seem to have acted as bailiffs to the Bishop, exercising judicial functions and privileged to nominate German priests. By this time the Commune of Forum Julium, vulgarly styled Frezolana or Frizzolana, had, in honour of its big new church, changed its name to Chiesanuova. The pastoral Germans moved about the mountains as need required; and documents of the period record the still prevailing family names of Tinazzi, Becherle, Scandola, and Comperli. At Giazza, Selva di Progno, and Campo Fontana, some of the old folk speak a German dialect.

Towards 1330 the Veronese ecclesiastics tried, by refusing long leases of their pastures, to check the rapid increase of the German element in the Thirteen Communes; but the "Masserios della Frezzolana held their footing on the soil, and won privileges both from the Scaligeri and from their conqueror Gian Galeazzo Visconti. To the conqueror the "Masserios" did service in 1390, by routing a hostile tribe at Selva di Progno. In 1403, when Verona

* "Breonio," "Erbezzo," "Bosco," "Frizzolana" (now "Chiesanuova"), "Val di Porro," "Cerro," "Velo," "Campo," "Silvan," "Azarin," "Rovere di Velo," "Saline," "Tavernale," "Badia Calavena," "Selva di Progno," and "San Bartolomeo."

† Especially to the monastery of Sta. Maria, in Organo.

succumbed to Venice, the Twelve Communes were found to be a vicariate of the former city, and their privileges were left intact by the conquerors. In 1491 they volunteered a contribution of waggons and spingards to the defence of the State against Charles VIII.; but a ducal decree confirmed their right of exemption. In the next century the people of Frizzolana again received the formal thanks of the Republic for their aid during the war with Maximilian. Evidently, in spite of their Teutonic descent, they were staunch Italians. Strange to say, neither Machiavelli's nor Guicciardini's despatches contain any allusion to the German element in the Vicentine and Veronese highlands. Nevertheless, when fortune favoured the Imperialists in 1509, Germany found many adherents at Verona. The people of the Lessini hastened to implore the confirmation of their old rights, and (oddly enough) their demand was made in Italian. Eight years afterwards Venice regained the Veronese State, and before long the mountaineers were obliged to nominate a "Protector of the Thirteen Communes" to look to their interests at St. Mark's. An influential patrician, usually a Senator, was always chosen for this office. During the eighteenth century a Donati and a Pisani held it in succession.

From the close of the seventeenth century the German element diminished in the mountains; much land had been appropriated by Veronese nobles; communes, monasteries, and private individuals, were perpetually disputing the possession of the pastures. To-day the Lessini grazing grounds are shared between local proprietors and the "Nobil Compagnia" of Verona, descendants of the old feudal lords.

There are no family seats in the democratic Lessini, no ruined castles. Save for the Count P——'s modern villa on Monte Tabor and an unfinished one behind, we must drive down to the outskirts of Verona to find a seigneurial house. At Scandole, however, on the brink of the Vajo dell'Anguilla, there stands a charming little cottage with a history. Now owned by a peasant-farmer of the old Scandola clan, it was built about a hundred years ago by the noble Ollibon of Val Pantena. This patrician led the life of a mediæval robber-Baron, oppressing tenants and vassals with feudal ferocity, terrorizing the whole country-side, and keeping a band of bravi (in local parlance, "bulli") to enforce obedience to his behests. His power fell from him when Napoleon seized Venetia. Stripped of his lands, and trembling for his life, Ollibon fled to his shooting-lodge at Scandole, conveniently near the Austrian border, and trusted to bolts and bars to save him from the vengeance of the mountaineers. Perhaps he was still guarded by "bulli": he seems to have dragged out his life unmolested. Chiesanuova, however, had witnessed at least one of his crimes. Certain victims of his,

flying there for safety, had been pursued by his men, and barbarously done to death.

Outwardly the Scandole house seems an ordinary cottage; but its walls are unusually solid, and its interior is daintily decorated with delicate stucco mouldings, faded frescoes, and elaborate roof beams. An altar on the landing, where mass was served, proves that Ollibon was of the privileged class, and may have been used to soothe fits of remorse. The front door opens on a sunny little garden overhanging the steep of a wooded glen plunging into the Vajo dell' Anguilla. One looks down into the ravine and across to the townlet of Erbezzo on the height beyond. Midway along the sheer cliffs of this ravine, and overhung by bluffs of orange limestone, stretches a line of caves, regular as though shaped by human hands. With its southern outlook and landscape, this hermitage should be a cheerful abode. Three generations inhabit it now, and sturdy children are romping among the flowers, while the friendly grandmother makes us welcome, and her deaf-and-dumb husband plucks the ripest cherries in our honour. The tyrant who ended his days here evidently sought safety as well as seclusion. We noticed that the back door on the mountain-side only led into a hayloft, walled off from the rest of the building.

The carriage-road finishes at Scandole, a hamlet of a few thatched cottages, with a Revenue station to guard the pass from Tirol. A side glen winds up to Cimberlini, another small village in the folds of the hills.

A charming walk along the edge of the Vajo leads through firs, beechwoods, and pastures to tiny Val di Lera, where the only torrent of the Lessini speeds to the Vajo between banks of blue gentian. This is an enchanting nook, commanding a peep of really wild scenery, and the streamlet has a boastful voice for its size. "Parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi." Scandole owns a bigger spring; but this, being captured in a trough when it first gushes from a cave beneath the Ollibon house, has no chance of frisking noisily over the rocks.

The drive back to Chiesanuova is loveliest towards evening. Then one enjoys the sunset over Lake Garda through the folds of the hills. This great sheet of water seems to have a climate of its own, a climate which, besides brewing the biggest storms, provides the grandest pageants and effects: gold, crimson, and lemon-green skies, with cloud processions even finer and more fantastic than those noted by Mr. Ruskin. Once, above the red horizon, soared groups of cumuli in the likeness of solid mountains, rent here and there by jagged defiles piercing to azure space, and all half-veiled by bars of silvery film. At this magical moment every tree, every blade of grass, seemed carved in gleaming metal: no leaf stirred: nature held

her breath. Then the pageant vanished: even the afterglow faded, and we beheld to the east a sky of equal, coolest blue, with the hardness and purity of polished stone.

About ten miles from Chiesanuova are the caves and natural arch of Ponte di Veja. These are within easy reach from Verona; but few travellers visit them, and they have never been photographed. Half-way down to the plain, among the chestnuts of Val Pantena, one turns off on a by-road through the windings of Vajo del Falcone. Like the other ravines cleaving the foothills, this is walled by grand cliffs of orange limestone above tiers of caverns and wooded steeps. Unlike the rest, Vajo has a torrent at the bottom; and other streamlets pour down from side gullies. The road twists round a huge bluff; and suddenly, across the glen high above, we see a mighty bridge joining sundered cliffs of grey and yellow stone, and framing a space of sky, with tangled greenery and a chaos of rocks beneath. Over the lip of this lofty stage a cascade drops sheer into hidden depths, while the crags forming the side-scenes are broken by the mouths of dark cavities leading to a subterranean world. The span of the natural bridge is about 130 feet on its western face, and over 160 on the other. Its summit is flat, and three carriages might pass it abreast, with a margin for safety on either side. A fifteen-minutes climb through the brush landed us under the arch, by the mouth of the greater cavern. We were too heated to plunge into it at once. Clambering down the rocks to the torrent in the centre of the stage, we gazed out on the blazing mid-day world beneath, doubly grateful for the shade of our huge arch; and, notwithstanding the wild grandeur of the scene, we were humanly interested in the contents of certain hampers about to be unpacked. Meanwhile there was glorious food for the eye. Salvator Rosa's Abruzzi rocks are tame compared with this wondrous achievement of limestone and water; and the placid sky, arabesqued with tender foliage at the head of the glen behind, contrasted finely with the savagery of this Titanic portal. Before and beneath stretched the Vajo del Falcone, its orange walls twisting towards the mountains we had left.

In old times brigands must have nested in this eyrie: brigands ready to pounce down on all travellers, or to raid fat kine on their way to Can Grande's larder, and able to vanish into the bowels of the earth at the first glint of steel in the valley. One can imagine them feasting at the table rock on which our modern provisions are spread, and their fires flaring up to the arch in defiance of baffled assailants. Meanwhile the present assembly—over twenty, great and small—is almost picturesque enough. Our choleric Major, hurling threats—and sandwiches—at his venturesome little sons, might pose as a robber chief; while big, peak-hatted Sauro, the guide, looks no less able to point a gun than to flourish a whip.

Boys of all ages clamber about the rocks; two girls dabbling in the torrent send peals of laughter echoing among the crags; a maiden, wine-flask in hand, flits about us elders; one small urchin basking in the sun on a distant ledge, to remove the chill of an injudicious douche, looks like a gnome emerged from underground.

Lunch ended, the irrepressible boys burst into cheers as Sauro climbs the rocks with bundles of dry canes to light our steps in the caves, and there is much squabbling as to who should be torch-bearers. Some of the party have already explored the smaller cavern to the left. Now we all pour into the greater one. Stumbling, slipping, splashing through mud, jumping pools, crawling, bent double, through long, low corridors, following the guide as best we can in the uncertain flare of the torches, and with a swarm of excited youngsters at our heels, we penetrate a series of singular halls, some vast and wide, others mere clefts roofed at an unseen height, blackened with smoke, or dripping with water. So onwards for about half-a-mile, when the passage shrank to a hole only to be crawled through on all-fours, and Sauro announced that the boys had wasted so many torches there were barely enough to guide us back. It was tantalizing; for at the next turn the passage plunged (we were told) to a lower range of bigger caves lined by legions of bats, and never yet explored to the end. As it was, we reached daylight in a sufficiently weary, begrimed, and muddy state; the small fry torn and bruised.

Some years ago the valley folk regarded this cave as the mouth of hell. At nightfall (they said) the Evil One, armed with a pitch-fork, and with horns and tail complete, was often seen emerging from it. Bold spirits determined to watch for the apparition. They were rewarded by the sight of a black figure with an enormous tail trailing behind him. The fiend proved to be a peasant alive to the advantage of using bat-guano for his crops. Anxious to monopolize the supply, he had gone secretly by night to fill the heavy sack dragged at his heels.

The Prefect of Verona, Count Sormanni Moretti, is much interested in those wonderful caves, and hopes some day to organize a scientific expedition to explore them. They are known to extend through the mountain in several tiers; and proofs of their prehistoric habitation—stores of flint knives, triangular arrow-heads of a singular kind, tusks of extinct animals, and primitive implements of the earliest iron age—have already been brought to light.

It is worthy of note that the torrent under the bridge does not come down from the cliffs behind. It issues from a cave. Probably, therefore, the space spanned by the Ponte di Veja was once a huge rock chamber, the roof of which has partly given way. Who knows? It may have been the throne room, or the temple of a troglodyte race!

LINDA VILLARI.

THE ATTACK ON THE CHURCH.

Those who assert that the endowments of the Church in Wales or in England were given by the civil State, and that the State has therefore a right to reclaim them, have against them every lawyer of note from Selden to Lord Selborne, and every historian worth quoting from the earliest who touch the subject down to Bishop Stubbs and the late Professor Freeman. The first part of the assertion is indeed a question of fact merely, and the facts are clear. Here is a sample from Wales itself in the time of Henry I., translated from a paper of Carte in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. The "Bernard" who speaks in it was the earliest Norman Bishop of St. David's, and the "Bernard Newmarch" mentioned was a Norman layman of the seed of the Conquest, who had obtained estates in the Brecknockshire part of that diocese. The last clause is specially noteworthy. It invokes no penalty of law on the offender, as it certainly would have done had the endowment been made under temporal statute, but only the loss of spiritual privileges.—

"Bernard, by the grace of God Bishop, &c., to all the faithful greeting and benediction. Let all, both those now living and who shall hereafter live, know that when we consecrated the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Haye, William Revel did, by permission of Bernard Newmarch, who was present at the consecration, give and grant as a *free gift* and endowment of the church itself fifteen acres of land and two tenements [with enumeration of local boundaries]. He gave also to the same church all the tithe of all his estate of Haye [with other lands specified], and of all things that are held of the lordship of Haye. [Here follows a specification of all objects titheable]. *Whoever shall subtract or diminish aught from these, let him be cut off from the communion of God and His saints until he come to a better mind.* Fare ye well."

Similarly, in Kirby Lonsdale, Lancashire, Ivoe Tailbois, another Norman landowner, gave the tithe of his estates there to an abbey. Thence it passed to the Crown: thence again to Trinity College, Cambridge, which body still holds the tithe to the extent of three-fourths or more, the other fraction remaining as the parochial endowment at this day. And so in the case of Haye the paro-

chial incumbent retains but a dwindled remnant of the original benefaction of Bernard Newmarch. Again, to pass to a smaller and later instance, in Dendron, a Lancashire hamlet on the shore of Morecambe Bay, a bronze plate over the door of the little church, dated 1642, attests that the fabric, with "sufficient mayntenance for ever to a minister according to the Church of England," was built and provided "at the proper cost and charge of Robert Dickinson . . . borne within the parish." Will those who go against every dictum of law and history kindly point out the share of the civil State in any of those gifts? Until that is done, the falsehood shouted on a thousand platforms, and echoed in a thousand columns of the newspaper press, will carry its own condemnation to all who care for truth.

But those who care not for facts or truth are the hope of the Party of so-called "Progress." Once get a thing asserted, shouted, voted, enacted—no matter how, no matter why—carry your point by a rush and a roar of violence and ignorance, and Churchmen can amuse themselves by quoting law and history to empty benches, when the tale of their property is complete. Only kill off the Welsh Church,—you can hold a coroner's inquest later. That will be the time to consider the facts. Meanwhile the cry is raised that the Church in Wales is in a minority. But every sect taken singly is in a still smaller minority. If minorities are to be trampled on, trample on all alike. But no: every one of the smaller is to enjoy endowments unmolested: only the Church's endowments—the gifts of her own members, like those of Dissenters—are singled out for confiscation. The Baptist, the Independent, the Methodist minister is to retain; but the Church minister is to forfeit. What else is this than the persecution of religious opinion? And, of all the grotesque topsy-turvys of history, the very Party which in earlier years assumed to itself a monopoly of absolute toleration is now preparing to lead this crusade of intolerance, on the whimsical ground that the religious body assailed cannot count more heads than all the rest put together. "More customers deal at the costermongers' stalls and barrows than at the Market-hall; therefore, let the Market-hall be burnt," would be about as reasonable an argument. The real motive probably is that the Market-hall is drawing custom so rapidly from the costermongers that they fear to be deserted, and therefore shout fire and faggots. This as a "reason why" is intelligible; but obviously not expedient to avow.

Do any of our readers know how Dissent first was propagated in Wales? The story, only lately unearthed from the moss and mould of history, is worth telling. The origin of Dissent was political. It was exactly what the Church is not, but what her enemies are indefatigable in charging her with being. It was State-planted State-

nurtured, and State-paid—of course, the latter by confiscation of Church funds. Among the achievements of the Long Parliament, one which, until recent research, was pigeon-holed in oblivion was an Ordinance "For the Better Propagation and Preaching of the Gospel in Wales." Its enactment was followed by a missionary expedition in the startling but impressive shape of two troops of horse, three hundred strong, under Captains Vavasor Powell and Walter Cradock, warranted of the "godly" sort—the oldest recorded form of a Salvation Army equipped with "blood and fire," not as figures of speech on handbills, followed by notes of admiration in scarlet, but as a stern reality of sword and pistol.

The dragonnades of the Grande Monarque against the Huguenots were a later copy of the gentle methods of Cromwellian conversion applied to Wales. These gallant soul-savers drummed out the clergy, put a *clôture* on their ministry, cleared the ground of all other doctrine, and so formed a vacuum for themselves to fill. The masterful contempt of the Protector for the Celtic races was never so incisively illustrated as by this coercive propaganda, worked from the war-saddle with "ironsides" for preachers, which first spread Dissent in Wales.

To turn from "ancient history" to modern fiction, which so many of our men of the newest light in politics prefer: Can anyone give a hair's-breadth of reason for the wide assertion that disendowment must follow disestablishment? If the Church on her side were clamouring to be disestablished, one might conceive that assertion capable of argument; but, the fact being exactly the reverse, no more monstrous assumption was ever made than that which views the confiscation of Church revenues as a corollary of her State connection ceasing. Of course, from the agitator's standpoint the assumption is necessary. You cannot maintain an agitation on empty theory. There must be "solid pudding" to follow. Otherwise the agitator is angling with the naked hook, and the fish will not bite. Endowments come in handy as bait. The agitator puts that on his hook, and finds a shoal rising. However, in a pamphlet by the late Professor Freeman, of Oxford, an attempt is made to place the connexion on an argumentative basis. In order to be perfectly fair to his memory, his words shall be quoted*:—

"As it is, setting aside extremes in any direction, it is plain that in the Established Church several very different schools of thought can go on side-by-side, each working in his own way, each bringing out some special element of good, with a fair amount of harmony among them. One may be quite sure that, if the Church were set wholly free from State control, changes would be made in one way or another which would make it far harder than it is now for men of these different schools of thought to work together. Such a state of things would be sure to

*"*Disestablishment and Disendowment: What they Are.*" By Edward Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., &c., &c., p. 50.

follow on disestablishment in any shape; but it would be ten times worse if there were disestablishment without disendowment. For it is only in human nature that men should be in some degree swayed by temporal motives. Disestablishment without disendowment would really come to this, that the temporalities of the Church would be put up to be fought for by contending theological parties.

"Even setting this fear aside, disestablishment without disendowment would seem to be a very dangerous experiment. Most practical men will be inclined to think that, if disestablishment is to to be, disendowment must follow. Then comes the question whether such disendowment should be total."

Mr. Freeman does not settle this further question. He hardly even argues it. He concludes with some exceedingly wise and plain cautions against "abstract theories," and urges the claims of "an institution" on the ground "that it exists," and because of "the evil involved in the very process of change." However, we may for the present pass this by.

The well-bred highwayman commonly allowed his victims to retain so much cash as would see them to their journey's end. Possibly a similar grace to tide over a period of transition might be allowed to Churchmen by the bandits who proclaim Liberty and use it as a warrant for Plunder.

But assuming, for argument's sake, that "for men of different schools of thought to work together" would in a disestablished Church be more difficult, is that a sufficient reason for plundering all alike of their means of subsistence? Is the alleged difficulty one of sufficient weight to justify a step which *primâ facie* has dead against it every principle of justice and every tradition and maxim of English law? Do we by injustice fortify a commonwealth? Or can any item of public lucre, howsoever great and assured, be deemed a solid gain if attained by abandoning that one of the cardinal virtues in which every polity is founded? You must disestablish the moral instincts ere such an argument will pass. We venture to put the bare decencies of Justice first and "Schools of Thought" second. It is as clearly possible for Acts of Parliament to outrage the moral code as for the most arbitrary despot. Indeed, Professor Freeman expressly says so. What could be a more monstrous injustice than to plunder the aggregates of Church people in every parish of the land, and afflict with added spiritual impoverishment many on the verge of temporal destitution, in order to secure a barren sanctuary to all "Schools of Thought" now or hereafter within the Church's pale? Surely it is the worst and most flagrant robbery of all to rob simple minds of the sole last resource of spiritual consolation and hope, as well as of help and refuge in temporal distress, and to dry up for the indigent the chief local fountain of perennial beneficence—and all for what?—in order that the various shades of opinion, more or less speculative, on points wholly secondary, may find "ample verge and room enough"

in which to disport themselves! One can hardly state such a motive save in language which sounds ironical. Indeed, it would be a decent tribute to the barest moralities of argument if the advocate would first show that the preservation of existing "Schools of Thought," which were not in existence when endowments arose, was a condition, or even a purpose contemplated, of endowments given, before such wholesale rapine, in their alleged interests, is discussed. We are, of course, conscious that to speak of the preservation of that which existed not when the benefaction was made, as being a condition or purpose of the benefactor, involves the figure of speech known as "a bull." But so flagrant is the absurdity involved that it does not admit of being stated otherwise. The advocate must prove a thesis which is incapable of rational formulation, in order to buttress an argument which is inconsistent with the moral order. If there be a moral order in the world, no power can shield a nation guilty of masking sacrilege in sophistry from that retribution of disaster which threatens alike a despot or a popular assembly bent on trampling upon religion and justice.

And, if we may quit for a moment this grave and serious ground on which the question rests, look next at the ridiculous side of it. Is there not something grotesquely absurd in the proposal to ensure an easier *modus vivendi* to competing "Schools of Thought" by plundering impartially the resources which sustain them all alike? Or, again, are there no such competing "Schools" among Dissenting bodies, whose boast, before all things, is that among them "Thought" is most free? Can anyone show a reason why plunder and sacrilege, supposed needful to maintain the equilibrium of "Thought" in the Church when disestablished, should not be applied to their endowments while non-established? If the Church were disestablished to-morrow the "Schools of Thought" within her would be exactly what they are among Dissenters—no better off and no worse.

Let us take an example near home to the late Professor. Suppose the University of Oxford, in which Dr. Freeman, whom we are quoting, adorned a professorial chair, disestablished. Suppose its connexion with national law and national life abolished, its leaders of thought and homes of study reduced to so many "privat docents" and seminaries of limited liability. This would beyond doubt, have a narrowing effect on the professoriate, and would starve off the academic soil many elements of culture. The best guarantees for independence of idea, for dignity, self-respect, and the prestige of historic tradition, would be lost or impaired by the degradation. Professors, who necessarily represent "different Schools of Thought," would find it "more difficult to work together." Much official pettiness would creep into administration, much

paltry touting into the teaching staff—a deplorable result surely! But what would then be said of a proposal to prevent academic jealousies by confiscation pure and simple—to "make a solitude and call it peace"? In order to enable "Schools of Thought" to live, and that together, the first necessity is to starve them: they will have less fighting power and less to fight about: and the proceeds of confiscation, perpetrated that quiet may reign within, are to be squandered among all the schools of thoughtlessness without!

Put it otherwise. Represent the illuminating power of the Church on the mind of the nation by the lights within a building, each "School of Thought" being expressed by appropriately coloured burners. Professor Freeman was afraid that, given "disestablishment," the votaries of the blue would smash the yellow, or both unite to quench the red, and so on all round the spectrum. Therefore, the remedy suggested is—an heroic one undoubtedly—Turn off the gas at the main! Turbulent competition will then be extinguished. "Nothing like a radical cure" (to quote Sam Weller), "as the man said when he cut his little boy's head off to cure him of squinting." Given disestablishment alone, there is no security against Church "temporalities" being "put up to be fought for by contending theological parties." But the needful security may be effected by timely confiscation before the row begins. That is what the late Professor seems to suggest. We neither share his alarms nor believe in the efficacy of his remedy. It seems, on the one hand, even more likely that, given disestablishment alone, the Church still would so far penetrate the nation's life, and be interpenetrated by it, that the currents of national feeling would exert a reflex sympathy upon her still, and tend to keep her large-minded and liberal, whatever might be the effect upon individuals; and, on the other hand, it seems certain that the one thing which would tend to what he seems to dread would be the very remedy which he proposes—disendowment. For re-endowment up to the measure of subsistence there must and would be. You cannot maintain a clergy upon air, any more than you can build parish churches in the clouds. Mark, then, what would follow. Men called upon to re-endow must be free to make their own terms with the trustees of each endowed body, or of the Church as an entire corporation. A combination of partizan zeal, depth of purse, and narrowness of mind might then command the situation and produce a great and lasting effect. Take the Simeonite trustees as an example in the present, and consider the result of similar influence exerted by every "School of Thought" in turn on such a crisis as we are supposing. The Professor's worst fears might, under such conditions, be approximately realized.

Temporalities, then, there must and would be amid any circumstances, for a spiritual vacuum is impossible; and, with temporalities restored by re-endowment, the fact that "men are in some degree swayed by temporal motives" must inevitably recur. On whatever scale re-endowment happened, it would enlist a proportionate number of clergy to compete for the proceeds. But the sense of a public duty in the nation's eye, which now checks and tempers the sway of the temporal motive, would be gone—a worse result, instead of a better. Spiritual duties involve temporal support, and temporal support induces temporal motives. No human ministry can be exempt from them. And you must, therefore, disestablish human nature before you can prevent that result. But, whatever be the worth of the late Professor's argument, it is as good against the non-established as against the supposed disestablished. It implies that, among the former as among the latter, wherever divergent "Schools of Thought" arise, plunder ought to ensue. And here the question occurs—What concern has a State, when become by Disestablishment purely secular, with schools of religious thought or theological parties? It has shut the door once for all on all such concerns. What can it matter to the secular State whether they sink or swim? But, according to our authority, having renounced all interest in theology in order to disestablish, the State is to resume that interest in order to disendow! Our late Professor ostentatiously disclaims all such interest: "We are not talking theology . . . we have nothing to do with theology, but only with history and law" (pp. 13, 26). Then let the non-theologian stick to his last. He has shut his own argument out of court, and now seeks to let it in by the back-door. He has hanged the cat, and seems to find very interesting creatures in the kittens. A conclusion which requires such argumentative laxities is self-condemned.

One must speak with all due respect of Dr. Freeman; but in dealing with his argument great plainness of speech is necessary. To the memory of a man from whom much has been learnt all should be grateful; and Churchmen, the very backbone of whose *status* is historical, find in the late Oxford Professor a powerful advocate on the ground of irrefragable fact when he points out that "the endowments of the Established Church rest on exactly the same grounds as the endowments of the Dissenting bodies: people sometimes forget that there are such things as Dissenting endowments." "Parliament," he adds, "has the same right over both" (pp. 47, 48). We have, indeed, in a large part of the preceding argument, only illustrated and developed what he lays down as an historical axiom. But so far from that axiom's tending to prove that "if disestablishment is to be," then in the judgment of

"practical men disendowment must follow," its tendency is the reverse. For all "practical men" must see that endowments are just as needful after disestablishment as before; and if, as we are told, "they rest on exactly the same grounds," alike in non-established and in established bodies, the question of established or not leaves the need and the usefulness of endowments wholly untouched. Thus, let A be a religious body connected with and recognized by the State; let B, C, D, . . . X, Y, Z be others not so connected; and let all from A to Z, be endowed by gifts "resting on exactly the same grounds," the goodwill towards each body of its own members. Let the State next resolve to "cut the painter" of connection with A. A then takes its place on a level with the rest of the alphabet, and the equality of negation is attained. The State then, suppose, proceeds to plunder A. The equality so attained is at once upset; and, to restore it, B, C, D, . . . X, Y, Z, must be plundered all round. To pluck the parish churches bare, and leave the sectarian bodies with their nests all fully feathered, would be a curious sample of "religious equality." Therefore, the plunder of the dis-established implies the plunder of the non-established. Then all would start fair. "No," say the Dissenters: "let Churchmen alone be mulcted, and let us go scot-free!"—very much as was said of old: "Let fire come out from the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon." Keeping their own endowments, while those of the Church are dissipated, with her energies in every direction crippled by temporal loss, and the prestige of Establishment gone, her enemies reasonably reckon on a safe run in and an easy win. Therefore, they steadily inflate the huge windbag of assumption that disendowment must ensue on disestablishment, and rely on noise and numbers to float the falsehood that Church endowments originated in the gifts of the State. It is the layman who will be mulcted if such measures succeed. From laymen of old, as shown above, the ancient endowments proceeded. Confiscate them, and the laity will have to make the vacuum good. But the nation's decision, if taken, to "cut the painter" with the Church, is no more a reason for mulcting them than for hanging up by the neck the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

If the statement were as true as it is notoriously false, that the endowments of the Church were the gifts of the State, to confiscate them would be no less an act of sacrilegious robbery—a sin at which even the darkened conscience of the heathen revolted. "These men," said the Town Clerk of Ephesus, of St. Paul and his companions, "are not robbers of churches": intimating that if they had been he would not have had a word to say in their defence. "Robbers of churches" was the more æsthetic and spiritual render-

ing of our older version, since revised into "of temples," a phrase which translates not merely the word but the old scene and period with it—a phrase which hits the bull's-eye of the modern conscience, whether penetrable or hardened, and carries home to a Christian nation (so called) the warning that this sin, abhorrent to the heathen and the idolater, is being dangled as though indifferent before the public eye at present. For to be "robbers of churches," throughout the whole area of the country, is exactly the present aim of the political Dissenters. They may, of course, manage to rouse the coarse and greedy passion for pelf, and to stupefy the voice of conscience in the public; but the act will be equally sacrilegious, whether the endowments plundered originated in public or in private gifts. A gift formally and deliberately made is as binding and as irrevocable as a contract. In short, it involves a contract. If this were not so, no gift could ever be made, nor any professed gift safely accepted; because the reserved right to revoke vitiates the character of the donation, and, if acted upon, converts it to a loan: Nay: the position of the receiver is worse than that of a borrower, because the uncertainty whether it is ultimately gift or loan makes his tenure of it too insecure for him safely to use it, and makes the donation a mere trap to the unwary. Such a gift could, in fact, only be resumed by a public and solemn act of falsehood, involving, when the gift is one made to God's service, both dishonesty and sacrilege.

The stimulus given to the appetite for greed and the stupefaction of the conscience are experienced by every shopboy who robs the till and every clerk who falsifies the balance-sheet. But in their cases the dread of detection and—until hardened in reprobacy—the shame of exposure are deterrents. Of these last feelings the nation which commits sacrilege or robbery, or the two combined, is incapable. Of an outrage done in open defiance of right there can be no detection; and of a nation banded together to perpetrate it, no exposure. It is a case of open-door conspiracy, where all are, or soon become, shameless and brazened by the contagion of common guilt. The present state of public opinion tends toward apathy on such questions: as though an act could be sinless merely because it is shameless; or as though a nation turned criminal could disown responsibility; while the same class of acts is reprobated as heinous, mischievous, and demoralizing, when the offender is isolated, or the conspirators are few, secret, obscure. The assumption that the popular will can consecrate any act done by public authority, and can place it above all question, is the most monstrous of immoralities. At this rate many sanguinary atrocities of the first French Revolution would be whitewashed, because they were done under public authority at the time.

Violence and tyranny, extortion and rapine, do not change their nature because they are brought about by a machinery of statutes or the decrees of a national assembly. The moment you preach that an individual is bound by the Ten Commandments, but that a nation is not, you have thrown wide the floodgates of public wickedness.

THE WATCHMAKER'S WIFE.

It was late on a quiet August afternoon that the little yacht *Flippant* sailed into the harbour of a small New England town. The yacht belonged to my friend George Crimrose, who had invited me to take a week's cruise with him along the coast. There was no one on board but our two selves, and, in fact, there was neither room nor need for anybody else. Crimrose generally sat at the helm, while I acted the part of crew and steward. Crimrose cooked our meals.

"If General Washington were on board," he had once remarked, "I might let him attend to the sails and anchor, but I should want to do the cooking myself."

We had been out four days, and were now bound homeward, and, after passing the night in the quiet harbour, we proposed to start on our southerly course to Boston. Crimrose had intended going on shore to put a letter in the post-office; but, as it was past supper-time before we entered the harbour, he decided to postpone this until morning. We had no small boat; but our vessel, which was sloop-rigged, was a little one, and we could easily run up to a pier or even ground her on a beach. Our sails lowered, anchor dropped, supper cooked and eaten, and pipes smoked, we hung out our lantern and retired to rest. The *Flippant* was really nothing more than a sail-boat, though Crimrose always insisted on calling her a yacht. But there was a little deck cabin, divided into two parts, each of which was large enough to satisfy the needs of a tired man. There was a slight breeze from the south-east, and the gentle rising and falling of the boat soon lulled us to sleep.

When I awoke next morning I knew it must be a fine day, because I could see through the opening of the curtains which hung at my little cabin the early sunlight upon the water; and I concluded there could not be any wind at present, for the little vessel was perfectly motionless, and I could not feel the slightest movement of the water. This was unfortunate, because, if we were to reach Boston at the time we expected, we should need a good wind that day.

I got up and dressed myself, and went on deck. It was indeed a

beautiful day and a quiet one; and, looking out over the stern, I was surprised to see, instead of the town, or the same hills on the sides of its little harbour, a wide expanse of water on which there was a slight but well-defined swell. Turning to look behind me, I stood utterly astounded—the yacht was ashore, one-half her length lying on a sandy beach. No wonder I did not feel the movement of the sea.

For nearly a minute I stood gazing about me in amazement. Before me was a wide beach; back of that a higher bit of land sprinkled with rocks and coarse shore-grass; and still farther back a wood, principally of pines, which shut out the view beyond. This wood extended for a considerable distance to right and left, and then there was the sea again.

Crimrose was a heavy sleeper, and I could still hear his deep breathing. Before wakening him I determined to make some further investigation, and quietly walking forward I stepped ashore. As I did this I fancied the vessel made a little motion forward; but this I attributed to my excited state of mind. I walked around the bow of the vessel, and the longer I looked at her the more I was puzzled and astonished at her situation. She was not only grounded, but her forepart was deep in the soft sand. How this could have happened I could not conceive. Had she broken from her anchorage and drifted upon this point of land or island, or whatever it was, she would have grounded broadside to the beach, and perhaps stern-foremost; but how she could have gone ashore head on with such force as to drive her so deeply into the sand that she stood on her even keel, and all this without shock enough to wake either of us, passed my comprehension. I wanted to think it out before I woke Crimrose, who was such a quick and impulsive man, and so full of reasons for everything that could possibly happen, that he disturbed my methods of quiet ratiocination. I would wait a little, and endeavour to work out the problem myself. As I stood gazing at the vessel my eyes fell upon the boom near where it was attached to the lower part of the mast; and there, closely pressing the boom and the furled sail, I saw a crooked piece of iron which I had never noticed before. This was attached to a stout rope which ran upwards along the mast, making one or two turns around it. My eyes followed this rope upward to the mast-head, and then above the masthead and on up higher and higher; and then, throwing my head backwards, my eyes followed the rope still higher and higher, until it ended at a balloon in the air above me.

There was but little wind; the balloon was almost stationary, and was apparently not much more than a hundred feet above the ground. From the wicker car which hung beneath it there came no

sign of occupancy. I ran along the beach a little way, that I might have a better look up, without stretching my neck; and then I sat down on the beach and quietly laughed to myself. Here was an unheard-of and ridiculous situation, and I was delighted that I had fully investigated and worked out the whole problem before waking Crimrose.

The situation was now easy enough to understand. The dangling grappling-iron of an escaped balloon had caught in the boom of the *Flippant*, and with a gentle breeze, which was probably blowing early in the night, the strain at first was very slight; but this strain was continuous and strong, and our cable had parted or our anchor had dragged, and we had been towed, bow foremost, by the balloon, until we had touched this beach, and then slowly and steadily had been drawn forward until the bow of the vessel was so deep in the sand that the balloon could move it no farther, and here we were. Now I would awaken Crimrose.

This experienced navigator was not half-dressed before he perceived that his yacht was unnaturally motionless, and it was not two seconds after he had put his head out from between his little curtains that he was on deck gazing wildly about him. In another second, bare-headed and bare-footed, he had sprung upon the sand and stood by my side. At that instant the *Flippant*, before our eyes, moved forward a foot, it seemed to me. This was easy enough to understand: Crimrose was tall, and round, and plump, and on stepping ashore he had relieved the craft of more than two hundred pounds of weight.

I pointed into the air; and, glancing upward, Crimrose saw the balloon. When he appreciated the fact that this great object hovering above us was made fast by a long rope to his yacht, Crimrose's lower jaw fell so that it looked as if it were going to drop off, and, with eyes like billiard-balls, he began to feel wildly in his pockets; and then he turned to me and gasped—

"Give me your knife! Cut that rope!"

But my mind had been hard at work on the subject of this balloon.

"Don't you do that," I said. "There may be somebody in that car, dead or alive; and if there has been an accident there may be papers or something. We should not let it blow out to sea and be lost for ever."

"What is all that to me?" exclaimed Crimrose, red in the face. "It will have the mast out of my yacht in a minute; it will work her seams loose; it will ruin her. Where is your knife? I have lost mine."

"Crimrose," said I, "if you cut that rope, and let that balloon get away, we may do a great injury. Balloons don't float about

that way unless something has happened. It won't hurt the *Flippant* to hold it a little longer until we make up our minds what is best to do."

"It is best to cut her loose!" exclaimed Crimrose. "That is what we should do."

I put my hand upon his arm.

"Stop," said I: "we can do better than that. First let us find out whether there is anybody in that car."

Without answering, Crimrose stepped back, put a hand on each side of his mouth, and shouted in a high, shrill voice,—

"Hello, up there!"

Almost immediately a large felt hat appeared above the edge of the basket, and after it a face. It was that of a man with grizzled whiskers and beard.

"Who are you, and what are you about?" shouted Crimrose.

The man put his head a little way over the edge of the basket; he seemed very much afraid of falling out.

"Glad to see you," he shouted. "Is that rope hitched tight and strong?"

"Yes," I answered: "you are secure for the present."

"But you can't hook on to my boat any longer," cried Crimrose. "Do you want to come down? If you do, pull your valve-rope and let out your gas."

"I do want to come down," cried the man. "Nobody ever wanted to come down as much as I do. But the valve-rope is broken. I did let out a good deal of the gas; but I can't let out any more now. Don't you think you can get this balloon to the ground? Can't you pull us down?"

"I can bring you down," cried Crimrose. "I will get my rifle, and put some holes in the top of your balloon, and that will let out the gas quick enough!"

I expostulated. "Don't do that," I said: "you might rip a great rent in the silk, so that the balloon would fall suddenly and the man be killed."

I thought it likely, also, that in his excitement Crimrose might hit the man in the car instead of the top of the balloon; but I did not think it wise to say this. It was plain that a large portion of the gas had escaped; for the lower part of the balloon hung loose and flabby, and the gas that remained was not much more than enough to sustain the occupant of the car at his present moderate distance above the earth. I thought it not at all impossible that we might be able to pull down the balloon.

At a short distance from us, at the edge of the higher ground above the beach, stood a small gnarled tree, cedar or something of the kind, with one of its crooked roots making a little loop above

the ground. This, I believed, would be strong enough to hold the balloon, and in a minute I formed a plan.

Crimrose had gone on board to put on his shoes; and while he was doing this I got out a long rope which had been stowed away on the yacht, and, making it fast to the grapnel of the balloon, I carried the other end of it to the gnarled tree, passed it under the root, and fastened it to the trunk. By this time Crimrose had re-appeared, and I proposed my plan to him.

"All right, said he. "Anything, so that we get her loose from the yacht." And, standing on our forward-deck, he reached up as far as possible, and took hold of the balloon-rope, and hung upon it with his whole weight. Down came the balloon until Crimrose was on his knees.

"Hurrah!" I cried; and, loosening the grapnel from the boom, I ran to the tree and pulled the rope nearly taut.

"Let go!" I cried; and Crimrose released his hold, the balloon rose into the air, moved over the little tree, and then stopped. With the rope under the root and a half-turn around the trunk, I found I could easily hold it. Even when the balloon shot upward, there was no cry from the car. Its occupant evidently knew what we were about.

Crimrose was so delighted to see his yacht released from the strain of the balloon that he seemed satisfied with what had been done, and prepared to examine his vessel to discover what damage, if any, it had sustained. But I shouted to him to come to me.

"You pull her down a few feet at a time, and I will keep the rope tight as it shortens; then we shall soon have that man on solid ground."

Crimrose looked up, shook his head, but set to work with such vigour that it was not long before the bottom of the car was only a little way above the top of the tree. I now saw that the tree branches would interfere with the safe descent of the aeronaut; and, making the rope fast to the root, I suggested to Crimrose that he sit down and take a little rest. I then got an axe from the yacht, and cut off the tree not far from the ground: its roots were all that we needed.

Crimrose and I dragged away the little tree, and then we set to work again. When the car was within a few feet of the ground I cautioned the old man, who gazed at us with an expression which indicated more interest in our proceedings than any other emotion, not to try to get out until I told him to, for the balloon might give a jump and jerk the rope away from us.

"O, don't you be afraid," said the man: "I'm not going to get out until everything is tight and fast."

When the car was as low as we could get it, and everything tight

and fast, the aeronaut, with much nimbleness, scrambled over the edge of the basket and approached us, offering each a hand.

"Thanks, both of you, ever so much," he said. "If there is ever anything I can do for you I hope you will let me know."

"How did this happen?" asked Crimrose. "What made you hook on to my yacht?"

"Excuse me one minute, gentlemen," said the man; and, going to the basket, he put his head over the edge and looked down into it.

"Come, Sarah," he said: "you can get out now."

At this we were treated to another surprise; for an elderly woman, wearing a black bonnet, and wrapped in a gray shawl, put her head and shoulders above the side of the car.

"I don't see any steps," she said. "How do people get out of these things?"

"The best way they can, my dear," replied the man: "at least, in a case like this."

"All right," said the old lady; and in a minute she was standing alongside the man.

"This is my wife, gentlemen," said he—"Mrs. Pocock—and she is just as much obliged to you as I am for helping us to land."

They were a queer-looking couple. The man was short and wiry in build, with twinkling blue eyes and a line of grey beard under his chin; his wife, shorter than he, with her black bonnet, her spectacles, and gray shawl, looked as little like an aeronaut as could possibly be imagined.

"Indeed I am obliged," said she. "For the last sixteen hours I have been about as much scared as anybody can be, except when I was asleep. And looking over the edge of that car made me so dizzy that I have been curled up in the bottom until I can scarcely get my joints out straight again."

"But how did this all happen?" I asked. "It seems a very odd thing for you two to go up in a balloon."

"Odd! I should say so," replied the man. "I'll tell you in twenty words just how it happened. But, by-the-way, my dear," he interpolated, taking out his watch, "it is not sixteen hours that we have been in the car, for we were thirty minutes late in starting. You see," said he, "I am a watchmaker—Sylvester Pocock, of Barnville, Massachusetts,—and for a long time I have wanted to test the movements of a watch at different altitudes. Great things might come out of experiments of this kind. At last I got a chance: I made the acquaintance of an aeronaut, and he agreed to take me up with him."

"And me," added Mrs. Pocock; "for I would not let my husband go alone."

"He wanted three persons," continued the watchmaker; "and, as

Mrs. Pocock might never have such a chance again, I agreed to take her."

"Put it as you please," his wife remarked: "anyway, I went."

"Well, gentlemen," continued the watchmaker, "you may scarcely believe it, but I tell you that after me and Mrs. Pocock had snugly packed ourselves in that car—me with three of my best watches in my pockets, and she with everything to make her comfortable for an hour's sail, which was all we bargained for—that aeronaut, a large man, by-the-way, and a little given, I am afraid, to ardent spirits, actually fell out of his balloon just as the rope had been cut. He was waving his hat and leaning far over the edge of the car, and, I think, made a grab at something somebody held out to him, when out he toppled, turned a somersault, and came down on his feet, and at that instant up we went with a shoot that nearly took our breath away. I don't believe he was hurt much, for I could see him running and waving his arms; and then in a short time everything seemed to be fading away, and we went on, up and up, scarcely knowing what had happened."

"Scarcely!" said Mrs. Pocock. "As far as I was concerned, it wasn't as much as that. I knew nothing at all except that that man had tumbled over the edge of the car; and it made me so dizzy even to think of looking over that I curled myself up in the bottom as I told you, knowing no more about anything than if I hadn't been there."

"I did what I could," said the watchmaker; "but that wasn't much. I knew if I let out the gas the balloon would come down: so I got hold of the valve-rope and let out a lot of the gas, and we came down pretty fast. Then I began to think we were coming down too fast, and I let the valve shut again. At that time we were not much farther from the ground than we were when we fastened to your boat, and the wind was taking us along slowly. I could see people below, and a good many of them shouted to us. I tried to open the valve again, thinking that we'd let ourselves down kind of gradual, when the rope broke; and that was the end of it. The wind took us along, we not knowing what to do; and at last I thought of letting out the grappling-iron, and then I did it as quick as I could; but it wasn't no use. We passed over fences and trees and lots of things it might have caught on to; but our rope didn't reach low enough, and so we went on and on until it got dark, and I couldn't see things below us; and, as there wasn't anything else to be done, I thought I might as well make myself comfortable and take a nap, for when daylight came I might need all the strength I'd got. The fact is, I didn't wake up until I heard you calling to me. Some time in the night I felt a little sort of a jerk, which must have been when we hooked on to your boat; but I didn't know

what it was, and I didn't get up to look, for, to tell the truth, it was a dreadful thing, peering out over the top of that basket into the blackness of the night. I think it likely when the night drew on the balloon sank more and more, until the grappling-iron got low enough to catch on to your boat, which was a blessed thing for us, gentlemen, for where we'd drifted to, if we hadn't hooked fast to you, there's no telling."

"But all's well that ends well," said Crimrose. "And now let us have some breakfast. I suppose you must be hungry? At any rate, I am."

"Now that my feet's on the ground, I am hungry," said Mrs. Pocock; "for it was in the afternoon when we went up, and we expected to come down again in plenty of time for supper."

While Crimrose, assisted by Mrs. Pocock and the watchmaker, prepared the morning meal, I started off to find out, if possible, where we were. I walked along the beach to the eastward; and, soon finding myself at the end of the little woods, I went inland and scrambled to the top of a rocky hill, and from this I could plainly see that we were on one of the small uninhabited islands which dot the coast of New England.

At varying distances, but none of them nearer than half-a-mile, were other islands—I counted five of them altogether. When I made this discovery I went back to the beach, and found breakfast ready. The meal was a very good one. Mrs. Pocock, who evidently was a woman in the habit of having her own way, had done a good many things in the way of cooking, which Crimrose generally insisted on doing himself. We all began in pleasant humour to discuss the situation.

"I don't know what island this is," said Crimrose; "but from my knowledge of the coast I am quite sure that if we take a south-westerly course we shall soon be in sight of land, and then I shall have my bearings. I shall be glad to take you two to Boston with us, and then you can easily go to your home by train."

"But how about the balloon? How are we going to get that back to Barnville?" asked the watchmaker.

Crimrose laughed. "The best thing that we can do with the balloon is to get your traps out of her, and cut her loose and let her sail to the North Pole; and it might be a good idea to put our names on a card in it, and then, perhaps, in that way at least we might get ahead of any Arctic explorers. I should like the men who finally discover the North Pole to find my name there."

"That is a pleasant fancy," said Mr. Pocock; "but it will not do. Robert Moxom, who owns the balloon, can't afford to lose her, and, after his kindness in agreeing to take me up to make my experiments, it would be a pretty mean thing for me to go away and

leave his property. If there was any way of getting it back to him, I reckon we might cut some slits in the bag that could easily be sewn up again. That would let out the gas: we could pack up the balloon and take it along. Of course, we would have to leave the car behind, for that would be 'most too big for your boat."

"Well," said Crimrose, "if you can do all that before I am ready to sail I don't mind; but I can't wait for you. I've got to be in Boston to-morrow night, which is Saturday, for I have very important business on hand next week. The fact is, I am to be married, and this is my last bachelor cruise."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Pocock, taking off her spectacles and looking at him. "That is very interesting."

"Yes; and to the best girl in the world. And now let us go and get the *Flippant* afloat. There will be a good wind in half-an-hour, or I am no sailor."

We had spread the breakfast-cloth on the clean sand, and Mrs. Pocock now began to gather up the dishes while Crimrose walked to the yacht. The tide had already risen, and the little boat was now almost entirely surrounded by water. The watchmaker went toward the balloon with a troubled expression: he would require a good deal of help before he would be able to pull it down low enough to cut a split in the upper part, and then it would take a good while to pack it.

I stood looking out over the sea. For the time I forgot the strange chance by which we had been towed by a balloon to this island; the unexpected arrival from the upper air of an addition to our party, and the work to be done in order that we might get afloat and start on our homeward cruise; all was forgotten in the thought that next week Crimrose was to be married to the girl I loved.

The story of my affections can be told in a few words. I had loved Jeannette Collins for a long time, and I had a fancy she knew it, but was not sure, for I had never told her. Often and often had I intended to tell her; but there was always some reason why I had deferred speaking. In those days I was not a man who always acted with the promptness that his interests demanded.

But when Crimrose arrived upon the scene, during the previous winter, he proved to be a man of unusual promptness. Without any hesitation at all, he fell in love with Jeannette, and very shortly afterwards offered himself to her. I have reason to know that the matter was not settled immediately. But after a time it was settled, and they were to be married next week. It had not been generally expected that the marriage would take place so soon; but Crimrose had been determined upon a wedding trip to Europe, and his plans demanded that this should be begun before the summer

was over. As I said before, he was very prompt and energetic in everything that he did.

But it was no use to think of those things then. I had shut my lips tightly and ground my teeth pretty often during the last six months, and I did it again. Then I went to the yacht to help Crimrose get it afloat. We found this not so easy a task as we supposed it would be. Though Mr. Pocock added his strength to ours, we were not able to push the *Flippant* back into the water, in which her stern was already afloat. During our efforts the tide rose considerably higher, and then we were surprised to see that the bow of the yacht did not rise with it.

"By George!" cried Crimrose, "I believe the water is running into her instead of lifting her." And on examination this was found to be true: the *Flippant* was leaking forward. We now all set to work to keel over the yacht, and before long we discovered the damage and the cause of it. A jagged bit of rock, nearly buried in the sand, had been pressed against her bottom by the steady strain of the balloon, until it had made a hole a foot and a half long.

This was to all of us a doleful sight. Even Mrs. Pocock could appreciate the extent of the disaster. The *Flippant* was an old boat, although Crimrose had always asserted that she was just as good as if she had been built the day before; and I fancy her planks were rotten, for the piece of rock had broken through her bottom as if it had been made of earthenware. Even while we were examining the lamentable fracture, the water was gradually rising and concealing it from our view; and we could not keel over the *Flippant* any farther.

Crimrose, who had been standing half-leg-deep in water, now splashed ashore, and began to clench his fists and swear.

"Do you know," he shouted to me, "that we can't leave this island? It is impossible for us to repair that yacht, and in twenty minutes she will be full of water;" and, turning towards the balloon, he addressed it in terms which, had the great swaying body had ears, would have shocked it dreadfully. As it was, it shocked Mr. and Mrs. Pocock.

"I am very sorry," said the watchmaker, "that the balloon should have caused your disaster; but for all that I am glad our grapnel caught in your yacht. If it had not, my wife and I might have floated out to sea, and been for ever lost. As it is, we are all four on dry land."

"Dry land!" exclaimed Crimrose. "I don't want to be on dry land. I am on my way to Boston, and how in the name of all that's wicked am I to get there?"

"Perhaps some passing vessel may take us off," suggested Mrs. Pocock quietly.

"Passing vessel!" returned Crimrose. "When vessels pass they don't pass anywheres near such a villainous bunch of rocks as this. Confound that balloon! Somebody give me a knife."

The watchmaker rose to the occasion. "There's no use in getting angry, sir," said he; "and it won't help matters to cut loose the balloon. If there is anything to eat and drink on board your boat, and if there is any property there that you wish to keep from getting wet, I think we ought to wade in and bring it ashore."

"The most sensible thing that has been said yet," said Mrs. Pocock to me; and I agreed with her.

In half-an-hour everything that could be moved from the yacht had been brought ashore and been carried up to the sheltered spot near the woods, and Crimrose was sitting on a rock with his fingers in his hair.

"I tell you," he cried, "there was never anything so diabolically unlucky since the beginning of the world. It may be hours, and even a day, before a fishing-boat or any other craft comes near this wretched island. And what am I to do? I did not even mail my letters to Jeannette last night. She hasn't heard from me since we started, and if I am not home to-morrow she will be certain to think I am drowned. It will kill her. Yes, sir: it will kill her!"

Mrs. Pocock, who was not far away, was much affected by this view of the case. Drawing me aside, she said—

"It seems to me, sir, that this is a pretty bad state of things. As far as living goes there is nothing much to complain of; and the weather's mild, and we have victuals enough to last for a week if we're careful. But when we think there is a poor lady on shore expecting to be married early next week, and having every reason to believe that her intended is at the bottom of the sea, it is enough to make anybody's heart ache. Do you know the young lady, sir? I think you must, for you are looking awfully doleful yourself. Is she of a tender disposition?"

I was indeed feeling very doleful, and I was glad to have the opportunity of speaking to one so sympathetic as this good woman. I described Jeannette to her in a way that made her look very steadfastly at me.

"It is a great pity that a woman like that should be weeping for a lost lover, and he safe on this dry land. Have you known the lady long, sir?" she asked. "I suppose your friend was proud to make you acquainted with such a lady."

"Make me acquainted!" I exclaimed. "I have known her for years, and he never saw her until last Christmas."

"I am a person who speaks her mind," said she, after another steadfast gaze at me; "and if the woman is all you say she is it

strikes me that it is a pity someone else did not marry her before that other gentleman met her."

"What do you mean by that?" I said, quickly.

"The principal thing I mean," said she, "is that I don't think much of him. But I daresay you consider I have no right to meddle in affairs that don't concern me, and so I'll stop it."

I looked in astonishment at the watchmaker's wife: she was certainly a person who meddled with matters that were none of her business.

The greater part of the day was passed in vain efforts to discover some approaching vessel. We hoisted our flag upside-down on the mast of the yacht; we hung a sheet from the tallest tree on the edge of the wood; but the day began to close, and we saw no signs of life upon the water except the smoke of some distant steamers. The sun was already low when Crimrose came hurrying to me with Mr. Pocock.

"This man," said he, "has proposed something which may be of service. He has noticed—I should have noticed it myself if my mind had not been so disturbed—that the wind has veered to the south-east, and says that that balloon of his will easily carry one person, and that if one of us were to get in her and put the valve in working order it would not take long for this breeze to blow the balloon to the mainland. It would be easy enough then to come down and send somebody over here to take us off. If word could be sent immediately to Jeannette, and I could get home by Sunday, things would not be so bad after all."

"That is a good idea," said the watchmaker's wife; "and I wonder that none of us thought of it before."

"There was no use thinking of it until the wind changed," said her husband.

"Then I suppose the thing ought to be done as soon as may be before the wind changes again," said she. "I should say, Mr. Crimrose, that when you go over you'll have to leave the balloon wherever you land to stay there until it is called for, and then you will send some sort of a vessel here to take us off."

"Me!" exclaimed Crimrose. "I can't go in the balloon. I am ever so much too heavy. She wouldn't begin to carry me."

"I don't believe you weigh any more than me and Mr. Pocock," said she.

"I think I do," said Crimrose. "Besides, there isn't as much gas in the balloon as when you came down. Of course, it is always escaping. But there is plenty to carry a light person—say Mr. Pocock—and he understands more about balloons than I do, anyway."

"Mr. Pocock!" exclaimed the watchmaker's wife. "I would like

you to know, sir, that Mr. Pocock weighs just as much as he and me weighs, for if he goes I go, for he don't go without me. And when I say that there is nothing on earth that would tempt me to get into a balloon again—for sooner than do that I'd spend the rest of my life here, at least as long as roots and leaves and fishes, if we could get any, would keep me alive—you will understand that Mr. Pocock is not going in that balloon. It is so important that you should get over to the mainland just as soon as you can; and, as it doesn't matter to the rest of us if we wait here awhile until we can be taken off comfortably, I should say that you are the man who ought to go, and I believe the balloon would carry you just as well as not. Mr. Pocock and I is short; but we're solid."

Crimrose put his hands in his pockets and walked toward the beach.

"That wouldn't do at all," he said. "A light person would be perfectly safe; but it wouldn't carry me."

I put my hands in my pockets and walked toward the beach. There was no disguising the fact that I was a light person—a great deal lighter than Crimrose. The next day was Saturday. Fishing vessels seldom started out on Saturday, and it was not likely that any small craft would be sailing as far as this against a rising east wind. Even now Jeannette must be feeling a great deal of anxiety; for Crimrose had told her that he might possibly be back by Friday, although I had not thought there was any reason for supposing he would be able to do this. Moreover, he had not sent her the letter, which I certainly should have found the opportunity to post had I been in his place. Even if she had been sure he was safe, the case was a very bad one; for if Crimrose did not get back before Monday or Tuesday the wedding would have to be postponed, and I could imagine how Jeannette would feel if her wedding did not take place on the day for which all the preparations had been made. Crimrose should never have started on a cruise like this at such a time. I had told him so; but he was a man who would have his own way, and I am not at all sure that the desire to get him back in good time had not assisted me to make up my mind to go with him. I stood and looked out over the water, and then I turned to Crimrose, who was meditating.

"I think I will go over in that balloon," I said.

He sprang toward me, his face blazing with delight. "Harry!" he cried, seizing one of my hands in both of his, "you are a trump. You are a friend indeed, and it is just what I should have expected from you. The thing is easy to do, of course, and I should be the first man to offer to go if the balloon were filled with gas; but it won't carry me as it is, and it will carry you; and, although I should

not have asked you to do it, I accept your offer with all the gratitude that one friend can show another."

"Come on," I said: "let us get the balloon in shape to start. That valve should be put in order."

Crimrose was full of enthusiasm. "I am very sure there is nothing the matter with the valve—except that the cord is broken. If we tie another piece of string to it you will be all right, and have as much command of the balloon as if you were driving a pony to cart. I will get some cord, and make that right in no time."

Mr. Pocock came to me. "I didn't think you would be the one to go," said he; "but that is none of my affair. But I believe the balloon will carry you; and if you take all the rope that you can get off of that boat, and make the grapnel-line longer, I haven't a doubt you can catch hold of something as soon as you get overland."

The watchmaker's wife came and stood by me. "Well, well," she said, "you must have a powerful friendship for that gentleman to undertake such a trip for him. You couldn't do more if he was your own brother. But perhaps you were boys together?"

"O, no," said I. "I haven't known him long, and I can't say that it is for his sake I am going." I did not intend to make this remark; but it came out very naturally.

"O!" said she, "it isn't—isn't it? Well, it is a bad thing for a young lady expecting to be married not to know what's become of her intended, and perhaps not to see him turn up until the wedding-day's over. But, for all that, I should say it would take a pretty strong friendship to make a man risk his life in a half-filled balloon even for the sake of her peace of mind. If I was you I wouldn't go an inch. I'd stay here until somebody came along and took us off. And, after all, it isn't a matter of life and death that the lady's mind should be relieved. Don't go."

"Madam," said I, "you do not understand my feelings on the subject, and it is quite natural that you shouldn't; but I assure you that that lady's peace of mind is of the greatest importance to me, and I shall try to get over to the mainland, and let her know there is no reason for the apprehensions which have probably already seized upon her, and must grow greater and more distressing hour by hour and day by day."

She looked at me, and drew a deep breath, and said no more.

"I can't get hold of the valve-cord," said Crimrose, approaching. "It's broken off too high up; but that won't matter, for I don't believe you will want to let out any gas: in fact, I think it will be prudent for you to load up with some stones for ballast, so as to be sure you won't go too high. Then, if you find yourself getting too low, you can throw out some of them."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Pocock. "You think he'll want ballast—do you?"

The radiant Crimrose apparently did not hear this contemptuous remark.

"Before you start," said he, "I'll go over there to that tree, where I put my writing-desk, and add something to my letter to Jeannette. The first thing I want you to do, Harry, when you reach land, is to put that letter in the nearest post-office; then you can attend to getting a vessel for us. Jeannette must be thought of before anybody else."

He came back very soon to where Mr. Pocock and I were looking for suitable stones for ballast.

"How are you going to carry this letter, Harry?" said he. "Put it in some pocket where you will be sure it will not drop out or get wet if it should rain."

Before I could answer, Mrs. Pocock spoke.

"It ought to be sewed up in a piece of oiled silk," she said, "for even if it got damp she might not be able to read it. I've something that will be just the thing. It is an oilskin bathing-cap, which I brought in case there should be too much wind or rain for my bonnet. Give it to me, and I will sew it up in a jiffy."

"Thank you very much," said Crimrose; and handed her the letter.

Mr. Pocock now assured me that I need feel no anxiety about those I left behind me. The tide was now receding, and he had examined the boat, and found that the water in her had not risen high enough to wet the floor of the little cabin: so he and his wife could occupy one of the compartments that night, and Mr. Crimrose the other, and they would be just as comfortable as if they had been at home.

In half-an-hour the grappling-line had been lengthened, the ballast put into the car, and everything made ready for me to start: but the watchmaker's wife had not yet finished sewing up the letter in the oilskin cap. Her husband called to her, and she came running toward us.

"Here it is," she said. "You may get soaking wet yourself: but the letter will be all right. I fastened a string to the bag, by which you can hang it around your neck, where it will be just as safe as a watch."

"If you want a good watch," said the watchmaker, "I can lend you one, though I don't know really that anything extra in the way of a watch would be of service to you, not taking any interest in the influence of altitudes on balance-wheels."

I declined his offer, and, going to the balloon, clambered into it. The rest of the party came up to me and shook hands with me

most cordially, wishing me a safe and quick journey. The watchmaker's wife was the last.

"You take my blessing with you, young man," said she; "and if ever I hope that anything would be of good to anybody I hope that may be of good to you." And I could see the tears in her eyes as she pressed my hand. I felt in my heart that she was a good old woman.

They loosened the rope, and as it slipped under the root of the tree I began to rise very slowly. I saw that I had too much ballast in the car, and I threw out some of the stones. Then I went up until the rope with the grapnel at the end of it had been let out to its full length.

"Are you ready?" cried Crimrose, from below.

"All right," I answered. He unhooked the grapnel, and I sailed away free from every earthly tie.

Clouds were spreading over the eastern sky; but it was still clear in the west, and it seemed to me, as I looked out in the direction in which the moderate, but steady, breeze was wafting me, that I was slowly drifting into the sunset; and in my present state of mind that seemed a very good place to drift into. I did not care to give more than one look back at the island, because it grated on my feelings to see Crimrose standing there wildly waving his handkerchief.

On and on I went, never rising so high above the water that I could not have touched it with my grappling-iron if I had let it down, and steadily moving westward. As it grew darker I strained my eyes to discover any indications of the coast; but I could see nothing before me but the sky and the sea, still touched with the fading yellow and pink.

I now opened the basket which Mrs. Pocock had put into the car, and found that she had provided for me somewhat at the expense of those I had left behind. It contained our only remaining bottle of wine and the whole of a chicken, besides a jar of marmalade; which, I thought, would be very much missed by Crimrose.

I made a good supper, and, determining to follow the example of the watchmaker's wife, I made myself comfortable in the bottom of the car. There was nothing else to do, for the dark night was now fast settling about me; and when I last looked over the side of the car I could scarcely see the glimmer of the water below me.

I hoped that nothing would happen to me, and that I should safely reach land and perform my mission; but I could not prevent the thought coming to me that if I should slowly sink into the sea, or should disappear into the black sky above me, it would be a great relief to a soul troubled without reason, but still sadly troubled. I did not sleep much: in fact, the night passed in a suc-

cession of broken naps. Sometimes the car swayed disagreeably, and frequently it would seem to sink beneath me suddenly, making me feel as if I were sitting on a chair whose legs were giving way. Once I woke with a start, and found that I was wet, and that water was splashing about me. It took but a second to comprehend that the car was close to the sea, sometimes brushing the tops of the waves. Instantly I threw over all the stones that remained in the car, and, as the water splashed over me, I, for the first time, shuddered with fear. But now I rose clear of the sea; and, though I sat and peered down with eager watchfulness, I did not approach it again for a long time. With the first glimmer of dawn I could see the waves again. They were not very far below me, and, turning to see how I could further lighten the balloon, I threw out my basket of provisions. Then I rose again; but it was not long before I began to settle down nearer and nearer to the water.

It was plain that the gas was, in some way or other, oozing out of the balloon. As the daylight became stronger I was positive that I could see to the west indications of a line of coast. If I could but keep the balloon in the air for only an hour more it might carry me to land. The grapnel was a heavy thing: I drew it in, untied it, and dropped it into the sea. This helped a little; but I soon saw that the car needed further lightening, and I threw out the whole coil of grappling-rope. This sent up both the balloon and my heart, and, as the breeze was now much stronger that when I started, I rapidly approached land. All desire to melt into the sea or the sky had now disappeared, and I watched the approaching shore with feverish anxiety. I was drawing near to what seemed to be the mouth of a river or narrow inlet; but I was also drawing nearer and nearer to the surface of the sea, and there was nothing else to throw out.

It was not long before I hung barely six feet above the water, and then I saw that the balloon must be lightened, or I should never reach the land alive. I quickly cut five or six of the cords on opposite sides of the car, and tied the ends together. Then, clambering upon the loop thus made, I cut the remaining cords and let the car drop. This resulted in a grand rise into the air, and I did not come down again until I was over a marshy bank at the mouth of a little river. This was not at all a good place to land, for, with the exception of a hummock here and there, there was nothing solid enough for a foothold. As I slowly came down I lowered myself from the loop in which I had been sitting, and suspended myself from it by my hands. Then, as soon as I approached a hummock, I put my feet on it and gave a spring. This sent me up, and the wind carried me forward, and I covered in my first leap of the sort some twenty or thirty feet. Again and again

I repeated this action, sometimes failing to strike a hummock or bunch of grass; but even a kick into the water and mud sent me up a little, and, after many efforts and some fruitless splashing, I passed the marsh and reached solid ground.

Here my first impulse was to let the balloon go; but on second thoughts I decided not to release it yet. Before me lay a long stretch of sandy dunes which I must cross, and as I stood, my feet lightly pressing the ground and the balloon steadily pulling at me so that I could not stand still, I determined to make still further use of it. With a run and a vigorous spring, I cleared nearly a dozen yards. My arms were tired; but the motion was exhilarating: I bounded like a hare or a kangaroo. In a wonderfully short time I had gone over a mile or two of waste land, and saw before me a house, with a man hurrying out of the door.

As I neared the house I made a bound which carried me easily over a fence, and the man kept looking at me in dumb amazement. My arms now began to feel as if they would be torn from my body, and I shouted to him to come quickly to cut the silk in the balloon. My respect for the Pococks made me anxious to save it—what was left of it—if it were possible.

The man comprehended the situation, and as I held back he ran up, and made a long gash in the balloon as high as he could reach; and then he took hold of the rope and helped me to hold it. In a few minutes the great silken folds were flopping on the ground.

I was nearly exhausted with excitement and fatigue; but the man and his wife gave me a warm breakfast, and I told my tale, frequently interrupted by their exclamations of astonishment. In return, the man, who was a small coast farmer, informed me that he knew the island on which we had been cast, and that if he had anything but a row-boat he would be glad to go out and rescue my companions; but there was no one in the neighbourhood who owned a sail-boat large enough for such a trip—except Captain Archibald Wharton, who lived about a mile up the coast: he had a big fishing-boat.

Together we went to the fisherman's house. We found Captain Archie, as he was called; but at first he would not believe the tale I told him. However, when my companion asserted that he had seen me arrive with the balloon, the fisherman was obliged to give faith to that much of the story, and, as the rest could be no more fabulous, he expressed his willingness to do what he could to bring in my companions. But his boat was not at home: it had been hired to a fisherman down the coast who would not return it until that evening, and then, of course,

he could not start out at night. He was opposed to working on Sunday; but he said that if his boat got in in time he would start out the next day, and would probably bring my friends to land before nightfall. I had hoped to get a boat to go immediately to the island; but, as there was nothing better to be done, I arranged with Captain Archie, paying him a part of his price in advance in order to hold him to his bargain; and then, having done all I could in this line, I enquired for the nearest railroad station. This was five miles away; but my friend the farmer agreed to take me over in his waggon, also promising to keep the balloon safely until it was called for.

I did not post Crimrose's letter to Jeannette: I reflected that, as this was Saturday, and there would be no mails to-morrow, she would not receive the letter until Monday. So I determined to take it to her myself. This would suit in every way, for my home, as well as hers, was in Boston.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when I reached the city, and at first I thought I should go home to array myself in attire more suitable to the occasion than the rough yachting-suit smeared with the mud of the marsh. But all this would take time, and I went immediately to deliver my letter to Jeannette, and, as I knew she would want to know everything about our mishap, I asked to see her. She came into the room with outstretched hand. If she had been anxious or troubled, it had made her look lovelier.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, gazing at my untidy figure. "Has there been an accident?"

"Yes," I said; "but nobody has been hurt, and I bring you a letter from Mr. Crimrose."

I took from my breast-pocket the oilskin cap of the watchmaker's wife, and, removing the string from around my neck, I handed the package to Jeannette.

"You can rip it open better than I can," I said.

Jeannette laughed. "What a funny little mail-bag," she said, and before she would even attempt to open it she made me tell her the history of our adventure.

I made the narrative as short as I could, touching very lightly upon my homeward balloon trip. Jeannette then opened the bag, saying that when she had read her letter she would want to ask me some questions about myself and the balloon.

I could not sit and look at her read Crimrose's letter. During all the time I had been talking to her there had been growing on my mind the feeling that, after all, it was a pity that I had been able to lighten the balloon. The next day was Sunday, and Crimrose would probably be in Boston that night. He would see her on Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday they would be married.

I turned away from Jeannette, took up a book, and gazed steadfastly at its pages.

"Two!" she said, presently, in a tone of some surprise: and then for a minute I heard nothing but the rustling of paper. Then there was another little exclamation, and I heard the cutting of the second envelope. In a few moments I heard Jeannette suddenly push back her chair. I looked, and saw her standing, her face flushed, and an open letter in her hand. Then, without looking at me, she quickly turned and went out of the room.

If Crimrose, instead of adding to the letter he had already prepared, had sent another, which was natural enough—for he must have had a good deal to say—what could he have put in his second epistle which could have caused Jeannette to treat me with such abrupt discourtesy?

She may not have comprehended the fact that I had risked my life to bring her those letters; but she must have understood that my service was not a common one, and nothing her lover could have said to her should have made her forget that at least I merited ordinary civility.

I waited some time, and then I rang the bell, and sent to ask if Miss Collins had any further commands for me. The servant soon returned with the message that her mistress asked to be excused from coming down. Feeling very much like a dog who had been kicked out of doors, I went home.

I was angry and hurt, and came to the very sensible determination to travel and separate myself as much as possible from the causes of my pain and humilation. But I did not start on the next day, as I had intended; nor did I go on the day following. A good reason for my delay was my desire to hear something about the party I had left on the island. I could not go from Boston without knowing whether or not they had been safely brought to the mainland. I expected that Crimrose would write or telegraph to me as soon as he found it possible; but I heard nothing until I saw in an afternoon paper on Monday a short account of the adventure, which stated that Captain Wharton had brought away the desert islanders on Sunday evening. I was quite sure that Crimrose wrote this account, because it was in his style, and contained but a slight reference to my balloon trip, about which he, of course, knew but little.

The next morning Crimrose came to see me, and explained his not writing by saying that he had been very much pressed for time and knew that I would see the account in the paper. He did not seem to be very much pressed for time now, for he made himself comfortable in a large chair and lighted a cigar. This surprised me, for he was nearly always in a hurry; and I asked him if he had

already finished the business which had made it so important for him to get back to Boston.

"O!" said he, "you mean preparing to be married? The wedding is postponed."

"Postponed!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he. "It was simply impossible for me to get ready in the little time I had. You haven't any idea what I have to do. I can do as much in a short time as any man; but it is ridiculous to attempt the impossible."

"And Miss Collins," I cried. "What does she think of this?"

"O, she doesn't mind it," said Crimrose. "I don't believe she's ready: women never are. Anyway, she agrees to the postponement."

"For how long?" I asked.

"For about a week, perhaps; but it isn't quite settled yet. The fact is, Miss Collins is a good deal upset by the dangers to which I have been exposed, and she does not seem to be able to get her mind down to business. Moreover,—and I don't mind saying this to you, as you are an old friend,—she seems to be beset with a desire to ask questions. Never in my life have I passed through such an inquisition. I hate answering questions, and always did. I suppose this is not to be wondered at, for she is naturally nervous; and it is a very good thing that we agreed to postpone the wedding. She is not in a state of mind for it now. Twelve o'clock! I had no idea it was so late; and I have an engagement at half-past.

As there was to be no wedding the next day, I did not leave Boston. I spent several days in a very unpleasant state of mind. There constantly rose within me a desire to kill Crimrose; but, as there was really nothing to justify the attempt, I endeavoured to smother this desire. It was plain that my friends had no suspicion of my feelings toward him, for on Saturday he called on me, valise in hand.

"Where are you going?" I asked, pushing back my breakfast-table.

"I take the eleven o'clock train for Quebec," he said. "I want some bracing air, and can't wait for it here. I need a change, anyway."

"Quebec!" I exclaimed. "But you can't get back by Wednesday?"

"Of course not," said he. "Oh, I see. That's postponed again."

"Postponed again!" I cried, rising to my feet.

"O, yes," he answered. "The fact is, neither of us is ready for it. The engagement is—well—I may say prolonged, or, perhaps—well, as you will probably get varying accounts, I will state plainly that the engagement is set aside for the present. Miss Collins is

—well, she has not treated me well. She has put interrogations and made statements that a man of spirit cannot submit to. Of course, I do not wish to say anything against her; but I cannot marry anybody in the frame of mind in which Miss Collins is at present. All this, of course, is——"

"Crimrose!" I cried, advancing toward him, "are you playing false to Miss Collins? Are you daring to trifle——"

"Stop! Stop!" said he. "Don't work yourself into a passion. It isn't any affair of yours, anyway; but I don't mind telling you, since you are getting so excited about it, that I hadn't anything to do with laying this affair on the table. She put the motion, and as she has ever so many more voices than I have, it was carried. But it is satisfactory all round, and when we re-open the matter we shall begin afresh. Good-bye. I will see you before long."

I did not answer, for my head was in a whirl. Some time during the morning I went to take a walk; but I know I did not finish my breakfast. For days I was as a ship which, without compass or rudder, or sails, drifts in a calm. I did not know what I did, or why I did it instead of doing something else.

At last I had a visit; and this was well, for if no one had come to see me I should have seen nobody. My visitor was the watchmaker's wife; and at first I did not recognize her, nor, after we had shaken hands, did I remember her name until she mentioned it.

"I have been trying for a good while," she said, "to find your address, so that Mr. Pocock or me could come and see you or write to you. We want to pay you our share of the money you paid Captain Wharton in advance for going after us."

At this it struck me that Crimrose had not offered to pay his portion of the money.

"And more than that," the old lady continued: "we want to tell you how greatly obliged we are to you for doing what you did and sending a boat for us, and how thankful we are that you got over safe and sound. I could not sleep that night for thinking of you hanging under that half-empty balloon. But I don't believe I would have found where you lived if it had not been for Miss Collins. I knew her address, for I saw it on Mr. Crimrose's letter, and remembered it."

"And you have seen her!" I exclaimed.

"O, yes, yes," said the old lady, looking down in her lap, as she smoothed one mittened hand with the fingers of the other. "I have seen her, and had a long talk with her, and have heard all about the breaking-off of the engagement."

"Breaking-off!" I exclaimed. "Is it entirely broken off?"

"O, yes, yes," answered Mrs. Pocock; "and I am sure it is a great blessing, for which everybody ought to be thankful. If she

had married that Crimrose man my very heart would have bled for her. I did not know him long; but I saw enough of him to understand him through and through. It did not need anything more than to hear what he said when he found out that I had given you the cold chicken and the jar of marmalade. Goodness! I could have thrown a tea-kettle at him. But it's all right now. It's all right now."

"But Miss Collins," I asked,—"what does she think of it?"

"That's hard to say," answered the old lady,—"that's pretty hard to say; but, of course, she's glad the match is broken off, because now she know's Crimrose as well as I do; but it's natural enough that she should be a good deal upset; anybody would be in a case like that: and I think it is the duty of her friends to go and cheer her up. You, sir, for instance, if you was to go and see her, and talk to her cheerfully, and tell her all about your balloon trip—that I know she wants to hear about, none of us being able to tell her anything of it except the starting—would do her a lot of good."

"I go to see her!" I exclaimed. "Do you know, madam,"—and then I hesitated; but, though a comparative stranger, the old lady was so sympathetic and so kind, that I went on—"do you know that she treated me rudely when I was there last, and declined to see me when I left?"

"O, don't mind that," said Mrs. Pocock,—"don't mind that. She told me all about that. You ought not to take any notice of it at all. The letters you brought her upset her to a degree that it made her lose control of herself. You see, I—I mean it wasn't expected that she should read her letters when you or anybody was by. You musn't think of that at all. I know all about it. It wasn't any feeling against you that made her act that way. Go to see her, and you will find out that it wasn't. She will treat you just as polite as ever she did: and it's your duty to go, sir, for I know she looks upon you as one of her best friends, for she told me so herself."

When Mrs. Pocock left me she urged me, if ever I happened to be near Barnville, to step in and see her and Mr. Pocock: they would be so glad to see me; and the village was not half-an-hour from Boston.

It was an early hour for a call when, the next morning, I presented myself at Miss Collins' door; but I was admitted, and, turning over in my mind everything that I thought would interest and amuse her in the story of my adventure without agitating her nerves or causing her to think that I was trying to make a hero of myself, I awaited her coming.

Jeannette was not at her ease with me; but this was not to be wondered at, considering how intimate I had been with her and

with Crimrose; but, as the watchmaker's wife had told me, she had no unfriendly feelings toward me, and, in fact, apologized for having left me so abruptly when I had called before. It was a sudden nervous attack, she said; and I could readily understand that, if Crimrose had behaved as badly as he must have done to justify her breaking off the engagement, he had probably put something into his letters that had shocked the poor girl. It might be that I would yet kill Crimrose; for a more beautiful woman than Jeannette never lived, nor one more worthy to have villains slain in her behalf.

After a little while Jeannette's stiffness wore off, and I told her everything about my balloon trip. She was so interested and so beautiful that I did not even omit the washing of the waves in the darkness against the bottom of the car, and my dreadful fears in the morning that even in the sight of land the balloon would be too weak to hold me up, and I should sink helpless into the sea. There was a moisture in her eyes, her lips were parted, and she leaned forward to look at me.

"O, how could you dare all that?" she said. "You must have known the dangers. How did you have the courage to float out in that way into the dreadful mysteries of the night and sea?"

I could not help the answer that came to my lips. "I did it for you," I said.

Slipping thus from the brink of the precipice, down I went.

"It is dreadful," said Jeannette, five minutes afterward, with tears in her eyes, but half-laughing: "you shouldn't have spoken so soon. It seems like——"

"Never mind," said I, checking her: "it could not be helped, and I wish I had spoken a year ago."

"I wish you had," whispered Jeannette.

It was at least half-an-hour after this that, among all the wonders of this new heavenly world which I had just entered, nothing surprised me more than that she should have been so little surprised when I opened my heart to her.

"How could I be," said she, "after the letter you brought me?"

"Letter!" I cried. "Did Crimrose——"

"Crimrose?" she said. "What utter nonsense! But I see you know nothing. I will get you the letter that gave me the nervous shock."

She brought it. It ran thus:—

"Miss Jeannette Collins,—

"My dear young lady,—I am a married woman, whose husband, Sylvester Pocock, does business in Barnville, and is known all over that country, and I have been cast away on an

island in a way that I haven't time to tell you about, but of which you will soon hear all the particulars. I am in a great hurry, having to write secretly and unobserved; and, without stopping to mince matters, I beg and implore you, with all the earnestness which one woman, who knows what true love is, can appeal with to one who I believe dosen't, not having had a fair chance, not to marry Mr. Crimrose—not, at least, until you have a chance to think over things after what I tell you. That feather-bed of a Crimrose is not the man who really loves you. I have so little time that I have to speak strong: he is a selfish brute, and loves no one but himself. Mr. Elliot, the gentleman who will bring you this, if you ever get it, is the man who truly loves you. I have so little time that I am obliged to put things strong; he doesn't know it, but I have found out that he loves you from the bottom of his heart that he would cast himself into the bottom of the sea to save you from one sleepless night, and, so far as anybody can tell, he may do it. He is going to risk his life to keep you from being worried and anxious.

"He is the modestest man and the best friend that I have ever met in all my life; and I say boldly, without caring what happens or what people think of me, that, if you marry Crimrose instead of Elliot, you will make a mistake that will bring you years of misery. I can't make this strong enough, for I haven't the time, and don't know how; but, my dear young lady, I beg and implore you, stop long enough to give your true lover a chance. I have given you warning: look into the matter yourself. Mr. Elliot has loved you for ever so long, and Crimrose never can do it—it isn't in him.

"Nobody knows I am writing this, and it may be drowned in the sea with the noble young man who risks his life to take it to you. It is all mixed up, and you may think it strong; but it comes from the heart of a woman who doesen't want to see any other woman, even a total stranger, make the mistake that you are on the brink of.

"Yours in haste,

"Sarah Pocock."

I stood aghast. "And this," I exclaimed, "was the second letter!"

"Of course," said Jeannette.

"And you—knew——"

"I expected—I could not be certain," said Jeannette, demurely. "I had suspected something of the sort long ago, and in a manner had expected—but nothing ever happened."

"Bless the watchmaker's wife!" said I.

On the first day that I could get an hour or two to spare I went

to Barnville, and found Mr. Pocock's shop without any trouble. Pocock is a good man, and he had sense enough to stay in the shop while I sat in the little back parlour and talked to his wife. It was a long interview, and very warm on both sides; but, she was such an elderly person, no one could object to that.

"Well," said she, as I was leaving, and she stood holding me by the hand, "it gladdens my heart to think that there is to be another true, loving couple in this world. And I am sure I ought to feel so, for it is very seldom that a woman has the chance that I have had of making two men happy."

"Two men?" I asked.

"Yes," said she: "you and Mr. Pocock."

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

It is rather remarkable that the Doctor has not, ere now, been honoured by a substantial volume, not even by one of gossip, dear to the hearts of the book-maker and his readers, ample material for which lies in scores of volumes of biography and reminiscence. Even in fiction—as one or two great exceptions help to prove—he has been neglected, serving too well as a subsidiary in carrying on the play, to be made a leading character for his own sake. It is a nice question for consideration whether a class composed almost entirely of men with the mixture of oddity and acumen known as "character" can furnish the novelist of character with a subject. Even the Doctor in Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister* (he was almost an Aberdeen Doctor by the way) is not satisfying to those readers who remember country Doctors of their own youth: men of parts, well-gifted in hand and head, with a kindly heart beneath a rough exterior, and a wonderful old great-coat over all. The severest critic of a novelist's work is the reader who has had a personal aquaintance with its characters. In the case of the Doctor in fiction, if he is not of conventional mould, he does not appeal to us as "ringing true," whilst, if he is, we can add to him so many traits from our own experience that we adjudge the novelist's portrait incomplete. There are whole classes of persons so identified, by accident or by nature, with oddity, that the odd individual is the conventional, and must be treated as such. We are wandering, however, from the book the richness of whose reminiscence and information sets us wondering at the neglect which hitherto has overtaken its subject. Mrs. Hill Burton Rodger's *Aberdeen Doctors*,* a history of the Aberdeen Medical Society, makes its appearance most opportunely, a hundred years after the dozen young students from Marischal College founded the debating Society from which sprang a great Medical School, and medical men of European fame. Were it no more than the narrative one might expect from its somewhat narrow title, its value would be chiefly as a contribution to the coming Fourth-Century

* *Aberdeen Doctors at Home and Abroad.* By Ella Hill Burton Rodger William Blackwood & Sons.

Celebration of the Foundation of the University of Aberdeen, for which, indeed, it was written. The interest in *Aberdeen Doctors* is far wider than that attaching to any University, be it ever so old and vigorous. The book is a presentation of a life in the past, an addition to that series of Memorials out of which the historian of manners might make a picture with the utmost fidelity of a condition of life which has now completely disappeared. The abundance of material for such a picture still awaiting discovery is shown by the fact that in her three hundred and fifty pages, every one of which has its contribution from unpublished sources, Mrs. Rodger never goes beyond her subject. The Aberdeen Doctor, at home and abroad, is her text, and she sticks to it, expounding it with the utmost detail; and by this elaborate treatment of the individual she becomes the memorialist of an age.

From this point of view *Aberdeen Doctors* is least interesting when it deals with those physicians and surgeons who went South for fame and emoluments. Yet in the list of these there are many names, besides that of Arbuthnot, which deserve to be remembered. We do not hear anything about those who found disappointment only; but the qualities that carried Duncan Liddell, Walter Farquhar, Neil Arnott, James M'Grigor, Saunders, Matthews Duncan, and others, to the top, are so persistently (and, it must be confessed, spitefully) attributed to Aberdonians in general that, probably, the number of unsuccessful migrants from Aberdeen is smaller than the usual percentage of failures would lead us to expect. In the earlier days the Doctor was frequently a man of good birth. Dr. Barclay was of the Barclays of Ury. Dr. Arthur Johnstone wrote of himself as "of high and ancient line,"—the Johnstones of Cas-Kieben—and added grandiosely:

> "Mantua acquired a noted name
> As Virgil's birthplace; I my fame
> Inherit shall from mine."

These eminent physicians, indeed, did not turn their backs upon their native county, but did it the highest and most profitable compliment in their power by recommending its waters and air to their patients. Like him who was to inherit his fame from Cas-Kieben, the Dr. Barclay aforementioned was a rhymester, and praised, besides tobacco, the Spa Well in Aberdeen, which, by the way, came to be enclosed in the garden of Jamesone, the father of that school of portraiture for which Aberdeen is as celebrated as she is for her school of medicine. Mrs. Rodger cites a wonderfully long list of North-Country Doctors who became famous and wealthy in a bigger world than Aberdeen. The not less worthy and talented who remained at home found that Scotia was assuredly "leonum

arida nutrix." A lion very dryly nursed was Dr. Adams, of whom a jaunty writer says:

"We well remember finding this great scholar at his careless jentaculum, diverting himself with doing an Ode of Horace into Greek verse; being then, and we daresay still, at the call of any shepherd's 'crying wife' up in the solitudes of Clochnaben. In any other country such a man would not have been permitted to remain long in such a position."

And he added, "It is a noticeable fact, and something to be proud and ashamed of, that the most learned physician in Britain, probably in Europe, is at this moment a country surgeon in a small village on Deeside." Andrew Moir, the Anatomist, was passing rich on £40 a year, and had his "burking-house" pulled down about his head, and his bones in constant danger, into the bargain. The country Doctor had a wide district. Dr. Goodsir's rounds cost him a week on the horse's back, and his saddle-bags, full of drugs and instruments, were so like those of the mail that, as he rushed past the doors, the people cried, "The Doctor, or the post!" The town Doctor was not baited by the pert whipper-snappers fresh from the dissecting-room, who, nowadays, undersell the men of experience to whom, in olden times, they would have served-apprentice. But big practices did not always carry with them large incomes. There were windfalls now and then, as when, in war-time, Jonet Guild got £13 6s. 8d. (Scots) for curing two wounded "sojers," and a chirurgeon was hired for the pay of a lieutenant. As a rule, however, the remuneration was small, and was chiefly for drugs. It was not considered etiquette to charge for a visit. When one Doctor did so, the lady to whom his account was sent in said that she would pay him for his medicines and return his calls. Yet in this paying part of his profession the poor man had rivals in the wives of the laird and the minister, and in the "skeely" woman. Mrs. Rodger tells amusing stories of this home-doctoring. "An old Presbyterian laird who had a Roman Catholic wife received from her, on his death-bed, extreme unction. Never doubting but that it was for the cure of his body and not of his soul, he was heard to say, 'Nanny, that wafer o' yours has done me nae gude.' A lady who was in the habit of collecting medicinal herbs for the use of sick tenants on her husband's estate was asked how she knew when the herbs were not poisonous. Her reply was 'Fine that: I try them on the laird first.'" It was no wonder, therefore, that many Doctors eked out a small income by the profits of a tavern. We might fill this whole article, however, with quaint story and curious research culled from this volume, without giving our readers any just idea of the entertainment it contains. We do not doubt they will find it, as we have found it, one of the most fascinating books that have come to hand for long.

Let us turn now to a book which has no point in common with *Aberdeen Doctors* except its thoroughness. This is Mr. W. C. Ward's edition of Sir John Vanbrugh's Plays* in two handsome yet business-like volumes, whose appearance certainly goes a great way in expediting our liking for them. To the general mind the Dramatists of the Restoration are a hazy body of men who sported gaily and freely with the "disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage" of a Comic Muse. Many who read and enjoy the *Double Dealer*, *Love for Love*, *The Relapse*, do not discriminate between their qualities or take any interest in their authors; but relegate them to their place among the "Scandalous Poets," much as schoolboys set down all unknown islands in the South Seas, and less learned students attribute unfamiliar sayings of the Scriptures to the Minor Prophets. The reader who was not inclined, whose business, indeed, it was not, to engage in a little research on his own account, had small means of acquiring much acquaintance with Vanbrugh. As likely as not any book of reference to his hand will tell one that the dramatist's father was a sugar-baker of Chester, who became Comptroller of the Treasury Chamber, an esquire, and the son-in-law of Sir Dudley Charleton; that Vanbrugh himself spent some years of his youth in France, but that reliance may not be placed in Voltaire's statement that for part of that time he was clapped in the Bastile; and that he designed Castle Howard. In his "Introduction," Mr. Ward gives an authoritative decision on these and other points in Vanbrugh's life. Giles Vanbrugh, the grandfather, was of a Flemish family that fled from Ghent under the persecution of the Duke of Alva. He became a citizen of London, and had two sons, the second of whom, also a Giles, was the father of the dramatist. The younger Giles married Elizabeth Carleton; and their son John was born in the parish of St. Nicolas Acons, in the City of London. That was in 1664. It was probably the Plague which, in the Spring of the subsequent year, drove Giles Vanbrugh from London, and ultimately caused him to settle in Chester, where he was a sugar-baker. He never became Comptroller of the Treasury Chamber. The father is described as a staid, serious man, of a religious turn, who (according to the biographer of Matthew Henry), while he continued "in Communion with the Church of England heard Mr. Henry on the week-day lectures and always treated him with great and sincere Respect." This causes Mr. Ward to wonder if John took after his mother, a point on which Giles Vanbrugh (if this picture of him be true) would have had no doubt had he lived to see *The Relapse*. This he did not although the mother did. He died full seven years before Decem-

* *Sir John Vanbrugh.* Edited by W. C. Ward. Two volumes. Lawrence & Bullen.

ber, 1696, which date Mr. Ward fixes authoritatively as that of the production of the play at Drury Lane. Years before that Vanbrugh was turning his attention to plays; for, while lying in the Bastile, in 1692, he sketched some scenes of *The Provok'd Wife*, which was performed at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the spring following the success of *The Relapse*, and the partial success of *Æsop*, at the Theatre Royal. The story of the Bastile is confirmed by a letter concerning the "hussey," as he called his one enemy, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, he said, heartily endeavoured so to destroy his fortune "as to throw me into an English Bastile there to finish my days as I began them, in a French one." He modelled one of his country seats after the French prison, and called it The Bastile. This was not the "goose-pie," of which Swift wrote in the verses which set all the world in a roar except the unfortunate butt, who was very civil and cold when he and the Dean met later at Sir Richard Temple's. The goose-pie stood, and still stands, it is said in Whitehall. His architectural efforts gained him the solid praise of authorities as great as Sir Joshua Reynolds, and gave him "Pipe-Offices," Carlisle Herald Extraordinary, Comptroller of Her Majesty's Works; but they brought him, also, a good deal of misery and misfortune, in which his plays were involved. The building in the Haymarket, with its very splendid appearance, was such a failure in its acoustics that Cibber said the voices of the actors "sounded like the Gabbling of so many People in the lofty Aisles of a Cathedral"; and even the *Provok'd Wife* revived ran for three nights only. His architecture, too, gave rise to many satiric verses, of which the best were by Dr. Abel Evans, now remembered only as a name in the *Dunciad:*

> "Under this stone, reader, survey
> Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay:
> Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
> Laid many heavy loads on thee!"

Under those written in his lifetime, as we have seen, the dramatist writhed. Indeed, in reading this Introduction, there is a suspicion that Vanbrugh somehow lent himself as a butt: a suspicion borne out by a passage in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters*. That he was good-natured, despite his cold civility to himself, Swift admits; and Pope calls him one of "the three most honest-hearted, real good men" in the Kit-cat Club. His plays would bear out that testimony to his good-nature; but they have a robustness which we should not associate with a man who was the aim of bantering shafts. The character of Vanbrugh can scarce have more light shed upon it than that which this excellent edition affords; and Mr. Ward's estimate of the man is eminently agreeable.

In writing the biography of the Earl of Aberdeen* the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon has successfully accomplished a task for which his special fitness as literary executor is modified by his filial relationship to his subject. The full value of the material exclusively at his command will be known only when Sir Arthur Gordon publishes the larger "Life" of his father which this brief sketch in some measure forestalls. It is suggested, however, again and again in the volume in our hands, and to a degree that far more than balances the indication, also lurking here, that the biographer, although not hampered, as such, by affection that conceals weakness or by the fear of an imputation of bad taste that restrains eulogy, is swayed in his judgment by the influence of him upon whose qualities he is called upon to discriminate. These materials afford proof of the private virtues of the Earl of Aberdeen which were appreciated partially only by the world and even by some connected with his family. Not less than the deep feeling which worked beneath his emotionless exterior, the conscientiousness, magnanimity, and complete absence of self-seeking, which marked his public life are declared. They were as notable in his delicate position previously to the Peace of Paris, at the Foreign Office, at the Colonial Office, and in his dealings with the Scotch Seceders, as they were in his assistance to Lord Palmerston and to Lord John Russell after his own disastrous overthrow. But, although finely-shaded natures are to be found in strong Ministers, it it not complexity of character which gives a statesman a hold upon the popular imagination. The general estimate of the Earl of Aberdeen may be based upon an insufficient knowledge of the true temper of the man and of the difficulties of his situation, a knowledge which this and the other work of Sir Arthur Gordon will supply; but, in so far as it is an estimate of the Prime Minister, it does no injustice in supposing a weakness of which his biographer himself supplies proof. The early casting, as the result of unusual events, of the Earl of Aberdeen within the influence of Pitt, attached him to the Tory side while he was, as he remained, Liberal in his tendencies. In a strong man that would have righted itself. Lord Aberdeen, however, was not a strong man as strength among statesmen must be judged. It was not only that he was not narrow. He did not possess that power, exhibited in statesmen of broad mind, of disassociating the philosopher from the man of action and of being strenuous in affairs without losing the philosophic calm. The intellectual habit of the Earl of Aberdeen was one of tolerance of all views and of a latent contemptuous underrating of the importance of any. This intellectual habit, joined with a natural

* *The Earl of Aberdeen.* By the Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, G.C.M.G. *The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria.* Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

modesty and the spirit of dependence bred by his early association with powerful minds, such as were Pitt and Dundas, conspired to bring about the disasters of his brief but momentous Administration. The Earl of Aberdeen did not display that spirit of the "nane unanimous" which, curiously, but logically enough, is found often in conjunction with the habit of mind to which we have referred. Its effects were confined to a timidity in decision and a consequent facility in acquiescence which, as some of the new material in this book shows, he ever afterwards lamented even in a rather pitiful manner. But the book, also, casts a new light on the exceedingly "kittle" position in which he was placed, and is a great acquisition to political biography.

Of these none is more interesting than Mr. Marriott-Watson's "Diogenes of London" and other fantasies and sketches.* Some months ago Mr. Marriott-Watson published *The Web of the Spider*.† We did not read it then. We came to it fresh from his more recent volume. The reader who would see a novelist in the making should do likewise. *The Web of the Spider* is a tale of adventure. For blood-letting and "the creepy" it is worthy of Mr. Rider Haggard. Not that the gore alarms you much, or stirs you to your horror's depths. In truth it must be said that it smells of the paint-pot, and that white men and natives are a waxwork-show. Their author had not learned the trick of verisimilitude. The Ranger has traits and qualities that almost make a man of him to the reader; but his comrades are figures that have not been quickened. Yet the story is a good story, although the telling of it is somewhat lumpish, as if the writer did not command his material, or were hampered by cross influences. There is a sough in it of Fenimore Cooper, and of other things that do not go very well with him. Here is the New Zealander making the glory of settlement an undercurrent in his story of adventure, yet touched with the melancholy of his time, and not a little, too, with the artificiality of its literary methods. He will not be wholly brave and put aside the conventional love-issue; yet will he not wear his heart upon his sleeve, but protests against it ostentatiously, as who should say, "Hold me: else will I drown myself." Clearly, here was a pliable man of good parts waiting for the moulding of a style. So much, certainly, can be read into *The Web of the Spider* by the light of the later *Diogenes of London*, where we find Mr. Marriott-Watson in the grip of a mannerism. We remember most of the stories that make up this volume on their appearance in *The National Observer*. Singly, they were welcome. Not equally, but all in some degree,

* *Diogenes of London and other Fantasies and Sketches*. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Methuen & Co.

† *The Web of the Spider*. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. Hutchinson & Co.

they delighted one with their trick of *motif* and manner, their frankness of situation, and dainty high-steppingness of phrase. In the collected form they declare themselves at their true worth Here, surely (we say as we shut the book), is the very Dresden-ware of story-telling. This is dilettante passion, tragedy in masquerade. What the stories lack is the gaiety of nature. They are sombre, and all their archaic setting and nimble colloquy cannot relieve them. The dialogue is of the same texture throughout. All the characters have a habit of speech alike, even as all of them alike are "popinjays." There are many novelists who can make a character witty with their own wit, but few that can give to their character the wit that belongs to it by right. A writer such as Q., however, in whose stories this limitation is seen, makes his conversations, howsoever modish they may be, clothe the thoughts and emotions of men and women, not of puppets. Mr. Marriott-Watson's stories have little to do with human emotions. "The Stroke of One," more than any other, has to do with them; and it will be observed that in that story, in spite of the author, the characters—notably the woman with her "Why, Teddy, you have given me a—a start,"—come down from their stilts. In "The Maze," "The Naiad," and one or two more, the story and the way of telling it jump splendidly; but our author will not see that there is a limit to the subjects which may be treated in this manner of his. He lacks that humour which enables a writer to keep the mastery of his subject, so that it does not run away with him into preposterous cantrips; or, if he does not lack it, it is tightly held under by that artificiality from which the stories, and, in a lesser degree, the essays, suffer. The mannerism of these stories, however, is not to be condemned wholly. It may be a stage, only, on the way to a disciplined style. If it is not, Mr. Marriott-Watson will disappoint the promise held in "The Naiad"; but, at any rate, that very perfect story justifies the mannerism almost, and must acquit the author of failure even if he never get out of its grip.

There is mannerism, too, in every page of *A Study in Temptations*,* a new story by the lady who wrote *A Sinner's Comedy* above the pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes. It is one of two notable additions to the *Pseudonym Library*. The other, *Ottillie*,* by Vernon Lee, is a study of the selfish temperament; a slender little tale, not elaborated in any way, but told simply, and even more pleasingly than the brilliant tales in her volume *Vanitas*, which we noticed recently. *A Study in Temptations*, on the other hand, is laboured into a really remarkable performance. It is the elaboration on a small canvas of a large sketch—a method which

* *A Study in Temptations.* By John Oliver Hobbes. *Ottilie.* By Vernon Lee. *The Pseudonym Library.* T. Fisher Unwin.

results in every good quality unless the treatment be wasted on a poor subject. The story in *A Study in Temptations* is scarce worth the wit, epigram, keen insight, strength of perception, knowledge of affairs and of the human heart, that are lavished on the telling of it. Indeed, it suffers from the expenditure. The value of epigrams in narrative is that of ups-and-downs giving ease to the level track. Too much of them makes the going painful. The result of the brilliant writing in *A Study in Temptations* is to make it stiff reading. Moreover, it is unsatisfactory reading, for it is affected. Now that we know it to be the work of an unusually accomplished lady, it is easy to say that it could only have been written by a woman. Yet it seems as if, in spite of its style being modishly mannish, perhaps, even, because it is so, we could have detected its strength to be that of a woman's perceptions. It affects cynicism overmuch, and it affects mannishness. It is cynical and virile; and, at times, it is both to a degree that is a little incongruous with the elements of the tale. There are fifty passages which we would wish to quote to illustrate these points. Here is one that is a sample of the normal:—

"This young lady who was so far from philosophy that she tried nature, and so far from nature that she longed for philosophy, chuckled and picked up her flower-basket.

'You Oxford men,' she said, 'are more proud of what you have *not* read than of what you *have* read. Come, we can walk to The Cloisters together. I hope you like Lady Hyde-Bassett as well as I do.'

'I should like her better if I thought she had a heart: no woman with a heart could have married Sir Benjamin.'

'Did you know him?' said Sophia.

'No,' said De Boys; 'but everyone says he was the most disagreeable man in the world; so forbidding and curt and unapproachable.'

'I thought so once,' said Sophia, 'till one day, when I was a child, I heard him talking to Lady Hyde-Bassett. I suppose they thought I was too little to understand them. They were walking in the garden and he asked her whether she would rather be a pussy cat or a catty puss, and she pinched his arm, and said he was a good little thing, and it was a pity that some of the old fossils he knew could not hear him. And he said, very solemnly, "God forbid!" and she kissed his hand, and said he was an angel, but she wished he would buy a new hat, although he could only look lovely if he wore pyjamas and a billy-cock! And he said, "For God's sake, don't talk so loud!" and she said, "Let us both say Damn with all our might, and then I will be quiet." And they said Damn, and she was quiet, and then they began to talk about Aristotle. 'That,' she wound up, 'is a real celebrity At Home.'"

Is there not here, however, a tendency to trade on previous successes? Didn't we all say Damn together with all our might in *The Sinner's Comedy?* The danger to repeat oneself is implicit in any excess of manner; and when a writer repeats himself the effect is much like plagiarism, with the disadvantage that the meaner among us are not reconciled by the flattery to one's acuteness of perception which lies in the detection of it.

Would you turn from these novels to a story in the old-fashioned (although not the most old-fashioned) manner: a story, with a mild mystery cleared up, told for the pleasure of "ord'nar folk," without exploits of style, yet with all the skill and care of a good craftsman? You have it in *A Deplorable Affair*,* by Mr. W. E. Norris. Mr. Norris's writing is not without a fault here and there —a "because" for a "for," and an ugly word like "individual"—; but his narrative is among the best in our fiction—subtle and clean and suave. This little story has all the high qualities of its author's more ambitious works. You can read it in an hour, and at the end of an hour you will feel refreshed. Refreshed you will not be by Mr. Pryce's *Time and the Woman*,† which has many points in common with the novels of Mr. Norris. We cannot quite understand the title *Time and the Woman*. Possibly that is because of our own want of quickness "in the uptak'"; yet it is not presumption to believe that our dulness in this respect is shared by others. Whether *Time and the Woman* has, or has not, a good title, certainly it has a disappointing finish. "She hid her face in her hands, and there was a long pause." The "she" is not the heroine of the story, nor even a principal character in it; and the long pause remains unbroken, although the fate of the most interesting persons in the book remains to be told. The fate of most of them, indeed, is implied in the story, although, despite Mr. Sykes of Sandsea, marriages made on earth, but not, apparently, in heaven, have turned out happily ere now; and the fate of one of them would not be difficult to determine were we certain (which we by no means are) that a heartless woman will meet with her deserts. Still, it would have been more satisfactory to tell us a little more. There is a "snippetiness" of narrative throughout the book only a little less tantalizing than the "long pause" which gives us such a shock of disappointment. It is an injustice to Mr. Pryce, however, to have dwelt so long upon the shortcomings of his story. If it wants inspiration of any kind, it wants no more than does the bulk of the creative literature of our day. In many respects Mr. Pryce's writing may rank with Mr. Norris's. It is our misfortune to be unacquainted with it except in this book; but even from it we should judge that Mr. Pryce is not the pessimist he makes himself out to be. Although he spends his best efforts in character-drawing upon Mrs. Ruthven, an utterly heartless woman, clearly he takes most enjoyment in the happier pictures, such as that of the Norfolk family. Our disappointment in the ending of *Time and the Woman*—and what ending in a novel, be it happy as marriage-bells used to be, appeals to us as quite fitting? After all

* *A Deplorable Affair*. By W. E. Norris. Methuen & Co.

† *Time and the Woman*. By Richard Pryce. Methuen & Co.

the grand thing about life is that in its determinateness it rises superior to our conceptions of what ought to be—is really great because of a seeming injustice it does to the earlier portions of a clever and accomplished novel.

It might be urged against Mr. Marion Crawford's *Children of the King*,* also, that the tragedy with which it closes is scarce that for which we are prepared by the early chapters. These chapters are as bright and fresh as any you could meet with in a full month's reading. They open with an unusually fine bit of description, and go on to tell of the boyhood adventures of the Children of the King, of how Ruggiero and Sebastiano pound Don Pietro Casale until their fists are sore upon his face, and of what befell them consequent upon that outbreak, in a fashion that at once puts us in favour of the book. We confess to a disappointment when, in fulfilment of his promise to relate some of the further adventures of the two brothers, Mr. Marion Crawford has nothing to give us, but the story of Ruggiero. We have our appetite whetted for more poundings of tyrants, more vigils over smuggled brandies, more deeds becoming the Children of the King; and in the end are asked to stay our stomachs with a boatman's hopeless passion. It need scarce be said that, although not the matter of our choice, all that happens ere that passion deepens to its close is told in a thoroughly masterlike way. A certain gloomy solemnity in Mr. Marion Crawford's manner pervades this part of the story, and the tragedy is terrible enough; yet our feelings are not unduly harrowed. There is relief in the knowledge that Beatrice, Sebastiano and Teresina are not very intimately involved in the catastrophe that befalls San Miniato and Ruggiero. San Miniato no one misses. Ruggiero could never have been more to Beatrice than that which his death made him in still greater degree, a model of a lover: and we are confident that in Teresina Sebastiano will find consolation for the loss of a brother. Nor do we ever get very close to the hero of the romance. A character, such as Ruggiero, whose passion simplifies it into a very elemental condition, does not appeal to one intimately. The Italian's innocence when all the frame of his nature shook with apprehension at the approach of his mistress, and his visit to the chemist for a cure, tickle our fancy without bringing the Italian himself closer to our interest. That may be why his story is bearable, as well as delightful to read for Mr. Marion Crawford's able manner of telling it.

Diogenes of London, A Study on Temptations, The Children of the King, and the other novels on which we have touched have this in common, that their interest lies less in what is told

* *The Children of the King: a Tale of Southern Italy.* By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. Macmillan & Co.

than in the manner of telling it. It is different with *Kitty's Father*,* which we certainly commend for all the qualities which go to the making of what is known popularly as "a good story." We can imagine that *Kitty's Father* will greatly delight those readers of novels who demand nothing more than a plentiful supply of red-herrings across their path. Provide them with a mystery; induce them to go along a certain path, or along any path but one, for the solution of it; then whip out your villain from the least suspected quarter: they are as satisfied as if you had paid a compliment to their acuteness instead of having been at great pains to prove them possessed of no acuteness whatsoever. They are so satisfied and delighted that they do not dream of sifting the evidence of the villain being the real villain, but take him off the author's hands in all humility. Mr. Barrett has written a novel which will cause these meek persons to chortle with admiration at his ingenuity. Kitty's happiness, let us explain, is like to be destroyed by a piece of villainy. We are never led to doubt who is the real villain; but with him we are made to associate another, about whose rascality our only difficulty is as to how black we shall paint him. Mr. Barrett's little surprise, kept in store for us until the very last page, is that the second villain is no villain, but a wily, long-headed detective. We never could have believed it; and we don't believe it now. Mr. Barrett's solution of the mystery creates a mystery greater than ever. What is the marvel of Robert Yorke, sentimental gallows-bird, being a detective, compared with the marvel of Robert Yorke, detective, acting as the sentimental gallow's-bird? There is a mistake somewhere. Perhaps it is that we are trying the book by too high a standard.

The last novel we will mention is M. Edouard Rod's *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier*, made familiar to the readers of *The National Review* by the translation, *The Private Life of an Eminent Politician*,† which recently has been running through these pages. While it cannot be said that its characters make a very successful appeal to us, their story is undoubtedly fascinating and impressive. It is exceedingly difficult to speak of this book without first sketching the story; and this we are unwilling to do, because, although it is essentially a story, it derives a part of its interest from a *dénouement* which, both reader and author may justly claim, ought not to be divulged. We are not letting anyone into the secret, however, when we say that the love of Michael Teissier for Blanche is of a quality rarely met with in our own fiction, for the reason that, rightly or wrongly, it is not generally

* *Kitty's Father.* By Frank Barrett. Three volumes. William Heinemann.

† *The Private Life of an Eminent Politician.* By Edouard Rod. Two volumes. W. H. Allen & Co.

recognized as existing among us. From the tacit acquiescence of the characters in the existence of this passion springs the hardness and utter worldliness which marks all their relations with one other. It is beyond our belief that a man of the world and of affairs, such as Teissier, should contemplate, for a moment, Suzanne's adoption of the compromise which he urges upon her, or should believe in his own power to be faithful to its terms, or should imagine that his mellowed love for Suzanne could remain as affection for her who stood in the way of the love for Blanche with which he was blazing. Suzanne herself was wiser; her scheme for divorce was admirable, logically; but both her wisdom and her scheme are too matter-of-fact, and she is too little swayed by the softer weaknesses of reasoning human beings, to establish relations of sympathy with the reader. On the other hand, this very hard-headedness which gives to the problem of those lives (if problem it may be called) the air of an intellectual case adds to its impressiveness. The novel is full of cleverness; there are subtle touches, especially in the portraits of the subsidiary characters; and the children and the domestic ties are worked into the story with a deft handling, as they so frequently are in the modern French novel. Nor could we let this book pass without a word of praise for the exact yet idiomatic English into which the French writer's story has been rendered.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Cuckoo in the West of England.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

As long as the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the land, it is not of much consequence for us to know whether the bird's food is larvaceous or ovaceous; whether it is a foundling or legitimately bred and domiciled; whether it comes from, and returns to, the perfumed groves of some tropical region. Still, I have a story to tell. One morning I was strolling in a field near here. The sun was rising over the hill, fringed with beech and fir. The blackbird and the thrush were piping in the groves, and on the tops of trees; and the soaring lark was warbling her matins.

"It is a fine morning, my lads," I remarked to some casual rustics.

"Ees: nation vine."

"Have you heard the cuckoo yet?"

"No, meestur: not it. We shaunt be long fust. This warm zunshine wool soon waken un up!"

At that moment we heard him on the top of a colossal elm: "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" The rustics clapped their hands with joy, and the chords of my heart thrilled with delight. The blackbirds and the thrushes ceased their song to listen to the herald of the spring; and the lark fluttered down to the dewy mead. I entered into conversation with a ploughman, who assured me he "knew all about un." I remarked that the cuckoo fed on insects and grubs.

"I knows he don't," said the ploughman. "He feeds on birds' eggs. There!—there! Look: 'ee be a proof on't!"

I looked, and saw the cuckoo, whose voice we had heard, being pursued by small birds from bush to bush, from tree to tree; making many rapid gyrations in the air, and beating his plumage from his breast.

"There!" observed the ploughman,—"the little birds knows what a gallow's-thief he be, and they tries to drive un away."

"Are you sure he feeds on their eggs?"

"I be."

"Did you ever see him eat them?"

"No; but I knows he does. If he didn t, why should thoy little birds fight un as they be a doing?"

I was compelled to accept the dictum. "Do you believe," I asked, "that the cuckoo is a migratory bird?"

"I doan't understond ee."

"Do you think the bird comes here from abroad in the spring, and returns at the end of the summer?"

"No. I doan't think as he comes from vorren parts; nor do her go bock to vorren parts. As zoon as tha birds ha done a laying, and ha con get no eggs to yat, he gets into stone-quars, holler trees, church towers, and steeples, rats' holes, and rabbits' holes; and goes ferm asleep till spring-tide wakens un agen."

"Have you ever found them asleep?"

"No: I caun't say as I ha. But I ha yurd un at Christmas-time. When I woz a boy, one Christmas night, when the snow woz falling, wind woz howling, and the very broaks woz a freezing, feethur sed to I, 'Jock, go to the wood-pile and bring that stowel of thuck old tree we cut down in tha zummar, ond put on tha vire to worm our shins and fit this cold frosty night.' I went, dragged un wi' a rope, ond put on tha vire. He waur vool o sap, ond he vizzled ond vowsted a bit; ond in about an hour's time he begined to get quite red-hot. All ov a zudden, I, feythur, mothur, grandfaythur, grandmothur, the cat, the old ship-dog, and the old tom-cat waur startled oat of our wits, ond we jumped off our stools in a terrible fright. We heard (as plain as we con hear the parish clock) from the inside of the burning stowel, 'Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!' When we got our narves steady, and the voice ceased, feythur zed the voice comed from a cuckoo as had a hid hissel in tha stowel, ond woz a sleeping till spring comed round agin, ond that tha heat ov the vire had wakened un up. Go to vorren parts? Nonzense! I knows he doan't."

I suggested to the ploughman that the sound resembling the voice of the cuckoo might have arisen from the sap or some pent-up gas in the cavity of the stowel endeavouring to escape through an aperture. No, no: he and his mates were all convinced that it was a real cuckoo, and that the theory of immigration was "all rot." I might tell thack story to the Marines, or to tha osses in tha stable. "Gee up, Jasper, Blackbird, and Dobbin," said my friend. The plough moved, and I took my departure.

The cuckoo is becoming rare. Either it is forsaking its old haunts, or it is diminishing in number. It has an antipathy to railways and the screeching of engine whistles. Will it eventually disappear?

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

H. Y. J. T.

Gloucester,

February 18, 1893.

The Ancient Scottish Parliament.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Now that public meetings in Scotland are beginning to pass resolutions in favour of Home Rule for Scotland, it may be not uninteresting to glance at the character of the old Scottish Parliament abolished in 1707.

Unlike most other legislatures, the Scottish Parliament consisted of one body only. At the time of the Union it was composed of 145 peers and 160 commoners. The two estates met, in one Chamber, under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor. In Papal times the prelates of the Roman Church had formed a part of the legislature; but this ceased at the Reformation. On the establishment of episcopacy in Scotland, the Bishops took the place of their Roman predecessors, and they continued to sit at intervals until within twenty years of the Union. In 1689 the Bishops were expelled, and the clergy ceased to exist as an estate of Parliament.

The great officers of State sat by virtue of their office, and, if commoners, were thus relieved from the necessity of finding a constituency to return them. In the late Professor Innes' work on *Scotch Legal Antiquities*, we have an interesting description of the manner in which the different estates were disposed. The officers of State sat on the steps of the throne. The prelates and noblemen sat on benches. The Commissioners from the shires and burghs sat on "furmes." The Clerk Register and his deputies and servants sat at the Clerk's table. Admission to the Parliament Hall, but without vote or voice, was granted to the eldest sons of noblemen, who sat on the lower benches of the lower steps of the throne; to the judges of the Court of Session, who sat at a table in the centre of the hall; and to the Marischal and certain other minor officials, who sat at the far end of the seats provided for the Commissioners.

In the earliest days of the Scottish Parliament, it consisted of the superior clergy, the major barons, and the minor barons. The major barons were those who held titles of honour from the Crown. The minor barons were those proprietors of land who held their land directly from the Crown. Every minor baron, howsoever small his freehold might be, had the right to a seat in Parliament. As might have been expected, the duty of attending Parliament became in course of time an intolerable burden to the minor barons or freeholders; and in 1427 they were exempted from attendance, on condition that they sent Commissioners from each county to represent them. In 1372 representatives from the Royal burghs were added, and the Commissioners from the burghs combined with those from the counties to form the popular element in the Scottish Parliament.

The peerage was recruited in various ways. Sometimes peers were created for life only. Thus, in 1660, Sir Walter Scott, of Haychester, was created Earl of Tarras for life, and in 1685 Francis Abercromby was created Lord Glassford for life. Honours were granted by patents, which

sometimes provided that they should descend in the ordinary way, sometimes that they should follow the entails of particular baronies or estates, and sometimes that they should go to such persons as the grantee might name to succeed him.

At the opening of Parliament, the estates assembled at Holyrood Palace, and rode in state to the Tolbooth, where their meetings were held. The "riding of the Parliament" was the great event of the year in Edinburgh. Each member endeavoured to surpass his fellow in splendour of raiment and accoutrements, and many a baron spent a year's rent on the clothes he wore on the opening day. Indeed, the extravagance of the nobility was so great that at the end of each session the Canongate gaol of Edinburgh is said, on the authority of the Earl of Haddington of that day, to have become crowded with Scottish peers, imprisoned for debt. The Commissioners from the counties and burghs were maintained at the public expense during their attendance on Parliament.

Is is said, on pretty sound constitutional authority, that the Scottish Monarch had not the right of vetoing Bills which had passed the three estates, and that the form observed by the Scottish Monarchs of touching each law, as it passed, with the sceptre, was not necessary, like the Royal assent in England, to convert a Bill into an Act of Parliament, but was a mere acknowledgment from the throne that the Bill was law. This fact was brought home to the English Parliament on one occasion in a very unpleasant way. It is well known that before the Union of the Parliaments in 1707 the English were extremely jealous of their commercial privileges, and carefully excluded the Scotch from all participation in these privileges. The Scotch submitted to this exclusion more or less patiently until 1702. In that year they determined to endure it no longer. The Scottish Parliament passed what was called "The Act of Security," providing that, on the death of the reigning Sovereign, Queen Anne, the crowns of the two kingdoms should be separated, unless England conceded to Scotland a free intercommunication of trade, the privileges of the Navigation Act, and a participation in the colonial trade. The Queen, by the advice of her English Ministers, backed by the English Parliament, refused her assent to the Act. Thereupon, the Scottish Parliament, instructed by the lawyers, pointed out to her that she had no power to veto the Bill, and that it was law whether she gave her assent or not. Alarmed by this very unexpected move on the part of the Scottish Parliament, the English Parliament yielded to the demands of Scotland, and the Scottish nation obtained that share in the English trade which they had so long desired.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,
J. A. Lovat-Fraser.

2, Cloisters, Temple,
March 6, 1893.

Out-Door Poor Relief.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

A letter on this subject in the February Number of the *Review* calls for some comment. The writer begins by basing his defence of the system upon local reasons and upon the drift of public opinion. How far or in what direction public opinion has drifted is not stated; nor would it, I apprehend, be easy to make any trustworthy statement on that point. We want sufficient data.

To deal, then, only with the local reasons. Financial considerations come first in all systems of Poor Relief; and I am sorry to observe that Sir William Welby-Gregory scarcely touches upon these points. He merely draws a pleasing picture of acts done, without referring to the cost of those acts. "Although the Guardians," he says, "must protect the ratepayers' pockets, they are primarily the Guardians of the Poor." Surely the Guardians are the chosen representatives of the ratepayers, the servants of the ratepayers; and if preference is to be shown, as Sir William implies (though why Guardians should not be impartial I know not), it ought to be to the persons they represent, and not to third parties. The trust is bestowed upon the Guardians by the ratepayers. They are bound in trust here; but their relation to the Poor is *virtute officii* only. The new House modestly referred to by Sir William Welby-Gregory cost, according to the latest returns, £25,500. How much more is to come? The result is that it contains more baths and water-closets than there is water for, while the innumerable passages and corridors render it inconvenient for communication and impossible to keep it warm. How far this large expenditure is in excess of original estimates it would be interesting to learn. It has been incurred although the decrease in rateable value throughout the country in 1890 has been greater than in any of the other forty-five union counties except three.

This Board of Guardians spend five-sixths of their poor-relief out-doors, one-sixth only indoors; and prefer it to the "possibly more economical system." I turn to the figures (they are omitted in the letter I quote), and I find that for the half-year ended Michaelmas, 1891, the out-door relief in Lincolnshire was 1s. 9d. per head of the gross population, ranking second highest out of forty-five union counties. For Lady-day, 1891, it stood at 1s. 8¼d. per head: it seems to rise steadily. As to numbers relieved out-door the last return appears to be up to January, 1892, and gives 28·9 per one thousand of population, ranking thirteenth out of forty-five union counties. Having fewer out-door paupers than twelve other counties, the Guardians spend more on them than any other county outside North Wales.

Naturally the poor relief increases; and in 1891, as compared with the sum in 1890, it shows a rise of 2·3—this in face of the decrease in the rateable value. This is certainly an expensive system, and must be proved to be amply justified before it can reasonably be preferred

to any other possibly more economical system. How has it answered with the Grantham Guardians? I quote the Chairman's words: "Nominally all were treated alike; but experience proved that this was by no means the case in reality; . . . . the result of the system was great inequality in the amounts of relief given." It appears to have satisfactorily condemned itself.

What is the effect at the present time? I quote again. "An additional burden was imposed upon the ratepayers." "This," the writer adds, "is so trifling as to be almost imperceptible." That observation is hardly tenable in face of the facts, gleaned from statistics to which I have referred. An additional burden to the already high poor rates is the last straw under which the system becomes intolerable.

What possible justification has been shown for this additional burden—except that it may possibly enable landowners to employ agricultural labourers at 2s. 6d. a day? The labourers eke out their pittance by obtaining out-door relief, and the rates have to bear part of the cost of the landowners' labourers. It is a fine dispensation of this Board of Guardians.

Is 12s. to 15s. a week sufficient to enable any man with a family to live in decent comfort? That is what is paid in the Grantham Union district (including Denton, I suppose), although the area of employment has increased so much there, and there is so much keener competition on the part of the employers of labour in railway extensions, in factories, in ironstone works, and so forth, to secure the services of labourers.

This is the gist of Sir William Welby-Gregory's remarks; yet he confesses his incredulity of the theory that wages would be higher but for excessive out-door relief. I may observe that it is not "a theory." It is a practical fact deduced from facts. Sir William's own facts show that, in spite of every incentive to an increase of wages, the wages remain low in a district notoriously abundant in out-door relief. If the effect of the additional burden to the ratepayers is not exhilarating, still less so is the procedure followed by the Board of Guardians in administering it. They make "a rule of refusing out-door relief to applicants who have not made some provision for themselves." That is a very good rule too; but it is systematically disregarded by the Board.

Whether the doings of such a Board in reference to out-door relief can be entitled to serious consideration is doubtful. Sir William Welby-Gregory "questions the expediency of any material interference with the principles on which the present Poor Law is based." I apprehend that those principles were and are designed to effect economy in the administration of the Poor Law: to establish and insist upon a workhouse test by which out-door relief might be minimized. Still, this Board of Guardians, with Sir William Welby-Gregory as their Chairman, have deliberately and "materially interfered" with every one of those principles. It is open to the gravest doubt whether the Board is justified in contravening the fundamental principles of the Law which it is supposed to administer; from which it derives its office and powers; whose servant it is.

The Inspector was not far wrong when he pointed out Lincolnshire as an example of the evils attending undue out-door relief.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,
ARCHER M. WHITE.

St. Stephen's Club,
Westminster, S.W.,
March 6, 1893.

Abattoirs.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Whilst the wholesale markets are glutted with foreign meat, and the river-side wharves overflow with imported corn, our staple foods are as costly now as they were at any time within ten years. I propose to show how that anomaly may be removed. The subject shall be treated from the standpoint of the retail purchaser, who cares little whether trade is fair or free so long as the ordinary commodities of life are reasonably cheap and work is plentiful.

To clear the issue of some of the fallacies which have served as arguments either to bolster up or to explain away the present impolitic system, let me begin at the gradational consumer. The man who eats a slice of bread is the consumer of that nutriment. If we wish to be redundant, we can call such a one "the ultimate consumer." In that case, however, the baker of the loaf must inferentially be dubbed "the penultimate consumer"; and the miller who prepared the flour, "the antepenultimate." Possibly all this nice discrimination anent the relationship of dietetic consumers smacks more of pedantry than of common-sense; but it is otherwise harmless. When, however, we are asked by a statesman to go beyond these frivolities—when we are told that, because butchers and bakers are consumers, we ought to accept with special gratitude their material prosperity as one of the many fortuitous blessings of Free Trade—I am doubtful. The voice is the voice of Free Trade; but its pleas are pleas for Protection.

Some writers, on the other hand, vaguely ascribe the inflated prices of bread and meat to the presence of traders who step between the producer and the consumer, and injure both. The middleman is, nevertheless, necessary in the social economy of a nation. We must have drovers, railway-hands, slaughtermen, butchers, butcher-boys, and cooks, all of whom either wholly or partially gain a livehood out of the meat before the consumer touches it with his knife and fork. Similarly, wheat in its journey from the field to the oven must occupy the labour of many intermediaries

Whatever happens, bread and meat will undoubtedly continue to be

taxed with the maintenance of intermediaries. It is important to ascertain whether this taxation is mainly responsible for the pernicious fiscal policy which at present sways the retail markets. If our enquiry is limited to the question of the foods mentioned, we shall learn that for at least ten years there has been a fundamental difference in the characteristics of wholesale prices and those of retail prices. While a steady depreciation in the value of wholesale stock has gone on during that period, the retail prices have practically remained constant.* In other words, the ratio of the wholesale cost to the retail price of the same products has been persistently decreasing all the while. The increment which goes to make up the retail price of an article over and above the wholesale price of it may be considered, for our present purpose, as the gross profit of the retailer. It is only with this yearly-increasing profit that we have now to deal. Who participate in this gain? Certainly not the farmer (to take the case of butcher's meat in the first place); certainly not his landlord, nor the grazier, nor their labourers, nor the great steamship companies, nor the railways with their high freight charges; for the cost of all these intermediaries is included in the wholesale prices of the raw products. I may here incidentally observe that the wage-question cannot have influenced materially the cost of loaves and joints. Farm-labourers, drovers, railway-hands, stevedores, and other wage-earners have from time to time shared in any pecuniary increase to the daily pittance of the labouring class; and the surplus has in many cases been defrayed out of the price of the wholesale products, which of late years has persistently fallen. The fall in price of carcasses, for example, has benefited the retail vendors, the butchers, and has more than compensated for any increased outlay in wages to their dependents. The rise in the wages of butcher-boys and slaughtermen cannot have caused the present high price of joints; for the market salesman must have suffered far more than the retail butcher from any general improvement in the salaries of workmen, inasmuch as the majority of these wage-earners obtain a living out of the meat before it comes into the butchers' hands. Still, there has been a steady depreciation in the market value of the stone of meat throughout the period under consideration. In making these statements I do not wish to credit the present generation of butchers with a selfish desire to uphold artificially the retail price of meat; but, whatever the explanation offered, the facts remain.†

* In the year 1882 prime home-bred beasts fetched from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 4d. per stone; last year they realized from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 4d. per stone; the retail price of prime beef has been 1s. per pound throughout that period. The retail prices of prime joints of mutton have remained what they where at the beginning of the decade, from 11½d. to 1s. per lb., although the finest breeds of sheep nowadays do not pay for rearing. In 1882 wheat was £2 5s. 6d. per qr.; in 1892 wheat was £1 9s. per qr. The quartern loaf of first quality cost 7d. throughout nine years of that period; during the past few months some bakers have lowered the price of best bread to 6½d. for the 4 lb. loaf.

† There is an old-established butcher's shop, in a town not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, which has to my knowledge changed hands four times during the last thirty years. Each of the previous tenants has retired with a handsome competency within ten years of taking that shop. The present tenants, two brothers,

Following a similar line of argument, we can readily ascertain that the wage-earning intermediary employed by the miller or by the baker is not responsible for the inflated prices of our loaves.

Any scheme which aims at lessening the evils of the present system will naturally divide itself into an administrative section and into financial details. At all events, I can best explain my proposal by this arrangement. The machinery by which a producer, whether British or foreign, can be brought into closer relationship with the consumer comes under the former heading, and is of great importance. Any scheme which does not fully meet the public requirements in this respect must fail. Fortunately, many boroughs already possess machinery which can be readily adapted to the details of the proposed scheme. Under the Public Health Acts Amendment Act, 1890, provincial towns in England and Wales can obtain powers to raise loans for the provision of abattoirs and for the compulsory closing of slaughter-houses. Forty-eight towns, by raising loans requiring the sanction of the Local Government Board, and others without having recourse to loans, have adopted the system of public abattoirs, greatly to their own advantage from a sanitary standpoint, and even as a financial speculation in many cases. These towns will have little difficulty in improving the distributive machinery of their various districts. In connection with each borough abattoir I should establish, under the control of the Local Authority, a Farm-produce Bureau, to which the neighbouring farmers and graziers should voluntarily forward from time to time a detailed list of any fat stock or other marketable produce they desired to sell. The information so obtained could be printed and published. By this means farmers and others interested in the reports could gauge the local needs beforehand, and assist in regulating the supply.

The Local Authority, upon a requisition from a majority of the ratepayers in any district under their control, should have powers to purchase and to kill fatted stock, and to open shops for the sale of such meat at a reasonable profit.* They should have powers, also, to establish district bakeries for the sale of bread at a reasonable price. These powers would rarely be exercised, unless the inflation of the retail prices was extreme, and milder measures had proved futile. I have assumed that millers are not responsible for the inflated price of bread; and, in fact, they seldom are now responsible. Traders, as a rule, can protect themselves from the extortionate demands of the wholesale dealer. The public alone are defenceless to guard their interests. The mere purchaser of bread is in ninty-nine cases out of a hundred either ignorant of or indifferent to the fluctuations of the wholesale markets. He may have a hazy notion that

have recently enlarged the premises, and show other signs of continued prosperity, although the shop has probably now to support double the number of lives it formerly supported. Again, the well-established Aerated Bread Company paid last year dividends at the rate of sixty per cent. on the original share capital, besides a bonus.

* The retail price in no case to be more than twenty-five per cent. above the wholesale cost.

sevenpence is more than he ought to pay for his four pounds of bread; but he has neither time nor means to expend in search of redress. Under a system of "tied" houses, the miller may be directly responsible to the consumer for the price of bread, for the miller is then the real owner of a bakery, and the baker is only his servant; but that is an arrangement which happened more frequently in the time of our forbears than it happens at present. Many fortunes have been made by it.

A scheme such as I have sketched would greatly lessen the troubles and evils attendant upon the present system of non-interference with the vested right of the British retailer. Under careful management the Farm-produce Bureau should speedily become self-supporting. The expenses would be light, for in many cases the work of the office could be carried on by the ordinary clerical staff of the municipality.

I have not mentioned the foreign producer. His interests are less important to us than those of our own farmers. However, if the supply of home produce failed at any time, it would still be open to the Local Authority to purchase foreign products to make up the deficiency.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

PYX HAWES

Brighton, March 7, 1893.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 123.—MAY, 1893.

HOW FLORENCE RINGS HER BELLS.

November 1494—April 1893.

I.

With shimmer of steel and blare of brass,
And Switzers marching with martial stride,
And cavaliers trampling brown the grass,
Came bow-legged Charles through Apennine pass,
With black Il Moro* for traitor guide;

II.

And, passing by Pisa's ransomed towers,
Swept up stream over Arno's plain,
Where Florence garlands herself with flowers
From burgeoning vineyards and olive bowers,
And emerald furrows of sprouting grain;

* Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, who invited Charles VIII. across the Alps, called Il Moro on account of his swarthy complexion.

III.

And, flying and flaunting his pennons proud,
Crossed her bridges with naked sword,
And sware he would blow his trumpets loud
And bristle his spears, save her beauty bowed
Itself to his stirrup, and owned him lord.

IV.

Then Savonarola's voice was heard
Swelling as Arno, storm-flushed, swells,
And, with threat for threat, and with gird for gird,
Capponi flashed back the famous word,
"Then blow your trumpets, we'll ring our bells!"

V.

And lo! as he spake, into street and square
Streamed Florentine burghers in grim array:
Then Charles, and Sforza, and groom Beaucaire,*
Scared by the city they deemed but fair,
Shouldered their pikes, and passed away.

VI.

But now a Monarch more mighty far
Than ever from Gallic or Teuton throne
Swooped from Alps upon wings of war,
Comes welcome as April and west winds are,
When Winter is over and mistral flown.

VII.

And the Fair City peacefully rings her bells,
Rings her bells, and the loving peal
In the lazuline ether ascends and swells,
Till hoary turrets and convent cells
Feel young once more as the young buds feel.

* Marshal Beaucaire, originally a groom, who accompanied Charles of Anjou to Italy.

VIII.

And iris gonfalons scale her walls,
And rustic roses storm square and street;
Within sound of her gates the cuckoo calls,
And the slow-swaying ox-wain creaks and crawls
'Twixt blossoming bean and beardless wheat.

IX.

In gabled pathway and shaded porch
Men gather and wait to acclaim "The Queen";
While over the wall, where the sunrays scorch
And the lizard is lost, the silvery torch
Of the fig is tipped with a flame of green.

X.

And cypress spire and stonepine dome,
And circling mountain look on and smile,
Saying, "Hitherward ever seek your home,
When you traverse the furrows of fallow foam
That nourish with glory your Northern Isle,

XI.

And from weightier cares than Cæsar's brain
Pondered of old, would crave release;
Wise Ruler whose long victorious Reign
Imposes on subject land and main
The fetters of Imperial Peace."

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Careggi, April 19th.

IRELAND'S "DECAY" AND ULSTER'S DEFIANCE.

THE Decay-of-Ireland theory is the one strong argument of the more honest Home Rulers. Ireland, they say, is decaying and declining under the blighting rule of the Saxon, the withering effect of the accursed Union. Its population is diminishing, its ports are emptying, its fields going to waste, its people falling yearly into a more hopeless and grinding poverty. This, they urge, must be the effect of misgovernment. Give us an administration of Irishmen, who understand Ireland and Ireland's wants, and we will put matters right, and arrest the blight that has been eating us away these ninety years. Such was the belief that inspired a large part of Mr. Michael Davitt's eloquent speech on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, on the 11th of April; and it animates what has now become a stock argument of the Gladstonians. Some Gladstonians, it is true, once thought differently. Twelve years ago (at Leeds, in 1881) Mr. Gladstone made these remarks:—

"I do not believe there is a labouring population in all Europe. . . which in the course of the last twenty years has made a progress equal to the labouring population of Ireland. Let me look at the farming class which constitute the great body of the nation. Forty years ago the deposits in the Irish banks, indications of their savings, were five millions. Fifteen years later they had risen to eleven or twelve millions. There are now of deposits, which represent almost wholly the honest savings of Irish farmers, thirty millions. If I am to speak of moral progress in Ireland, I say it has been remarkable. These are indications of real progress, about which there can be no mistake. They are encouragements to persevere, to fall back upon that stock of resolution and of patience by which it is that a nation grows great, and when it has grown great keeps its greatness."

Who is right—Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Davitt: those who say that Ireland is steadily decaying, or those who say that she is on the whole steadily going forward? A little pamphlet just published by the Registrar-General for Ireland* enables us to bring the matter to the test of figures. It may be worth while to look at a few of Dr. Grimshaw's statistics (summarized from the official Reports of the last fifty years), to ascertain whether the Decay-of-Ireland theory will bear examination. Perhaps it may help us to see how far the

* *Facts and Figures about Ireland.* Part I. By Thomas Wrigley Grimshaw, M.D., Registrar-General for Ireland. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

decline is likely to be arrested, if it is a reality, by a political revolution.

Take first the condition of the people—the test of good government according to Mr. Davitt. Here is a table showing the number of houses at various Census periods since 1841:—

Census Periods.	First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.	Fourth Class.	Total.
1841	40,080	264,184	533,297	491,278	1,328,839
1851	50,164	318,758	541,712	135,589	1,046,223
1881	66,727	422,241	384,475	40,665	914,108
1891	70,740	466,632	312,589	20,617	870,578

I do not know what a fourth-class house is in the view of the Irish Census authorities; but I suppose it means a mud-cabin. It is very interesting and satisfactory to learn that, whereas fifty years ago one house in three was of this miserable kind, now not one in forty can be so described. The population has declined by more than half; but the number of "first-class" houses and "second-class" houses has nearly doubled. From another table we discover that the number of families occupying "first-class" accommodation is 62,613 in 1891, against 31,333 in 1841; those occupying the "fourth-class" hovels have dropped from the shocking figure of 628,356 in the former year to the much more tolerable total of 55,322 in the latter.

But the land is going out of cultivation: a favourite cry of the Nationalist agitator. Is it? In 1841 the average under crops and grass was (in round figures) thirteen and a half millions of acres, while six millions and a half were classified as Bog, Waste, and Barren. In 1891 the cultivated acreage was over fifteen millions, and the waste was reduced to less than five millions. With a much smaller population to support, Ireland grows more corn and roots, and grazes more cattle. And the smallness of the Irish holdings, which every observer recognizes as one of the main causes of economic distress in the country, is in process of change. In 1841 the number of acres per person in rural Ireland was 1·8; in 1891 it was 3·9. But the land has increased in value as well as in extent. The valuation of arable and pasture land per head of rural population was £1 18s. in 1841 and £3 in 1891. The cereal crops have fallen very seriously—from an acreage of 2,897,000 in the quinquennial period 1851-55 to an acreage of 1,555,000 for the period 1886-90. But against this fall may be set a great increase of live stock. Horses and asses are rather more numerous, cattle have more than doubled, sheep and poultry have nearly doubled. As for the still too few and too petty manufactures of Ireland, the signs of growth and progress are remarkable. Here is the table of the most important of Irish industries—the linen manufacture:—

Years.	Spindles. 000 omitted.	Power Looms.
1841	250	—
1850	326	58
1851	390	—
1859	652	3,633
1861	593	—
1871	866	14,834
1881	879	26,590
1893	827	21,779

This increase is surely striking enough. Practically this vast modern trade with its capital of seventy millions, and its thousands of "hands," has grown into the proportions of a great industry since the famine year. True, it is mainly confined to one portion of Ireland; but it adds to the wealth of the whole: nor is it wild to cherish the hope that, if agitation and unrest and the sense of insecurity could be abolished, the South might share in the flourishing manufacture that has done so much for the North.

It is needless to carry the comparison through the other Irish industries. Most of them show the same steady and vigorous upward tendency. The distillation of spirits has increased from an average of 6,500,000 gallons in 1841-45 to 11,571,000 in 1886-90; 673,000 barrels of beer were brewed in the former year, and (thanks largely to Messrs. Guinness) 2,316,000 in the latter. The woollen manufacture is quite in its infancy; still the number of persons employed in it doubled between 1874 and 1889. Shipbuilding shows the most striking advance of all. It has actually risen a *hundred-fold* since 1842. In that year the tonnage of ships built in Ireland reached the insignificant total of 1,042—about the size of a second-rate "ocean-tramp" steamer. Fifty years later the annual tonnage actually reaches a total of 103,454. Can the Tyne or the Clyde show any such growth as this?

Finally, let me quote a few items from a comprehensive summary in which Dr. Grimshaw gives a *conspectus* of the general increase or decrease in wealth during the last decennial period:—

	1881.	1890.	Increase.	Decrease.
Valuation per head of population in £	2·7	3·0	0·3	—
Valuation of agricultural land per head of rural population in £	2·6	3·1		—
Acres of all crops per head of population	1·00	1·05	0·05	—
Railway capital in £ per head of population	6·6	7·7	1·1	—
Railway receipts in £ per head of population	0·50	0·65	0·15	—
Tons or shipping per head of population	2·09	2·23	0·14	—
Cash balances, &c., in Joint-Stock Banks in £ per head of population	5·8	7·1	1·3	—
Deposits in Savings Banks in £ per head of population	0·7	1·2	0·5	—
No. of persons relieved under Poor-law Acts per 1,000 of the population	114·2	97·1	—	17.1

All this hardly looks like a country that is decaying. One may perhaps conclude this part of the subject by quoting a sentence from the Registrar-General's pamphlet:—

"I have shown, by taking many tests, and applying them each in turn, that Ireland has advanced in the arts of civilization and in material prosperity. Whether she has done so at any equal rate with other countries is a question I have not ventured to discuss; but many valuable statistics necessary for its solution could be collected and compared. Possibly she might have advanced more than she has done; but when we consider the mighty collapse that took place at the commencement of the past half-century, which began in the days of the great famine of 1846, '47, and '48, it may be that Ireland has advanced more rapidly, and recovered from a condition of almost total wreck, more completely, than any other country would have done, or ever has done."

But, it may be urged, nothing has yet been said of the great and notorious decline in the Irish population (from 8,175,000 before the famine to 4,704,000 in 1891). Does this not point to something wrong in the state of the body politic? No doubt it shows that all is not well with Ireland. Yet the decline of the population is easily explained without alleging political misgovernment or social oppression. Ireland is in the same case as the agricultural portions of England and Wales, where, as the last Census showed, the decline of population is constant and striking. Shropshire, for instance, lost 4·7 per cent. of its population in ten years, Rutland 3·6 per cent., Cardiganshire and Montgomeryshire respectively more than 10 and 11 per cent. But the Shropshire or the Welsh peasant who leaves his village has somewhere to go without quitting the country. He wanders into the great towns, and is to be found loading bales at the London docks, or driving a trolly in Wolverhampton, or perhaps handing mugs at a Cardiff public-house. This may be good or may be bad for him; but at least he is not a unit dropped from the gross population of the island. In Ireland it is otherwise. There are no great manufacturing towns except Belfast and Dublin, for the rural labourer to go to, when he finds times too hard or too dull in the village. He leaves the country altogether, and drifts away across the Atlantic, to add to the tens of thousands of Irishry in the cities of the United States. It is a deplorable state of things, perhaps; but it is not confined to Ireland. The tendency of the age is to draw the people away from the rural districts into the cities; it is accentuated in countries like England and Ireland, where agriculture is exposed to the full brunt of the tremendous competition of virgin wheat-fields and boundless pastures in America. What Ireland needs, if the exodus from her villages is to be checked, are towns, capital, and manufacturing industry. Will Home Rule give her any of these things? Will it not help to diminish such supply of them as she has already?

There is one part of the country where all the requisites for the

maintenance of a growing population are to be found. Ulster has towns which increase while other Irish urban centres decline. Dublin is nearly stationary, though its residential suburbs are growing. Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Kilkenny, are going steadily backward in population. But Belfast has more than trebled its population in fifty years; Londonderry has more than doubled; and smaller manufacturing places in Ulster, like Lisburn and Lurgan, have risen from villages to populous little towns of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. The great linen trade, already mentioned, and the vast shipbuilding industry are confined to Ulster. In that province there are mills, power-looms, manufacturing towns, the nucleus round which a great industrial population may gather. The future prosperity of Ireland is largely bound up with the security and continued progress of Ulster. Now it is the deliberate and fixed opinion of the majority of Ulstermen that this security and progress will be fatally jeopardized by Home Rule. That alone is a sufficient reason against the measure, even if it were a mere opinion. But it is more than that: it is an anticipation which must bring about its own fulfilment, since the Ulstermen are resolved that they will sacrifice everything sooner than place their wealth and industry at the mercy of the Dublin Parliament.

The most important event of the month with reference to the Bill has not been the debate and division on the Second Reading. The result of the division was a foregone conclusion; the debate, though it was adorned by some brilliant and masterly speeches, added comparatively little to the stock of argument which has accumulated about the scheme. Perhaps a more significant event was the extraordinary demonstration in Belfast, of which Mr. Balfour's visit was made the occasion. The fruitfulness and the value of this striking manifestation of popular and local feeling are not easily exaggerated. It has been left for Ulster to use the one cogent, convincing, inexpugnable argument against the Bill—the argument which would be decisive even if the measure were the wisest ever drafted by enlightened statesmanship, instead of being a jumble of contradictions, makeshifts, and impracticable compromises. For when it is made perfectly clear that to one man at least out of every four in Ireland—and that man as a general rule richer, better educated, more prosperous, and more intelligent, than the other three—the scheme is so abhorrent that he will not have it on any terms, and will even go the length of extra-legal and extra-constitutional resistance in opposing it, then there is an end of the matter. No sane mind can suppose that the Bill can be made to work, even if the Legislature passes it, when Protestant Ulster refuses to allow it to operate within the province, unless it is thrust upon the population by force.

But is that the feeling of Ulster? Until the Belfast meetings Englishmen of all parties were a little inclined to doubt it. Ulster, they said, will swagger, will bluster, will use hot language; but when it comes to the point the Ulster folk, who are, after all, practical men, will calm down as their Scottish kinsmen did in the last century after the Act of Union, or as they themselves did after the noisy agitation which attended the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The analogies, like most of these historical parallels when applied to questions of current politics, are not worth very much. It is as well to remember that, though Scotland did eventually settle down under the Act of Union, it took a good slice of a century before the process was completed, and during the greater part of that time Scotland was a centre of disaffection and veiled rebellion, and might have involved us in the most serious disasters but for the weakness of our foreign enemies and the good luck which has often waited on England in her hour of need. It ought not to be forgotten that Scotland *did* fight; and who shall say what might have been the fate of Britain if American dollars and dynamite, or French ironclads and trained modern troops, could have been available to help the rebels of the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five? But to come to times nearer our own and more fertile in illustration. It is true that Ulster Protestants, after much tall talking, quietly accepted the Irish Church Act in 1869; but it does not follow that the protest against the present Home Rule Bill would be followed by a similar quiescence. That is the theory of the Gladstonians; but it is based on an ignorance of facts, or a refusal to face them. The sentiment of the North towards Mr. Gladstone's present measure is altogether different from that which inspired it when his Church Bill was under discussion. Ulster (of course I refer all through to Protestant Ulster) was not united to resist Disestablishment. Quite the contrary. There were large numbers of Protestants in the North who regarded the enterprise without serious hostility, and other influential bodies which were even strongly in its favour. No doubt Churchmen were bitterly opposed to their enforced separation from the State, and the Church of Ireland then, as now, slightly outnumbered any other single Protestant group in Ulster. But almost equal to the members of the Church in numbers, and not much below them in wealth, education, and political influence, were the large and important community of the Presbyterians, some hundreds of thousands strong; and after them came various powerful sects of Protestant Nonconformists. Now, all these sects had many and cogent reasons for regarding the disestablishment of the Irish Church with approval. In so far as it was deemed a concession to "Popery," no doubt the zealots of Protestantism

disliked it; but on other grounds they had good cause to accept it. The Ulster Nonconformists loved not the Church nor the Church's laws. It would have been strange if they did. To them, as to the Roman Catholic, the Establishment was a sign of the ascendency of a class and a sect. The Protestant Dissenters, hardly less than the Catholics, had an old score to pay off against the Church of Ireland; and, if there did not burn in their hearts the memory of anything quite so atrocious as the Penal Laws, they too had a long record of oppressive legislation and illiberal exclusion. It argues, then, a singular forgetfulness of the facts of recent history to suppose that Ulster as a whole—with its middle-class Nonconformists and its Presbyterian farmers—could have been united in opposition to a Bill which threw down the barriers that hedged the proud and privileged Anglican Establishment. But for the dread that Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical legislation would —as, in fact, has turned out to be the case—operate to strengthen the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the protest against the Irish Church Bill would have been less vociferous than it was. In any case, it was not the "Voice of Ulster"; nor was Protestant Ulster united, in all its parts and groups, as it is now.

It is impossible for anybody who takes the smallest trouble to go over the facts, or to study even lightly and superficially the state of affairs in the Northern province, not to come to the conclusion that this union against Home Rule is genuine and solid. Nothing was more striking in the recent demonstrations than the fact that the Ulster Liberals were so largely concerned in it. Some English Radical newspapers tried to persuade their readers that the whole movement begins with the landlords and ends with the Orangemen. No one can spend a few days in Belfast, and take the trouble to ascertain the sentiments and investigate the character and past career of the men at the head of the Defence Union and the Convention League, without being convinced that this is a complete error. One of the centres of the movement is the Ulster Reform Club, which a few years ago was a very focus of Liberalism and Irish Nonconformity. The local Tory leaders, who were cheered from the balconies of the Club as they marched by it at the head of the Orange procession, were as heartily opposed by the Belfast Radicals before '86 as they could have been by the followers of Mr. Parnell or by those of Mr. Butt. The Parties in Ulster used to be sharply defined, and Ulster Radicals were a "thorough" and uncompromising faction. "I have spent a large part of my political life," said one of the most able and respected of Belfast Liberals to the present writer, "in fighting Orangemen and Tories." Yet this same ardent partisan is now sitting with Orangemen and Tories on committees, and working hand and glove with them for the salvation of Ulster

from Home Rule. This marks a stage which was never reached even during the struggle against Separatism in 1886; for, keen as was the feeling for the Union in that year, it did not absorb all old political jealousies and differences so completely as the present contest. The most remarkable sign of this solidarity in the face of Home Rule is the temporary disappearance of the Land Question from the arena of practical politics in Ulster. This is no light or small thing. Englishmen sometimes try to persuade themselves that there is no land question in the Northern province. This, of course, is a mistake. The Ulster farmers have never taken to boycotting, cattle-maiming, or midnight marauding, nor have they "held the rent" or joined the Plan of Campaign; but they took their share in the land agitations of Mr. Gladstone's Parliaments; and it would be true to say that the land problem has recently been quite as acute in the North as in the South and in the West of Ireland. The Ulster farmer is certainly not much better off than his rivals in a large part of Leinster and Munster. His land is no richer, and not as a rule so good. He has been treated less indulgently by the Land Commission; and his very honesty and respect for law and order have sometimes told unfavourably upon him. In the South and in the West the landlord who collects his rent at the risk of his own, or his agent's, life, and is sick to death of the perennial struggle with recalcitrant tenants and energetic agitators, may be willing enough to sell on almost any terms. In the undisturbed districts of Protestant Ulster it is otherwise. The landlords—with some exceptions—have got their rents, and they see no reason why they should part with estates which yield them a good and safe revenue. Knowing this, the tenants realize that a voluntary Purchase Act is almost useless to them; and, in point of fact, Mr. Balfour's Measure has not, so far, been put into operation at all. What the farmers in Ulster want is a Compulsory Purchase Act; and no one who knows them denies that the feeling on the subject is very strong. In ordinary times it would be a political issue of the first importance, as it certainly will be whenever the Home Rule difficulty is at an end. As late as the period of the General Election it formed a test question in some of the Ulster rural constituencies, and it is well known that several of the Ulster Unionist Members were compelled to pledge themselves in favour of a Compulsory Purchase Act—a pledge which will undoubtedly have to be translated into action whenever the Unionists come into power again. But for the moment even the Land Question is in abeyance. The Presbyterian farmer has forgotten his jealousy of the Anglican landlord in the common danger which threatens both. This means a good deal in some parts of the North. A Unionist Member of Parliament told me that a couple of years

ago the farmers in his constituency had still so much jealousy of the landlords that he was advised by his local Party managers not to stay as a guest at the house of a certain resident landowner within the district, with whom he happened to be on terms of close friendship. A few weeks ago this same landlord, amid general approval, was voted into the chair at a local Unionist meeting, attended by the Member referred to and most of the tenant-farmers of the district. Similar illustrations might be multiplied; but they are hardly necessary. The solidarity of Protestant Ulster at the present moment is obvious to everybody except those who are determined not to see it.

But, says the impatient Home-Ruler, suppose Ulster is united: what then? After all, these Northern Protestants are in a minority of the population, and they must bow to the will of the great majority. But then comes the question, Will they do anything of the sort? I do not see how anybody who has taken the trouble to gauge Ulster feeling could suppose for a moment that they will. The responsible and representative leaders of the province have declared, over and over again, with the utmost clearness and resolution, that if a Dublin Parliament is erected they will decline to recognize its authority. But this, replies the Gladstonian, is flat treason and rebellion: if Ulster won't obey an Act of Parliament, Ulster must be made to obey. Yes; but how? The proposed method of Ulster defence ought by this time to be pretty well understood by the English public. The shrewd leaders of the movement in Belfast are acting quietly and deliberately, and with a complete absence of that bluster and swagger which has been, happily enough, nicknamed "Ulsteria." There is no "Ulsteria" in the character of the knot of Belfast men of business who are setting themselves calmly to work to make the Home Rule, if it ever receives the Queen's assent, a nullity. To begin with, they want to make sure that they have the people behind them when they do move, and that is why they have arranged the "enrolment" of Ulstermen for the purpose of a great provincial Convention. This enrolment is not, as it has sometimes been represented, a quasi-military measure. There is no intention of enlisting soldiers, or beginning a sort of informal conscription. What is intended at present is merely the registration of electors. Every adult male, if he wishes it, quite irrespectively of property qualifications, can be placed upon this register, and will have the right to vote for the election of members to an Ulster Convention of Six Hundred. Practically this Convention, elected, as it will be, by manhood suffrage, will be an Ulster Parliament, capable of ruling the province more easily and with a more unquestioned authority than even the Imperial Government itself. And the Parliament will have its Cabinet. It is intended that the Conven-

tion shall elect a Committee or Council of forty, who will sit at Belfast, together with the Ulster Peers and Ulster Unionist Members, when required. This Council or Executive Committee will be fully organized, equipped, and ready for action, long before the Home Rule Ministry can be established at Dublin. When the latter body issues an order or does an act of authority it will rest with the Ulster Cabinet to decide whether it shall be obeyed or not; and it is the instructions of the Belfast, not the Dublin, Executive that will be followed by the immense majority, one may say practically by the whole, of the Protestant population of Ulster.

It need not be assumed that the Ulster Convention would immediately proceed to organize open and armed opposition to the decrees of the Dublin Parliament. That calamitous alternative is faced by the Northern leaders; but they hope it will not be necessary to resort to it. They propose to meet the Dublin Government with an attitude of stolid, resolute, united, but passive, resistance; to tie their hands not by breaking the laws, but by refusing to obey them; and to absolutely cripple their resources by declining to pay taxes. When a whole province is bent on that policy it can hope for a considerable measure of success. Mr. Gladstone is fond of analogies from foreign history, and particularly fond of the analogy of Austria-Hungary. He might derive some instruction from considering the conduct of the Hungarians, after 1849, when Austria, by the aid of Russian arms, had crushed their struggle for independence. Beaten on the battle-field, the Magyars quietly made up their minds to "boycott" Austria, her laws, her customs, her language, her legal tribunals and her tax-collectors. The whole nation was in the plot; and they resolutely persisted in it, until Austrian officialdom was so beaten, baffled, and worried, that the disaster of Sadowa, which compelled the Emperor to restore her rights to Hungary, was felt as a relief at Vienna as much as at Pesth. So will Ulster render the existence of a Dublin Government unendurable, and it will do it the more easily since the Southern provinces, lacking the financial assistance of the Northern, will be doomed to hopeless bankruptcy. Assistance from the North they will not have. Scores of respectable and prosperous men of business in Belfast and other Ulster towns declare solemnly that they will take their capital and their trade to other countries if their resistance proves unavailing, and if they find themselves, after all, compelled to contribute to the Home Rule Exchequer. The Irish Civil List, the Irish Police, the Irish Magistracy and Judicature, the salaries of the Irish Ministers, the snug posts which will be found for a shoal of Nationalist politicians, must all be paid for by Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. The farms of Down and of Antrim, the prosperous little Ulster linen towns, above all the wealth of Belfast, will not be available for contribution. But,

urge the Home Rulers, we shall *make* Ulster pay. It will be difficult. You cannot very well distrain upon a whole province, or levy execution upon the population of a city with a quarter of a million inhabitants. Suppose the word goes forth from the Executive Council that every householder in Belfast is to tell the tax-collector to "call again" when he presents his demand-note: it is hard to see what the Dublin Government could do, especially with the probability that the attempt to seize the goods of one of the recalcitrant citizens might lead to a riot which would become a rebellion in three days' time. Can any Government exist when the simplest revenue operation cannot be carried out without the use of a small army?

And this is the one thing certain about Home Rule. I have briefly shown that the "decay" of Ireland is largely imaginary; that so far as it is real it is due to the decline and depression of agriculture common to other parts of these islands; and that there is no earthly reason to suppose that the Union has anything to do with it, or that the Repeal of the Union would alleviate it. All we can anticipate with any confidence is that Repeal will drive capital out of Ireland, damp down the industry of Ulster, take out of the taxable area the richest, most prosperous, and most progressive part of the country, and start the Irish Government on its way under the necessity of coercing into obedience over a million of the most orderly and resolute inhabitants of the island. The Decay of Ireland will not be arrested by the Defiance of Ulster; and Ulster's Defiance is the one solid certainty that bulks, large and black, through the mists and shadows of Home Rule.

SIDNEY J. LOW.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE POOR.

THERE is nothing in the life of a people which is more characteristic of their nature and history than their amusements, for there is nothing which does more to modify and develop their character than their means of recreation and pleasure. Amusement and relaxation is a necessity of life to the rich and fortunate, and is a very important part of the business of their existence. To the poor it is a real necessity. In the hard, dull level of their existence, which is mainly a struggle for life, there is very little that is bright or consolatory, and to those who from the cradle to the grave pass their time in making two ends meet the few moments or hours which can be spared for amusement are appreciated keenly. If in England men take their pleasures sadly, it is because the influence of their conditions and the stern realities of their lives make everything, even their pleasures, more a business than a relaxation. The northern countries are less pleasure-seeking than those of the south Where life is easier and smoother the climate helps to make the struggle for existence comparatively unimportant. The constant holidays of the Church and the *laisser-aller* nature of the people, combined with the warm and bright sunshine, give such varied opportunities for amusement that the impression left on the mind of the casual beholder is that in the south life is nearly always a holiday lightly given and lightly taken. With a very few hard days' work, an Italian or a Spaniard can earn enough to enable him to pass the rest of his time lying on the bright side of a street in the warm sun, and lazily, now and then, opening his eyes to feast on the warmth and colour around him: while the dark-eyed women gossiping at their doors, the little bronzed children, barely clad, rolling in the dirt, present a picture of idleness unknown to the people of the north.

If in England our pleasures and amusements are few, we certainly make the most of them, and in our thoroughly British way we enjoy them. There is no country in the world where the capacity for enjoyment is demonstrated so emphatically as on a Bank holiday in England, when the whole nation arises in its might to glorify Sir John Lubbock. Take one of the railway termini in

London the evening before, or on the morning of, a Bank holiday. Where is such a sight to be seen? Thousands of human beings pour into long, endless lines of patient trains; to be followed by other thousands, who in their turn are wafted away into brighter scenes. Who does not know Hampstead, Blackheath, Wimbledon, or any place near enough for the patient black horse, and the cheap return fare, to find their way, and has not calculated the numbers of the invader's army by the empty paper bags left on the line of march? Who has not looked into some of the places of amusement in London on that same notable day, and rejoiced that, while the people are happy, fate has not decreed that he should spend his Bank holiday in such an atmosphere and amid such an exhibition of British domesticity? But who can deny, when the day is over and one watches the weary crowds returning,—tired mothers dragging or carrying worn-out, sleepy babies; irritated men arguing some political or social question with a confidentially intoxicated friend; 'Arriett bringing 'Arry 'ome with some difficulty; or a tiny couple of children, hand in hand, having missed their parents, toddling on, with a look of early responsibility on their weary faces,—that the day has been one of real serious enjoyment? When peace at length comes, and the last wanderers return, and the great city sinks into silence, one cannot doubt that the great quarterly carnival is thoroughly needed. Who, knowing the hard lives of working people in England, can doubt for a moment that such days and opportunities are of great good and that they provide a healthy outlet for the desire for pleasure which we all possess? There are blots on Bank holidays, as there are spots on the sun, and a certain amount of immorality and drunkenness is no doubt an inevitable incident; but, taken as a whole, Bank holidays do little harm which is not more than lost in the widespread happiness they afford.

There is one little fact I may quote to show how destitute children's lives constantly are of pleasure, and how little they know of any of the recreations of richer children. Some two or three years ago an Association was formed to get children over a certain age attending the elementary schools to come in the evening once or twice a week, and spend two or three hours, with a view to keeping them from playing in the streets, and thus save them a little from the temptations as well as the baneful sights they there witness. The invitation was eagerly accepted; but the ladies and gentlemen who gave it found that many of the children could play no real games. They had passed their little lives and their spare time in the streets playing pitch-and-toss, or perhaps marbles, and watching the nightly scenes of drunkenness and dissipation. It is quite impossible to describe the delight with which this entertainment

was received, and the interest and zest with which all the games were entered into—though perhaps the most characteristically English part of the evening's amusement was the time when the "quiet spirits" of the party played serious games, such as chess, draughts, &c., and when a lady taught others how to paint flowers. What a story this incident tells of young lives never young in the best sense of the word; of no knowledge of what was pure, simple, and good; of nothing having come near them to raise and elevate, whilst yet they had all the desire, all the longing, all the aspiration of the human heart, lying untouched and undeveloped! In their homes, for want of space, play is impossible; and so they must needs grow up ignorant of the ordinary innocent pleasures of other English children.

Broadly speaking, we may say that until the last few years the necessity for providing amusement and relaxation for the people in England was not recognized. When other charitable revivals occurred they were of other kinds; and, for religious or other reasons, amusements were considered sinful, or at least unedifying. It is not necessary to go back many years to remember, even in the higher classes, how many people thought the theatre a pitfall and temptation. Albert Smith and John Parry's entertainments numbered their thousands of adherents, in comparison with the few who went to the play. Many of us remember the horror with which the waltz was regarded when first introduced. The idea of male arms encircling the slender waists of England's daughters was shocking. The gradual relaxation of such strict opinions and the introduction of foreign dances produced a rapid change in society, and the stately minuet and gavotte were succeeded by the quadrille, the waltz, and other dances. In time the general change of feeling spread to the lower classes, whose amusements became more varied and numerous, if less refined. The increase of theatres, concert-rooms, music-halls, and other places of entertainment, is one of the most astonishing results of civilization in our day. What the upper classes have provided for them in lavish profusion, with all the requirements of modern decoration, luxury, and gaiety, are now equally provided for the poorer and more paying classes; but the amusements and entertainments are not often of an edifying or elevating kind.

There is no country where such a vigilant watch is exercised over the amusements of the people as in England, and the modesty of the County Council is almost excessive in its intensity. The County Council, however, with all its Herculean vitality, cannot be ubiquitous. Much of the pastime provided for the very poor is not of an elevating character, for the best artists cannot be procured at the prices that East-End purveyors of amusement

can afford. The purveyors must provide what is within their means, and often the bill is poor and vulgar. I would not say for a moment that there is anything immoral in the East-End music-halls or in those frequented by the poor, or that misconduct is blinked at or encouraged, or that the people should not have their music-hall if they like it. There are no other alternatives; at any rate, there are very few of which they can take advantage. Still, one cannot help regretting that there are not more places where amusement, unaccompanied by instruction, is to be found, and that in most of the schemes evolved for the amusement of the people education often takes the primary place, or, at any rate, is one of the most important parts of the programme of the accepted system. Although many working men and women gladly avail themselves of the recreation and instruction combined, one knows that many do not, because they see the inevitable powder of Knowledge in the jam. The modern craze for education is in reality injuring the usefulness of many schemes for the well-being of the working classes. The atmosphere of culture and information which pervades them is no attraction to the tired mechanic and working girl. How often has one seen them come in late at night too tired even to amuse themselves, and only thankful to be left alone in a quiet corner till they drag heavily home to bed; and how often are their so-called amusements a weariness, only undertaken from a sense of gratitude to those who provide them! Whilst we realize the advantage instruction is to the young, one regrets that there are so very few places where a working man and woman, with their children, if needs be, can spend their evenings quietly and with some pleasure. The man can always find amusement in the public-house; but that is the last place we want him to go to. He cannot well take his wife with him; and, when he has paid for his footing, unless he takes more than is good for him he is only an unwelcome visitor. It is almost impossible for an ordinary working man to be expected to find rest or relaxation in his own home, which, at the best, can only be two or three very small rooms, but more often less. For the one working man who can sit down by his own fireside to pass a quiet evening with his wife after the day's work is over, how many are there to whom such a luxury is unknown and impossible? To how many thousands, therefore, does the public-house present the only place of refuge and entertainment?

There is one thing we cannot expect the working classes to provide for themselves, and that is their amusements. When a man has kept himself decently, brought up his family respectably, and made some provision for old age, he has surely done his duty, and done it more distinctly than many who got great credit for having

accomplished the same things amid easier circumstances. The community must endeavour to create new places of amusement, where people will be free from the constant temptations which assail them at every place of entertainment they frequent. No one knowing anything about the poor in London, or anywhere throughout the breadth of the land, can deny that drink is at the bottom of nearly all the misfortunes and troubles of their lives. That is partly because until within recent times no place other than the public-house was open to the working man. There are many working-men's clubs, debating societies, libraries, and museums, open after working hours; but many of them have rules which to a great extent restrict their advantages and diminish the good they might do. In talking of amusements for English people one is obliged to think almost only of evening ones. Owing to the long hours of work and the inclemency of the climate, outdoor recreation is more difficult to procure, or, at least, is becoming more difficult as the growth of London and other towns is limiting space which might have been used for recreative purposes. The civilizing and refining influences of the day are being felt by the working classes, and reacting on them. Walking along the best streets in London is an education in many ways. The shop windows are exhibitions in themselves, and nothing is more interesting than the keen delight with which the National Gallery and Kensington Museum are visited by working people. In some of the poorest parts of Whitechapel and Lambeth the exhibition of pictures is one of the most popular of amusements, while it is needless to speak of the interest and education that the Bethnal Green Museum has afforded to millions of working people in that, perhaps the poorest, part of London. There is an instinctive love of what is beautiful and elevating in every human heart. It is the chord we can all touch. Beautiful sights, beautiful sounds, strike the same note in the heart of the great master as in that of the poor stone-mason. The music, the painted window, the ornate ritual of the High Church, is what attracts the poor. Inside the sacred edifice they see and have something that appeals to their love of the beautiful. It is in the contemplation of the beautiful that they lose recollection of the sorrows and cares of their weary life. Therefore, we ought to endeavour in every direction to increase the number of such exhibitions and places of recreation. We ought not to put one unnecessary rule in the way of any of them being seen without difficulty. We ought to open them at night, and on the one great holiday of the week, Sunday. Sunday is the day of rest and peace to the people. It is only then that all the family can participate in the same enjoyment, and it is the one day on which we should endeavour to diminish the drunkenness which is a disgrace to our country.

The objections to carrying out this programme are really hardly worth arguing. In a rich country like ours the additional expense, which is the only real one, should not be considered, as the few extra attendants who would be required are no more to be pitied than the porters or the engine-drivers on the railway, to whose Sunday labour no one seriously objects.

There is one other aspect of the question which it seems ungracious and ungrateful to discuss after all that has been done by City Companies and Charity Commissioners to increase the places of instruction and amusement in the Metropolis; but it is, I think, a weak spot in all work of this, or a charitable, kind—namely, that the tendency now-a-days is to centralize everything to an undesirable extent, and consequently for everything to be too large. The People's Palace and the new Polytechnic were fine in conception, have been beautifully developed, and are becoming a great boon to their neighbourhoods. But I cannot help feeling that had (say, in the round numbers) the £100,000 which the People's Palace cost been divided by ten, and distributed in ten different parts of London, we should have had—not, of course, so magnificent a building, which was the realization of a great ideal—but ten smaller buildings spread over the town, each doing quite as much good and giving as much pleasure as their gigantic mother, costing much less, and being much more workable, and less of an anxiety and expense to the founders. Centralization has great advantages, no doubt. It diminishes the cost of running the machine; it produces a fine edifice; and it appeals to the sentimental part of humanity to see a magnificent building, the embodiment of the realization of the responsibilities which wealth and power confer. But there are vast areas in London without places of amusement or relaxation to any extent worth speaking of,—areas which before the modern idea that any place worthy to rank as an educational and recreative centre must be of gigantic dimensions would probably have acquired something which would have developed adequately.

The size of buildings like the People's Palace and the Polytechnic, and the size of their classes, must tend to diminish the personal influence of the teachers over the pupils. That influence is always of such value that one regrets anything which tends to diminish it, for in all work of this kind the strong feeling of friendship and affection which grows up between pupil and teacher is really the source of success. They may, no doubt, have a corporate feeling; but the other is the most precious and difficult to attain. I know that but for the conception of a great idea, such as Mr. Besant writes of in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, we should never have possessed the People's Palace or the great work done

by it on the spot, and the greater work elsewhere which has grown out of it, because to carry out so large an undertaking one needs vast ideals which would appeal to the picturesque as well as the philanthropic side of humanity. But one cannot help thinking that something of the same kind might be done elsewhere on a smaller scale; and in the new ones I should much prefer to see education almost entirely eliminated. Let us try the experiment of building places solely for amusement, as attractive, as bright, and as free, as the public-house, and yet without its temptations, where working men, women, and their children, could all participate in warmth and quiet, listening to music if needs be, but, above all, unharassed by any obligation towards the modern fetish of Self-Improvement. I believe that such a scheme would work perfectly; for public opinion would soon elimate the unruly element, and the British working man, if he found a place which he could frequent, would insist on the good behaviour of those who shared it with him.

The effort to bear the strain of acquiring scholastic knowledge must fall very severely on a man, not over young, wearied by the continued and monotonous work of a hard day, and to a poor tired mother it must be impossible. The pleasure of sitting in a warm, bright room, free to smoke, with books and papers, acting as he feels inclined, is one which a working man seldom enjoys, and, if he had the chance of it, one which would make his life infinitely more bearable and less unenviable. The Reports of Free Libraries show how keenly books of fiction, travel, and biography are read by the working classes, and how much in excess is the popularity of novels over any other works. Tired working men want the relaxation which fiction gives them, taking them out of the stern realities in which they live and transplanting them into the regions of imagination.

If recreation is desirable for the old men and women of our country, what an absolute necessity it is for the younger ones, and how important that it should be varied and easily procurable! Athletics now play such an important part in the lives of young men, and have improved them so much physically as well as morally, that one longs to see further developments in that direction, and some of the difficulties attendant on their indulgence done away with. The advantage of going away into the country, far from the atmosphere of the hot town, is so obvious that even the strictest Sabbatarians seem to overlook the crowd of busy 'cyclers who add a new feature of interest to the London streets on Sunday. The boon that bicycles and tricycles have conferred on English lads is great; and who, seeing the grey-coated contingent bearing down Oxford Street and Piccadilly on

a Sunday morning, and perhaps meeting them later in some Surrey lane, resting under the shade of the trees, laughing and chatting merrily over their midday luncheon, can doubt but that they have spent a more wholesome Sunday than if they had loitered and roamed about the streets of London. The cheap excursion trains, which have brought the sea and the Thames within reach of our working classes, have opened a new field of interest and enjoyment for the young men as well as the older members of the community. Paddington Station on a Saturday afternoon and a Sunday morning is as good an example as one could choose to show how the physical as well as material condition of clerks and their class of people has improved, and how keenly they enjoy the day on the river, which they now get to easily. Twenty years ago "white flannels" were almost exclusively the sign of the "classes" at Maidenhead, and at other favourite spots on our beautiful river; now there is no distinction, for everyone wears them. One hears complaints of the loss of quiet and repose, and that a weekly saturnalia has now taken the place of the tranquillity which was once the enjoyment of the exclusive few who could afford to pay for it; but no one, howsoever selfish, can honestly begrudge the health and contentment which so many thousands now enjoy. The real matter for regret is that places near London where the mass of working people can have a real country day are every year becoming fewer. Every year the devouring hand of the jerry-builder is discovering some well-wooded spot, where new streets of small houses spring up like magic; and the people are unfairly crowded into places like Clapham and Wandsworth Commons, or Blackheath, where a holiday resembles more the interior of a beehive than anything else. The difficulty of finding grounds for football and cricket increases daily, and only those who are interested in young men's clubs know the impossibility of finding any place within reach of London and the pocket of the players. Richmond Park is closed to any such amusements. We quite realize the disagreeables which opening it might cause to residents, and the diminution of the value of property; but it does seem possible that, outside a certain zone, some of the cricket and football clubs of London might be allowed to play there.

There is no better way of befriending the working classes than by helping them to acquire all the open spaces within easy reach of London as playing fields. Wholesome fatigue is in itself a blessing. It sends you back tired, and glad to get home and early to bed. No one who knows or watches the people in England can doubt that, take it how they may, they are a people capable of enjoyment and glad to get it. The poor boys playing marbles

in the street, or with their improvised wickets trying to imitate what they deem a small game of cricket; the children crowded round a strolling organ; and the passers-by watching the little girls dancing gracefully and naturally, without any trace of self-consciousness or impropriety,—this shows how strong the craving for natural and harmless pleasure is; and it is a reproach to a rich town like London that these things can often be found only in the streets. How often has one's heart bled, when coming home late at night from a theatre, to see a crowd of little girls dancing away in the glare of the lights of the public-house, amid circumstances which may soon lead them into the darker paths of life, with pitfalls and temptations! No one can say that their lives are devoid of excitement and change. Nothing is so full of distraction of a certain kind as the lives of the poor; but it is not healthy, either morally or physically. For men, the variety of entertainment is fairly large; but for women it is terribly limited, and the places they frequent, howsoever pure they may be, cannot do them much good; for the music-halls and low places of entertainment have not the atmosphere which encourages the growth of purity or refinement.

There are, however, many places springing up in London which, if they were only sufficiently assisted and developed, would in time mitigate the evil we are deploring, and, I believe, be more fruitful for good than people now foresee. In many parts of London there are clubs for girls and young women engaged in business, where they can spend their evenings profitably and happily; and it is from the increase of such places of recreation that, I think, the most hopeful and rapid improvement will come. They possess one great advantage. They are not too large; and, therefore, the women in charge of them can obtain that influence over the members which gives them their great usefulness. They are not religious in the sense of any of the members having to conform to any religious test, and, though infected, perhaps, slightly with the Culture bacillus, they are not hopelessly impregnated. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that nearly every parish in London has its girls' club as well as an institution of a like nature for young men. A few of the clubs are fairly flourishing, some even almost smart; but the majority are very poor. They all have a quiet and clean room, with a bright fire, and pretty prints and pictures on the walls, and are in charge of a decent woman, who supplies what refreshment the members may require; and there a tired work-girl, who is a member, can go from seven to ten of an evening and spend her time reading, gossiping, or, if she is studious and not too tired, taking up some branch of instruction. There are gymnastic classes, sewing and cooking

classes if she is so minded: and gymnastics are very popular, as is also singing and part-singing. One can fancy the haven of rest such a place must be to a woman engaged in hard work from morning to night, who can turn in there instead of going back to a home full of tired, cross children, may-be with a tired father and mother, and none of the comfort which one who probably adds largely to the family income might reasonably expect. She finds this discomfort on the one hand, and on the other the quiet, gentle, sympathizing woman, who has probably given up her evening's amusement in order to come among the girls, who look anxiously for her advent. The quiet evening is an entire rest for mind and body to the girls, and they are glad to go home quietly to bed. These quiet evenings are often varied by gymnastics and dancing, and "social evenings" afford great amusement. The question of dancing has been a very vexed and stormy one. Dancing has many opponents; but under proper supervision it is most successful. In some of the clubs the brothers of members, or young men with whom they are keeping company, are invited; but on the whole, unless a young man dances very well, the girls have perforce to dance with one another. If the character and position of each girl is known to the superintendent, the danger of dancing is very small. There must be supervision everywhere, even in the grandest London ball-room; but harm is just as likely to come of dancing there as in the poorest club in Whitechapel. It a mistake to fence people round with endless safeguards. Education and social morality grow out of public opinion, and there is as strong a public opinion on these subjects among the poorest match-making or tailoring girls as among their sisters in Belgravia.

One notable result has been found in some of these clubs. The girls do not marry so early. Many of them are not keeping company; nor are they engaged to be married. That is not difficult to account for. One of the most urgent reasons for the early marriages among the poor is the "propinquity" they perforce enjoy. Being thrown constantly together, with nowhere but the streets to spend their evenings, what is more natural than that a boy and a girl should marry to obtain a quiet home of their own? They think nothing of the future or of the inevitable baby. The little room in which they begin their married life is the first haven of rest they have ever had. Time soon destroys the rest, and in their turn they add to the thousand victims of early marriages and large families.

Surely, if, as is proved, clubs for working boys and girls were more general and made as free of unnecessary restraint as possible, they would increase in popularity, and help to stop what is the real cause of English poverty, the early marriages of the poor. They

might become the victorious antagonist of the public-house, and, as the people became more accustomed to them and purified by their humanizing influence, many of the restraints now necessary for their discipline could be relaxed. It is no objection to urge that we should be destroying the home-life of the people. The people to whose use such places would be dedicated have very little home-life at all; and the effect of the club, with its comfort, would be to create a desire for some such happiness at home. One cannot educate the people in their homes. We must do it from outside, and by providing other places than the public-house and the music-hall, improving their circumstances, developing the desire to make their home a little more like their club. But while developing clubs and institutions for young people, which is no doubt the most important work of those who are interested in the question of providing amusements for the people, we must not forget the older working men and women, whom the younger generation are "crowding out," who, in their day, have fought their battle, and are going down the hill of life. They also need relaxation. They have no pleasant clubs to go to, and have not got the promise of youth to make their hard lives less hard. Anyone who feels for the poor must have their dreams and ideals, and there is a place in the East-End where a fairy palace of delight could arise. There is a spot far away from the People's Palace, or any similar place of evening entertainment, in which stands a grand Gothic building, empty, tenantless, silent. The men and women in that crowded part look wistfully through its doors and windows, and the children lie listlessly on the cool pavement under its great shadow in the hot summer and autumn days, and skate along the pavement in the winter. It has been the work of a good woman, erected at a vast cost to benefit the neighbourhood in which it stands; but it has failed of its purpose, and to the inhabitants of Bethnal Green and Shoreditch the Columbia Market suggests, empty as it now is, a spot which might be made of inestimable value to the working people in that crowded and poor part of London. A great fairy palace might rise in its place, which could be made a palace of delight to the poor neighbours. It need not be a very costly affair to turn it into a place where the recreation and amusement I have been describing might be carried on. We can picture to ourselves the vast hall, warm and bright, and the working man and his wife sitting or walking about listening to music; she with her sleeping baby on her lap, and he smoking in a bright, fresh open space, where there would be warmth, comfort, and ventilation. Its endless room and courts could afford amusement and instruction, if needed, to the younger folks, and elsewhere we could have proof of the harmlessness and the happiness of dancing.

It is impossible to describe the capacities of such a place for good, or to enumerate the various healthy pastimes which its great roof could cover. Gymnasiums, swimming-baths, lecture-rooms, concert-rooms, could be congregated round the great hall, the centre of the light and life of the building. East London owes a great deal to the munificence of a kind-hearted Irishman who has given largely to help to improve the dwellings of the people. Is there no one to perfect the gift, and present Columbia Market to the people ? It would be difficult, nearly impossible, to exaggerate the blessings it would confer, and the gift would be an everlasting sign of the sympathy that should always exist between the rich ones of the earth and those who "labour and are heavy laden."

M. Jeune.

THE DESTINIES OF THE FAR EAST.

In the course of a recent journey I visited the majority of the countries composing that part of the Asian Continent which, for want of a better common title, is known as the Far East. It includes both the best-known and the least-known of Oriental nations: Japan and China, in the former category; Korea, Tonkin, Annam, and Siam, in the latter. These countries have each their special features of climate, scenery, architecture, religion and life, differentiating them from each other, and still more from the rest of the world. To the traveller these idiosyncrasies cannot fail to appeal; nor can he be indifferent to the atmosphere of romance in which those fanciful regions, when once he has left them, appear ever afterwards to float. To such æsthetic impressions I would profess no invulnerability; but for the moment I may be permitted to set them on one side, and to discuss the problems, perhaps less superficially interesting, but incomparably more important, and vastly more abstruse, which are suggested by the national character, resources, and organization of those countries as affected by their intercourse with foreign or Western Powers. What is the part which they are now playing, or are capable of playing, on the international stage? What is the political future that may, without foolhardiness of prediction, be anticipated for the peoples and lands of the Far East?

It is a portion of the world which, by reason of its physical remoteness, lay for long outside the helter-skelter track of Western progress, but which, having been drawn by the invention and subsequent improvements in steam navigation into the vortex, is yearly losing more and more both of its exclusiveness and its mystery, and in parts is even exhibiting a schoolboy emulousness to rival the contagious civilizations of Europe. Those parts which lie upon the sea-board and are most easily accessible have been naturally the first to succumb. Their subjugation has been the work of the 19th century. The inland regions, lying far away from the wake of steamers or the trodden paths of travel, have held out longer, and are still in parts enveloped in an isolation that defies the reformer's and yields but slowly to the explorer's advance.

Their conquest is reserved for the century that will shortly open. I entertain no doubt that one hundred years hence the bulk of the Far East will be as well-known to Europe as are now the interiors of Palestine and Egypt, and better known than are Asia Minor and Turkestan.

Of the countries which I have mentioned, two, Japan and China, are independent and powerful Empires, whose orbit in the firmament of nations is fixed, and whose national existence, in spite of the fact that their political boundaries are liable to modification, is not likely to be seriously impaired. The remainder, one and all, belong to a class of States of whose future fixity is the last attribute to be predicated, and before whom an anxious course of vicissitudes opens. They are kingdoms in a state, if of independence, still, of fearful and nervous apprehension; if of subjection, then in various stages of vassaldom, absorption, or decline. Korea and Siam belong to the former class; Annam and Cambogia to the latter. It is a remarkable fact, as indicating the more than solar part which has been played by China in this enormous system, that everyone of those countries has at one time or another acknowledged her sovereignty, and exhibits ineradicable traces of her influence. Had Burma been included in my survey (I have omitted it as now forming a constituent portion of the British Empire) the remark would still have held true. The weakness of these fragments, as one by one they have been detached in times of infirmity or rebellion from the Chinese connection, has been taken advantage of by European Powers, on the quest either for commercial outlets or for more vulgar aggrandizement, and has brought upon the scene the figures of Great Britain, Russia, and France. Nay: even China herself, incapable of military advance and innocent of forcible annexation, is wreaking a sweet revenge for the suzerainty which she has lost, by a stealthy reconquest of industry and trade, filching, by means of her indefatigable colonists, from the kingdoms that have defied or shaken off her control the proceeds of their natural riches and their commerce. What may be the probable fortunes of this complex and interesting battle-field let me now endeavour to indicate.

The superficial features of Japanese character and politics are known to all. Her nimble-witted and light-hearted people, the romantic environment of her past, and the astonishing rapidity with which she is assimilating all that the West has to teach her, have been praised with an indiscriminate prodigality that has already begun to pall, and has not been without its bad effects upon herself. I conceive that no worse service could have been rendered to Japan than the publication of the last work in English which has been dedicated to her charms by a well-known English writer and

poet. These overloaded encomiums not merely cloy the palate: they foster a growing vanity against which the Japanese require to be upon their guard, which may, unless abated, both provoke and deserve the chastisement of some smart rebuff. Japan is sure enough of a distinguished and even brilliant future, without being told that she has exhausted the sum of all human excellences in the present. Moreover, a time of internal fermentation lies before her in the attempt to graft a purely democratic product on to a stem from which the feudal sap has not been entirely extracted, and to reconcile the widest aspirations of constitutional liberty with the relics of a theocratic *régime*. This struggle will require the fullest measure of sense and self-control, and may, perhaps, not be tided over without crisis and suffering. From such a trial the patriotism of her people and the liberal sentiments of her statesmen are capable of bringing her forth, if not unscarred, at least with vitality unexhausted; and that in the course of the next quarter of a century she will take her place on a level of absolute equality with the great Powers of the West may be accepted as certain. The Revision of the Treaties, which can be shown to depend upon herself, will free her from all artificial trammels, and while ratifying will also test her right to international autonomy.

Japan has been blamed for squandering too much money upon armaments, military and naval, and for neglecting the requirements of industrial and commercial expansion. It is true that her resources are capable of indefinite development, and that a prudent finance will greatly increase both the numbers and the happiness of her people. But the critics to whom I allude lose sight of the part which Japan aspires to play in the Far East, and to which her present policy of expenditure and organization is strictly subordinated. That part is determined by her geographical situation. Placed at a maritime coign of vantage upon the flank of Asia, precisely analogous to that occupied by Great Britain on the flank of Europe, exercising a powerful influence over the adjoining continent, but not necessarily involved in its responsibilities, she has no higher ambition than to be the Britain of the Far East. By means of an army strong enough to defend our shores, and to render invasion unlikely, and still more of a navy sufficiently powerful to sweep the seas, she sees that England has attained her unique and commanding position in the West. By similar methods she hopes to arrive at a similar result in the East. Like the English, her people are stubborn fighters and born sailors. If she can but intimidate any would-be enemy from attempting a landing upon her shores, and can fly an unchallenged flag over the surrounding waters, she will fulfil her *rôle* in the politics of the future.

And how important a one this may be those who consider her

position in relation both to the Pacific Ocean and to the neighbouring mainland of Asia, in the light that is cast upon it by the ambition of rival Powers, will easily be able to judge. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Trans-Pacific route on the Eastern side, the prospective completion of the Nicaragua Canal farther to the South, the maritime ambitions of Russia, already dissatisfied with her base at Vladivostock and thirsting for a Pacific commerce and a Pacific armament, the emulous zeal with which foreign Powers, England, America, France, and Germany, are snapping up the isles and islets of Oceania, the connection (certain to increase as time advances) between Japan and the British Colonies of the Australasian group, will in the course of the coming century develop a Pacific Question, the existence of which is now hardly suspected, and the outlines of which can at present be only dimly foreseen. In the solution of such a question Japan, by virtue of her situation, is capable of playing a dominant part. Nations may then compete for the alliance of her fleet, as they now do for that of England; and the peace of Asia may hang upon the thread of her decision. That Japan should be free to play this part, and should develop the requisite moral force and strength (in both of which she is at present lacking), it is necessary that she should hold herself aloof from foreign entanglements, and, above all, that she should not come into collision with her old and hereditary antagonist, China. Whatever might be the issues of such a struggle, whether, as some some aver, the superior equipment of the smaller Power would prevail against the administrative rottenness of the greater, or whether, as more think, the mighty millions of the Yellow Race would roll back the small island population into the sea, it is profoundly to be desired, in the interests of humanity, that no such conflict should ever occur. That the true policy for Japan, ignoring tradition and history and burying national antipathies, is an alliance with China, which shall array their joint forces against the sole menace which either has seriously to fear—the advance of the Muscovite from the North,—is to me self-evident, and is, I believe, appreciated by her own statesmen. Such an alliance can only come slowly, perhaps even tacitly; but it is necessary, in order to preserve the balance of power in the Far East and to prepare the way by which Japan may attain that high place which she yearns to fill among the great nations of the world.

To the existence of such a compact, Korea, upon which both parties look with an interested and jealous eye, is somewhat in the nature of an obstacle. That that petty kingdom cannot expect for long to retain any real independence, descriptions which I have elsewhere given will have shown. A palace intrigue, the death of

a king or a queen, some unforeseen accident, might at any moment result in an *émeute* or imbroglio, which would invite outside interference, and could only end in a diminution or abrogation of the national claims to autonomy. The friends of Korea do wrongly, in my opinion, in encouraging the latter pretensions. A country that is too weak to stand alone gains nothing by an affected indifference to external support. If Korea is not to collapse when the push comes, she must lean upon a stronger power; and every consideration of policy points towards maintaining China in the position of protector which she already practically fills. After all, Japan would sooner see Korea a recognized vassal of the Middle Kingdom than she would see her under the heel of Russia, or gaze upon St. Andrew's cross fluttering in the harbour of Fusan.

The future of China is a problem the very inverse of that involved in the future of Japan. The one is a country intoxicated with the modern spirit, and requiring above all things the stamina to understand the shock of too sudden an upheaval of ancient ideas and plunge into the unknown. The other is a country stupefied with the pride of the past, and standing in need of the very impulse to which its neighbour too incontinently yields. Japan is eager to bury the past; China worships its embalmed and still life-like corpse. Japan wants to be reformed out of all likeness to herself. China declines to be reformed at all. Writers have frequently depicted in their own country and capital the characteristics of this unlovely but admirable people. But I am not sure that they are not even more wonderful when seen outside their native land. At Hongkong, Hanoi, Cholen, Singapore, Penang, Bangkok, as also at Rangoon and Mandalay, on the one side, and at Batavia and Manila, on the other, they have established great communities, living contentedly under alien laws, and drawing into their fingers the strings of a multiform and lucrative commerce. Not merely do they absorb and frequently monopolize the retail trades, but they farm the State monoplies; they run big steamships and own immense mills; they float companies with large capital; they own and work productive mines. Under British protection 200,000 of them live serenely in the city of Hongkong, and 180,000 on the island of Singapore. Throughout the Malay States they far outnumber the Malays. Freed from the exactions and inquisition of their own Government, they develop on foreign soil, and for the edification of foreign commerce, the very qualities which if applied to the regeneration of their own country would make her once again the mistress of the world.

It is sometimes questioned whether this ever-increasing flood of Chinese emigration may not constitute an ultimate danger to the countries which it overruns, and whether the invasion of the hordes of Jenghiz Khan is not capable of a milder 20th-century reproduc-

tion. Such fears are, I think, groundless. For, on the one hand, the Chinese are by nature tractable, orderly, and content to be governed. They fully appreciate the benefits of a just and organized administration. In a petition which was being signed while I was in Singapore, praying for a continuation of the term of office of the retiring Governor, Sir Cecil Smith, the Chinese population of the colony mention, among other grounds of his popularity and of their gratitude, his suppression a few years ago of the Chinese Secret Societies which were as much a curse to themselves as they were a danger to others. On the other hand, the Chinese population in the above-mentioned places is of a two-fold character. Either it is composed of a floating element who come down from China to make money for themselves, because there is a better opening and higher wages than at home, but who contemplate as speedy a return as possible to their native country, or it consists of a sedentary population, who never mean to go back at all, because they prefer the city of their adoption, and who have married the women of the country. Ugly as is the Chinaman to the European eye, he possesses the gift, unique in the world, of making himself acceptable as a husband to the women of half-a-score of different races. He weds, with equal readiness and satisfaction to both parties, the Korean, the Annamite, the Cambogian, the Siamese. (With the Malays, who are Mohammedans, it is, of course, different.) This connubial facility is an element on the side of order and good conduct, for it establishes him, not merely as a wanderer, but, as a contented citizen in the land of Moab.

But if this prodigious force were only employed by China within her own borders, instead of being expatriated for the service of others; if its exemplary sobriety, its miraculous energy, and its genius for accumulation, were devoted to the exploitation of her own magnificent resources; if simultaneously China, without resigning one whit of her haughty Conservatism, were to profit by the skill and invention of the foreigner in order to provide herself with a genuine army and a real navy, and to construct railways connecting her principal centres and running to her frontiers—then, indeed, a spectacle might still be revived before which the Empire of Jenghiz Khan would pale, and Asia might once again lie in the hollow of the hand of Peking. But no such evolution is in the least degree likely. Steeped in a pride too stupendous to admit of argument, the victim of a system of government too corrupt to admit of reform, where she yields she yields in the wrong place, where she exerts her strength she misapplies it. Unaware that her sole real danger lies upon her land frontiers, she spends millions in fortifying her coasts. Because England and France once landed their troops at Canton and Tientsin, she appears to

think that no European enemy can ever attack her except in ships. Meanwhile, in sight of the prey, the toils are being spread; and, from the Pamirs and Turkestan and the Trans-Amur, will flow into Sungaria, Kashgaria, Mongolia, and Manchuria, the tide that will overwhelm her outlying provinces, and may possibly not be arrested till it has attained the capital itself. The extinction of China is impossible and absurd. A population of 350,000,000 human souls cannot be extirpated or bodily transferred. But the territorial detrition and diminution of China are certain; and it is from the North that the vengeance will come.

A very different question is that suggested by the contemplation of the States upon which in the latter half of the present century alone France has laid her hands. It is surprising that she should have made so bad a start with a problem the features of which present so little inherent difficulty. In the entire area of her dominions she has to deal only with two peoples, the Annamites and the Cambogians. Of these the latter are numerically feeble and politically moribund; whilst there is not a people in the East more remarkable for their homogeneity of character, physical type, and customs, nor one more submissive and governable, than the Annamites. When we contrast them with the mosaic of races and creeds that constitute even a single Presidency in the Indian Empire, the extremity of the difference becomes apparent. Much of the French bungling has been due to the capricious vicissitudes of Parliamentary warfare, to which the so-called colonies of France are mercilessly sacrificed; much to the random oscillation from civil to military rule and *vice versâ;* much to her intemperate passion for centralization and the forcible introduction of her own laws and tariff; much to the absence of the colonizing and commercial spirit that is the credential of the conquering or emigrant Briton. But I attribute it still more to a fundamental error in judgment, concerning the object with which the Indo-Chinese peninsula was originally attacked, and is still held. There cannot be a doubt that France was led thither with the two-fold idea of acquiring the trade of South-West China, and of injuring Great Britain. This can be demonstrated beyond possibility of denial by the letters and despatches of a long series of French governors, agents, and pioneers, from the days of the Bishop de Behaine to those of Dupuis and Garnier, and from them to the present time. But, if two things appear to me to be certain, they are that France will not thereby gain the coveted intercourse with Yunnan, and that she will not jeopardize or even compete with the position of England in the Far East. What she may do, and, for her own sake, it is to be hoped will do, is to give to the rich and fertile countries which she has seized both the advantage of good govern-

ment and the material development for which they are craving. In this way she may yet create for herself an Asiatic Empire which, though inconsiderable as compared with India, may yet be flourishing, and may bring wealth to her exchequer as well as laurels for her brow. The complete absorption of Tonkin, the retention of Annam as a protected State, possessing the forms of independent sovereignty alone, and the final swallowing up of Cambogia, will be the probable incidents of such an evolution. Its progress will be facilitated if the French Parliament gives to the Indo-Chinese Empire the blessing of continuity of administration; if the French Government sends there a higher staff of officials than some who in times past have held the reins; if the French capitalists will embark a little of their money over the seas; and if the French colonists and residents on the spot will abandon a Jingoism that is pardonable in a music-hall but ridiculous at the Council-board of nations.

Of Siam, the last among the kingdoms to which I have referred, it may be said that the future lies in her own hands. The clamorous earth-hunger of her neighbours on the East, of which the telegrams of the past few weeks alone bring additional confirmation, is a warning to her to set her house in order, so as to anticipate the evil day. There are many who think that of such a resuscitation she is both morally and physically incapable, and who already discuss the division of the spoil. In an exercise so hypothetical I have no desire to take part; but it must be obvious that any encroachment by France upon Siamese territory on the East can only strengthen the ties that draw Siam towards India on the West, and that the ascendency of France upon the Mekong involves a corresponding increase of British influence upon the Menam. Such a predominance need not on our part take the form of annexation, which is as little popular at Calcutta as it is in high repute at Saigon.

Perhaps the most gratifying reflection suggested by these observations is the part that must inevitably be played, in the future which I have sketched, by this country. The inhabitants of a small island on the face of the northern seas, we exercise by the valour of our ancestors and the intrepid spirit of our merchants a controlling suffrage in the destinies of the Far East. That influence may, fortunately, be employed in the undivided interests of Peace. Friendly relations between ourselves and Japan will give to her that naval security which she so much needs, and to us the continued command of the ocean routes. A similar attitude towards China will strengthen her in a resistance, for which there is yet time, against the only enemy whom she has real cause to fear, and will facilitate our own commercial access to her territories by land.

There need be no ground of dispute between England and France in the Far East, where their interests do not clash, so long as both respect the liberties of intervening States. Whatever the future may bring forth, to this country it cannot fail to be a matter of capital importance, seeing that the Empire of Great Britain, though a European, a Canadian, and an Australian, is before all else an Asiatic, dominion. There in the heart of the old Asian continent she sits upon the throne that has always ruled the East. Her sceptre is outstretched over land and sea. "God-like she grasps the triple forks, and king-like wears the crown."

But not only are we politically concerned in the evolution of these complex problems by reason of our Imperial situation in Hindustan: our own fellow-citizens are personal actors in the drama which I have described, and the reflex action which it exercises upon them is a subject of study not less interesting than the part which they play, or are capable of playing, themselves. Englishmen and English influence have been taken to the Far East by one of three purposes: commerce, the diffusion of the faith of Christ, or the responsibilities of Empire. In the first category we are the heirs of the Portuguese and the Dutch, of whom the former survive only at the dilapidated port of Macao, while the latter, in their island possessions, lie outside of the track which I have been examining. From the former, too, we inherited the self-imposed duty of carrying the cross which has sent our missionaries into all lands, and which, if it inspires the enthusiasm of Exeter Hall, is a source of not inferior anxiety to Downing Street. In the domain of Empire the conquest of India has carried us forward on a tide of inevitable advance that leaves us knocking at the inland door of China and overlapping the Northern frontier of Siam. The wars at the end of the last century and in the first half of this, which were part of that Expansion of England which has been so ably pourtrayed by a contemporary historian, gave us Singapore, which, lying on the ocean highway from West to East, is the greatest coaling station of the Orient, and Hongkong, which is the second port of the British Empire. It has not been without war that we have won even a mercantile entry into those countries at whose Treaty Ports our flag is now in the ascendant, and which have benefited by our intercourse with them not less than we ourselves.

The commercial position of Great Britain in the Far East stands unassailed and unassailable. Of the trade of Japan, more than one half of the imports, and more than one quarter of the exports, are in British hands. Out of 570 foreign firms engaged in business in Japan, 120 are English. There are 1,380 English residents in the country, as compared with 720 Americans, 430 Germans, and 320

French: nearly as many as those of the three rival nations combined. Three-fourths of the entire foreign trade of China falls to the share of the British Empire. The trade with the United Kingdom, including that passing through Hongkong, exceeds £15,000,000 in the year. In the Treaty Ports of China 65 per cent. of the total tonnage is British; 17,720 British vessels, with a burden of 17,440,000 tons, entered them in 1891; Germany was next on the list, with 2,520 vessels and 1,900,000 tons. At Saigon, the centre of French influence, British trade, in spite of prohibitive tariffs, leaves the French far in arrears. At Bangkok there is the same English predominance. In the commercial competition Germany comes second, and never loses ground. The real rivalry, however, is rather between Europeans of whatever nationality and the Chinese, whose unrivalled business capacities now seek the widest fields, and, backed up by immense capital and untiring energy, daily steal more ground from beneath the feet of the West. The English merchants complain in some places that their interests are insufficiently cared for and pushed by their consuls or diplomatic representatives; and I have heard of cases in which systematic dilatoriness or contemptuous indifference in high places has seemed to justify some measure of exasperation; although the reply of the impugned authorities is not without truth—viz., that they are sent out not to act as touts in behalf of this or that particular enterprise, but to secure fair-play to all; and that the prestige acquired with the native functionaries by an attitude of vigilant impartiality in their country's interest is forfeited upon suspicion of acting even as patriotic partisans. The complaint seems, in China at any rate, to have been partly prompted by the success that attended the early efforts of a recent German Minister at Peking, in securing contracts for his countrymen, and by alarm at the projected operations of some large financial syndicates who swooped down a few years ago upon Tientsin. These have now retired *re prope infecta;* and I do not myself think that over the whole field of action the charge of neglect of British interests is one that has any serious foundation.

At the same time, it is evident that business competition is much keener now than it ever was before. Large fortunes are made with difficulty; Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co. remain almost alone among the great houses whose establishments and operations a generation ago were the talk of the East. Wealth is more evenly distributed, and is dislocated by slighter shocks. It may be for this reason that speculation is more indulged in than of yore, and that the share-and-stock market of Hongkong has so many tales of woe to tell. Everywhere the traveller finds the British merchants banded together in a powerful confederacy, possessing strong views,

and a very outspoken articulation in the local English press, regarding matters from a somewhat narrow but a very intelligible and a forcibly-argued standpoint, and occupied in slowly accumulating the wherewithal which shall enable them some day to return home. The struggles and the interests of those men, who bear the heat and burden of the day in foreign lands, and whose gains, if they are their own, are also their country's, deserve a warmer sympathy than they commonly receive.

As regards the Christian missions, they are no monopoly either of the Protestant Church or of the English people. In Japan, in Korea, in China, in Tonkin, in Annam, in Siam, Roman Catholic missionaries, French or Spanish, but chiefly the former, have been long established, have drawn around themselves native communities amongst whom they reside, and have acquired a numerical hold unquestionably greater than that of their Protestant successors. Among these the English, after the China Wars and the Treaties, took the lead. But an even greater activity is now being displayed by the Americans, who are flooding the Far East with their emissaries, male and female, and are yearly pouring thousands of pounds' worth of human labour into China and Japan. The English missionaries appear on the whole to be more carefully selected and to belong to a superior type. The good done by these men, in the secular aspect of their work, in the slow but sure spread of education, in the diffusion of ungrudging charity, and in the example of pure lives, cannot be gainsaid. On the other hand, it is impossible to ignore the facts that their mission is a source of political unrest and frequently of international trouble; that it is subversive of the national institutions of the country in which they reside, because, while inculcating the Christian virtue of self-respect, it tends to destroy that respect for others which is the foundation of civil society; that the number of converts is woefully disproportionate to the outlay in money, brain-power, and life; and that, from whatever cause, the missionaries as a class are rarely popular with their own countrymen. Indeed, one of the most striking phenomena of English-speaking society in the countries to which I have referred is the absolute severance of its two main component items, the missionaries and the merchants, neither of whom think or speak over favourably of the other, and who are rarely seen at each other's table. The missionary is offended at what he regards as the mere selfish quest of lucre; the merchant sneers at work which is apt to parade a very sanctimonious expression, and sometimes results in nothing at all. I have come to the conclusion that it is futile either to apportion the blame between the two parties or to hope that any argument can effect a reconciliation. There are, of course, many cases where no such divergence exists, and

where a harmony of interest and intercourse prevails; but I have not found them sufficiently numerous to invalidate the general proposition. What may be the future of missionary effort it is impossible to predict; but it would be a service of international value could some means be derived, not of arresting or diverting, but, of controlling its operations, which are at present as random as the winds of heaven simultaneously let loose from the Æolus-bag of all the Churches in Christendom.

Everywhere that I have been I have found English life retaining its essential characteristics. The Englishman expatriates himself without a sigh in the pursuit of livelihood, adventure, health, or duty. He is too robust to be homesick, too busy to repine. But he keeps up a constant and unbroken communication with home, and is familiar with all that is passing there. For Parliament, perhaps, he cares little, because the debates are over and forgotten long before they reach him, and because with the bulk of the votes he has no concern; but for the national Flag he cares a great deal. Loyalty is his passion; and the toast of "The Queen" is drunk with as boisterous a fervour in far Kathay as at a Unionist banquet in St. James' Hall. Mr. Gladstone would not have been complimented had he been informed of the result of a voluntary poll that was taken among the readers of the principal newspapers, at the time of the late General Election, in Yokohama, Hongkong, and Singapore. In business matters the merchant works on, looks forward, and saves for his decennial holiday; but he means to spend his declining years nowhere else than on his native soil. In the meantime he sustains a perpetual and innocent illusion by an importation of all the adjuncts, and a repetition of most of the habits, of home-life. Magnificent club-houses afford a meeting-ground for tiffin in the middle of the day, for billiards and smoking when the day's work is over. Some of these institutions, as at Shanghai, Hongkong, and Singapore, are as well furnished with English newspapers and periodicals as any of the palaces of Pall Mall. In his passion for games, which keeps him healthiest of all the foreign settlers in the East, while the German grows fat, and the Frenchman withers, the Englishman plays lawn-tennis under a tropical sun; he has laid out golf-links at Hongkong and Chefu; cricket matches are as frequent and excite as keen an interest as the doings of a county team at home; nay: I have even heard of football and hockey at Singapore, within seventy miles of the equator. A racecourse must be constructed outside every town where there is a sufficient settlement; the annual race-meeting, in which the owner frequently buys or breeds, trains, and rides, his own ponies, is one of the events of the year

and the winner of the Hongkong or Shanghai "Derby" enjoys a more than ephemeral renown. On festive occasions dances reunite the sexes; and, where it is not too hot, riding is a favourite recreation. Excellent and well-informed newspapers are owned and edited by Englishmen; and among them *The Japan Daily Mail*, the well-known organ of Captain Brinkley, as well as several others, would be a credit to the Press of any European country. Their telegraphic information is scanty and bad; but that is the fault of the telegraphic agency upon whom they one and all depend, and whose shortcomings are a byword throughout the East. If these papers frequently attack the local representatives of British government, it must be remembered that they are mainly dependent for support on the non-official and mercantile community, and that shifts are sometimes needed to keep up the circulation. The domestic environments of life are not less reminiscent of the old country. The exterior of the house conforms to climatic needs, and spreads itself out in airy verandahs; but the furniture is not seldom imported direct from home. The national love for neatness and decorum appears in the private grounds, the *bunds*, and public gardens of the cities where the English are in the ascendant; and were every other mark of British influence erased to-morrow it would always remain a marvel how from a scorching rock had been evolved the Elysian graces of Hongkong.

Everywhere, too, I have found the Englishman enjoying that reputation for integrity and superiority to chicanery, corruption, or intrigue, which have given him his commanding position in the world. The officials are of a higher type than those by whom other Powers are represented, and are frequently drawn from services specially organized and recruited. Nothing, indeed, is more striking in travel than the character and personality of the men who are sustaining in positions of varied trust the interests of Great Britain in far lands. The larger atmosphere of life and the sense of responsibility seem to free them from the pettinesses of a home existence that is too apt to be consumed in party conflict, and to suggest broader views of men and things. The same high tone exists through the various strata of society and employment, and the clerk behind the counter of the English bank will be no less a gentleman both in birth and in education than the Governor in his palace or the Minister in his Legation. I do not think that the same can be said of the Germans, or of the French, or of the Dutch. Commerce has not yet become popular among the upper classes of German society. In France promotion is too frequently the reward of political fidelity, of journalistic service, or of successful Chauvinism, to admit of a continuous evolution of useful public servants.

How many of the blunders made by that people in Tonkin have been due to the character of the men who in times past have been appointed to positions of importance without the faintest knowledge of the country or qualifications for the post, it would be hard to conjecture. Similarly, though our rivals and antagonists invariably ascribe our political success and our widespread Empire to a more than ordinary duplicity, I have not found that this impression is anywhere shared by the Eastern Powers with whom, by virtue of our commanding commercial position and the multiplicity of our interests, we are brought into frequent, and sometimes contentious, contact. On the contrary, it appears that English Governments compose their disputes, settle their boundaries, and conclude their treaties, with a greater facility than other Powers, and that English consuls are looked up to as the leading men by every section of the community in which they reside, and are frequently appealed to by others as arbiters in matters lying outside their official ken. Though, too, we are credited by France with being the most aggressive of peoples, this accusation does not seem to tally with the voluntary evacuation of Port Hamilton, in deference to the susceptibilities of China and Korea, nor with our conduct in disposing of the vast heritage that came into our hands upon the annexation of Upper Burma, whilst it comes with ill-grace from a people whose attitude and pretensions are open to the gravest suspicions upon the Mekong. Similarly, though it has frequently appeared in print, particularly in America, that Great Britain alone stands in the way of Treaty Revision in Japan, the facts which I have elsewhere displayed will have shown the baselessness of the charge, which none know better than the Japanese statesmen themselves.

There are certain points in connection with our diplomatic representation in the Far East to which it may not be out of place to call attention. The Foreign Office has sometimes appeared to regard certain of these posts as of only secondary importance, and as refuges for failures elsewhere, or at least for persons possessing no peculiar qualifications. To my mind, there are few more important appointments than those to the Courts of Japan and of China, and, in a somewhat less degree, of Siam; and yet it has in times past occurred that gentlemen have been appointed to these posts who have no personal acquaintance with the East or knowledge of the problem with which they may require to deal. The reception recently accorded to Mr. O'Conor, on his nomination to the British Legation at Peking, sufficiently indicates the rejoicing of the British community in the Far East at the appointment of a man who really knows both the country

to which he is accredited and the business which he will have to transact. There appears to be still an immense opening in the Far East for a diplomatic career. We maintain at Tokio, at Peking, and at Bangkok, a number of so-called Student Interpreters, who, after passing a preliminary examination at home, go out to the East, undergo a steady course of instruction in the language of the country in which they will pass so much of their lives, and thence are drafted into the Consular Service. From their ranks have sprung such men as the late Sir Harry Parkes, whose name is as familiar a household word in Japan and in China as is that of his still-surviving namesake in Australia; Mr. Satow, the present British Minister at Montevideo; and others whose names will occur to the memory. There is just as great scope for the production of such men, and even greater need for their services now, than in bygone days. The Far East demands a knowledge that can only be acquired after years, and a statesmanship that must have been in part nurtured in a local atmosphere. The great position attained by the late Sir William White at Constantinople, starting from a similar origin, may be emulated in countries where also there is an Eastern Question not much less important than the control of the Bosphorus or the ownership of St. Sophia. I would fain hope that among the rising generation may be found some who will be worthy heirs of these great traditions.

In another respect the Foreign Office appears to me to have neglected an elementary part of diplomatic education, and an indispensable adjunct to the smooth working of the diplomatic machine. One would surely expect to find in the British Legation in every foreign country, most of all in the East, a compact, well-chosen, and serviceable library of the best books relating to the country in question, and the political problems which it is likely to suggest. Such libraries were in part collected many years ago. I found the fragments of such a one at Peking, just as I remember routing out from a dusty closet the *débris* of another at Teheran. At Meshed I could not discover a single publication on the Afghan Frontier Question. Similarly, at Bangkok there was not one volume relating to the frontier between Burma, Siam, and China, though a small but excellent literature exists upon the subject, and might at any moment be required for official reference. My impression is that at Tokio there is a similar absence. What is wanted in each case is, not a library of general reference, but, a collection of authoritative works, within a limited range, to which recourse can be had at any moment. As soon as the nucleus of such a collection had been formed, a few pounds a year would

amply suffice for the necessary increment, which should be carefully selected and sent out from home. The India Office has sometimes extended such a patronage to useful publications, purchasing a certain number of copies, and distributing them among the localities concerned; but I have never heard of the Foreign Office exercising a similar wise generosity. At Peking, moreover, I have often thought, it would be well were the diplomatic staff of Great Britain to include an Indian officer or *attaché*, so many are the purely Indian questions that come up for discussion with the Tsungli Yamen, upon which there is no one on the spot to throw the necessary light.

Great as is the position which I have depicted as being enjoyed by Great Britain in the Far East, I believe that it will be greater still. The improvement of existing and the creation of new means of communication is rapidly developing a solidarity between the East and the West which our grandparents would have deemed impossible. Fusion and not disintegration will be the keynote of the progress of the coming century. There remain now but few countries to which access has not already been gained; though there are several whose political stability is precarious, or whose political boundaries are not determined. As soon, however, as fixity can be predicated of either of these departments—much more, if of both,—commercial exploitation will begin. For this object British energy, British capital, and British experience, will be required. The Power which has been longest in the field, which enjoys the best geographical position for the distribution of its commerce, or the dissemination of its influence, and which can command the largest resources, must infallibly triumph in any such competition. Our position in India gives us the certain command of the main land-routes and railroads that will lay open the Far East in the not-distant future. Our position upon the ocean already assures to us the control of the maritime highway. Furthermore, the country which has scattered millions in propping up the rotten Republics of the New World may very well repay its age-long debt to the Old by a similar, even if a tardy, service. Above all will this task be facilitated by the increasing diffusion of the English tongue. Already spoken in every store from Yokohama to Rangoon, already taught in the schools of Japan and of Siam, already used by Chinamen themselves as a means of communication between subjects from different provinces of their mighty Empire, it is destined with absolute certainty to be the language of the Far East. Its sound will go out into all lands, and its words unto the ends of the world. That this splendid future is no idle dream of fancy, but is capable of realization at no indefinite period, none who

have travelled widely in Eastern Asia will doubt. Moral failure alone can shatter the prospect.

> " We sailed wherever ship could sail,
> We found many a mighty State ;
> Pray God our greatness may not fail
> Through craven fears of being great ! "

GEORGE N. CURZON.

ROMANCE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Of all "artistic" things, the most inartistic, when one comes to think of it, is a picture gallery. In great periods of Art pictures are painted less for exhibition in a museum than as integral parts of some scheme of domestic adornment, of public magnificence, of religious splendour. Hence, wherever pictures are gathered into a gallery there is sure evidence of a lack of artistic sense on the part either of those who have brought the pictures together or of those who have allowed them to be dispersed.

In a gallery, howsoever well-built and scientifically lighted it may be, a picture loses. It is one of a crowd: it is killed perhaps by its more vivid neighbour: it wants appropriate setting: it loses as a nocturne of Chopin when played at a glaring concert instead of in a dim parlour; as a beautiful poem loses when printed cheaply in double columns. In the old times setting was better understood. "In the palmy days," Morelli says, "art was welcomed everywhere in Italy, and had a share in all the concerns of man, and in all the events and festivities of daily life. The nobles took a delight in enriching their palaces, their country-houses, and the chapels in their churches with painting and sculpture, and even required that their household furniture should, whilst useful, be graceful and beautiful in form."

Our National Gallery is full of pictures painted in that great period. We may well be thankful, with Mr. Ruskin, that the Trustees of the Gallery have been able to "save so much from the wreck of English Mansions and Italian Monasteries," and to "enrich the recreations of our Metropolis with graceful interludes by Perugino and Raphael." After all, however, the pictures were painted—not to hang in rows on the walls of a London gallery, but—for particular persons, places, and occasions, far removed from the present environment of them. Pause, for example, at the entrance of the Gallery, and look at the two pictures representing "Heads of Saints," by Domenico Veneziano. These shattered fragments of faded panel are not, one thinks, either very beautiful or effective. Do not let us forget how remote from us was the purpose for which the artist designed them: how they hung for

centuries, at street corners in Florence, telling their message to generations of simple burghers. Or pass into the room No. IV., and see the earliest specimens of Italian Art. There is something absurd, grotesque, repulsive even, in that green and gaunt Madonna by Cimabue; and a sight-seer in a Picture Gallery may well be pardoned if he "gaze scorn down from the heights of Raffaelhood, on Cimabue's picture." It is not the picture's fault that it keeps such grand company. It should be put back in imagination far into some dim apse, where, in ages of simpler faith and untaught art, the sad Madonna stood in folded robes to receive the prayer at evening of unsophisticated worshippers. Once more: Turn into the opposite room. A painting by Fra Filippo Lippi—a "Vision of St. Bernard"—is not unlikely to arrest attention by its curious and no longer intelligible shape. There was excellent reason for that cutting-away of the upper corners: the picture was painted to fit a space of that shape, over the door of the Palazzo della Signoria at Florence. "Have you ever considered," Mr. Ruskin asks, "in the early history of painting, how important is the history of the frame-maker? It is a matter, I assure you, needing your very best consideration; for the frame was made before the picture. The painted window is much; but the aperture it fills was thought of before it." The spirit of the picture cannot be caught, its significance cannot be understood, unless one remembers the place which it had to fill. How *bizarre*, how trivial, seems that "Rape of Helen," by Benozzo Gozzoli, hanging beside "Saints a-Praising God" and martyrs in adoration! As the lid or side panel of a cassone, or wooden chest, for a boudoir or dressing-room, how prettily fanciful and dainty it must have been! It was, no doubt, a commission to the artist for that purpose. In a similar "key" are Annibale Carracci's pictures, in room XIII., of Silenus gathering grapes and Bacchus painting. They originally decorated a harpsichord: probably the artist was commissioned by some rich citizen, even as a few of our rich men commission Mr. Burne-Jones or Mr. Alma-Tadema to paint their pianos in our own day. The old Italians, however, differed from us in that they would not willingly part with their treasures at any price. A charming little story of a picture of Pontormo's ("Joseph in Egypt": No. 1131) throws light on the feeling of the time. The picture was painted for a Florentine noble named Borgherini. He was afterwards exiled; and the civic authorities sent a dealer to his house to buy up all his works of art, which they wished to present to the King of France. Borgherini's wife, Margherita, roundly abused the envoy, and sent him away empty-handed. "Dost thou," she cried, "vile broker of frippery, miserable huckster of twopences!—dost thou presume to come hither with intent to lay thy fingers on the

ornaments which belong to the chambers of gentlemen?—despoiling, as thou hast long done, and as thou art ever doing, this our city, of her fairest ornaments, to embellish strange lands therewith? Depart from this house, thou and thy myrmidons! Depart! and say to those who have permitted themselves to send thee hither that I am here—I, who will not suffer that one iota shall be disturbed from where it stands!" "The somewhat churlish behaviour of this old-fashioned dame," Morelli says, drily, "may provoke a cynical smile from nineteenth-century readers. They must bear in mind, however, that in those days, 'culture' being still in its infancy, our modern notions of turning family pictures into money were wholly unknown. Later, when these simple burghers were raised to the rank of barons, counts, marquises, and dukes, the della Pallas of Italy, as well as of other countries, would scarcely have met with so unfriendly and impolitic a reception from the owners of works of art." We English, of course, need not give ourselves any airs in this matter. The Duke of Marlborough was not actuated by much of Dame Margherita's spirit when he sold his celebrated picture "The Blenheim Raphael" and bargained with the nation for the uttermost farthing.

It was barbarous to sell up Borgherini's household treasures, and in the sense in which we have indicated a Picture Gallery is an inartistic thing; but, from the same causes, it becomes also full of interest, of instruction, of romance. If old oaks and pieces of historic furniture were, as poets would have us believe, occasionally endowed with a capacity for talking, what adventures could they not relate to us! If pictures, still more enduring, could share the power, there would be the less need for history-books. The long corridors of the National Gallery, filled with master-pieces from all nations and ages, would of themselves furnish as copious records as many a shelf in the British Museum Library. What stories might those pictures tell: of their painting, their owners, the generations to which they have been the Lares and Penates, the families whose vicissitudes they have shared! This, maybe, hung for years, blackened and tarnished, in a pawnbroker's shop, till some vigilant eye rescued it from its oblivion; that, perhaps, had saved its owner's life, or redeemed the fortunes of a nation. This, again, formed the wedding-chest of a beautiful dark-eyed bride, dust long ago; that caused the imprisonment, almost the death, of its author. Unhappily, old pictures are "silent witnesses" in large measure. We can, indeed, discover, through much searching in dusty archives, the *provenance* of a few of our most celebrated pictures, or perhaps one or two of the stories attached to them; but how many are there of which we have not been able to find a record! It depends mainly on chance what

stories survive, and what do not. Then, such as are known are often not widely known: they lie hidden, for the most part, in musty blue-books, or in tomes of ancient lore, attainable by the student only. In some cases it might be well to print them on the picture-frames. It does not greatly interest the novice in art to know that this or that landscape is named "The Cornfield," or "The Repose"; still less is it acceptable to find the familiar "Raphael" disguised as "Sanzio," or "Tintoret," as "Robusti"; but it does interest him to be told that "The Cornfield" was presented to the Gallery by an Association of gentlemen who bought it of Constable's executors, and that the landscape of "The Repose" was laid among the hills of Titian's country. We are not all Dry-as-dusts.

Perhaps our only pictures specially painted with a view to the gallery which they now adorn are those in which Turner's rivalry with Claude is immortalized. Visitors may wonder why, in a room devoted to the French School of Painting, they are suddenly confronted with two large canvases of Turner's. The fact is that Turner painted them in direct competition with Claude. The great modern landscape-painter determined to beat the ancient on his own classical ground. Whether he has conquered is indeed a question; but the pictures still hang side by side in unconscious rivalry, telling the pathetic story of the dead man's ambition. Turner, who left these two pictures, among many others, to the nation, expressly stipulated that they should hang between those two by Claude. In vain, during his life, large sums were offered for them: he steadily refused to sell. "What in the world, Turner, are you going to do with it?" his friend Chantrey asked, referring to the "Carthage." "Be buried in it," Turner replied grimly, keeping its real destination a secret.

There are in the National Gallery some pictures actually painted for the sitters to be buried in. These are the early Graeco-Egyptian portraits, which glare down upon us in the vestibule. A few years ago a workman's spade digging in the Fayoum accidently struck against a mummy case. Affixed to the outside covering, in a position corresponding to the head of the corpse, was a portrait of the man in his habit as he lived. That "find" led to others. Some dozen tombs closed 1,500 years ago were rifled in order to supply a fresh link in the historical development of art as exhibited in our National Gallery.

Just above these old-world pagans hangs Spinello Aretino's "Fall of the Rebel Angels"—with devils and dragons galore. If you gaze at the mummy portraits long enough, you can quite imagine the dead men's faces looking at you; as Spinello, who was an imagi-

native Florentine, used to think his devils did. Spinello's picture was painted to decorate the church of Sta. Maria Degli Angeli, in his native town of Arezzo; and he laboured hard to make the chief fiend, Lucifer, as hideous as possible. So much did this idea prey upon him, one night he had a terrible dream. The demon he had painted appeared to him in his sleep, demanding to know why the painter had made him so ugly. Spinello, it is said, did not survive the shock: which is a warning to those who take liberties with the devil. The Greek painter who, when confronted with an unpleasing sitter, said, frankly, "Paint you! Who would paint you, when no one would even look at you?" was wiser.

Seeing the pictures in the National Gallery is like reading bits of old biographies. All true artists put their life into their work, and leave it there. Take Marco Marziale's work, "The Circumcision of Christ" (No. 803): It is wonderful in respect of the faithful labour put into things that the modern painter would generalize as mere accessories. An amateur embroideress could easily copy the elaborate cross-stitch of Marziale's lectern border, and find no stitch in its wrong place. He who did this was only a second-rate Venetian painter, and a label painted on the canvas fixes the date and makes it probable that this was his first important commission; therefore, Marco spared no trouble, and crowded his picture with all the most beautiful textures and patterns known to the Venice of his day. People did not scamp work in those times!

For an example of domestic detail, we have a pretty record of Correggio's early married life in the little panel picture, "La Vierge au Panier," painted just after the birth of his first child. There is much humanity about it: and it is all the sweeter for its lack of reverence. The young mother is dressing her baby, and is trying to get his arm into a little jacket, while he playfully resists her attempts. What a change from Cimabue! No longer Madonnas and children of unearthly sorrow; but "Papa, Mamma, and the Baby"!

Our English Hogarth also showed a domestic taste when he painted, in emulation of Correggio, his handsome wife as "Sigismonda." The result, however, was less successful. He spent much trouble on the painting; but his patron, Sir Richard Grosvenor, took a dislike to it, and shirked out of the bargain, saying that "the constantly having it before one's eyes would be often occasioning melancholy thoughts to arise in one's mind, which a curtain being drawn before it would not diminish in the least." Hogarth avenged himself in verse.—

> "I own he chose the prudent part:
> Rather to break his word, than heart;
> And yet, methinks, 'tis ticklish dealing
> With one so delicate in feeling."

Turner, of whom it could not be said that he was domestic, put his whole being into his art, and in its service ran continual risks. One of his pictures, "The Snowstorm," depicting a gale at sea, had, on its first exhibition in 1842, the following note appended: "The *author* was in the storm the night the *Ariel* left Harwich." The term "author" is significant. Turner explained it to a visitor. "I did not paint it to be understood; but I wished to show what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it, if I did." A critic described it as "a mass of soapsuds and whitewash." The phrase troubled Turner. "Soapsuds and whitewash!" he burst out. "What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it!"

The painter-poet, William Blake, with his charming insanity, has left us glimpses of his warped mind in his mysterious painting of "Pitt Guiding Behemoth," which hangs on these walls. The more one looks at it, the more its green hues and gold hues, and the tongues of its flames, have fascination. Besides this picture, there are only one or two minor works by Blake in our National Gallery. Instead of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," we have that of his contemporary Stothard, who took the idea from Blake, and supplanted him. Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" caused a quarrel between himself and Blake, a quarrel which was never healed; and Blake criticised his rival's painting, freely, on its exhibition. Hoppner, the artist, praised it; adding that Stothard had "contrived to give a value to a common scene, and very ordinary forms." Thereupon Blake, in criticising the critic, said that this was Hoppner's only just observation; "for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed." "The scene of Mr. S.'s picture," he adds, "is by Dulwich hills, which is not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows, not worth any man's respect or care." *Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?*

On a screen in room XX. of our Gallery there is a picture by Thomas Seddon, one of the closest sect of the pre-Raphaelites. He died young, sacrificed, it may be said, to his art. To him months were too few for the painting of a picture; and this view of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, which took five months to complete, has an extraordinary topographical fidelity. While painting, he camped out of doors, forgetting all else, tended by an Arab servant. His prototype in old times, equally self-forgetting, was Piero di Cosimo, whom "Romola" has pictured so well. Cosimo could know nothing of pre-Raphaelites or their aims; but his devotion to art was no less than theirs. Like Turner, he lived

in the dirtiest of houses, and became in time an eccentric recluse. He had an extraordinary love of animals, several of which, very quaint in their way, adorn his only picture in our Gallery, "The Death of Procris" (698). Paolo Uccello, called "of the birds" because he loved them, was equally fond of animals. He had pictures of dogs, cats, and birds, in his house; being too poor to keep the animals themselves. His other craze was for perspective, then being studied in Italy. In his curious picture "The Battle of St. Egidio" (583) we notice the early attempts at scientific foreshortening. It is as if the artist had set himself to solve the hardest possible problem he could find. Paolo was so devoted to his science that he became in time more poor than famous. His wife used to complain that he sat up all night studying, and that when she remonstrated he remarked that perspective was delightful.

The celebrated Lucrezia, wife of Andrea d'Agnolo, called del Sarto, was less forbearing than Paolo's wife. Whether she was ill-tempered or not (history contradicts itself on this point), her beautiful face was her husband's bane, and drew him back from glory and honour; even, it is said, leading him to misuse in her behalf moneys which had been entrusted to him. He has given to all his Madonnas the same types. They are all Lucrezias.

> "Raphael did this, Andrea painted that;
> The Roman's is the better when you pray;
> But still the other's Virgin was his wife."

Among the works of the Lombard School we have a picture by Parmigiano, "The Vision of St. Jerome" (No. 33), which shows how the artist can forget himself in his work. Parmigiano was engaged on this very picture, in Rome, during the German sack of the city in 1527. Vasari says that the painter was so intent on his work that, even while his own dwelling was filled with the German invaders, he continued undisturbed; and that when they arrived in his room and found him so employed they stood amazed at the beautiful paintings, and wisely permitted him to continue. Parmigiano's picture is thus really historical.

There is another class of pictures associated with incidents in history. First, we have that priceless little painting by Gerard Terburg, "The Peace of Münster" (896). It hangs in the Dutch Room (No. X.), on a screen, and is so small that one might easily overlook it. Small as it is, it cost at its last sale £8,800: £24 for every square inch of canvas. The Dutch painter has represented one of the turning-points of his country's history: the ratification, in 1684, of the Treaty of Münster, by which the long war between Spain and the United Provinces was ended. The numerous heads are all portraits, and, in the background, the painter has introduced himself. There is about this painting a photographic truth, a

minute fidelity, which makes it doubly interesting. Terburg would not part with it during his life. Afterwards, amid many vicissitudes, it passed into the possession of Prince Talleyrand, and was actually hanging in the room of his hotel, under the view of the Allied Sovereigns, at the signing of the Treaty of 1814. Not less interesting in its way is the painting by Holbein of the Duchess Christina of Denmark. (It hangs on another screen in the same room, and, being a loan picture, is not numbered in the catalogue.) Among Holbein's duties, as court painter and favourite of Henry VIII., was that of taking the portraits of the ladies whom the King proposed to wed. This young Christina was prime favourite after the death of Jane Seymour, and Holbein was despatched to Brussels to paint her. The picture pleased His Majesty; but, for political reasons, the match was broken off. The story of Christina's message to the King, "that she had but one head; but that if she had two one should be at the service of His Majesty," is now discredited; but the Duchess seems to have had a character of her own.

"Peace and War," by Rubens, an allegorical canvas (46), is another picture designed to sway the fate of nations. Rubens painted it when he came over to England, in 1630, as ambassador to negotiate a peace with Spain. He produced an elaborate allegory showing forth the Blessings of Peace, and presented it, with much diplomacy, to Charles I. It was sold, after the King's death, for £100; to be bought back again for £3,000. With regard to Charles I.'s pictures generally, much might be said of the strange irony of history. The large equestrian picture of the King by Vandyck (1172), bought for the nation at the Blenheim sale for £17,000, was, after his death, sold by Parliament, for a paltry sum; and Correggio's famous "Mercury, Venus, and Cupid" (10), also included in Charles's collection, was sold and bought again by successive Parliaments.

To go back to the early Florentines: Botticelli's "Nativity of Christ" (1034) is history in the sense of showing the force of the religious revival in Savonarola's time. Botticelli, at the age of forty, fell under the preacher's influence, and, forsaking the world's pleasures, made a mourner of himself until his death. This is the picture that, as Mr. Lang says, was

> "Wrought in the troublous times of Italy
> By Sandro Botticelli, when for fear
> Of that last judgment and last day drawn near,
> To end all labour and all revelry,
> He worked and prayed in silence."

The painting is full of theological symbolism, and its Greek inscription, being translated, runs: "This, I, Alexander, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half-time

after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of St. John, in the second Woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the Devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be chained, and we shall see him trodden down, as in this picture." Botticelli had already, earlier in life, got into religious trouble by his reforming aptitudes. When quite a young man, he had painted, for a Florentine citizen, Matteo Palmieri, "The Assumption of the Virgin" (1126). Palmieri had adopted Origen's strange heresy, that the human race was an incarnation of those angels who, in the revolt of Lucifer, were neither for God nor for his enemies; and, as he and Botticelli, in working out the design of the picture, had made amendments in theology, they fell into disgrace. Suspected of heresy, Botticelli's work was covered up; and the chapel for which it had been painted was closed until the picture left Florence for the Duke of Hamilton's collection and was bought by the nation in 1882. "The story of the heresy interprets," Mr. Pater says, "much of the peculiar sentiment with which Botticelli infuses his profane and sacred persons—neither all human nor all divine."

To pass to the Venetian school: Carpaccio's painting of the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo (750) faithfully represents a page of the history of Venice. The doge is shewn kneeling before the Virgin, and begging her protection, on the occasion of the plague in 1478. Medicaments and nostrums against the epidemic are contained in a gold vase on the altar before the throne; and a blessing (according to the inscription below) is asked on them: "Celestial Virgin, preserve the City and Republic of Venice and the Venetian State, and extend your protection to me, if I deserve it." Simple and modest indeed was Venice in the good days of her prosperity! Compare with this kneeling, crownless doge, the new and elaborate frescoes in the Vatican, where the Pope is represented in his grandest robes, benevolently granting to the Madonna an audience, with masters of the ceremonies standing by and obsequious pages holding his gold-laced train!

After the historical pictures come, appropriately, the portraits of literary persons. Opie's portrait of William Godwin, the philosophical Radical (1208), and that of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, are admirable. The advocate of free thought and of free love, however, looks a less interesting person than his charming wife, whose intellectual face seems to have an almost mesmeric effect as she looks calmly down upon us. The portrait of Dr. Johnson, by Reynolds (887), is widely known. "The old philosopher," Macaulay says, "is still among us, in the brown coat and the metal buttons"; and it is not a little due to this portrait that it is so. Then, we have James Boswell (888), Johnson's faithful chronicler, and surely the most maligned of men. The thin nose, the sharp

eyes, the look of clever inquisitiveness—what book could tell us half so much of the man's character as this portrait does in one moment? Boswell was in financial straits when his portrait was painted, and Reynolds had to wait some time for his money.

Some of the greatest ornaments of our gallery, however, are those which have been thrown off easily in the magnanimity of art. Chief of these is the Veronese called "The Family of Darius" (294). This large painting, with its splendid architecture, gem-like colour, and wonderful composition, was painted while Veronese was detained by an accident at the Pisani Villa at Este. Having left it behind him there, he sent word that he had left wherewithal to defray the expense of his entertainment; and his words were more than verified. The picture, whose golden tones Smetham, the artist, so much admired, turned to gold afterwards. The Pisani family sold it to the National Gallery, in 1857, for £13,650. Veronese's lavishness in giving away his masterpieces was almost equalled by our own Gainsborough, who gave his "Parish Clerk" (760) to a carrier who had conveyed his pictures from Bath to the Royal Academy. Sodoma, the Lombard, often met his many liabilities by a hastily dashed-off picture. For quickness of execution, none can excel Landseer's "Sleeping Bloodhound" (603) and "Spaniels" (409). The one was painted, from a dead animal, in three days; the other, in less than two.

The wanderings and vicissitudes of celebrated pictures have been many indeed. From those of Sodoma's "Madonna and Child" (1144), probably painted to pay a racing debt, to those of Wilkie's "Village Festival" (122), distrained for the rent of its exhibition, they have been of all kinds. The celebrated Van Eyck, "Jan Arnolfini and his Wife" (186), painted five hundred years ago, has had an eventful history. At one time a barber-surgeon at Bruges presented it to the Queen-regent of the Netherlands, who valued it so highly that she pensioned him in consideration of the gift. At another, it must have passed again into humbler hands; for General Hay found it in the room at Brussels to which he was taken in 1815 to recover from the battle of Waterloo. The story of Michael Angelo's "Entombment" is curious. It was once in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, which was sold and dispersed after the cardinal's death. Being in a neglected condition and unfinished, it attracted little attention, and was bought very cheaply by Mr. Macpherson, a Scotchman sojourning in Rome. After the dirt had been removed, it was submitted to competent judges, who pronounced it to be by Michael Angelo. This caused a great sensation; and a law-suit was instituted against Mr. Macpherson for the recovery of the picture, a suit which ultimately ended in his favour. He removed the picture to England, and sold it to the National Gallery for

£2,000. The facts connected with the acquisition, in 1881, of the "Crucifixion" by Niccolo Alunno (1107) are similar. That picture was once in the convent of Sta. Chiara at Aquila. On the suppression of the convent it became the property of the State; but, by the archbishop's orders, it was secreted. On his death, some years later, it was conveyed to the house of one of the canons of the Cathedral, by whom it was sold to a dealer in Rome. The dealer did well by it. He had bought it for £260; he sold it (with another small picture), to our National Gallery, for £1,200. The Italian Government instituted a prosecution for theft, subsequently dropped in favour of civil proceedings for damages against all the persons concerned—"except the Englishman, who, it is believed, bought the picture in good faith."

Of pictures that have increased in value, among the most remarkable are Hogarth's series, the "Marriage à la Mode" (113-118). In Hogarth's day they could scarce find a purchaser. The frames alone had cost him 24 guineas; yet when he put the works up to auction the only bid was one of £110. The sale was to close at mid-day. "No one else arrived," the purchaser, a Mr. Lane, says; "and ten minutes before twelve I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mr. Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase." Mr. Angerstein bought them, fifty years afterwards, for £1,381; and it was from his collection that they came into the National Gallery.

Pictures sometimes change in value not quite so advantageously. The pseudo-Rembrandt called "Christ Blessing Little Children" (757) and the pseudo-Holbein "A Medical Professor" (195) are sad examples. They are among the nation's bad bargains. The first was bought in 1866, as a Rembrandt, for £7,000. It was soon recognised as a work by some pupil. The second was bought by the Trustees in 1845, on the advice of the keeper, as a Holbein. Immediately after the purchase, they found out their mistake. Then and there they subscribed £100 to induce Mr. Rochard, the dealer, to annul the bargain. He refused, and there was an end of it.

The pictures that were the favourites of great men gain an additional value in our eyes from that fact. Vandyck's "Portrait of Rubens" (49), Bassano's "Good Samaritan" (277), and Bourdon's "Return of the Ark" (64), were all owned and much-prized by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who would often admire, to his Academy pupils, the "poetical style" of the Bourdon. When Angerstein bought the Vandyck, he was congratulated on possessing Reynolds' "favourite picture." Vandyck himself singled out the "Portrait of Gevartius" as his masterpiece, and used to "carry it about from court to court, and patron to patron, to shew what he could

do as a portrait-painter." There is a pretty story of how Sir George Beaumont valued a little landscape by Claude (61) so highly that he made it his travelling companion. He presented it to the National Gallery in 1826; but, unable to bear its loss, begged it back for the rest of his life. He took it with him into the country; and on his death, two years later, his widow restored it to the nation.

We might go on multiplying picture-stories for ever. The romance of the National Gallery is inexhaustible. Times and men change; we live our little day, and are gone; but here, upon our walls, live souls embodied in canvases, monuments of human spirits which from age to age are still instinct with life. "Paul Veronese," James Smetham writes, "three hundred years ago, painted that bright Alexander, with his handsome, flushed Venetian face, and that glowing uniform of the Venetian general which he wears; and before him, on their knees, he set those golden ladies, who are pleading in pink and violet; and there is he, and there are they, in our National Gallery; he, flushed and handsome; they, golden and suppliant as ever. It takes an oldish man to remember the comet of 1811. Who remembers Paul Veronese, nine generations since? But not a tint of his thoughts is unfixed: they beam along the walls as fresh as ever. Saint Nicholas stoops to the Angelic Coronation, and the solemn fiddling of the Marriage at Cana is heard along the silent galleries of the Louvre ('Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter'!)—yes; and will be so when you and I have cleaned our last palette, and, 'in the darkness over us, the four-handed mole shall scrape.'" Paul Veronese and his contemporaries knew how to make their works last. We, in our day, are not so fortunate. It is sad to think how many pictures of our own English School are gradually fading away: how many men have put their best feelings into pictures which are now (among them some of Sir Joshua Reynolds' most beautiful creations) rapidly becoming "ghosts of ghosts." With Turner the general wreck is more complete. "Turner," Constable said, "seems to paint with tinted steam—so evanescent, and so airy." Alas! evanescent indeed. Reynolds devoted much time and attention to finding out durable pigments. Trying to find out the secret, he even cut up some old Italian pictures. It was a vain quest. The old masters are long ago buried, and they have carried their secret to the grave. Sadder still is the case of those artists whose pictures themselves have not faded, but the fashion for whose pictures has gone. Sir Benjamin West, who died sixty years ago, enjoyed very great fame during his life. He painted many large historical canvases, all painstaking, and, in their way, of undoubted merit. They gained high prices in their day, and are now

mostly consigned either to cellars or to the darkest rooms of suburban galleries.

Time has, among other favours, done for us the work of discrimination. The best of all the centuries adorns the walls of our National Museum. It is the best only that survives. To us, in all our nineteenth-century newness and vulgarity, it is given to inherit the mystery and magic of the old Greeks and Egyptians: the charming imagery of Raphael, filled with simple faith and sweet imagination; the quaint beauty of Botticelli, and of the early Florentines, whose art was a portion of their lives; the gay voluptuousness of the later Venetians; "the courtly Spanish grace" of Velazquez; the charming affectations of Sir Joshua, shown in the fair ladies whose portraits in their beauty once filled the halls of England. All is given to us, unsparingly. For us, and for the enrichment of the walls of our National Gallery, did the rude barbarians, in the sack of Italian cities, stay the hand of destruction; for us the treasures of art were wrested from many a palace of antiquity; it was for the delight of thousands of modern Londoners that the monasteries of the Middle Ages were plundered. Altar-pieces painted for adoration in the private chapel of some patron saint are now seen dimly, through London fog and smoke, hanging, maybe, next to some pagan "Bacchus and Ariadne" or "Venus and the Loves." For our sake were battles fought, to include masterpieces among the spoils; for us did the Italian nobles sell their treasures into the hands of money-lenders. Could Botticelli, the follower of Savonarola,—he who "worked and prayed in silence,"—have guessed that his beloved "Nativity of Christ" would centuries thence be removed to London, and be stared at by crowds of wondering Philistines, who should see in it only the curious uncouthness of its gestures, he would surely have held his hand.

The National Gallery is the natural haunt of such dreams. Sitting there, in the quickly-growing twilight, how easily it becomes peopled with ghosts, ghosts even more intangible than Reynolds'! Our thoughts wander back into the past; the walls grow dim; they seem to melt away into distance; we hear the sound of music, and see the glimmer of gay banners, as Cimabue's Madonna is carried past, amid the acclamation of a multitude;—or a gay court appears before our eyes, filled with fine ladies, grandees, and inquisitors: and apart from all, a great King conversing eagerly with a little, dark painter, whose only ornament, besides his lace ruffles, is the red cross of the Order of Santiago on his breast;—or we seem to be in Italy in the time of Romeo and Juliet, in a rich noble's house, gay with splendid hangings and works of art;—a painted wedding-chest, or "cassone," has just been presented on the occasion of a

marriage, and the young bride herself gazes down lovingly into its depths, which she has stored with rich silks and brocaded velvets and all her treasures; just such a chest as Ginevra might have hid and perished in, just such a bride as Ginevra herself;—or the scene changes again to a dusty gallery in a dingy street, with a little ugly old man mounted high on a stool, painting furiously away amid a horde of tailless cats;—and anon a transformation, and we see a brilliant illumination of Queen Mab's Grotto, with fairies in wonderful gondolas, gliding to and from a ball in Venice. We also are invited; but, as we hesitate to trust ourselves to Turner's airy structures, a voice sounds in our ears—a prosaic voice, however: "Closin' time! ma'am,—closin' time."

Emily Constance Cook.

THE CAUSES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

VI.

HOW THE PRODUCT OF FIXED CAPITAL IS TO BE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE PRODUCT OF HUMAN EXERTION.

In order to understand, with regard to the total product produced by the joint agencies of land and human exertion, how much was due to one and how much to the other, agriculture supplied us with the best and the most typical example; but if we wish to understand the case of capital, and to distinguish what it produces from what is produced by human exertion and land, we must turn from agriculture to manufactures and other industries; the reason being that the part which capital plays in agriculture is not only, comparatively speaking, small, but is also a part which, when we are first approaching the subject, is comparatively ill-fitted for purposes of illustration. What is best fitted for it is capital applied to manufactures; and not all such capital, but one particular part of it.

Let me explain to the reader exactly what I mean by this last statement. People constantly speak of capital as being a sensitive thing, a moveable thing, a thing that is easily driven away, and that can be transferred from one place to another by a mere stroke of the pen. But this is true in a partial way only. Capital, before it is employed, does no doubt correspond completely to this description; for, before it is employed, it exists only in the form of credit: but in all manufacturing industries the moment it is employed, a large part of it is converted into things that are far from moveable—into buildings and heavy machinery;—and only a part remains moveable—namely, that reserved for wages. It has been estimated, for example, that the average cost of a factory is about £100 for every operative to be employed in it, and their average yearly wage would be £43 per head.* Thus if a factory is started, which will employ a thousand operatives, the buildings and the plant will cost a hundred thousand pounds; and it is possible that at least forty-three thousand pounds will have to be reserved for

* This includes women and children. The average wage for each adult male would be £56.

the payment of a year's wages. Most readers will be familiar with the names employed by economists to distinguish these two kinds of capital. That which is reserved for, and paid in, wages, is called "circulating capital"; that which is embodied in buildings and machinery is called "fixed capital." Of circulating capital we will speak presently. We will speak at first of fixed capital only, and of this we will take only the most essential part—namely, machinery, including under the name all tools and implements and appliances.

Now, in any operation of manufacturing raw material, or—what comes to the same thing—conveying material, say water, or coal, or fish, to the places where they are to be consumed, certain machines, implements, or appliances, are necessary to enable such operations to take place at all. Thus, fish or coal could hardly be carried without a basket, whilst water could certainly not be carried without some vessel, nor in many places raised from its source without a rope and pail. These simplest forms of appliances are therefore practically merged in human exertion, just as is the case with the poorest kind of land, and are not credited with any portion of the result. Human exertion is supposed to have produced the whole. But the moment we have to deal with appliances of an improved kind, by which the result is increased whilst the labour remains the same, then, just as happens when we deal with superior soils, we begin to be able to assign to the appliances a distinct share in the result.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a village got all its water from a cistern, to keep which replenished takes the labour of ten men, constantly raising the water from a well by means of pails and ropes. These men, we will say, get each three shillings a day, which is the current rate of wages: and thus the village spends on its water ten guineas a week, or about five hundred guineas a year, the whole of which goes in the remuneration of labour. The village, we may assume, supplies the pails and ropes; but the cost of them will be too trifling to take account of. We will suppose, further, that the water supply which is thus obtained, and which is, we will say, two thousand gallons daily, though sufficient for the necessities of the villagers, is not enough for their comfort; and they would willingly have more, only they are not able to pay for it. Such is the situation with which we start. We have two thousand gallons supplied daily by human exertion. And now let us suppose that the village is suddenly presented with a pumping-engine, by means of which the same ten men, expending precisely the same amount of muscular energy, are able to raise daily six thousand gallons instead of two thousand. The villagers have now four thousand gallons of water daily which they did not have before. And to what is this supply

due? It is obviously due to the pumping-engine, not in a mere theoretical sense, but in the most practical sense possible; for these four thousand gallons make their appearance as soon as the engine is present, and they would cease to make their appearance if the engine were taken away, and the supply would sink back again from six thousand gallons to two thousand.

And here let us pause for a moment to notice a farther point, which will be discussed at length hereafter, but which it will be well to glance at now—namely, that the extra water supply, which is due to the pumping-engine, must necessarily go to whoever owns the engine, just as rent must go to whoever owns the land. I supposed just now that the owner of the engine was the village, and the village thus had the benefit of the whole added supply; but let us suppose, instead, that it was the property of some one stranger. The case would essentially be just the same, and only accidentally different. We supposed that the village in no case could pay more than five hundred guineas for its water supply, but that for that sum it was anxious to obtain more water. It would, therefore, have to discharge five, or, perhaps, even six, of the ten men, and hand over their wages, which would thus be saved, to the stranger who owned the engine. It would not in this case gain an extra four thousand gallons; but its supply, for the same money, would be two thousand four hundred, or three thousand, instead of two thousand. These larger amounts would cost no more than the smaller ones cost formerly: that is to say, they would cost five hundred guineas; only, instead of the whole of this sum being paid to labour, labour would receive no more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty guineas; and the remainder of the five hundred would go to the owner of the pumping-engine. Unless it went to him, he would be making the village a present of it. I may observe that in all this there are involved certain assumptions which, elsewhere, it will be necessary to explain and insist on; but which would distract the reader's attention if I paused to discuss them here; for the point which at present I am anxious to make clear is not that the product of a machine must go to the owner of it, but that, when the product is the result of a machine and human exertion, the machine is actually the producer of a certain definite part of it.

I have taken an imaginary case of drawing and pumping water, because the operation is of an exceedingly simple kind. If it was necessary, we might imagine other cases as simple,—such, for instance, as the carrier of coal or fish to our village. We might imagine this, in the first place, accomplished by means of trucks, each drawn with difficulty over an ordinary road by a man; we

might then suppose the road to be laid with a line of rails, which will enable each man to draw twice his previous load; and then see how, out of every ton thus carried, the carriage of ten hundredweight is to be set down to the rails. But it will be better at once to proceed to actual facts. We will go for them to the period with which we suppose ourselves to be specially concerned—namely, the close of the last century;—and we will take an industry—namely, the cotton manufacture—which was then developing, and which, of all our manufacturing industries, has increased most rapidly.

During the five closing years of the last century, the amount of cotton manufactured annually in this country was about thirty-seven millions pounds in weight; ten years before it was only ten millions; ten years before that only four millions; and during the previous fifty years it had been less than two millions and a half.* The amount manufactured was limited by the method of spinning, which operation was performed by means of an appliance called the "One-thread wheel," the only spinning machine known; and it was then considered doubtful whether in the course of a generation it would be possible to collect and educate a sufficient number of hands to spin even so much as double the last of the above-named quantities. As a matter of fact, however, the quantity was nearly doubled in four years, more than quadrupled in ten; in twenty years it had increased nearly eleven-fold, and in twenty-five years it had increased fifteen-fold.

Now, to what was this increase due? It was due to the invention and introduction of new machinery—especially to the machines invented by Hargreaves and Arkwright, and the successive application of horse-power, water-power, and, lastly, of steam-power, to driving them. Previous to 1770 such a thing as a cotton-mill was unknown. During the ten following years about forty were erected in Great Britain; in the six years following there were erected a hundred more; and from that time forward their number increased rapidly, till they first absorbed, and then more than absorbed, the whole population that had previously conducted the industry in their own homes. As we follow the history of the manufacture into the present century, a large part of the increasing gross produce is to be set down to the increase in the employed population; but during the twenty-five years with which we have just been dealing, the population had not increased by so much as fifteen per cent., whilst the amount of cotton manufactured had increased by fifteen hundred per cent. It is therefore evident that

* From 1716 to 1770 the cotton manufactured in this country annually averaged under 2,500,000 lbs. From 1771 to 1775 it was 4,700,000 lbs. From 1781 to 1785 it was 11,000,000 lbs. From 1791 to 1795 it was 26,000,000 lbs; and from 1795 to 1800 it was 37,000,000 lbs.

almost the entire increase is to be set down to machinery, not to human exertion: and were any confirmation of this conclusion needed, it is afforded us by the fact that in 1786 a spinner received 10s. a pound for spinning cotton of a certain quality: In 1795 he had received only 8d., or a fifteenth part of ten shillings, and yet in the course of a similar day's labour, he made more money than he had been able to do under the former scale of payment.*

If, then, we start with the condition of the cotton industry as it was during the earlier part of the reign of George III., we may say that, although even then certain simple machinery was used in it, the whole amount manufactured was due to human exertion—namely, something less than 2,500,000 pounds weight annually;—and, allowing for an increase during the next twenty-five years of fifteen per cent. in the number of persons employed, we may say that increased human exertion alone would have raised the above amount to something like 2,800,000 pounds. If, therefore, of the total 37,000,000 pounds manufactured annually during the last five years of the last century we take 2,800,000 pounds to be the product of human exertion, we find that there are more than 39,000,000 which we must take to be the product of machinery; since that obviously would be the amount by which the total would have been diminished if in 1795 all the improved machinery had been destroyed and the operatives employed had been forced to return again to the appliances in use a quarter of a century before.†

An analysis of all the manufacturing industries of this country, at the same period, will reveal to us facts of precisely the same kind. It will be enough to allude to the manufacture of hardware, which, in point of value, is now of all our industries the greatest, and stands before that of cotton, though that of cotton comes next to it. From about the year 1740, when the matter was carefully enquired into, up to about the year 1780, the average annual produce of each smelting furnace then in use was 294 tons of iron. Towards the end of this period improved machinery was invented for producing a stronger blast; and in the year 1788 the annual average produce of each of the same furnaces was 545 tons, or very nearly double. An extra 250 tons was produced from each furnace annually; and if we attribute the whole of the former product to human exertion, the whole of this extra 250 tons must be set down as due to the agency of new blowing machinery; since, if we sup-

* The price of spinning No. 100 was 10s. per pound in 1786; in 1793, 2s. 6d. The subsequent drop to 8d. coincided with the application of machinery to the working of the mule.

† It is probably no exaggeration to say that more cotton was manufactured at the end of the last century than twenty years previously would have been manufactured by the whole nation.

pose that destroyed, the production of iron in proportion to the expenditure of human exertion would at once have sunk back to what it was in 1740.

Enough, then, has now been said to make it quite clear to the reader that of the income of the country at the close of the last century, land and machinery—or, in other words, fixed capital—not only assisted human exertion in the production of national income, but that each contributed a definite and ascertainable part.

Machinery, however, is only a part of capital. We have still to deal with the part that is reserved for and spent in wages; and further, though we have constantly spoken of human exertion, we have not yet submitted it to any kind of analysis. We shall find that these two things are closely and inseparably connected. We will therefore now proceed to consider them together, and the reader will find that whereas what I have been explaining thus far has merely consisted of facts which most people vaguely recognize, though they are clearly present in the minds of very few, one of the principal points on which I shall insist presently, though absolutely self-evident when once it has been clearly stated, has never been given a place in any recognized economic theory, has no term to express it in recognized economic language, and is entirely absent from contemporary economic argument: and, I may add further, that it is a point the non-recognition of which is at the bottom of nearly all the practical and theoretical confusion which prevails at present as to the question of economic reform.

VII.

HOW THE PRODUCT OF CAPITAL EMPLOYED AS WAGES OF LABOUR IS TO BE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE PRODUCT OF THE LABOUR PAID BY IT.

All capital, before it is actually employed, is practically potential wages, and it is only through the employment of it in wages that any part of it can be materalized into machinery. When, therefore, an individual or a company starts any new manufacturing enterprise, the entire initial expenditure (with some exceptions which are here unimportant*) consists in the payment of wages, or, in other words, the maintenance of human exertion. Let the reader suppose himself to be the director in a company that has just been

* Of course, a new company often takes over the plant and buildings of an old company; but it is not necessary to consider such a case here, nor is it necessary to take into account the fact that a certain part of the capital must be expended in rent, or in the purchase of land, or subsequently in raw materials. The omission of these details does not affect the present argument. Their introduction would obscure it.

floated for the improved manufacture of something by means of some new invention. The vendor, we will say, has taken his whole payment in shares, so none of the cash subscribed has to be paid to him, and he has made over to the company his patent, and a model of his invention. With this the company starts. A trifling sum will have to be spent in offices, and a further sum in securing a site for the factory; but, excepting this last item, when the directors meet in their board-room and proceed to business, it must be plain to the reader that their whole business will, at first, consist in the getting together of a number of men by whose exertions certain masses of raw material are to be produced and fashioned into certain definite forms; and all the capital which they at first employ will take the form of subsistence for these men—men who are to make the machinery and protect it with a suitable building.

Now, the powers of these men resemble a mass of fluid metal which is capable of being run into any variety of mould. If the directors were bound by no Articles of Association, and if, at their first board meeting, before they had entered into any contract for the machinery, some other invention for the manufacture of some other commodity were suddenly brought to their notice, and happened to take their fancy, the men they were on the point of employing to produce one kind of machinery might, with equal care, be employed to produce another. We will assume that the machinery which the men are set to produce actually, is a great improvement on anything of the kind used hitherto, and ends in adding greatly to the productive powers of the nation; but, so far as the men are concerned, whose exertions are paid for out of the capital of the company, the machinery might just as well have been absolutely valueless —a mere aggregation of wheels and axles, as meaningless as a madman's dream. What makes their exertions not only useful instead of useless, but more useful than any exertion similarly applied had ever been hitherto, is, firstly, the ingenuity of the inventor of the new machine; secondly, the judgment of the promoters and directors of the company; and, lastly, the confidence in their judgment felt by the subscribing public. Or, we may suppose the inventor to have himself supplied the capital, and to unite in himself the parts of the directors and the shareholders. In that case the exertions of the men employed derive their value entirely from the talent of this one man. The men he employs, we will say, number a thousand. His inventive genius controls the whole of them: it practically inspires and guides every skilled movement of their hands, and every forcible movement of their muscles; and it directs towards one definite object every judgment of eye or brain. And by what means does he make it do this? How does he thus

multiply his mind by a thousand, and put, for the time being, a piece of it into every one of these thousand men? He does so by being the possessor or the administrator of capital; by being able to supply food and clothing to these men whilst they are engaged in occupations which yield nothing of immediate use,—nothing which could be either eaten or drunk, or worn, or exchanged for anything which could be. He supplies these men with the means of living; he maintains their powers of exerting themselves; and they, in return, allow him to become the steersman of their exertions, and to direct their course towards the new and remote results which for them lie hidden below the horizon of contemporary practice or ignorance.

In other words: At the beginning of any new enterprise capital is merely the means of securing and directing so much human exertion, and impressing the thought and knowledge of one man, or of a few men, on the actions of a thousand; so that when these actions result in such a product as an improved kind of machinery, whatever in this is new is the direct embodiment of the thought and knowledge of the few, not of the manual exertions of the many.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Arkwright's spinning-frame. This invention, which was destined to influence the prosperity of so many millions, was in great danger of being lost to the world entirely owing to the difficulty experienced by the inventor in securing sufficient capital to construct the machine and perfect it for practical use. A certain sum was at last advanced him by a firm of bankers at Nottingham, who were to have in return a share in the profits of the enterprise; but before the preliminary experiments had advanced far they repented of what they had done, and passed the inventor on to two other capitalists whose insight was fortunately keener. These gentlemen, Mr. Need and Mr. Strutt, of Derby, took Arkwright into partnership, and, with the capital which they put at his disposal, his machine, which had before existed merely in his own brain and in a few imperfect models, was properly constructed: it was before long in operation, and an entirely new epoch in the manufacture of cotton was inaugurated. Now, had it not been for Arkwright's inventive genius, and the quick discernment of Messrs. Need and Strutt, the capital which was employed thus would have been employed quite otherwise. The wages paid to the men who made Arkwright's machines would have very probably been paid to the same men; but the men's exertion would have resulted in some different product. These men resembled, as I said just now, a mass of fluid metal, which was equally capable of being run into any mould, and producing objects useful or useless—objects bearing the stamp of genius or

of gross stupidity;—and what the mould was depended not on the men, but on the three capitalists, Messrs. Need, Strutt, and Arkwright. We may therefore apply to capital at the beginning of any enterprise the same simile which we applied to the human exertion paid by it, and say it is like a fluid metal; or, we shall perhaps be using a yet more suggestive phrase if we call it fluid exertion, and if we call machinery congealed exertion. Machinery, therefore, or fixed capital, though as soon as it is made it differs from capital employed in wages, is the result of such capital, and is indeed but another form of it. It may be called congealed wages as fittingly as congealed exertion; and the capital which is never congealed, but is employed in wages permanently, fulfils what are essentially the same functions in what is essentially the same way.

This is almost self-evident, so far as regards the mere attendance on the machines which is required as soon as a factory is started; for the various functions assigned to the various hands represent the thought and intelligence of those who control the business—or, in other words, who administer the capital—quite as much as does the structure of the machinery itself. But there is a large amount of human exertion maintained and controlled by capital in ways which have no connection, or only an accidental one, with machinery. For instance: skill and talent are applied, not only to the invention of new machines for producing commodities, but to the invention of new commodities to be produced: and the application of machinery to the production of any such new commodity is merely an incident in the application of human exertion to the production of it. Again: many new commodities, and many improved methods of production, depend on the invention, not of new machines, but of new processes; and the capital employed in working a new process is employed mainly in a constant control over human actions. Further: the production of such-and-such a commodity at any given time depends constantly on the knowledge and sagacity of some one man, who discovers a market for it; or who, if it is a case of producing many commodities, has the gift of selecting just those that will be marketable: and, finally, the product of the exertion of a given number of men varies in almost every case with the degree of skill with which the men are marshalled and disciplined, and with which their tasks are distributed. Sometimes the skill shows itself in the mere division of their labour; sometimes in the ordering of minute details of its application. Adam Smith, to whose opinions reference is here specially apposite, since he wrote during the period to which we have just been specially referring, considers that in the industrial society with which he was himself acquainted, increasing sub-

division of labour was the chief cause of its increasing productiveness: and though, had he lived to realize the results of that development of machinery which was, when he wrote, only just beginning, he would have attributed to machinery more importance than he did, it must always remain true that the mere subdivision of labour is a cause of increased production, quite apart from its application to the manufacture and subsequent use of machinery. But more important still than the division of labour is that constant supervision which guides it when subdivided, and directs it towards new ends hitherto unthought of, or shows it a way to ends hitherto thought unattainable, or conducts it by a shorter way to ends that have been reached hitherto by a longer.

Now, this constant supervision and guidance of men's actions, which does not embody itself in any permanent aid to production, such as machinery, but which has to be renewed and re-applied every morning and every hour, is yet like machinery in its origin, its operation, and its object. Like machinery, its object is the improvement or multiplication of commodities. Like machinery, it represents the mental powers of a few men directing and improving the muscular exertions of many, with a view to the accomplishment of this object; and, like machinery, it represents these mental powers directing muscular exertion by precisely the same means—namely, the employment of capital in the form of wages.

Fundamentally, therefore, all capital—whether fixed or circulating, whether wages or machinery—is the same; and increases wealth by means of the same virtue residing in it. The increase of wealth means the improvement and multiplication of the commodities which reward the exertions of the same number of men. The number and quality of these commodities are increased by the application of capital, because capital enables the mental powers of the few to control and direct the muscular exertions of the many; and capital, as embodied in machinery, differs from capital continuously employed in wages only because in the former case we have machinery which is inanimate, and in the latter case we have machinery that is living; for a thousand men, organized so as to produce some given product, and to produce a given quantity in the least possible time, are to all intents and purposes as much an invention and a machine as a thousand wheels or rollers adjusted for a similar purpose.

All capital, therefore, in so far as it increases production, is virtually this, and this only—it is mental and moral energy as applied to muscular energy. If anyone doubts the adequacy of this definition, let him try to alter it or deny it, and see what result will follow. For what, in this connection, do mental and moral energy

mean ? They mean inventive ability, scientific knowledge, imagination, insight into the wants of men, or particular societies of men, and a faculty for organizing multitudes in improved ways for the production of single commodities. It is only by the application of these qualities or faculties to the direction or assistance of human exertion, that human exertion changes its methods, and the exertion of civilized men becomes more efficacious than that of savages. And though this improvement, up to a certain point, is practically brought about without any accumulation of capital, yet capital, as we know it in the modern world, is capable of carrying the improvement further, only because it is the means of applying to human exertion a development of those forces to which the beginning of the improvement was due. Let us suppose all the capital of the United Kingdom placed under the control of the savages of Central Africa, unassisted by anyone possessing scientific knowledge, inventive genius, or a knowledge of the world's markets. It is of course evident that the productive powers of the nation would never increase. It must be almost equally evident that they would at once begin to decline; and, if we suppose such savages to have been the sole controllers of the capital in the middle of the last century, it is evident also that the productive powers of the nation could not have grown greater than what they were then.

We may therefore include all capital—fixed and circulating—under one head ; and say of it as a whole, what in the last chapter was said of machinery: that when by its application to human exertion and land a larger product results than resulted before it was applied, it is to be credited with producing the amount of the increase; or with the amount of the decrease which would result if its application were withdrawn.

We are now in a position to proceed at once to the all-important truth which I said was so little understood, and which really lies at the bottom of the entire economic question.

W. H. Mallock.

THE TORY PRESS AND THE TORY PARTY.

I.—A COMPLAINT.

From time immemorial it has been a characteristic of party-political human nature to throw stones from glass houses. It seems to me, a free-thinker in politics and an almost disinterested looker-on at the present struggle between Unionists and Gladstonians, that the protest recently uttered by certain London organs of the Tory Party against the want of energy shown by the Tory leaders savoured somewhat of "stones" and "glass houses." When these papers ask, "Why don't the Tory leaders wake up?" the independent newspaper reader, who, like myself, reads newspapers of all shades of politics (provided they have some intrinsic value outside their political mission), opens his eyes in astonishment and asks, "What have these Tory papers done for the Unionist Party?"

My profession is that of journalism,—perhaps a mild form of journalism, but, at any rate, one upon which I depend, with some degree of success, for a portion of my income, and one that has taught me something of the secrets of what is termed "feeling the public pulse." With political journalism I have now nothing to do. I have, however, to carefully study the tactics of political papers on both sides—and their circulation. It is my business to solve the problem of successful catering for the fastidious palate of the British newspaper reader. What I believe I have discovered in the course of my studies is that the Radical papers—especially those published in London—did more to bring Mr. Gladstone into power than all the Radical speeches, promises, or pamphlets, put together. This must necessarily be a matter of conjecture based upon the absolute fact that there is a considerable number of intelligent men, including Unionists of all classes, who read a newspaper to learn the news and to be instructed and entertained, rather than to gloat over this passage or that in a "leader," a "gallery letter," or a speech that is dictated purely in the interests of the Party which the speaker supports. The hard-worked professional or business man of to-day wants something more than bald news-telegrams, police and other legal reports, and city articles. Whether this demand is merely created by the supply it

is impossible to say; but that the demand exists can be proved by the quite recent and ostensible anxiety on the part of many old-established newspapers to brighten up their columns. Who is it that has created, or in many cases satisfied, this demand? Every practical independent journalist will answer this question by pointing to the London Radical papers, with their smart interviews, suggestive headings, rough cartoons and portraits, signed articles, interesting chit-chat, and general up-to-datedness. In all directions one sees Unionists reading papers the politics of which are diametrically opposed to their own, because in those papers they get what they want, and even enjoy the clever, if sometimes coarse, attacks on their own Party.

Is not one Party as able to persuade (or "gull") the electorate as the other; and to employ an artist and a process-worker for cartoons as the other? Is there any law in political warfare that gives the Radical Press a monopoly of the art of attracting and entertaining readers? If I ask these questions of one of my Tory friends he replies, "Ah! but that is not our line: we do not descend to such tricks. We are so respectable"—and he might add "We are so dull." My reply is that the big go-ahead shopkeeper who wants to make a success of his business and has to cater not for a clique, but for the public, does not say "I am above this or that line"; but he stocks his shop with what the public want. If the average Tory looks for a return for his money—and who does not?—he does not say to himself, "$2\frac{3}{4}$ per cents. are so respectable, and music-halls, breweries, and quack medicines are so vulgar;" but he buys the Alhambra, the Guinness, or the "Safe Cure" shares, and makes his pile. His and the shopkeeper's aim is money-making. The party politician's aim is votes. But it would seem that the Tory Party fails to see that a policy to be successful must be run on business lines. It fails to see that the old-fashioned client of *The Standard* and *The Morning Post*, the Tory London business man who on his way home to dinner buys *The St. James' Gazette* because it is so eminently respectable, or because its leaders are, as even Mr. Labouchere admits, real literature, and the suburban daily-bread traveller who buys *The Globe* because he has always bought it, or because the mild "turnover" article satisfies his somewhat limited journalistic requirements, do not constitute the whole British electorate, nor even the whole Unionist Party. Not only does a Party need to encourage its certain and its probable supporters in London and in the provinces, but it should always have in view the wavereers of the opposite Party. The steady old-fashioned journalism that marks the big London Tory papers of to-day would no doubt serve the purpose of the Party if there were no more attractive element on the other side to compete with: as it

is, it has, as shown by recent events, failed to compete with what I can best describe as the "hammer and tongs" political methods and the highly entertaining characteristics of up-to-date journalism. I do not mean to imply that the Tory papers are not remunerative from their proprietors' point of view (there are still enough old-fashioned readers to support them); but I maintain that to their Party they are a source of but little profit.

It is not only a question of gaining nothing, but of what is lost. The high-class mechanic, the small tradesman, the undergraduate, or the young professional man, in spite of his Unionist politics, buys a Gladstonian paper because it is so full of life. At first, he skips the political leader and the monotonously political "notes," and goes on to more attractive features. Gradually, and often unconsciously, he is drawn into and impregnated with the political atmosphere and views of the paper he reads. The variety of subjects in the old *Pall Mall* was alone enough to attract readers from all classes of the opposite Party. The reader who revelled in the clever character sketch of some foreign littérateur would not be appealed to by the interview of a music-hall acrobat, while the bulk of the newspaper public would be more interested in the particulars of the acrobat's mode of practising his tricks than in how this or that writer wrote his books or his plays; and in a careful study of the popular taste is the secret of successfully appealing to the electorate by means of a newspaper. *The Star*, which is eminently a newspaper for the masses, and affects no high-flown literary style, reaches the intelligent middle and upper classes—even Unionists—through its now and again strikingly-original book reviews, art criticisms, and the sound, common-sense dramatic notes of that eminently entertaining writer "Spectator." The admirable and deeply-interesting literary notices and special articles of *The Daily Chronicle* (which enjoys unquestionably the most rapidly-growing circulation in England) attract readers who are at first bored by the "hit him in the eye" style of the leader, leaderette, and news paragraph that with almost oppressive fervour espouses the cause of the working man and of Home Rule in that paper. *The Daily News* insinuates itself into the good graces of its political adversaries by its short leaders on general subjects treated with intelligence and a touch of graceful humour by the light hand of Mr. Andrew Lang and other charming writers, and by the excellent descriptive articles of one of the best special correspondents of the day. Then, looking at the weekly papers, there is *Truth*, which, in spite of its politics, is read by thousands of Unionists.

When we turn from the crisp, clever, up-to-date, and deeply earnest—although often hysterical and fanatical—style, and the

tone of what one may term popular culture which serve to make the Home Rule Press fascinating to even the Unionist reader, to the solid and carefully edited Tory journal we can hardly fail to see why the organs that support Mr. Gladstone's policy in London have rendered such signal service to their Party. Where are the distinctively attractive features of the London Unionist organs? *The Times* I need not touch upon, because its price debars it from influencing the people at large. Apart from politics *The Times* is generally admitted by practical journalists to be beyond criticism and beyond fear of rivalry. *The Daily Telegraph* clings to its ponderous leaders and its preponderance of advertisements, but occasionally indulges in correspondence on some subject which appeals to a fairly intelligent section of newspaper readers, and this and one or two minor but not startling features which have recently been introduced may perhaps attract a certain number of occasional readers from the enemy's camp. *The Morning Post* has no special feature calculated to attract any outside readers, unless it be the paid-for paragraphs recording movements of society, and marriages arranged between not always well-known or interesting parties, and the brief stereotyped accounts of society dinners and receptions. In *The Standard* it would be difficult for a casual reader to discover any special feature. *The St. James's Gazette* has from time to time made a bid for popularity by articles and stories of a quasi-humorous nature; the excellent literary style already referred to unfortunately, appeals only to a very limited public. *The Globe* appears to the modern student of daily journalism to be almost colourless, excepting in the paper on which it is printed; although still holding its own with satisfaction to its proprietors and to its old clients.

Looking at the papers of the two Parties as purely political organs, compare the "hammer and tongs," hard-hitting, never-leave-them-alone line adopted by *The Chronicle*, the old *Pall Mall*, the new *Westminster*, and *The Star*, and the stern unrelenting Party Liberalism of *The Daily News*, with the comparatively ponderous, highly-respectable form of political partisanship adopted by *The Telegraph*, *The Post*, and *The Standard*, and the occasional attempts at a minor sensation or an indignant protest (always couched in excellent English) in *The St. James's*, which, on the whole, seems the only paper that is in the least disposed to do any hard-hitting. *The Evening News*, wise in its generation, seeing how little space a halfpenny paper has at its disposal, abstains from making any special feature of aggressive party politics. *The Daily Graphic* has certainly of late been doing good service in a quiet way to the Unionist Party through its special correspondent and artist in Ireland.

The Tory Press seems too half-hearted, too superior, or too timid

—even to make a strong point of the head-lines to its articles or of its contents bills. These appear to be mere details; but every editor who has to fight a way for his paper knows the value of details. Humour the old Tory Press despises. It is the humour of the headings and of the criticisms in the Radical papers that tickles the palate of the average—I admit not of the "superior"—reader. Were they only Gladstonians who chuckled over the wit that once suggested to a sub-editor of the old *Pall Mall* the heading "An Alleged Sportsman in Bushey Park" for an account of a German Prince shooting a boy instead of a rabbit? Apart from the actual reading matter of the papers, see what has been done in the Radical Press by political cartoons—by ridicule of the methods and actions of the opposite Party—even by occasionally "hitting below the belt"; and glance at the contents bills of *The Chronicle*, *The Westminster*, and *The Star*, which may be read by every passer-by free of expense, and often in themselves suggest some strong political argument, or hold up the opposite Party to derision! The clever Tory "leader" evolved by the brain of a cultured scholar appeals, no doubt, to the sober-minded middle-aged gentleman, who, under any circumstances, would vote Tory; but the rising generation wants something more forcible and more lively. Almost every week the practised up-to-date journalist notes the Tory papers missing an opportunity for some hard-hitting or for a sensational article. The "hammer and tongs" method is all on one side. Surely, if a cause is worth fighting at all, it is worth fighting scientifically. We need not necessarily "hit below the belt" (a failing that, it must be admitted, is not characteristic of one party more than another) if we hit hard. The Unionist Press cannot, surely, be above borrowing some ideas in arms and tactics from the enemy; it cannot, in fact, if Home Rule, or any other Radical measure, is to be fought in earnest, afford to be always on the mildly defensive. The soldier defending an earthwork does not hold his bayonet still when the enemy are on him, but gives them a taste of cold steel.

The truth is that the Tories seem to be content with the votes of the middle-class dwellers in suburbs or country towns and villages, and the more wealthy tenants of West-end mansions; they have to get at the superior artisan, the agricultural class, the small tradesman, and the young man fresh from University and public school, and they must strive to reach and keep these through their newspapers more than through their speeches or pamphlets.

"Every business man knows his own business best" will doubtless be the answer given to my charge of apathy against the Tory Press. To this I agree. The proprietors of the big Tory papers are naturally content if they can pocket their thousands and tens of thousands a year. These journals are not as I have said

without their admirers (personally, I often find the sobriety of their columns refreshing after the hysteria of the Radical Party papers), and, what is more important, their advertisers. "Why should I disturb myself when I am making more than I know how to spend?" is a very natural question to ask. When a baronetcy has been known to fail as an incentive to political activity perhaps we cannot hope for minor inducements to prevail. Newspapers do not, at any rate on the Tory side, exist for the benefit of a Party: they are commercial undertakings. But because the big old-fashioned journals do not "see money" in putting more backbone into their political partisanship—that is no reason why some other paper should not find it profitable to give bright general reading, cartoons, and portraits, and to constitute itself a popular and aggressive as well as defensive political organ. The Tory newspaper has an enormous advantage over its Radical rival, because it is a part of the British advertiser's creed that the spending classes are almost to a man Tory, and therefore do not read Radical literature, just as many advertisers believe that upper-class women confine their reading to fashion articles and dull descriptions of fashionable, or pseudo-fashionable, weddings and dances. Even supposing there is not a fortune to be made out of a new and up-to-date Unionist paper, surely among such a wealthy body of men as the Tory Party a party paper could be maintained. *The Pall Mall*, we have been told by one of its late Editors, was never a property; but when that paper was bought by a Unionist its then Editor had no difficulty in getting money from a wealthy Radical enthusiast wherewith to start *The Westminster Gazette* on a more extravagant scale than that on which he edited *The Pall Mall*.

In ventilating my opinions and suggestions on this subject, I have written from a journalistic, rather than from a political, point of view, and have confined my remarks to the London papers: and, as Liberal Unionism is now unrepresented in the (strictly speaking) Party Press of the Metropolis, I have necessarily only been able to deal with those Unionist papers which associate themselves with the Tory Party. It is perhaps superfluous to point out that so long as the Irish Question is to the front, not only the Tory section, but the whole of the Unionist Party in London, and to a considerable extent in the provinces, is affected by any want of vigour that there may be in the big London Tory newspapers. Home Rule may be eminently desirable or inconceivably dangerous: Unionists may be right or wrong: but in any case the London Anti-Home Rulers do not seem to the humble writer of this article, and to many others, to be making the best of their fight: their weapons are out of date.

FITZROY GARDNER.

II.—AN ANSWER.

To ask the present writer to treat of Toryism is like asking a Buddhist to treat of Brahmaism: to ask him to treat of Journalism is like asking a ship's 'prentice to write of navigation. But to ask him to treat of Tory Journalism is like begging a Buddhist midshipman to navigate a Brahman man-of-war. Asked I have been, however, to say something about the function of Tory Journalism. In truth, there is very little to be said that is not now obvious. Journalism serves a double purpose: the distribution of news and the distribution of principles. Plainly, the first of these is auxiliary to, and, indeed, the raw material of, the other. But the average man does not buy a journal for the sake of its principles so much as for its news. During the last decade we have come to realize this much more keenly than we did before, and to see its logical conclusion. Journalism has undergone a revolution. It would be difficult to put one's finger on the beginning of the change; but *The Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Stead first brought home to our own doors the change that was passing over journalistic methods; since that witnesses have come in clouds. It is the halfpenny papers in which the extreme effects of the revolution are visible.

In America, where to be regarded you must show at once that you are worth stopping to look at, the new methods had their birth. Or at least it was from America that we took them: for the Socialistic organs of the Continent, which have to appeal to the intelligence of an illiterate class, have, perhaps, had a share in their development. The vital point of the new movement was the presentation of news with vigour and vivacity, so that the essential features might be caught up at a glance. There is a new public for journalism—a public that can be no more expected to work through the solid, periodic structure of a column of *The Times* than to digest the philosophy of Hegel. With the new public came new conditions. There came education, the removal of the tax on paper, the enfranchisement of class after class—in a word, a complete Democratification of life, and with it a demand for newspapers cheap in themselves and adapted to the kindred mental habits of the many. That demand the Press must set itself to satisfy. If it is to help the masses in their struggle upward, it must itself stoop down halfway to meet them and give them a hand. Do not, then, let us condescend to be ashamed to condescend a little. There is no reason why we should throw overboard the riches that we already have. Foreign telegrams interest those who have travelled and studied history; literary criticism interests those who have read and thought; science interests those who have observed and experimented. But it is our duty, and, what is more to the point, our in-

terest, to take some account of the enormous majority of newspaper readers, or, at least, of possible newspaper readers, who have neither travelled nor studied history, nor read, nor thought, nor observed, nor experimented. What have they done? They have walked and talked, and what they want in a newspaper is just those things which they see when they walk, which they talk of in their parlours or in the streets—personal gossip (which has a bad name, but need not be offensive), paragraphs, little scraps of information about anything in heaven or earth, with a very full recognition of the humorous side of the world.

That is what the democracy wants to read, and it will read it, in one journal if not in another. The supply is there—there is *The Star;*—and if political leaders are added to gay yaps or guttural snarls about the latest sensation of the Divorce Court, why, the honest Englishman has bought the whole ha'porth, and he will read it all. Let Tory Editors go and do likewise. They will not be vulgarizing the Press. They will simply be acquiescing in the present conditions of existence, and pursuing a practical end by practical means. It is not suggested that *The Times* should come out to-morrow with headlines traced in blood, after the manner of *The Star*, or bedizened in the humour of *The Sporting Times*. But the Tory papers must face the fact that, with the exception of *The Evening News*, they are as a whole less attractive to the man in the street than their rivals. These rivals are rather Labour than Liberal papers. *The Daily News*, the real organ of Liberalism, wears the white dulness of a blameless Gladstonian, and is as irreproachably soporific as any organ of reaction of them all. It is the mouthpieces of Socialistic Radicalism—*The Star*, more lately *The Daily Chronicle*—that have shown how attractive the flamboyant style is to the public, because to their public no other style is acceptable. Of the man of education, even to the man of moderate if uncultivated intelligence, the Tory papers may be sure. He is swayed by arguments and facts; he is attracted by sound literary, artistic, scientific, and socio-logical criticism, and by informative writing generally; and this need the Tory Press of London satisfies. It is as far beyond its rivals in the one sphere as it is behind them in the other. No paper can touch *The Standard* for sound, fair-minded (or fairly fair-minded) reasoning, or compete with *The Daily Telegraph* in unerring appreciation of the middle-class wants of the middle classes. These need not give up the excellences they already possess. To be popular does not necessarily mean to be violent or vulgar. It simply means two things: an extension of the sphere of interests which a self-respecting journal will allow itself to recognize, and the recognition of those interests in the form and the spirit most congenial to the classes

whose interests they respectively are. Steer between *The Standard* and *The Star:* write of theology in the spirit of theology, and of music-halls in the spirit of music-hall: and it may be that no great harm will be done if one writes on occasion of theology in the spirit of the music-hall, since correspondents will be sure to write to you of the music-hall in the spirit of theology. There is really in the modern public a tendency towards the formation of a Heaven-and-Hell Amalgamation League. The modern journal that is to command a public must be all things to all men, not successively, but simultaneously. At the same time, the dangers of such a course must not be overlooked. To the man of taste and education, especially if he be middle-aged, the slamming, damning style is as repulsive as to the working-man it is attractive. The good things in the way of dramatic criticism or *causerie* only intensify his disgust of flaring and blood-boltered headlines. Probably *The Star* has estranged the middle-class section of the Liberal Party quite as much as it has stimulated the labouring class. But the fact remains that if Tory journals are to widen their influence they must relax their ideas of high journalistic propriety, just as in modern histories, even classics, the "dignity of history" has already gone by the board.

Now, as for politics. I have no intention of entering upon an argument as to the advantages of Toryism to the working man. We have each our private and personal opinion as to the policy which is for the ultimate benefit of the country, and as to the Party to which it should be entrusted. The point I have made, or at least have wished to make, is that any Party which desires to get at the minds and consciences of the masses (and it is obvious all parties do desire this) must follow methods in keeping with the intelligence and temperament of its audience. A Tory argument is right or wrong; but, in any case, to obtain a fair chance of discussion and acceptance, it must be made known, it must be published wide and free, and in its simplest terms, and it must, moreover, be reiterated. Not only by its sound logic will a doctrine gain credence among the people: constant repetition, and again constant repetition, after the most impressive self-advertising method, is a necessity of the continued existence and validity of any political theorem nowadays. The man in the street, the average sensual elector who cares only for the average sensual affairs of life, is as likely to be influenced towards Toryism as towards Radicalism or Socialism. Indeed, he is more likely; for every man is by nature conservative, and prefers to step gently among the unknown things of the future, to do his egg-dancing with discretion and sobriety. Smith and Brown and Jones may hang round the doors of a public-house all day, or they may be honest, hardworking dockers, or respectable grocers

In any case, under our present political system, they count alike in the government of the country. The value of one vote is as the value of another; and if Smith, Brown, and Jones find they can get more amusement, more interest, and more news to their liking, out of *The Sunset Screamer* than out of *The Afternoon Tea*, they will buy *The Sunset Screamer*, though it be Socialist, and its highly-respectable rival of a very prim, pruned, and unprismatic Toryism. Consequently, of three men who may start with having no politics at all, or, at any rate, with no particular politics, two will probably come to hold more or less seriously the views of their favourite organ. For to do so will save them time and trouble. Hence the necessity of Tory journals pitched to the Key of the Street. Now, it is clear that the man in the street who tunes that key is not given overmuch to analysis; but he is, as a rule, sensible enough to see the point of an argument when it is fairly stuck into him. In the case I am imagining *The Sunset Screamer* has the monopoly of his attention, and there is no corrective to any fallacy it chooses to embody in its "spicy" notes or its "racy" leader. It is clear, then, that *The Afternoon Tea* must be revolutionized, and put its case before him much after its rival's fashion. The conclusion is important, and is particularly important at this time. For the electors must be brought to realize that the old high Toryism of former days is obsolete, that the Tory Party has moved with events just as much as the Liberal Party, and that the change has made it the real custodian of the interests of the Empire.

The other day Mr. Augustine Birrell said that Liberalism was not a creed but a habit of mind. One does not care to define too precisely the motives which dictate the manners and customs of political unfortunates. These may be the natural expression of original sin or the harvest of implanted doctrine. Let themselves decide for themselves. But it is only too true that much Toryism even to-day is not a matter of principle, but a habit of mind—a congenital apathy, or a rather stolid satisfaction at being and having and thinking one's living. That sort of Toryism is a negation of all principle, the Pocomotor ataxy of the civic spine. It ought to be combated, indeed, with as divine a lust of battle as the strife against the reddest anarchy arouses. But there is a right Toryism, a Toryism that ought to appeal to all classes, since its fundamental doctrine is the essential unity and compactness of the State. It is related not to sentimentalism, not to abstract theorems, not to ideas of "how nice it would be if——," but to facts. In a word, it is the embodiment of Burke's four conditions of reform formulated in the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." And it recognizes

that (in the words of a German philosopher) "the thinking away of what exists, and the thinking back in its place of what does not exist, is the root of all fallacy." The people, the Democracy, must be impregnated with three ideas—the vital and organic unity of the state, the Imperial idea, and the axiom that facts are facts. How is this to be done? Obviously by impressing their intelligence at the point where their intelligence is most open to impression. By giving them the news, the savoury meats that their souls love, the racing intelligence, the personal gossip, whatever (in a word) they have shown a liking for. News and criticism must recognize the sentiment of the moment by being up-to-date, or even a little before it, and the news that pleases the man in the street must carry the criticism which pleases the man in the study. And the journal must be Tory not alone by virtue of its polemics. It must be Tory because it teaches Toryism quietly, consistently, unobtrusively, by its method of presenting the reader with matter written to suit his powers and taste from the Tory point of view. There, I think, is the root of the matter. Let the Tory journalist supply what it pays him to supply. But let him do so from a firm and impregnable standpoint. It has been revealed, moreover, that the journalist is a sort of apostle. I am willing to accept this. Only if the Tory journalist is to administer his bishopric successfully he must incessantly observe two conditions. (1) He must never forget that he is a sort of apostle; and (2) the reader must never be allowed to get it into his head for a moment that a sort of apostle is preaching at him.

HENRY CUST.

THE publication of Mr. FitzRoy Gardner's grievance against the Tory Press should be enduringly to the credit of *The National Review*. Henceforth it will be impossible to say that the manifold frailties of Tory Editors are unredeemed by a single virtue. Tory Editors have urbanity at least. Let us hope that no after-reflections will dissolve Mr. Gardner's gratitude.

The voices of a good many people are heard in Mr. Gardner's complaint, and that is what makes the utterance valuable. An exposition of what Mr. Gardner conceives Toryism to be would not have come quite relevantly under his text. He was entitled to assume that we are all of one mind as to the principles which the Party and the Press have in charge. But it would have been well if we had known for certain whether he and we are really in agreement. One cannot help doubting whether he is a Tory at all in our sense. He appears to think that the duty of statesmen

is to be popular and in office. That is a delusion—a delusion such as those celebrated of Sheridan Lefanu. As well, indeed, cite the blood-curdling *Watcher*. Instincts and manners make the man, and the politician. If the instincts and the manners of a Tory were undistinguishable from those of a Radical, how would the two be outwardly different? If the aim of the Tory were merely that of a Radical, which is to be popular and in power, why should he be a Tory at all? It is only a pseudo-Tory who has faith in the political convictions which are derived through sensationalism and buffoonery on "general subjects." "A défaut du pardon laisse venir l'oubli"; and on that hangs this, that there are certain temptations which are best met by acceptance.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

ASSOCIATED with the Tory Party is a class of persons ever in what is called an interesting condition. They are big (that is) with something of immense importance, and they are never quite sure which it is to be. Mr. FitzRoy Gardner appears to represent these Joanna Southcotes *manquées* (so to speak) with so much of insight and authority that the work of making public his complaint, superfluous though it seem and intrepid as it really is, should do the State some service. It is not often that poor Joanna ever produces anything at all, her conceptions being commonly all-too stubborn for expression. But for once the miracle has been accomplished. Here at last is a species of Messiah. Let us see his message to the world.

To begin with, there is nothing new in it. In railway-carriages, in smoking-rooms, in whatsoever places the Tory Wiseacre may find his tongue, there is it an abiding, haunting, ever prevailing commonplace. It is Mr. Gardner's good luck, as it is also to his lasting praise, to have stood for the Wiseacre in print—to have given that creature a voice, in fact, so that explanation is at last made easy. Something, then, is rotten in the Tory Press. (Thus it has ever been—the Wiseacre being eternal—thus it must ever be.) "To their party" the Tory papers "are a source of but little profit." And the cause of it is that the Tory papers are—Tory! "The absolute fact," it appears, "is that there is a considerable number of intelligent men, including Unionists of all classes, who read a newspaper to learn the news and to be instructed and entertained, rather than to gloat over this passage or that in a 'leader,' a 'gallery letter,' or a speech that is dictated purely in the interests of the party to which the Speaker gives his support." This being the case—and, the Wiseacre existing in his thousands, there is no doubt

NEW SWINDON

that the case it really is—is it not lamentable that "every practical independent journalist" should live but to proclaim the satisfying brilliancy of "the London Radical papers"? with their "smart interviews," their "suggestive headings," their "rough"—(but speaking)—"cartoons and portraits," their "signed articles"—(good lack!)—and, above all, their "general up-to-datedness?" In sober truth there is none like these Radical papers—none! And the proof is that "the high-class mechanic, the small tradesman, the undergraduate," to say nothing of "the young professional man, in spite of his Unionist politics"—all, all, are wont to buy a "Gladstonian paper," for the fun of the thing, and because "it is so full of life." And this is still the more unfortunate because the buyer is not content with simple news. True it is that he "skips the political leader and the monotonously political 'notes'"; for these are not of his complexion for the nonce. But that is of little consequence in the sequel; for it is indisputable that "he goes on to more attractive features"—as the delightful paragraphs about the sums this artist gets for her books and the price that other pays for her underclothing. And the result is that these attractive features "gradually impregnate" him "with the political atmosphere of the paper." Take *The Daily News*, for example; and what do you find? What but that "it insinuates itself"—(but *does* it?)—"into the graces of its political adversaries by its short leaders on general subjects treated with intelligence and a touch of graceful humour by the light hand of Mr. Andrew Lang." Again, there is *The Daily Telegraph*. Its "leaders" are "ponderous," no doubt; but it "occasionally indulges in correspondence on some subject"—(the "Clergyman's Daughter," let us say," or "Other Men's Wives")—"which appeals to the fairly intelligent section of newspaper readers"; and that way gladness lies. It matters nothing that by this time the Clergyman's Daughter is old as Jane Nighwork herself to any and every body who does not belong to the "fairly intelligent section" aforesaid. The great thing is that, if you happen to be a Tory Editor, you must be "crisp, clever, up-to-date, and deeply earnest," on every prossible theme but Toryism; and about that you cannot say too little. You must endeavour to combine the light-handed intelligence of Mr. Andrew Lang with the earnestness of "Mainly About People," the clever crispness of *Truth* with the abounding interest of *The Daily Chronicle*, the scholarly quality of *Tit-Bits* with the picturesque "up-to-datedness" of *The Weekly Sun*. So shall you give your journal "the tone of what one may term popular culture": so shall you appease the high-class mechanic, the small tradesman, the undergraduate, and the young professional man, in spite of his Unionist politics; and the accomplishment of all these 'attractive features" shall make you a source of profit to your party.

The contention is, in fact, if words and illustrations have any meaning at all, that the light hand, the intelligence, the graceful humour of Mr. Andrew Lang, and his fellows, have "gradually impregnated" Tory readers not a few with a belief in Home Rule. And what is the inference therefrom? What but that it is advisable to employ not only Mr. Andrew Lang (that unconscious political missionary!) but also as many other "charming writers" as the staff of *The Daily News* contains, intelligent gracefulness, light-handed humour and all, in converting "the fairly intelligent section of newspaper readers" back from this new belief in Home Rule to the old faith in the Union. It is as easy as lying, and withal uncommonly like it. The ideal Tory Editor (God help him!) must be—not a man of letters but—a "big, go-ahead shopkeeper." His business is not to propound Tory doctrine; he must stock his shop "with what the public wants"—intelligence, graceful humour, the light hand, the Clergyman's Daughter,—and trust that his commodity will gradually impregnate his public with a turn for high-class Toryism. He will go on with his dull political leaders, but he will *not* expect them to be read. Not by such means can he achieve the gradual impregnation of the high-class mechanic, the small tradesman, the undergraduate, the young professional man! That is a matter of paragraphs, contents-bills, "the interview of a music-hall acrobat," the "hammer-and-tongs, hard-hitting, never-leave-them-alone line" of business, the dramatic notes of "that eminently entertaining writer, 'Spectator.'" *Et voilà pourquoi votre fille est muette!*

Thus, by the lips of Mr. FitzRoy Gardner—thus the Tory Wiseacre. Is there any wonder that there is no proper Tory journal? Is it not as good as proved that a proper Tory journal would not pay? And what of that? Surely no consideration of money should prevent the Tory Party from doing full justice to the high-class mechanic and his likes? "Even supposing there is not a fortune to be made out of a new and up-to-date Unionist paper, surely among such a wealthy body of men as the Tory Party a party paper could be maintained." Why not? What is there to prevent it? Why not buy *Town Talk*, and gradually impregnate the high-class mechanic and his pals outside the pale with Toryism by vesting the editorship in a trinity composed of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. William Thomas Stead, and Lord Randolph Churchill? That were obviously the true policy of "Thorough" in this matter. Why, then, refrain from execution? Why, in a word, deny our multitudinous Joanna Southcote the poor pleasure of reflecting that it—or she, or he—too, is worth catering for, and that such a miracle of paragraphs as she—or he, or it—demands is no such difficult matter after all? Surely it is as easy to write—and as pleasant to read—that Mrs. Blank, wife of the Tory Member

for Dashshire, is a tall and sprightly blonde, with speaking eyes and merely admirable arms, as it is easy and pleasant to write and read that Mrs. Dash, wife of the Radical Member for the Blank Division of Oughtshire, is a bright, *svelte*, appetizing little lady with heaps of talk and the prettiest taste in shoes *and* . . . ! you ever saw? And if this be true, then why, in God's name, shirk the task, and leave the light hand, the intelligence, the graceful humour, the charming writers, and Mr. Andrew Lang hard at it making converts to the other side?

The answer is simple. Toryism, as I conceive it, is as much a matter of taste as a body of doctrine, and as much a mental attitude as a set of principles. The Tory Party is a great deal more, in fact, than a body of men resolved, for the Empire's sake and not of sheer malignity, to keep itself in place and power, to the exclusion of a certain Divine Figure from somewhere in the North of England. The sweet phrase "popular culture" is the sorriest contradiction in terms; but, taking it as poor Joanna would have it taken—as a kind of "up-to-datedness," that is, in such matters as publishers' lists, and the Minor Poet's theory of his fellows, and what the Fabians were thinking at the time of going to press, and the arms and At Homes of this "bright woman" and the ankles and the Five o'Clocks of that—it is the plain antithesis of Toryism. Toryism may be brutal, aristocratic, pagan, scholarly, high-principled, anti-democratic, any number of evil qualities besides; but, at any rate, it is not *that*. It is, indeed, so little *that*—the points it has in common with *that*, and those who live to be gradually impregnated by means of *that*, are so few and slight and unimportant—that it cannot choose but regard Joanna and her kind as Radical estrays from the fold for which Nature, the Great Mother, designed them. Toryism, to be plain, is in some sort a matter of aversions; and not the least of these is the unfortunate, "*Spiacente a Dio ed ai nemici sui*," who calls and accounts himself a Tory, yet is so charged with original sin that he prefers *The Daily Chronicle* before *The Standard*, the *Westminster* before the *St. James's*, and so on all along the line: who, being fain to vote right and do the best he knows, would yet turn that conspiracy of public bad breeding and individual prurience which one "may term popular culture" to the advancement and to the use of what has hitherto been a self-respecting party with an honourable tradition and a habit of decent manners.

W. E. Henley.

It is not easy to find a suitable answer to the charge made with so much lucidity and candour by Mr. FitzRoy Gardner. As far as I can see it amounts to the general statement that we of the Unionist

London Press are—how can I put it least painfully?—a set of highly-incompetent and ineffectual nincompoops, ignorant of our own business, and badly needing to be taught it by a "disinterested looker-on." Well, it is a little difficult to deal with an accusation like that. In our estimate of the criticism much depends on our estimate of the critic. I daresay Mr. FitzRoy Gardner is a very clever young man. I feel sure he must be young, because if he were old or even middle-aged he would not be so original in his ideas. We all start with views of our own about ethics and prose composition, and the business of the world, and sober down to commonplace and the ordinary rules as we get on in life. I gather, from his interesting confessions, that Mr. Gardner himself practises journalism, though only "a mild form of journalism," and that he sometimes makes money by it, for it seems that on journalism (in its milder forms) he depends, for "a portion" of his income. With "political journalism," however, he has nothing to do. It must be clear that a person cultivating in this fashion a "mild" and non-political form of journalism must be favourably situated for judging the work of persons whose daily and hourly occupation is with journalism, and more particularly with the journalism of politics.

I learn further that Mr. Gardner has made a careful study of the circulation of the London newspapers, and this has led him to some curious and (to most of us) novel conclusions. He finds that the Tory papers are so unattractive that people don't read them—not even Tories, except of an old-fashioned sort;—whereas "in all directions one sees Unionists reading papers the politics of which are directly opposed to their own." So we must infer that the London Radical papers are bought much more largely than the London Unionist papers. This is valuable information. The circulation of a newspaper is like the age of a lady. Wise men know it, but do not tell it. Still, these things get about, and those of us not engaged in the milder journalism had thought that some of the Unionist papers were doing pretty well. We believed, for instance, that *The Standard* (in which the "casual reader" deplores the utter absence of "any special feature"), *The Daily Telegraph* (which is still so curiously blind to its own interests as to cling to its "preponderance of advertisements"), *The Morning Post* (which records marriages "not always between well-known or interesting parties," instead of arranging, as no doubt Radical enterprise would, that only interesting "parties" should marry), *The Globe* ("almost colourless, excepting in the paper on which it is printed")—all these journals, it is rumoured, somehow succeed in attracting a multitude of readers at least as large as that secured by their lively and "up-to-date" Radical rivals. But clearly that is an error. Mr. FitzRoy Gardner's whole argument depends on his knowledge of the fact

that it is the Radical papers which the majority of people read, not the Conservative. The public buys *The Daily News*, not *The Standard* or *The Daily Telegraph; The Star*, not *The Evening News*, *The Globe*, or *The Echo; The Weekly Sun*, not *The People* or *The Referee*. Yet one had thought—but who is the mere "political journalist" that he should dispute with one who has culled knowledge in the "milder" walks of his "profession"?

No: it is not for us to question this Mentor, or to blench from his rod. Let us take our correction and learn to amend. What is it, then, that our teacher, in sorrow more than anger, advises. *Ab hoste doceri:* we are to do as, I gather, the Radical papers do. Our "highly-respectable" articles must be abandoned, for respectability is no longer required; clever leaders, even if "evolved by the brain of a cultured scholar," are useless; and "excellent English" appeals "only to a very limited circle." These are the antiquated methods of an effete Toryism. Does not the great heart of the great public yearn for quite other things? "Every practical independent journalist will answer this question by pointing to the London Radical papers, with their smart interviews, suggestive headings, rough cartoons and portraits, signed articles, interesting chit-chat, and general up-to-datedness." Let us ponder the lesson of this sentence; and we may be able, as Mr. FitzRoy Gardner points out, to "gull the electorate" as well as our brilliant Gladstonian opponents. It is true some of us might urge that we don't want to gull the electorate; that, if electors are not to be won over without being gulled, it shall not be our office to win them; that we are not Party hacks, or even in the first instance partisans; that, though we support the Conservatives because on the whole we think Conservatism better for the nation than Radicalism, we do not regard it as our only business to get Tory votes; that we are, according to our lights and capabilities, publicists, not electioneering touts; that it is our function to set forth what we suppose to be truth and sound criticism, not to descend into the gutter to drag or wheedle ignorant men to the poll by any dodge, howsoever vulgar or unscrupulous, which may be recommended as most effectual for the purpose. To argue so would, I fear, convict one of gross and palpable want of "up-to-datedness." Let us, on the contrary, humbly learn how the voter is won. It is not fair argument or lucid statement of fact that prevails. The London Radical newspapers (Mr. Gardner has "discovered" it in the course of his "studies") did more to bring Mr. Gladstone into power than all the Radical speeches, pamphlets and promises put together. These journals have learnt the trick of so tickling a reader's palate that the pleased elector, in his ecstasy, votes for their Party whether he likes their politics or not. It is for us to go and do likewise. Let us remember that a leading article,

instinct with "the stern unrelenting party Liberalism" of *The Daily News*, does not, as the thoughtless might assume, convert the reader into a bigoted Tory on the spot, but, on the contrary, causes him to love Mr. Gladstone and ensue him. Let us relinquish our deplorable prejudice against "occasionally hitting below the belt," recollecting that hitting below the belt is what the sportsmanlike British voter likes. Let us give him the heading which is "suggestive," the interview which is "smart," the cartoon which is "rough"; for that is the way we get at his heart and his vote. Let us not be so "superior" as to be dead to that exquisite sense of humour which vibrates and thrills through the Radical Press. For instance: if a German Prince accidentally shoots a boy instead of a rabbit, we should head the paragraph "An Alleged Sportsman in Bushey Park." That, Mr. Gardner reminds us, is what a Radical print once did, and Unionists —yes: even Unionists—chuckled at the wit of it. Let us be as witty as that—if any Conservative can—and Radicals will chuckle when they read *us*, and be converted. Let us abandon the pedantically-correct English which appeals only to a limited circle so little up-to-date as to be particular about grammar. Thus shall we "get at the superior artizan, the agricultural class, the small tradesman, and the young man fresh from the University"—especially, I should think, the young man fresh from the University. Thus shall we extend the miserably-restricted circulation of the Unionist Press, and make obscure journals like *The Standard* and *The Daily Telegraph* almost as well-known to the general public as some of the Gladstonian newspapers. Thus shall we emulate the remarkable financial, social, and commercial triumphs achieved by the Radical organs of the "new journalism." And thus in the end we may hope to win for our Party the singular political successes which our rivals obtained for theirs; and while we leave our leaders in a hopeless minority in London and the South of England, where our journals chiefly circulate, we may enable them to get into power by the votes of the remoter portions of the United Kingdom where the London papers are hardly read at all.

I fear I have dealt but inadequately with Mr. FitzRoy Gardner's profound and luminous essay; but I trust I have said enough to show how competent, acute, and well-informed a critic of the London Press Mr. Gardner is, and how much every Unionist Editor may profit by following his modestly-conceived and elegantly-expressed advice.

SIDNEY J. LOW.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME.

HAVING examined in the last Number of this *Review* the demands made by the Progressives for further powers and additional functions for the County Council, I will now consider (II.) the demand for an enlargement of the administrative area of the Council by the absorption of the City and its Corporation; or, in other words, the cry for the "unification of London"; and (III.) the demand for changes in the general law relating to taxes and rates on houses and land, and in the general law relating to the acquisition of land for local public purposes.

With regard to II., it is impossible to deny that the present state of things is what Radicals delight to call anomalous. There would unquestionably be an ideal symmetry if the separate City were wiped out, and if one County Council, with the Lord Mayor of London at its head, had a single undisputed sway over the whole geographical County of London. But let us be practical. In introducing his London Government Bill in 1884, Sir William Harcourt, in his grandiloquent manner, said: "Now, the extinction of the Corporation of London would be a great shock to the sentiment of this country and the sentiment of this House. I have said before that this House adheres to the traditions of its forefathers. It is willing to reform its institutions; it is not desirous to destroy them; and there are no traditions more illustrious than those which cluster round the Guildhall. . . . I would very unwillingly part, unless there was the greatest necessity for it, with the traditions of the Guildhall and the Corporation of London, They belong to the most famous chapters in the history of the making of the English people." But how would these traditions be maintained? How would the ceremonial functions of the Corporation be carried on if the City were merged in the County of London? Let that absorption be effected in the most tender and conservative manner, and yet the broad result must remain that thenceforth the representatives of the City area would be but a small fraction of the whole London County Council, and that for years to come, owing to the deliberate policy of the Progres-

sives, they, like the rest of London's Councillors, would be selected, and elected, by partisan organizations, and on political grounds. Now, whatever criticisms may be made upon the Corporation of London, it must be admitted that in the discharge of all those ceremonial duties which it has become customary for it to perform it has shown itself admirably neutral, and above and beyond the taint of political partisanship. Sovereigns of every nation, distinguished representatives of every class and walk in life, and Ministries of every Party, have alike enjoyed its hospitalities and shared its honours. Is it conceivable that the County Council can, for many years to come, perform these duties with equal dignity and the same impartiality? Nor would there, unfortunately, be any gain in the personal distinction of those who would be the new dispensers of these civic honours. It is a just reproach to the Corporation that for years past it has not been able to enlist the services of the leading merchants and the heads of the historic houses of business in the City. But Mr. John Hutton, for example, has no personal distinction which elevates him above the typical Lord Mayor. All the signs go to show that it is men of such a stamp, and not of that of Lord Rosebery, who are likely to be the Chairmen of the County Council in the future. The history of the London School Board points the same lesson. It, too, has had a constant tendency to shed those members who brought to it the distinction of rank or of high performances in other departments of public life. In the second place, the displacement of the Corporation by the County Council cannot be advocated on the ground that the Corporation has made a bad or inadequate use of its Municipal powers and position. On the contrary, in all Municipal matters there is no area throughout London better administered than the City. It is the most imposing part of London. Its streets are well paved, and well lighted; its public improvements have been carried out with foresight and intelligence; its markets are admirably planned; its police may compare even with those of Scotland Yard. Nor can it be alleged that, of recent years, the Corporation has failed to perform those larger and more far-reaching duties which its own great resources and a more exacting public opinion demand from it. It has not confined the benefits of its wealth to its own district. It has expended £241,493 in the acquisition of open spaces, and £105,806 in the erection of labourers' dwellings. It has bountifully aided and sustained Education and Art by its several Schools, Museums, and Libraries. Its benefactions to all charitable institutions and objects have been unstinted. In fine, the practical argument by which alone this change can be effectively recommended is the argument of the financial relief which would consequently be

enjoyed by the ratepayers of London at large. The exact amount of what this relief would be I cannot pretend to be able to state. The Commission just appointed will doubtless give authoritative figures on the point, and hypothetical and approximate calculations are of no value. But this may be said: The present rateable value of the Metropolis (including the City) is £33,542,457, on which a rate of 1d. in the £1 yields £140,172. The present rateable value of the City is £4,138,026, and on it a rate of 1d. in the £1 produces £17,242. What would be the nett gain to London as a whole if the City area was henceforth taxed equally with the rest of London, and if the corporate funds of the City were brought into one common exchequer? I would submit that, unless that gain prove to be very substantial indeed, it would, under present circumstances, be dearly purchased by the destruction of the Corporation with its traditions and present public utility. But if it is shown that by the levying of the County rate in the City, and by the specific allocation of certain City properties to general Metropolitian uses, the Metropolis at large would appreciably benefit, while the Corporation would still be able worthily to maintain its distinct position, and to discharge its civic duties, why should there not be such an adjustment of finances between the City and the County Council as would leave the historical life of the former unimpaired, and yet add to the financial resources of the latter? We may congratulate ourselves that on this vexed subject, on which men of our Party may fairly differ, the Government has appointed a Commission of experts, instead of following the peremptory and precipitate advice of the County Council. In the Report of their Local Government and Taxation Committee, issued last autumn, this passage occurs: "If it should be impossible to procure in the first Session of Parliament a settlement of the question of divided jurisdiction" (between the City and the Council), "it would be of great urgency and public advantage that the limitations of the Council's existing powers should be immediately dealt with. For this purpose it is suggested that a prompt and effectual method could be found if the Government would promote a short Bill, by way of amendment of the Local Government Act, 1888, to provide that the Council should henceforth possess within its own area all the powers which the Corporation has within the City." The draftsman of this Report, who has never been in Parliament, proceeds to give mandatory advice to the Government with regard to the judicious conduct of Bills to amend the Local Government and Metropolis Management Acts through the House of Commons. "All such measures," he complacently remarks, "should no doubt be drafted by the Council; but the Government would have to back them, so as to give

facilities for their necessary stages in the House. As some debated matters would naturally be included, and as the whole subject is involved and technical, it is suggested" (with delightful *insouciance*) "that any public Bills to be introduced by the Government for London, including the Interim Valuation Bill, Loans Bill, &c., might be referred immediately after the opening of the Session to a Grand Committee, which might be either a special Grand Committee for London, or, if that involved delay, then one of the existing Grand Committees with additional members interested in, and acquainted with, the special London proposals." Alas for the vanity of Progressive hopes! Easter has come and gone, and the Government has introduced no Bill on these subjects. It is remarkable that London is excluded from the operation of the District Council portion of the Local Government Bill. In the short debate on the First Reading of this Bill there was little opportunity for complaint on this score, and, as a matter of fact, no complaint was made by any London Member on either side of the House. But, on its Second Reading, it will be curious to watch the attitude of London Radical Members; for in 1890 Mr. Stansfeld moved this Amendment to the Address:—"And we humbly express our regret to your Majesty that the Local Government legislation of 1888 and 1889 is still left defective, and that no intention is announced either of proceeding during the present Session to the constitution of District and Parochial Councils in Great Britain, or in carrying further in the Metropolis and elsewhere the organization and powers of Local Government." In speaking on this Amendment, Professor Stuart said: "The County Council may be compared to the top of a building with an insufficient structure below to support it, as long as the District Councils are not set up; and you will not provide in London either the proper men to go to the County Council, and you will not provide proper men locally to be Parliamentary Representatives in London, unless you create true and real local life, which can only be done by reformed district government in London." Mr. James Rowlands said: "I would urge the Government to give us the necessary adjunct to their Bill of 1888 by establishing the proposed system of District Councils"; and Mr. Causton declared, "London requires District Councils. The Hon. Member has just said that the question of District Councils was not an urgent one. I dissent from that. I say, on the contrary, that it is most urgent." I hope that Conservatives will be not less anxious to hasten the creation of District Councils. In reality this means the reform of the Vestries. The area for the District Council should be, if possible, that of the Parliamentary borough. These bodies should have large and responsible powers. It is most important to stimulate the local parochial life and spirit of London.

With a view to a training for the larger responsibilities of the County Council, it is desirable that the local bodies by the interest and magnitude of their work should attract the services of good men. With a view to the comparative relief of the County Council, when possibly in the future it has new duties imposed upon it, these local bodies should be so constituted that then there might be devolved upon them some of the work which now overwhelms the County Council. The creation of these bodies would be the opportunity for such an adjustment of finance between the City and the County of London as I have suggested above as a possible alternative to the destruction of the City.

I proceed to the consideration of Head III., which splits itself up into (*a*) the demands made for changes in the general law relating to taxes and rates on houses and land, and (*b*) in the general law relating to the acquisition of land for local public purposes. With regard to (*a*) the contention is that a disproportionate and increasing share of the taxation imposed for local purposes falls upon the occupiers, and that the owners of land and houses do not contribute adequately to the local expenditure, which to a large extent benefits their property and themselves. In a political sense this contention has derived additional importance from the vulgar belief that the ground-landlords of London are very few, and that they are all wealthy. It has certainly obtained general favour from the circumstance that, whatever may be the ultimate incidence of local taxation, it does apparently fall upon the occupiers, so that, even if its real and ultimate incidence be upon the landowners, it is difficult to demonstrate this clearly to the public mind. As to the actual number of landowners in London, it is unfortunate that there would seem to be no authoritative statistics. I asked the President of the Local Government Board in the House of Commons this Session whether he could have a Return prepared of the landowners in the County of London; and he declined to do this, on the ground of the difficulty and expense it would involve. As to the apparent incidence of the rates on the occupiers, it is interesting to note the effect that this produced upon the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Town Holdings. Their Report was presented to the House of Commons in May, 1892, just before the Dissolution. In the political excitement which then prevailed it hardly received the attention it deserved. It elaborately reviews the different remedies that have been suggested for the reform of the present system of local taxation. One reform had been recommended by the Select Committee of the House of Commons which was appointed in 1870, and of which Mr. Goschen was the Chairman. This was that there should be a division of rates between owners and occupiers. This reform is also supported by the later Com-

mittee. On page 22 of their Report they say: "We therefore recommend that under all future contracts half of the rates should be borne by owners, in proportion to the several rents they receive, in the manner above described, and that the liability to deduction should attach, not only to the receivers of the rack-rent, but to the owners of all superior interests, including the owners of freehold and leasehold ground-rents, and also the owners of chief and fee-farm rents, wheresoever such superior interests arise under contracts made after the new system is introduced." "We consider it essential to the proposed change that it should be compulsory, and that all agreements contrary to it should be void." But the two Committees differ on the highly important point of whether this change should be made to apply to existing contracts or merely to future ones. The Committee of 1870 was in favour of the former, the Committee is in favour of the latter, course. It may be assumed that there would now be a general consensus of opinion in favour of the modified proposal, and that, for what it is worth, there would be no difficulty in carrying legislation with this object.

Now let us turn to proposed remedies of a more contentious form. One of the difficulties in coming to a conclusion upon their merits is the constantly-shifting nature of the changes proposed and the ambiguity of the catch-phrases, which from time to time are invented to cover the varying suggested changes. Take the old phrase "Taxation of Ground-Rents." That used to be the favourite Radical shibboleth which every Radical candidate committed himself to, and by virtue of which he promised that we should fleece the ground-landlords. But this phrase (always a curiously-inaccurate one) seems to have gone out of fashion, and has been succeeded by proposals, Protean in shape, for somehow getting at, and extracting, the full amount from the ground-landlord's property in the land (as distinguished from the houses upon it), in its present value, and in its reversionary interest. The absence of one fixed and accepted scheme for achieving the end desired by Progressives was well illustrated in a debate in the House of Commons on March 13, 1891, on a motion of Professor Stuart's in favour of increased taxation of landowners in towns. Neither Professor Stuart nor any of his supporters then declared decisively for any one definite proposal. He, and they, passed in a commendatory but impartial review the many suggested methods for getting more money out of their common enemy. But they did not recommend any one particular method to the exclusion of the rest. They flirted with several. And there has been since then a similar inconstancy and uncertainty in the attitude of the Progressives on the County Council, and in its corporate action with

regard to the rival schemes. The Committee of 1892 summarize the suggested schemes of this kind under the following heads:— (1.) "A distinct rate to be levied on the owners of the freehold, in addition to any existing taxation, so as to tax reversions in proportion to their values." On this the Committee report: "It is not easy to make out from Mr. Harrison's" (the chief advocate of this scheme) "evidence how his scheme of assessment would work out, as among the owners of various interests; but that it would be excessively complicated in its operation is shown by his statement that he would have ninety-nine divisions in the three columns of his rate book, that reversions would be annually valued for assessment, and that in certain circumstances the charge would have to be made an accumulating debt against the reversioners' interest until the reversion falls in. It must be borne in mind that a rate on reversions will be an annual tax on capital independently of its present income. We are unable to recommend a plan which would be wholly at variance with the basis uniformly adopted hitherto in the imposition of Local Taxation." (2.) "Separate valuations of the ground, and of the building, and distinct assessments on each." On this the Committee state: "The feasibility of splitting up an entire property consisting of a house and its site is disputed, not only by such witnesses as Sir Thomas Farrer and Mr. Thorold Rogers, but, by men eminent in the very profession whose duty it would be to make such a valuation . . . The difficulties and anomalies which would result from the proposed scheme have been illustrated by many actual cases given in evidence. Instances have been given where the annual value of the site alone would be more than double the full rack-rent value of the entire property as at present existing, or where the annual value of the building, as estimated on its cost, would largely exceed the annual value of the building and site taken together; or, again, where the annual value of building and site, taken separately and added, would be considerably less than the rent which the whole property brings in its actual state. . . As regards its effect on the incidence of rates, it would not give direct relief to the large number of occupiers who are not payers of rates . . . and, with respect to the system generally, we are of opinion that it would not in its substantial results sufficiently differ from that now in existence to compensate for the uncertainty, complication, and expense likely to be involved in its adoption." (3.) The imposition of Municipal Death Duties. On this the report states: "Death duty upon real property situate within the limits of each municipality to be received by, or handed over to, the local authority, to be applied to municipal purposes. This proposal has been made mainly with the object of laying a share of municipal burdens on the owners of reversionary interests, who, it is

contended, at present escape from contributing to the public expenditure by which they benefit. These suggestions do not embody any complete scheme. We think that such modes of taxation cannot be considered as falling within the scope of our inquiry, which is directed to the question of imposing an 'assessment' on the owners of ground rents and ground values, and was, we believe, intended to refer to some system of *annual* local taxation. But, if it should be determined by Parliament to impose special taxation upon the owners of reversionary interests within the limits of urban communities, with the view of bringing the owners under direct contribution towards local public expenditure, we think it is worthy of consideration whether the imposition of a death duty allotted to local municipal purposes would not afford the best means of effecting this object." 4. Rating of vacant building land on its capital value. With regard to this proposal, the Royal Commissioners on the Housing of the Working Classes in their report in 1885 made a recommendation in its favour. But they took little evidence on the subject, which necessarily only came parenthetically within the purview of their inquiries. The report of the Select Committee in 1892 argues strongly, and, as I think, convincingly, against the proposal. After reciting many practical difficulties in the way of giving effect to such a tax, and against a departure from "the well-established system of rating based upon the present annual value of the property in its actual state," it proceeds: But there is another objection to the proposal, which appears to be nearly conclusive. This is that the proposed assessment is one laid on capital and not upon income. . . . The proposal to tax capital constitutes an entirely new departure from the basis hitherto universally adopted in this country for local taxation; and, if accepted, we cannot see how its application can be fairly confined to this special kind of property. As regards its application to building land in particular, we think the community may on the whole trust to the intelligence and self-interest of owners to manage their own property so as in the long run to produce the maximum of income from it; and, as this income is taxed wherever it arises, the community benefits along with the owner, and thus in the end all that the land produces is the subject of taxation. It appears unfair to tax a value which consists in the anticipation of deferred income, and also to tax at an increased amount such deferred income when it actually arises. A tax on building land would be based on the income its present capital value would produce, if realized, and that capital value includes the present value of the larger income the land is expected to produce at a future time; and to tax also in its full amount such prospective income when it arises would be in effect to tax the same income

twice over. From this it would follow that under the proposed system the assessment once made on vacant land could never in fairness be increased, but that the rating on such land would have to continue in perpetuity at the amount of its first assessment." In connection with this subject generally, it is well to remember the words used by Mr. Arthur Balfour, just before the last General Election. Speaking at St. James's Hall on the 15th June, 1892, he said: "On the subject of ground-rents and the rating question generally I have no objection (and I believe I speak the minds of my colleagues) to the division of rates. On the contrary, though I believe that it will be found by those who take the experiment in hand that it is very much more difficult to carry out than they suppose, I am perfectly prepared—so long as no existing contract is interfered with—to see in this respect an alteration in the apparent incidence of taxation; and so far as what are known as ground-rents especially are concerned my view always has been, and is still, that that and all other forms of income should be brought into account in dealing with the subjects which have to be paid for at present out of the rates, and that that is more justifiable than to do what you now do, namely, to throw education and all those other burdens, the list of which is too long to specify, not upon the people who benefit by them, but, only upon a section of the people who benefit by them, and not upon people according as they do benefit by them, but, according as they live in a dwelling rated at a greater or less amount. Therefore, I myself, though I see great practical difficulties in the way, would rejoice to see any alteration in the law which would make the incidence of taxation perfectly clear, and which would bring into the net of taxation every species of property which benefits by taxation." This opinion, that personalty should contribute to local taxation, was not merely a pious opinion of the late Government, although I doubt whether the local communities have ever appreciated the magnitude of the financial assistance which its legislation has given to the County Councils. Mr. Evan Spicer made his Budget statement in the London County Council on the 11th of April last. In this he gave the Exchequer Contribution as £537,435. In 1891-2, the Probate Duty alone had produced £493,825. The estimate of it for 1893-4 was £435,000. After declaring it was necessary to increase their rate by ½d. in the £, he is reported in *The Times* to have said: "The Council must not, however, be led away by the thought that, as the increase in the rate this year was only ½d., it would continue to grow at this low figure. Considering the increased interest to be paid on their loans, the new schemes looming in the distance, tramways, markets, water-supply, &c., improvements in the Metropolis, it was imperative that new sources of income should be found. The Council

could not be accused of being an extravagant body; but, unless they obtained new sources of income, the rate in the future was bound to increase." This authoritative and ominous warning may well suggest to Londoners the following chain of thought: Whatever may be the forms of taxation which ultimately may be approved for compelling the owners of ground values, or ground rents, or reversionary interests, to contribute in equity their proportionate amount of local burdens, it may well be doubted whether any new methods for obtaining increased contributions from realty will suffice for the growing outlay which has to be met. The reasons for placing this burden of local taxation on realty spring from historical causes which are largely obsolete. Personalty now vies in value and amount with realty. The objects for which the local rates are being levied have become ever more and more numerous and expensive. Personal property benefits by and is interested in these objects equally with real property. In many cases it is impossible to differentiate between the essential characteristics of one object, to which local rates, levied on realty alone, are applied, and those of another object, for which imperial taxes, falling on personalty as well, are imposed. Conservatives, as it seems to me, should therefore assent to these propositions. The increase in the objects for which local taxation is levied, and in its volume, is inevitable, and is for the public good. But the increase inflicts at present an excessive load upon occupiers of houses and land. Any equitable addition to the fund which can be derived by taxes on the interests of landowners should be assented to. But, in addition, it is necessary that personal property should contribute its due share to the local expenditure, from which it derives benefits similar to those which are derived by real property. In carrying out such changes, London must not be considered, or dealt with, separately. The changes must be of universal application, and not restricted to one county alone. Moreover, the changes must be effected by a Public Bill, and not foisted upon some local Private Bill, the main provisions of which are non-political and non-contentious. These last propositions are also relevant to the consideration of (b) the demand for changes in the general law relating to the acquisition of land for local public purposes. The special change here advocated by the County Council has been and is that which comes under the specious designation of "Betterment." So far, the Council has sought to give effect to it by Private Bill legislation. In 1890 it introduced the Strand Improvement Bill; in 1892, in its General Powers Bill, it endeavoured to apply the principle with reference to the Cromwell Road Bridge. Both Bills were referred to hybrid committees of the House of Commons, and both were rejected.

Then, in this Session, the Council introduced the London Owners' Improvement Rate Bill. On objection being taken, the Speaker ruled that its purposes could only be carried out by a Public Bill; and it was consequently withdrawn. And, lastly, by Clause 45 of the Streets Improvements Bill, now before the House of Commons, the Council makes another attempt to have the principle of Betterment accepted. Very many Conservatives are probably not prepared to object obstinately on abstract grounds to the nominal principle of Betterment. The difficulty lies in applying it equitably and effectively in concrete cases, in determining the precise area over which it should run, and in ascertaining the particular interests in the scheduled houses and lands which will in fact be "bettered" by the proposed improvements. The general objections to the principle, and the particular objections to the modes in which the County Council has as yet attempted to give effect to it, are stated with admirable clearness and ability in the little book on Betterment in which Mr. Baumann has contrived to make a repulsive branch of law intelligible and interesting to the lay mind. It is enough for me to say here that I think that the duty of London Conservative members at present is to prevent a principle so novel and so disputable from receiving parliamentary sanction through piecemeal and private legislation; and to secure that this, and also suggested amendments of the Lands Clauses Act, shall be referred to a Select Committee, and that, pending its report, pressing London improvements shall be proceeded with under the existing law.

I have now examined *seriatim* in these two articles the demands of the Progressives. I have tried to do this in a suggestive rather than in a dogmatic manner. My endeavour has been not to construct a positive policy, but to indicate the sort of spirit, and the kind of ideas, with which in my judgment the Progressive Programme should be met. On these municipal questions I hope there will always be more independence and individuality of thought than our Party System permits in imperial politics. And as the years go by, and if Conservatives cease to regard the Council with a rooted antipathy, and to oppose to all the proposals of the Progressives an obstinate and unreasoning *non possumus*, I believe that there may gradually be evolved these two main Parties—one frankly Socialistic, leaning upon the New Unionism of the working classes; and the other non-political, but laborious and zealous in and for the proper administrative work of the Council, which will draw support from all classes, and from Liberals as well as from Conservatives.

C. A. Whitmore.

TWO PROPER PRIDES.

I.

The doctor half-unconsciously loosed hold of his *pince-nez* as he uttered his last words, and it fell with a click against his watch-chain.

Maurice found himself wondering in an aimless fashion why he had heard the sound so plainly. But he did not wonder long, for soon it seemed to him that all sounds were as importunate in their demands upon his ear. The dropping of the coal from the fire; the distant rattle of the traffic as it passed the end of Lower Dyott Street; the well-bred footfall, brisk but not hurried, of Sir Simon's unclassifiable manservant, crossing the hall to open the door to a new patient—he heard them all: and the sounds somehow seemed relatively clearer in proportion to their slightness and to their distance. In his present state of tension, something seemed to be serving his ear as a reversed telescope serves the eye: his impressions of hearing were so indescribably sharp yet so infinitesimally minute. In his eye itself there was no such preternatural activity. On the contrary, it was idle as his ear was busy. He had been looking straight out of the window at a particular chimney-stack, a little higher than its neighbours, when Sir Simon Baldwin closed his closing sentences with the words,

"It might be eighteen months. I have known such cases. But rarely. It would be better for you—or perhaps I ought not to say better—it would certainly be wiser, more prudent, not to count upon more than a year."

And throughout the three minutes' silence which had followed he had stared at nothing but the chimney-pot. And he had not seen that.

Sir Simon Baldwin coughed. He had finished writing his prescription some time ago, and all there was to say he had said already. He was not a bad-hearted Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, or, indeed, any less sympathetic than the average medical practitioner; and he was willing to allow a patient any reasonable time to recover from a shock. Still, to a man of his professional eminence, minutes were minutes. There were not more than sixty of them to the hour, nor more than three hours between

ten a.m. and one. And when you have your waiting-room full of patients, and are due at a hospital at an early hour of the afternoon, and the particular patient who has been consulting you, and whom you have really told everything that it can be useful for him to know, and much more than it is pleasant for him to learn, is apparently lost in a reverie from which there seems no chance of his rousing himself unassisted, you—well, you do what Sir Simon Baldwin did in that situation. You cough.

Sir Simon's cough was not a noisy or obtrusive cough; but it was distinctly eloquent. It said quite plainly to his consultant, although of course, ever so much more delicately than any words could have put the thing, "It is a painful situation. You have my professional sympathy; but—my time is precious."

Maurice, of course, understood its meaning instantaneously. The flash of his brain, indeed, preceded rather than accompanied the imperceptible jerk of his head, as the sound struck his ear. He prepared to speak; and then suddenly a great fear seized him lest his voice should sound strange, and proclaim him stunned by the blow he had just received. It was with relief that he recognized it as his own, though it seemed to be addressing him from a needlessly ceremonious distance, and yet to be slightly louder than usual. He noticed, however, with pleasure, that there was no perceptible tremor in it.

"I feel deeply obliged to you, Sir Simon," it said, "for the frankness which you have used with me. I assure you I take it as a compliment to my strength of mind that you should have spoken so plainly."

"You invited me to do so, Mr. Gambier,—did you not?" said the physician, gravely.

"True, true: I did," replied the other hurriedly, as if his own share in the matter would less bear thinking of than his companion's; "but it is one of those invitations which doctors are sometimes accused of evading. Would you have responded to it in the case of a woman, for instance? Would you have told a woman that—that she only had a year to live?"

Maurice arrived quite quietly and successfully at the close of his sentence: somewhat to his surprise; for it had seemed to him just as likely that it would end in an agonized cry of "O, God! that you had never told *me!*"

Sir Simon Baldwin rose to his feet, polite professional deprecation radiating from his entire person.

"My dear sir, it is impossible for me—for any physician—to answer such a question. We should be guided, as we always are, by circumstances, and by a sense of the double duty which we owe to our patients' bodies and to their minds."

"Of course, of course," muttered Maurice, rising himself, in obedience to the hint. "My question was an idle one. Pray excuse it. And now let me—I feel I have trespassed too long on your time already. Eh? O, thanks! Yes, to be sure: the prescription. No particular directions about diet, I suppose?" he went on rather confusedly, as a whole jestbookful of ghastly fooleries about condemned criminals and their breakfasts jostled each other in his mind.

"No: I think not," said Sir Simon, in a tone which just sufficiently conveyed the intimation that it mattered not two straws what his patient ate or drank, without any offensive hint of the further question, "As how should it?"

Maurice fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for the fee, and again the demon of grim humour whispered in his buzzing ear, "Suppose it were a formality of our judicial procedure that as soon as the judge had put in his good word for the prisoner's soul, and once more removed the black cap from that imitation of the tonsure which forbade his priestly predecessors to take part in the shedding of blood, it should become the duty of the doomed wretch in the dock there and then to pay the jury the fixed remuneration for their services."

He grasped Sir Simon's hand with nervous haste, half-afraid that as he did so he might break into an idiotic laugh; and leaving the purchase-money of his death-sentence in the cool, soft palm that he had pressed, he hurried from the room.

The unclassifiable manservant, who seemed to have just missed the smartness of the footman, without having attained to the moral weight of the butler, stood ready to open the door for him: but Maurice remembered with a qualm that he had left his umbrella in the waiting-room. Should he ask the unclassifiable one to fetch it for him? or should he face once more that company of fellow-criminals, every one of whom, probably, was to be let off with a so much lighter sentence than his: this one, perhaps, with transportation for the winter; that other with the fine of a few indulgences; a third, possibly, with a mere caution?

He decided to face them, and, stepping quickly to the door, he opened it, and entered the room.

There they all were, as he had left them only a quarter of an hour before, and with the labels which he had in imagination attached to them still hanging round their necks. There was the middle-aged man with the sallow skin and purple-ringed eyes whom he had mentally accused of liver, and the older, greyer, stouter, more florid malefactor who had come, he guessed, to plead guilty to gout. There was the plain young mother with the unwholesome-looking child: there was the richly-draped, obese matron, whom he had confidently classed as a fellow-sufferer, with

the thickest-necked of her pugs; and there was the ascetic-looking East-End parson whom he had unhesitatingly set down as *poitrinaire*. Externally they looked the same to him as before. He found nothing to modify in the disparaging judgment which the critic in him had pronounced upon them, as singularly unlovely and uninteresting, offensively, almost criminally, commonplace. But the relation to them of the man beneath the critic was altered —nay: transformed. The critic might be still looking down upon them from above; but the man, he felt with a sudden and indescribable pang of humiliation,—the man was distinctly conscious of looking up at them from below.

He had entered the room half-curious to learn with what mixture of envy, resentment, or other kindred emotions, he would look upon them, and lo! the first sight of them had swept his mind clear of all such feelings, and left nothing there but a profound and intensely painful sense of inferiority.

Yes: inferiority. That was the only word: an inferiority not personal, but of species. Contemptible though they might be, as specimens of it, the order of being to which they belonged appeared to have been suddenly elevated above his own; and, try as he might, he could no more fancy himself the equal of any one of them, from the fat old lady down to the unwholesome child, than even the comeliest and most accomplished young Greek of the Pagan period could have fancied himself the equal of an unattractive god.

Eager for relief from the torment of the comparison, he caught up his umbrella and departed. The Nondescript opened the door for him with a countenance whose absolute lack of expression had a slightly soothing effect, and after a few minutes' walking at a rapid pace through a crowd of now-estranged fellow beings—creatures endowed, for all that appeared, with immortality—Maurice found himself seated on one of the benches in the Park.

There he sat for hours, revolving many things; and the dusk of an autumn day was deepening into darkness when he rose, and, half-wondering why he did so, bent his steps towards his club. His pace, as he approached it, grew slower and slower, like that of a man who is reaching the crisis of anxious cogitations; and he was already nearly at its doors when he came to a halt, and said aloud,

"Yes! I'll write to her. I'll write to-night. It will not only be fairer to her, but safer for me." And his mind added, in mute continuance of his short soliloquy, "Fairer to her not to take her sympathy by surprise: safer for me to run no risk of having to find out afterwards, when the first shock of pity was past, that she was repenting her impulsive mistake."

Then he went into his club, and, with a certain sense of relief at finding himself still under the beneficent despotism of routine, he ordered his dinner.

II.

If any of those dear friends of Clara Mostyn who were accustomed to deplore the "coldness of her manner," while at the same time assuring other dear friends that, "of course it *was* only manner,"—and that "she was really capable of very deep feeling for people whom she took to, you know,"—could have seen her as she sat with Maurice Gambier's letter on her lap, they would have found such evidence of the truth of their kindly testimony as should—and, let us hope, would—have rejoiced them to discover. For the deep grey eyes which could undoubtedly look hard and cold at times were soft enough now. They were full, indeed, of an indescribable pity and tenderness, and something glittered on their long lashes in the firelight which could never have been brought to them even by the most affectionate observation of her dearest female friend. "Handsome," rather than "sweet," was the description usually given of her mouth: but then its firm marmoreal lines were seldom seen to melt as they were melting now; and that pathetic quiver of the lower lip, as she slowly raised and kissed her lover's letter, was more unusual still.

"Oh, it is terrible—terrible," murmured she. "Poor Maurice! Poor, poor Maurice!"

"Yes, dearest: it is very shocking," said a clear, brisk voice beside her; "but of course, yo know, it is—well, it *is* rather fortunate too."

"Fortunate, Jenny!" exclaimed her friend, in a tone of mingled surprise and indignation.

"Well, I mean fortunate, that he should have found it out. It would have been a dreadful thing to have discovered it only after you were married."

"Why any more dreadful then than it is now?"

"My dear Clara, what a question! Why, because then the knowledge would have come too late."

"Too late for what?" asked Clara, almost sternly.

The two women looked at each other in silence; but Jenny Cardrew's soulless little brown eyes showed no trace of discomposure under Clara's reproachful gaze.

"I really don't know, dear," she resumed, in her usual level tone of cheerfulness, after a pause; "I really do *not* know why you should fence with me like this. It's quite absurd your pretending not to know what I mean."

"You mean," said Clara, in a low but steady voice, "that now I have heard that—now I have heard what I have, I should

agree to his proposal. You mean that I should break off our engagement?"

"No: I did not gather from his letter that he made any such proposal, or indeed proposed that *you* should do anything; but, since you ask me, I am certainly of opinion that you would do wisely to accept the offer that, as I understand it, he did make."

"It is the same thing."

"I don't agree with you, and I must say I think you do little justice to poor, dear Mr. Gambier's delicacy when you say so. But let me look at his letter again."

And, taking it from Clara's lap, she read aloud, in a clear, ringing, absolutely expressionless voice, as follows:—

"My Dearest Clara,—

"I have a piece of startling and painful news to tell you; and, as I don't believe in what is called 'breaking' bad news to people, which in my experience is about the worst way of telling it them, I will say at once that Sir Simon Baldwin has informed me that I have not more than a year to live. I consulted him this morning about that heart-trouble from which, you know, I have suffered for the last few months; and his reply—his sentence, I suppose one might call it—was what I have said.

"I can't trust myself, just yet, at least, even to write to you all I think and feel about ourselves. I thought I should be able to say it all on paper, and away from you; but, now I am trying it, I find I can't. It is all too fresh: you must give me a little more time. After all, I have a year before me.

"I had another reason for not telling you this in person; and that was that I wanted, and want, to give you time to recover from the first shock of my news, and look at this melancholy business like the dear, good, sensible girl you are. If I were not as sure of your good sense as I am of your love, I should never venture to say what I am going to say to you; because one kind of silly woman would misunderstand my feelings, and another kind would fancy I misunderstood hers. But you and I are not like that: we understand each other; and, just as I know you won't think I love you any the less because I forbid you to do a foolish thing, so I shall know that you love me none the less because you submit. Dearest, dearest, let me get the words written and done with: we cannot marry now. Some people would say that, even before this happened, I had no business to have asked you to marry me on the strength of expectations which my death, at any time before my uncle's, would have defeated. But still the odds, as things looked then, seemed all in my favour, and I could have excused myself for doing then what I certainly do not consider justifiable now. If the doctors had given me another four or five years it would have been different, and I might have backed my life against my uncle's. But, though I don't consider Jack Gambier's life a good one—either in the actuary's or the moralist's sense of the word—I can't honestly say that I think it as bad in the actuary's sense as mine. I can't pretend to think it in the least degree probable that he will drink himself to death within the next twelve months; and, now that he finds himself too shaky to ride, there is no chance of his cutting short his days in the hunting-field. In fact, it is any odds that he outlives me; and if he is going to outlive me, what would become of you if we were to marry? My reversion in the property would lapse; Jack could 'appoint' by will to anyone he pleases; and you—for, unluckily, I have never insured my life—would be left a widow within the year, and a widow without a shilling! Either of the two is a bad enough look-out; but both together—no! The thought would embitter every hour of the life that remains to me, and render it ten times as hard for me to make a decent ending.

"I am going away, dear, for a time just to try and—well, just to pull myself

together; and, when I began this letter, I meant it to be one of farewell until my return. But you won't think me too miserably weak and selfish, and wanting in consideration for you, if I ask to see you once before I go. The sort of warning I have had is apt to make one a little superstitious perhaps; but, if I were to leave London without seeing you, I should be haunted by the fear that I might be going on a longer journey than I intend, and should never get a chance of saying good-bye to you at all. If it would be too painful to you at present, send me the single word No, and I will wait; but if I may come and see you this day week, at Mrs. Cardrew's, do not give yourself the distress of writing one line of reply to this too-long letter. I shall know by your silence that you see this matter and my duty in it as I see them. I shall know that you love me enough to let me do what my own love tells me is best for you. Do not fear, dearest, that that love will prove less because it cannot become a husband's, or that any closer union between us could make it truer, deeper, more devoted, than it is now, and ever will be while life remains.

"Your own
"MAURICE."

Clara Mostyn's tears did not (for a woman) lie very near the surface; but they were flowing fast enough before her friend had finished.

"Dear fellow!" said Jenny Cardrew, placidly, as with deliberate fingers she folded up the letter and replaced it in its envelope. "How nicely he writes. So thoughtful and considerate of him to ask you not to reply, so as to spare you even the pain of accepting his offer. As it is, you have simply to do nothing but wait without writing to him: and then when he comes next week it will be understood between you that the engagement is off. That is so,—isn't it?"

"Yes," said Clara, in a dry, hard voice, "yes: if I don't write."

"If you don't write? But, my dear, good, absurd Clara, you are surely not going to sit down and dash off a letter to this poor dying man, telling him that you are not the sensible girl he calls you, and that you insist upon marrying him, in spite of all that he has said, and that you would not miss a single post in assuring him that——"

"No, Jenny!" cried Clara, with a flash of anger from her wet eyes that for a moment daunted even the flippant little cynic before her. "Of course, I should not write to him to-night, nor to-morrow either. That would be replying to him in that very spirit of impulse against which this letter, this loving, noble letter of his, was meant to protect me. I shall let at least three days pass before I write to him, so that he may know that my reply has not been written in a mere fit of womanly compassion, but that I thought it over calmly, and that my whole mind and will, my whole heart and soul, go with it."

"But, bless *my* whole heart and soul! You can't marry the man against his will!"

Clara Mostyn was not vainer than a woman ought to be; but the notion that a man passionately in love with her could possess any

STITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

will to be overcome would seem to the least vain of women ridiculous.

The smile with which she replied, "No : not *against* his will," had a sublime arrogance which the entire male sex, if present, would have been justified in resenting.

Its only witness, however, being of the speaker's sex, was, of course, in complete sympathy with it, and found her own remark just uttered a little absurd.

"Well, you know what I mean," said she, a little petulantly. "Not against his will, but against his better judgment."

"It would not be against his better judgment, except so far as he is judging for me; and I shall claim my right to judge for myself."

"He won't accept the sacrifice. He is too unselfish."

"He won't refuse it. He is too just."

"Too just! What has justice to do with it?"

"Everything. He has no right to refuse me leave to do what he would do himself if our cases were reversed. Do you suppose he would give up his desire to marry me if it was I who had only a year to live?"

Jenny looked at her friend with a twinkle of amusement in her restless eye.

"Decidedly, Clara Mostyn," she said, after a moment's silence, "you are either as innocent as a Dresden-china shepherdess or as artful as an imitation one. You cannot really think that the sacrifice would be the same for him as for you, or even that it would be any sacrifice for him at all. Why, what can you suppose that a man would lose by marrying to be left a widower in a year? whereas for you, with youth, good looks, birth, breeding, manners, temper, accomplishments, friends, and the footing that I could give you in society—everything, in short, except money, to give you at least a fair chance of winning almost any husband you like—for you to throw away the attraction of maidenhood upon a man who, at the end of twelve months, will leave you a widow without a shilling, and only too probably *with* an encumbrance is—is—well, you must know, as well as I do, Clara, that the two things don't bear a moment's comparison."

It was excellent good sense, and Clara knew it; and Jenny, seeing that she knew it, could afford to disregard the fact, of which she was equally conscious, that its immediate effect would be, as that of too brutal common sense always is, to inflame sentiment in its momentary resolves. For the shrewd young woman knew also that the reaction in favour of common sense is all the more energetic when sentiment cools down.

And, to allow time for that necessary process, Mrs. Cardrew tripped cheerfully off to an interview with her dressmaker.

III.

A lover's eulogy of his mistress is not always a model of critical justice; but Maurice Gambier's affectionate, if not very impassioned description of Clara as a "dear, good, sensible girl," was about as accurate as need have been. That she was good, with all the goodness of the kindly, honest, equable-tempered English girl of gentle blood, even her worst enemies would hardly have dared to deny: and only those shallow souls who fancy that a woman must seem cold to her lover because she is undemonstrative to them could have wondered at any man holding her dear. Still, it was true enough that, to many eyes, and those not unfriendly or superficial, her practical good sense seemed just a little too much in evidence—and in evidence, sometimes, at the expense of her sweetness. It must be admitted that whosoever would have included a passionate, uncalculating, self-abandoning devotion in his ideal of womanly love must have pronounced hers deficient. Such an one would, undoubtedly, have found her a little too "sensible" for his taste. It was not that she was incapable of self-sacrifice, even of the heroic order; but to sacrifice herself without a thought of the consequences was impossible to her. From the very constitution of her character, she was unable to help distinctly seeing, accurately measuring, deliberately weighing, the consequences of any act of self-abnegation that she was called upon either to choose or to decline; and that is a temperament which, while it enhances the merit of self-sacrifice, adds indefinitely to its difficulty. It is an excellent drag, an invaluable brake; but as an impulse to action it leaves a little to be desired. There are some steps in life, as there are some operations in war, which are best performed "at a rush,"—which, indeed, can hardly be performed otherwise;—but a rush requires an impetus to start it, and this was precisely what Clara's calm, reflective nature lacked.

One propulsive force it did indeed possess, which would have carried her triumphantly over every obstacle—the force of an inflexible and almost passionate pride. But to this, unfortunately, her lover had, through the course he had adopted, forborne to appeal. Had he come straight to her and told her of his death-sentence, leaving her to act on the information as she thought fit, she would have sooner died than have shown the slightest wavering in her fidelity to their engagement. Her pride would have issued its orders so instantly and so peremptorily that the voice of her reason would never have been heard at all. But how different was the position now! Confronted with a proposal which she could accept without humiliation or discredit,—nay: which would accept itself (so to speak) if she merely held her peace,—she found her judgment free to declare itself; and it did declare itself with discomposing frankness.

Throughout the whole long restless night it plied her with the assurance that Maurice was right, and that the marriage which they had contemplated had, in very truth, become what he had so candidly called it—"a foolish thing." She was not mercenary in the sense of loving money for itself, or even for the pleasures it could purchase. But she keenly felt the helplessness and dependence of the position which she occupied in the house of her sole surviving relative, a maiden aunt in straitened circumstances, who, with resignation, but without enthusiasm, had brought her up from childhood; and she had frankly looked forward to a marriage which promised freedom for herself and comfort for her guardian's declining years. How, then, could she leave her, only to return after a short twelvemonth a portionless widow, and to impose the old burden, if not inflict a new one, upon that struggling household? It was impossible—impossible, she repeated to herself, as towards daybreak she sank into a troubled sleep.

She rose in the morning, unrefreshed and undecided; and throughout the whole of a day which her astute hostess strove to fill with as many distractions as possible the struggle between love and prudence still continued. But now, in the egotism of her perplexity, she began at times to feel something almost like resentment at that very magnanimity of her lover which had subjected her to so painful an ordeal. A hundred times did she regret his having written that generous letter. Why, O why, had he not come himself, and told her the sad story unaccompanied by any offer of release? so that the call of duty might have been clear, and pride itself would have thrown her into his arms. Why, O why, had he invested with all the difficulty of heroism what should have been left a simple obligation of honour? Why had he made the path of selfishness so easy and the way of self-sacrifice so hard? No doubt he had acted with the kindest motives in giving her back her freedom; but was it true kindness to liberate her from a constraint which was in itself a source of strength?

And, after all, had he liberated her in any but the merest technical sense of the word? Was it even possible for him to set her free? Nay: did even he himself in reality consider her free? No doubt he fancied that he did. No doubt his advice had been sincerely and seriously given, and in the honest belief that she might follow it without blame, and that he himself would love her none the less if she did. But would he? Did he know himself well enough to be sure? Did any man know himself so well on a matter of that kind as he was known by the woman who loved him? and was not Clara herself sure, certain, convinced, that, whatever Maurice might think now, she would fall in his estimation if she allowed the engagement to be broken, and take a colder place in his heart?

So the days wore on. The second and the third had passed; and the watchful Mrs. Cardrew noted with satisfaction that no letter had been written. The fourth day came and went; and she began to feel confident that Clara, after all, was going to do "the sensible thing." Yet throughout all four days and until the end of the fifth the struggle had still been going on in Clara's mind, and it was not till the morning of the sixth that it had come to an end. But on that morning she awoke to find, to her surprise, not so much that she had made up her mind, as that her mind (so to speak) had "made up" her; and that she was absolutely, unquestioningly, irrevocably, resolved—to fulfil her engagement.

Clara had undergone one of those experiences which must have convinced many people (who never heard of Schopenhauer) that their inner nature does not consist wholly of an intelligence capable of weighing conflicting motives, and of reporting that this or that is the stronger and must be obeyed; but that in the very mid-stress of such a conflict an impulse from the deeper currents of the stream of Being may on a sudden surge upward to the surface of consciousness, and sweep Action before it like thistle-down upon a torrent.

The Will within her had spoken, and the wrangling contentions of the Reason were silenced as summarily as the debates of the Rump by the voice of Cromwell. And with the silencing of them there came a rush of remorseful surprise that she could ever have listened to them at all. Now that that mysterious despot within her who had so long kept silence had at last spoken with such absolute command, his voice appeared to awaken a thousand sleeping echoes in her heart. She listened to them almost with a shudder of shame at the thought of their so-long-unbroken silence. How could she ever have hesitated? Dear Maurice! Dear, generous, loving Maurice! What else in this world could there be to think of but him? What duty, what interest, what care, but that of watching over him, comforting, sustaining him? What other or higher mission than to brighten that fast-gathering darkness with a woman's love, to smooth with a wife's devotion that pillow which Death was so soon to spread?

With so radiant a calm of countenance did Clara meet her friend at the breakfast-table that fateful morning that Mrs. Cardrew shot at her a suspicious glance.

Was this, she quickly asked herself, the wholesome contentment of the woman who is going to do "the sensible thing"? or was it the morbid tranquillity of the resolved martyr?

"Well, my dear," she said, in a tone of badinage, selected as the most likely to surprise a confession, "is the heroic letter written yet?"

"No," replied Clara, placidly, though with the faintest flicker of a

smile at the corners of her mouth. "I am going to do my heroism by word of mouth."

Jenny Cardrew was more reassured by the placidity than discomposed by the smile, or even by the (evidently ironical) remark. After all, Clara *could* not be taking it so coolly if she were really going to make a fool of herself. "She who understands as well as any woman in the world (for she is no romantic school-girl) what such a sacrifice would mean."

She finished her breakfast in comparative ease of mind; and only at its conclusion did she throw out another feeler, as though to make assurance doubly sure.

"I wonder you don't write to the poor fellow, Clara," she said.

"My dear Jenny,—why?"

"It would be kinder to him to put an end to his suspense. As you talk about heroism, of course you are going to marry him; and your silence will make him think you are not."

"Then he'll be all the more pleased to get me," said Clara. And she laughed at seeing how completely her friend had deceived herself into taking sober seriousness for irony. And Jenny, the self-deceived, laughed also.

And, if earthly ears were open to sounds from the world of spirits, the two women might have heard a peal of mocking laughter mingling with their own—the laughter of those satiric imps of destiny who watch the blind moves of mortals on the chess-board of life, and who well knew here that by that light, unthinking decision of hers to speak to her lover instead of writing to him, Clara Mostyn had made shipwreck of her happiness for ever.

IV.

At eleven o'clock on the following morning Jenny Cardrew was sitting in her boudoir, with feet on the fender and a newspaper in her hand. Clara had breakfasted in her own room, and was completing her toilet with just a thought more care than usual in expectation of the momentous interview which was about to take place. But her heart was still light with her new resolve, and she had almost ceased to think of the long-drawn agony of the coming year of doom, in her relief at the thought that she would share that ordeal with her lover. Maurice Gambier had arrived, and with flushed cheek and lighted eye was pacing the drawing-room to and fro, awaiting her appearance. The sound of her descending footsteps was even now audible through the half-open door of the boudoir, when the listless glance which had been indolently travelling down the columns of the newspaper, was suddenly arrested, and Jenny Cardrew, springing to her feet with a sharp exclamation, darted into the hall. Clara's hand was already on the handle

of the drawing-room door, when she felt Mrs. Cardrew's agitated touch upon her shoulder.

"One moment, Clara!" whispered the breathless Jenny. "Come in here for just one moment. I have something to show you. You *must* see it before you go in to him."

Astonished at her friend's unwonted excitement, Clara followed her into her boudoir; and Jenny, without speaking, but with a finger upon the startling paragraph, thrust the newspaper before her eyes.

"We regret," she read, "to announce the death of Colonel John Gambier, which occurred very suddenly yesterday, at his house in Eaton Place. The deceased baronet, who was a well-known figure in sporting circles, had not yet completed his fifty-second year."

Friendship, it is well known, is usually founded upon community of sympathy; but the effect produced upon the two women by this announcement was singularly diverse. Mrs. Cardrew's countenance wore an expression of eager and pleasurable interest; but the colour had fled in a moment from Miss Mostyn's face, and the light had faded from her eyes.

"You—you haven't written to him, Clara?" asked Jenny, with sudden misgiving.

"No," came the answer, as slowly uttered as the question had been quickly shot. "No: I haven't written."

"How fortunate!" (with a sigh of relief). "How very fortunate. And you hadn't seen this?"

"No: I have not looked at the paper to-day."

"And you would have met him without knowing anything about Colonel Gambier's death if it hadn't been for me!" exclaimed the exulting Jenny. "Decidedly, Clara, I was born to be your good genius!"

Meetings with a good genius in the flesh are so rare that the rules of correct behaviour at such interviews have never been formulated. But Jenny soon began to wonder whether it was the proper thing for a woman to survey her good genius with so stern a silence and with a stare so stony.

"Because, of course," she continued, after a pause, and with a little less elation of manner, "your knowing all about this—this—well, this melancholy event, before you give Mr. Gambier your final answer, will make all the difference to you,—won't it?"

Clara had turned to go: but at these last words she glanced back at the speaker, and said, with what her friend afterwards described as a "strange sort of smile,"

"My dear Jenny, you have no idea of the difference that it *will* make. I shan't try and explain it to you till I have seen Maurice,

and I am not quite sure that I shall be able to make you understand it then."

And, with a heart full of bitterness at ironical Fate, at her hesitating self, and at her officious friend, but with her meditated avowal frozen hard upon her lips, she stood in her lover's presence.

Maurice caught her in his arms, and, in the pathetic strain of the doomed man's embrace, the heart beneath her rigid will gave way. She burst into tears.

"Don't cry, darling," said Maurice, though with a trembling lip; "don't cry. I—I thought, I hoped, you would have partly got over the shock by this time."

Her head sank upon his shoulder, and a great wave of love and pity surged up against the granite sea-wall of her pride.

He led her to a sofa, and sat down by her, his arm still round her waist. She looked at him wistfully from under tear-laden lashes. There was a light of joyous hope in his eyes, and an answering beacon flamed up in her own heart. What if he were about to revoke his offer of release, to ignore her hesitations, and by again pressing for their marriage to unseal her lips, and enable her to avow the resolve to which she had the day before awakened?

"Clara," he said, with quiet, eager utterance, "do you know what has happened? Have you heard?"

"Do you mean about Colonel Gambier's death? Yes: it has just been shown me in the newspaper."

The answer came upon Maurice as a disappointment. He had hoped that she would have been ignorant of it, and that in one and the same breath he might have told her of his accession of wealth, and invited her to share it. But now—he paused and looked more closely at her. She had seen the news, then; and yet—and yet these tidings of his good fortune, this removal of the only obstacle, as it seemed to him, to their marriage, appeared to have given her no pleasure.

A sudden pang shot through him. What if it had *not* been the only obstacle, or even the chief obstacle for her?

"It's a poorish joke of fortune," he said, grimly, after a moment's pause, "to sentence a man to death and then load him with riches, all within a week."

The end of Maurice's sentence spoilt the beginning. The hand which was stealing towards his own at the word "death" stopped short at the word "riches." He noted the arrested movement without divining its true cause, and the chill of despair crept slowly over his heart. Yes: he was a rich man, but a dying one: and why should this young, healthy, happy life unite itself with his?

And in Clara's heart a voice was crying passionately, "Let *him* speak! It is for him to speak. How can you offer yourself to him now that he is so rich when you refused him while he was poor? And how can you tell him that while he was yet poor you had resolved to offer yourself to him? Let him speak first, and you can tell him that. To tell him uninvited would be unendurable humiliation."

But, alas! the one possible moment for speech on Maurice's part had passed for ever. He sat gloomily wondering at what he now regarded as his own egotistic blindness. It was clear, it had been clear for days, that Clara had mentally accepted his offer of release. Why else had she left his letter unanswered, and how should her resolve have been changed by anything that had happened since? He was rich now; but what of that? The money question, it may be, had never dwelt a moment in her mind. It was all very well for him to have insisted on the imprudence of her marrying Poverty; but she herself might have thought only of the misery, the anguish, the horror of a marriage with impending Death. She loved him—yes, perhaps; but not enough, he bitterly reflected, to face that ordeal. She had plainly told him by her six days' silence that she was unequal to such a self-surrender. Could he insult her now by offering to purchase it? Never.

And thus, over against that fortress-wall of the woman's pride, so impregnable in aspect, but which a word from Maurice would have laid low, there silently arose another on the side of the man, as strong, as stern, as immoveable by anything save a voice, as resolute in silence as her own.

The shadow of either barrier seemed to fall upon the other's face, and beneath it the heart of each grew cold.

There was a long and melancholy silence in the room, which Maurice was the first to break.

"I am leaving England, Clara, the day after John Gambier's funeral, for San Remo."

"For long?" asked Clara, in a low voice.

"For a month or two. I am not myself yet. I shall be better when I come back—at least, I hope so. But I will write often: I may—mayn't I?"

Clara could only motion assent with her low-bent head. Her face was buried in her hands; her heart seemed bursting; but her eyes were dry.

Maurice rose to his feet.

"It was too soon," he said, laying a gentle hand on her shoulder. "I feared it would be. Let us say good-bye now: it is best. It will not be for long."

As in a dream, Clara also rose; and they stood facing each other

with joined hands, and their impenetrable veils of pride held steadily before the yearning fires of their eyes. Then with a sudden movement Maurice drew her towards him, kissed her passionately on the lips, and was gone.

Jenny Cardrew, sitting in her boudoir, heard the closing of the street door, and went to her window. Maurice more than suspected that a pair of curious eyes would be watching him; and his step, as he walked down the street, was brisk and firm. Mrs. Cardrew returned, well satisfied, to her easy-chair. "It is all right," she said: "evidently it is all right. And to think how differently it might all have turned out if I hadn't stopped Clara just in time! Decidedly, some women are born lucky."

V.

The summer of another year had waned into autumn; and Maurice Gambier was back again in his London home, the sands of his life-glass running very low. There is no need to keep the diary of his thoughts. It is an old sort of history which has been often told, dismal to listen to, and terrible (one would think) to "make." Somewhat to his surprise, Maurice had found it less dreadful and more dreary than he expected. That is to say, his spells of acute mental suffering were rarer and shorter; his intervals of listless hebetude longer and more frequent than he had looked for. He found, also, and again somewhat to his astonishment, that his spiritual hold upon life was not loosening with a rapidity nearly equal to that with which its temporal span was contracting. A philosopher of mystical tendencies would probably have founded upon the phenomenon an argument for the immortality of the soul. Maurice preferred the more rationalistic explanation that he was as deeply in love as ever with Clara Mostyn, and at the same time that she aroused in him a new wonder and curiosity which alone would have sufficed to keep his thoughts fixed upon her constantly. He had seen her but twice since his return from San Remo, and the interviews had been painful and constrained. But she had written, and wrote, to him unceasingly; and her letters seemed to open fountains of love which, when he was in her presence, she kept sternly sealed.

Again and again he asked himself, in cruel perplexity, how it was that an affection which appeared so ardent and devoted had been unable to rise to any height of self-sacrifice.

Nor was it any more intelligible to Mrs. Cardrew, to whose busily-scheming brain the necessity of bringing these two—the wealthy lover and the penniless mistress—together again, in time, at any rate, for the money to find its way to what Jenny pronounced to be its "natural destination," seemed more and more urgent every day.

She was careful, however, not to think aloud on this side of the subject in her friend's presence.

"It is evident enough," she said to herself, "that I did more harm than good by telling Clara the news of Colonel Gambier's death that morning. She's a funny girl, and must have repelled Maurice by her manner in some way. What I can't understand is where *his* pride should have come in. But, anyhow, this sort of lovers' misunderstanding is only all very well for a week or two. It is absurd to keep it up for a year, especially when it is the last year of a man's life, and he really has nobody else to leave his money to. Yes," she added, after a moment's reflection: "Mr. Gambier is the one to approach."

And approach him she did, slipping out one day for that purpose, unknown to Clara, who this year was prolonging her usual London season visit to Mrs. Cardrew in that state of painful pre-occupation which makes the victims of it cling to any place of sojourn in which they may find themselves, not from love of it, but from dread of change: the feeling of the man who is afraid to move an injured or a gouty limb lest he should awaken the sleeping pain. Approach him she did, and with so confident an account of Clara's feelings towards him as brought a flush to his wasted cheek, and lent an added lustre to the too-brightly burning eyes.

He was too ill now to go out; but he begged her to come to him: and Clara came. They both felt it was the last visit; and, indeed, a glance at Maurice might have sufficed to reveal as much even to eyes of less tender solicitude than hers. He was painfully conscious of the change in himself, and of the contrast with her young health and beauty; and the sense of it chilled him, and his resolve. He had meant to go straight to the point and ask her bluntly whether Mrs. Cardrew was right, and that she would have married him but for a misunderstanding. But the very sight and touch of her soft, warm hand, as it rested on his fleshless fingers, unnerved him. To talk of marriage between her and such as he seemed too ghastly, and he thrust his original purpose from him with something like a shudder.

Clara sat beside him, talking, as was her wont, with resolute cheerfulness; but she, too, seemed conscious to-day of some subject which strove to force itself forward, but must be kept back. An hour passed—an hour and a half—two hours: and Maurice had not brought himself to speak.

At last, by an effort which she strove to conceal, but vainly, Clara rose to go.

"I am tiring you, Maurice," she said, speaking quickly, for fear her voice should shake.

"No," he answered, in a low voice: "it is I who am tiring you."

She shook her head and sank once more into her chair, beside his sofa.

Maurice turned towards her, and took both her hands in his.

"Clara," he said, in a tone that thrilled her, "there is something I must say to you—to-night, before you go. I may never—there may never be another opportunity."

He felt the quivering of her hands in his; but he went on steadily enough.

"You have been very kind to me, and I am very selfish; but I cannot help longing even now—with all my soul—now that I am bidding farewell to you for—well, perhaps for ever—that things had turned out differently, so that, that you might—you might have been with me to the last."

Clara was trembling now from head to foot; but she uttered no word.

"They say that life is a dream," he went on, "and death an awakening; and perhaps I am a fool to run the risk of dispersing the brightest vision in my own life-dream before I die. But, Clara, I have thought sometimes, and more than ever of late, that things might have turned out differently but for—but for a misunderstanding—that you loved me enough even to marry me, a year ago, poor doomed wretch that I was, if it had not been for——"

He stopped: Clara's head had sunk on his shoulder, and her hand had stolen to his lips.

"O, hush! dear Maurice! Hush! hush! It is too late now—too late—too late."

Maurice, however, did not need silencing. It was enough that she had not spoken. His own pride, strong even in death, was again up in arms, and not a word more would he have uttered. But as for Clara's pride, it had melted away. Not this any longer, but remorse and ruth and bitter self-reproach, it was that kept her silent. It had been her part to speak, her accusing conscience cried, when speech would have profited: let her at least refrain from it now when it would be more than useless. How—how could she tell him now that it was through her, the foolish and cruel hardness of her heart, that he was passing in loneliness to the grave?

"O, Maurice! I love you! I love you!" she cried, passionately. "Believe me that no wife could love you more dearly than I."

And Maurice received and returned her caresses with a solemn tenderness that added to her anguish—with a soothing parental kind of sweetness that said more plainly than words, "Yes: with a love as dear as a wife's, perhaps; yet—not the same."

It was with the gentle reproach of this unspoken utterance ringing through her heart that Clara rose from her farewell embrace, and hurried, weeping, from the house: but, before she reached Mrs.

Cardrew's, she had undergone another revulsion of feeling, and the confession which she had withheld in her shame for herself, and out of pity for her lover, now appeared to her in the light of a duty to both.

"Why, Clara!" exclaimed Mrs. Cardrew, after her sharp eyes had rested a moment on the tear-stained countenance of her friend, "you have not told him after all."

The crisis was too grave for any concealment, and she went on with increasing agitation:

"I see it in your face. I am sure of it. And you are going to let that poor fellow die without telling him that——"

"No: I am not," struck in Clara, abruptly. "I am not quite so hard as you think me; nor as soft either, in the way of shrinking from pain."

And sitting down to the writing-table, she poured out her whole soul to him in one remorseful letter. She told him frankly of her five days' hesitation, and of her final resolve; then of the hurried but fatal colloquy with Mrs. Cardrew the moment before their interview, and of the "proper pride" (though she did not call it so) which had prevented her making to the rich man the avowal which she had withheld from the poor one. In short, she told him all: and Jenny Cardrew, as she read the letter handed to her, breathed again.

Once more she saw herself playing, and this time with real success, the *rôle* of the "good genius." Her elation got the better of her discretion.

"Thank Heaven, Clara!" she exclaimed, "you have recovered your senses at last, and it looks this time as if my efforts to bring about a *rapprochement* would really not be thrown away."

"*Your* efforts!" cried Clara, facing suddenly about, and confronting her friend.

At any other moment Jenny's heart would have misgiven her at the tone and manner in which this was said; but she was now too full of her triumph.

"Yes: *my* efforts, dear," she replied, proudly. "It was I who hinted to him, like the good, faithful friend I am, what I believed to be your feelings towards him; and, though it would have been kinder, I think, if you had confessed them to him by word of mouth, yet still that letter, if it is less satisfactory, sentimentally speaking, will answer all practical purposes. And of course you know," she added, with somewhat uneasy playfulness, "that it was the practical results of reconciling you two which appealed most strongly to your very business-like friend, Jenny Cardrew."

"I don't understand you," said Clara, slowly.

"I dare say you don't," replied Mrs. Cardrew, somewhat im-

patiently; "you wouldn't; but you will before long, when—when—well, when Mr. Gambier's will comes to be read."

For the second time the words of the good genius produced this same strange effect. This subject of this beneficial tutelage turned deadly pale.

"Give me the letter," said Clara; and, taking it from the astonished Mrs. Cardrew's hand, she walked to the fireplace, and dropped it into the heart of the glowing coals.

Just eight days after Clara's avowal had blazed to ashes, Jenny Cardrew stood in her boudoir with an open letter in her hand. It had come as a sealed enclosure in a large legal-looking envelope, by the side of which its covering letter lay opened on the table. The enclosure bore date of the day after Clara's interview with Maurice, and ran as follows:—

"My Own Dearest Clara,—

"I am writing these lines to be forwarded to you in a separate envelope together with the letter which will inform you of the contents of my will, and which my solicitor has received instructions to write to you immediately after my death.

"I shrank so much from the thought of your pain, and from the pain of causing it, that I did not tell you last night that the kiss you gave me at parting was a kiss of last farewell. But it was so. We shall meet no more on earth. As for me, I have outlived my last illusion, and I am glad to go. Do not think me ungrateful, dear, for the constant kindness and affection with which you have done so much to hearten and sustain me for the last year; but until last night I still clung to the hope—and some words of Mrs. Cardrew's strengthened it—that, after all, it might have been some mere misunderstanding that kept us apart: that even after my death-sentence you loved me enough to marry me, but that by an unlucky chance you heard of the change of my fortune before you had spoken, and that then pride kept you silent.

"But, after last night, I know that that was a delusion of mine and a mistake of Mrs. Cardrew's; for if it had been so you would not, you could not, have denied the joy and comfort of such an avowal to a dying man. You have done what you could, dearest; and it has been much. God bless you for it. Good-night, and good-bye.

"Maurice."

"Dear fellow!" said Jenny Cardrew, sweetly; "what a nice letter! So generous and forgiving: and I dare say," she went on, taking up the blue covering letter which lay before her, "I dare say this is equally kind—kinder than you deserve, I suspect, my dear. Perhaps a legacy of a thousand pounds."

The paper fell from her hands. Maurice Gambier had willed the whole of his rich heritage from his uncle—eighty thousand pounds, at least, as that "calculating" young woman rapidly computed—to Clara Mostyn absolutely.

"Well!" exclaimed Jenny, after an almost awe-stricken pause. "Well! of all the wayward girls who ever tried to fly in the face

of fortune and couldn't, you are, beyond all comparison, *the* most wayward and the most lucky! Clara Mostyn, you were born to fall on your feet."

The metaphor was not at that moment a very appropriate one, for Clara was lying face downwards on the sofa. Two or three times during her friend's reading of the letter her shoulders had been shaken with a convulsive sob; but now for some minutes they had been still. It was only on approaching and touching her that Jenny Cardrew found she was insensible, and, wondering more than ever at the perversities of the fortunate, rang the bell for her maid.

H. D. Traill.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

When Mr. Laurence Halstead, in Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new and very smart story, stocked the book-shelves in the tiny room that was to be his bride's, the intelligent if not very intelligible demon, Merreday, said that it was very well done: "Poetry and fiction, a dash of the classics, a little biography, a spice of travel, a few mere reference-books ingeniously put into a corner, some philosophy, and a little unadulterated unbelief to leaven everything." Merreday's commendation ought to be grateful to more than Halstead; for that is how all of us, the most modest, the least resourceful, furnish our libraries. Somewhere on our shelves, doubtless, in our elbow corner, are our best hundred books, our best two or three more probably, those which we do most affect, chosen betimes and without priggish intent; but, even as the wings of conversation sweep in a circle wider than our interests, our libraries are more catholic than our affections. Besides, there are many ways of choosing books: judging by their contents is one of them only. There are those who give harbour to the small, rare volume, not heeding its cargo; those who take pleasure in stately or handsome dress, and find it easy to forgive the shallowness behind all that style and swagger. Most of us, surely, feel a touch of exaltation in any great library, where the volumes stretch away over the walls as lands we have still to visit; and on our own modest shelves should like to have always some books unread to attract us like countries unexplored.

This, at any rate, is a consolatory view of the matter, especially for those who are professionally interested in the publishers' output. Now, more than ever, we may complain, as the writer of *Ecclesiastes* did in his day, that to the making of books there is no end, and that much study of them is a weariness of the flesh. Rightly enough, we feel that the only worthy criticism is that which discriminates, which watches the volumes that the publishers send forth as so many straws showing how the wind blows, and concerns itself with general movements; and it is a doleful thought how few are the books which are worthy of being made the basis of a generalization. But if it is possible to believe that a book may serve a purpose although it does not supply a crying want, nor is

likely to influence the world by a hair's-breadth, the reviewer of current literature has an honest enough task if he will only give it a name sufficiently humble. The public is the sieve with the big meshes, and whatsoever filters through it may very well come to the riddle of a finer criticism. Those unfortunates, for no crime of their own, dubbed "critics," who stand over against the output, are like the policemen at a railway terminus who tick off the cabs as they leave it: they may help to regulate the traffic; they have little business with the destination of the vehicles that pass beyond their sight.

It is easier, however, to set limits of humble duty than to confine oneself to them. At the very outset, before a pile of *Lives* of great men more or less, we find ourselves speculating how far biography is likely to regain its popularity. A fantastic person might argue that it never will regain it, because we take no real delight in anything to which superiority is denied, as denied it is to biographers after Boswell. Eclipse is first, and the rest, past and to come, nowhere; and our pile of recent biography must melt away and leave nothing but Mr. Mowbray Morris's *Boswell*,* an excellent edition, as its inclusion in the *Globe Series* guarantees: handy; unabridged from the text of Malone's edition of 1804, sparingly annotated by the Editor, who is equally reserved and sound in his Introduction; and fully indexed. The prejudice against biography is dying out, however; it lingers chiefly among the young and among women. In the young it may disappear with the habit of prescribing, as an interlude in holy-day observances, what is known as religious biography for spiritual discipline, part of the "golden rule" system of education from which, probably, the reaction has been rather abrupt. Women fight shy of biography; old men take to it: women neglecting it, perhaps, because of the hold that the real, the present at-any-rate, has on them to the atrophy of their reminiscent, regretful instincts; while the old man takes to biography as he takes to optimism. Biography itself is a lottery: both in the subject and in the biographer so much depends upon unreckoned qualities. As Macaulay said, many men who have conducted themselves foolishly in life have attained literary excellence in spite of their weakness; Boswell attained it by reason of his weakness. Mr. Mowbray Morris will not allow that he blundered into success, but believes that he sacrificed himself of deliberate intent; and if he is right it is still more easy to understand why Boswell is alone in his method. Yet, whether we credit it to chance or to deliberate purpose, that method offers no rule. Johnson's friend was Boswell first and the biographer afterwards. Moreover, when you turn to the *Lives* that

* *Boswell's Life of Johnson. The Globe Edition.* Edited by Mowbray Morris. Macmillan.

rival Boswell's—to Lockhart's, for example—you find their authors at the opposite pole of equipment. Nor can anyone predict success with any subject. Samuel Johnson was a man worthy of being embalmed for posterity; but he was one such only among his contemporaries. We might say that one of the desserts with which a worthy man does not meet is a good biographer; perhaps, that no combination of worthy qualities constitutes a claim to one. Concerning many men living now one wonders how the thought must haunt them, if they have the imagination, of the monument that will be raised to them. If they have the imagination and humour,—no more: no twist, no superabundance of earnestness, no proselytizing habit; no more than a judicious conceit,—they might anticipate, almost to a phrase, the biography that will be written of themselves after their death. On the other hand, a lack of solidly honest qualities, some separate habit in a man, informs his biography with an unaccountable charm. From similar causes a subordinate character in a novel, in a play, walking across the stage with a characteristic word or motion, is as quick as the hero is wooden: so powerful is the flash of the concrete, so inept the elaboration of the abstract; mere caricature holding us when surface finish fails, caricature based upon a sound observation holding us most of all. If we were compelled to write a biography, of whom should it be: Of the friend whom we appear to know, successful, wise, a man of affairs, of feeling, of dominance; or of the acquaintance whose life gives us no text, the springs of whose failure are so elusive and complex?

It would be difficult, for example, to recall any acquaintance more unsatisfactory, in one sense, than Bernardin de Saint-Pierre; and yet nothing could be more refreshing than M. Arvède Barine's Life* of him. To give everyone to whom it is due the credit of participation in it, let us say that it is translated by Mr. J. E. Gordon, introduced by Mr. Augustine Birrell, and belongs to the series of *The Great French Writers* which M. Jusserand is editing. Forgetting all but *Paul and Virginia*, we are apt to think of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre as a person who has done one thing only, which, indeed, according to many ingenious persons, is the most that can be said of anyone. Mr. Birrell writes that "it is as if Ruskin's *chef d'œuvre* were a novelette, or as if Carlyle's story had been a perfect whole instead of a fragment and a failure." A better analogy is to be found in *Robinson Crusoe* (we ought to treasure our delight in Defoe's story as a thing we have in common with the great ones of earth), which, through a copy presented by a delightful Madame de Bayard, fired the imagination of Saint-Pierre.

* *Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.* By Arvède Barine. Translated by J. E. Gordon Preface by Augustine Birrell. *The Great French Writers.* T. Fisher Unwin.

Robinson Crusoe, like *Paul and Virginia* stripped of its moral, has outlived the main work in which it was an interlude. The main work of Saint-Pierre was the *Etudes de La Nature*, which, Mr. Birrell says, our grandparents read greedily. Perhaps they did. Like much that our grandparents favoured, or are said to have favoured, the *Etudes* have fallen out of notice nowadays and, as anyone who reads M. Barine's excellent account of them may discover, they scarce deserve such neglect. Their author was as utterly a "crank" as any that ever penned a letter on his pet subject. Saint-Pierre must have penned thousands of memorials in consequence of the indifference with which his schemes were received. To the end he was an inveterate yet honest beggar. He begged for his Utopia; he begged for his books; in the end he begged for himself. When Ministers refused assistance to found a kingdom after his own mind he set out to find for himself a desert island wherein he might rule. This led to many adventures, gallant and otherwise, and, ultimately, to the writing of the *Voyage to the Isle of France*, with its new style of landscape painting. For long his books had little more than a *succes d'éstime*. When he picked out *Paul and Virginia* from his manuscript of the *Etudes de La Nature*, and read it to them, Madame Necker's guests fell asleep or slipped away. If necessity is a good reason for begging, Saint-Pierre had a good reason. Other reasons, which he put forward to back a claim for pension, were less sound: "I remember," he said, "that in the park at Versailles I pacified an infuriated Breton peasant woman who intended, she informed me, to go and get up a riot under the very windows of the King. This was during the bread-riots. Another time I had a discussion with an atheistical reaper." In all this he was as honest as he was obstinate. It was the same with his supposed scientific discoveries; the same with his theory of Providence, which was like that of the Oxford youth, being examined in Paley, who found an instance of the Divine goodness in the conformation of the nose of a bull-dog, which is so retracted that it can hang on to the bull and yet breathe freely. But for that, it would have to let go. Saint-Pierre was obstinate even in being happy in the face of rebuffs and disasters by which most men would have been beaten down. At the same time, else *Paul and Virginia* had not outlived Madame Necker's drawing-room, he was a sentimentalist. His, indeed, was a life so separate and amusing, his character was so complex and so little stereotyped, that those to whom we are indebted for this little biography could not fail to make it interesting. What, either in fact or in fiction, is quainter than this?—

"After the letters came visits from Louis, from Joseph, from Napoleon, who flatter and praise the writer of the day. His book never leaves them during the campaign in Italy; 'it reposed under the pillows of the General-in-Chief, as

Homer did under that of Alexander' . . . Napoleon envies from the bottom of his soul the peaceful existence of his host, 'in the bosom of nature.' He expresses himself in accents of such sincerity that Bernardin hastens to offer him a small country house of which he had become the proprietor. The 'Conqueror of Italy smiled in rather an embarrassed manner, and murmured in a low voice some words about his retinue, equipment, and repose from labour'; but he redoubled his politeness and invited the celebrated man to dinner. Matters became somewhat strained when the celebrated man refused to enrol himself among the paid journalists."

We see the mind's construction in the face of an incident like that: it is thus that in pedestrian action every man writes what according to Dr. Johnson is the best life of him by writing it himself. Books very often are untrustworthy mirrors into which to look for the portraits of their authors. "Corneille was only heroic in his poetry; Talma, it is said, was more or less a coward," writes M. Legouvé, commenting upon the lack of resemblance between the artist and his talent. From Heine's works—we have been reading them again in the excellent painstaking and scholarly edition* to which Mr. Leland added *Germany* in two volumes recently, and now two volumes of *French Affairs*—we may turn to Heine's *Family Life*† somewhat unprepared for what we learn here. Autobiography becomes a dangerous key to character when the writer "does not shrink from manipulating certain incidents and inventing others," as, in the Introduction to the *Minerva Library* edition of *Lavengro*,‡ Mr. Theodore Watts tells us that Borrow did. Even those who take no such course, but write true as they dare to be, show indications which make unsafe foundations to build on. In the many volumes of reminiscence and autobiography which appeared last year were some which discovered their authors greatly less lovable persons than, we have reason to believe, they are or were. We can scarce think ourselves wrong, however, in concluding that in the very artless and kindly picture of himself, in his *Sixty Years of Recollections*,§ M. Ernest Legouvé does not do himself more than justice. Having said so much of their author as he discovers himself, we may linger a little over these volumes of garrulous reminiscence to point out their value to the student of French literature and of the French stage. M. Legouvé is a Member of the Academy; and his memory skips over sixty

* *The Works of Heinrich Heine.* Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland. Vols. V. and VI., *Germany;* Vols. VII. and VIII., *French Affairs.* William Heinemann.

† *The Family Life of Heinrich Heine.* Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland. William Heinemann.

‡ *Lavengro.* By George Borrow. With an Introduction by Theodore Watts. Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.

§ *Sixty Years of Recollections.* By Ernest Legouvé. Translated by Albert D. Vandam. Two volumes. Eden, Remington, & Co.

years, extracting the honey from the gossip concerning the principal actors and authors that lived in them—Berlioz, Scribe (with whom M. Legouvé wrote *Adrienne Lecouvreur*), Lamartine, Eugène Sue, Béranger, Mlle. Mars, Rachel, Malibran, Talma, to mention a few only. We open one volume, at random, at the chapter on Eugène Sue. "One morning about twenty years ago," M. Legouvé writes, "I was sitting in the bath at Plombières . . . when, in order to while away the tedium, I suddenly bethought myself of asking the following question, as a kind of riddle: 'Is it possible for two men to have the same sister without being related to one another?'" The bathers say that it is not; and then M. Legouvé shows them that it is, that, in fact, he and Eugène Sue have the same sister and are not related to each other. He proceeds to picture these two youths round the old-fashioned fireplace of the Château, reading their day's work to that common sister ensconced in her arm-chair. From that he passes to elaborate the portrait of Sue, not sparing the dark colours. "There was an indescribable fund of the Paris gutter-snipe in him," he says. The troublesome lad became a poet, a poet without the consciousness of the poetry in him, a writer without the technical knowledge, and therein only (the criticism is M. Legouvé's) inferior to Balsac. As a man he was vain, a bit of a dandy even in his most troublesome days, for a time hankering after a title he had no claim to and taking not the slightest pride in the admirable talent he possessed, exercising a baneful influence on those, on the women chiefly, who admired him; and at the same time he was modest, scrupulous, sincere, very tender and humane. We have dwelt upon this chapter on Eugène Sue because it illustrates admirably the admixture of intimate story and ingenious criticism to be found in these easy, anecdotal reminiscences. M. Legouvé has a theory that Sue was converted to a democrat by his own works, and he leads up to this conclusion, embellishing it with story and argument. This dramatic instinct is the one restraint upon M. Legouvé's garrulity beyond that amenity of temper to which we have referred.

Let us return to our biographies, all of which are not to be valued in proportion as they are chatty, or intimate, or even as they possess more or less the qualities of great biography. In his *Life of John Keble*,* to take an example, Mr. Lock, who commands no flash-light and attempts no imaginative presentment, has undertaken a work greatly required, and has undertaken it at an appropriate time and with special qualifications for the task. Various recent works throwing light upon the Oxford Movement make it right that we should possess a fuller and more authoritative biography than has yet been given of one who was a stronger

* *John Keble: A Biography.* By Walter Lock. Methuen & Co.

influence in it than many who have written on the subject have realized. The publication of Dean Church's book, of Newman's *Letters*, of the *Autobiography of Isaac Williams*, makes for the appropriateness of Mr. Lock's volume quite as much as its appearance on the hundredth anniversary of Keble's birth. The special qualifications of the author are access to unpublished correspondence and intercourse with personal friends of Keble. These, joined to a nice reticence, have gone to the making of a solid and judicious *Life*. It falls under the category of conscientious biography; and it must be admitted that often conscientious biography is not a very inspiriting affair. Here is one such, a *Life of George Gilfillan*,* which is painstakingly dull and elaborately unfaithful. Friends, journals, letters, articles in magazines and in newspapers, books, all have been laid under contribution to round off this man; and the result is to do him injustice. It is a habit, a very poor habit, bred of an unworthy arrogance, to sneer at Gilfillan. It is true that he had a turn for rhetoric in his ways and in his thinking as well as in his writing. It is easy to see that he was not finely critical: he was not critical at all of many things which he professed to criticise. When he wrote with a gush about books he was thinking of all that they called up to his mind. But he was a big-hearted manly man who wielded a considerable influence. With delicate treatment, that might have been brought out in this *Life*. So, too, might have been the spiritual conflict in the man. We confess to feeling the heading of a chapter "Progress of Thought" wanting in delicacy. That may be hypercriticism; but at any rate, this biography, which might have been pronounced excellent fourteen years ago, when the "big" men in it were still big, is a mistake now. It is a pity that its authors did not appreciate the melting away of reputations, the re-adjustment of greatness, and curtail the historical section greatly, and altogether the testimony of nobodies and of somebodies whose tributes are very cheap. On the other hand, Mr. Lock's biography of Keble, conscientious as it is and little vivifying, is excellent in taste. The controversial questions are not overdone; there is subtle and adequate criticism of Keble's works; and as a spiritual biography it is delicately and suggestively treated.

The Spring season, however, has been enriched with a more varied flora. The most important addition to fiction must be Mr. R. L. Stevenson's new novel, to be reserved for the entertainment of future nights. For *A Wild Proxy*,† too, Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new story already mentioned, previous successes demand a hearing.

* *George Gilfillan: Letters and Journals, with Memoir.* By Robert A. Watson and Elizabeth S. Watson. Hodder & Stoughton.

† *A Wild Proxy.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Hutchinson & Co.

The story has no claim to compete with *Aunt Anne* in any way. It is unfortunate in having a plot that makes brilliant writing, of which there is a good deal here, and subtlety of character drawing, of which there is not so much, seem a waste. *A Wild Proxy* is a smart little story which many would have been justified in reprinting from the illustrated paper in which it appeared. We have our doubts of the wisdom of Mrs. Clifford in reprinting it, for over against a reputation is the danger of writing oneself out of it. Mr. Henry James, who turns out collections of short stories with great regularity, avoids that danger. The tales in his latest volume* are written in the style of those which have gone before, and do not fall short of them in quality. "Sir Dominick Ferrand," perhaps, both in plot and in sentiment, is more of the common ruck than is usual with Mr. James; otherwise any critical appreciation of these stories must be an appreciation of Mr. James's method. This is not the place to attempt that; the most one can do is to set out one or two contributions towards it suggested by this volume. There is a passage in one of the stories in which by implication and by way of poking gentle, ironical fun no doubt, the author classes American novels among instructive books. The severest critic of them would never call Mr. James's novels instructive; yet there is a sense in which they are as dull as any ghastly attempt to sweeten the didactic pill. Mr. James does not create an audience; he waits on one. It is difficult to believe that there is any mind to which he is tonic. There are conditions of mind in which his deft, ironic articulating of moods, motives, impulses, inspirations, is refreshing; if these conditions are awanting his method seems to proceed from what Mr Stevenson calls "the disinterested love of dulness." It repels no more than it raises enthusiasm. It leaves behind it no active influence; except, indeed, on those who are mostly concerned in watching how the material is handled. To them Mr. James must be a delight. He works (as he himself would say) in fine shades: the fine shades, not of character alone, but, of situation and of conditions leading to situation. He has types of character, of course; but each character is tried, adjudged, set forth on its own merit. Hence, the suggestion of the condition of a class, in the name "Miss Hack" for a governess, in "The Chaperon," is a little out of keeping. These human documents become legible by Mr. James's treatment: as if he were applying some reviving chemical to invisible ink: but they are always documents, although intelligible now, not living beings that act upon us with all the power of possibilities in them. Without indulging in tragedy, Mr James makes all his characters give up the ghost in his last page. An almost constant feeling, as we read Mr. James's books,

* *The Real Thing, and Other Tales.* By Henry James. Macmillan.

that he "pores over the hyssop on the wall, but is blind to the cedar of Lebanon," is now and then replaced by a suspicion that it is we that read who miss the larger outlook. Even when we are most strongly conscious of the dulness of the issues and the want of blood and bone in the characters for whom they are gathering, a wider and nobler application of their point sometimes dawns upon one. A writer who is content to wait upon an audience thus can scarce command popularity. And, perhaps, this—a fair sample, although taken at random—is too fine fare for daily use by any of us: "The income [Mrs. Tramore's] was supposed to be in part the result of the bequest from a man for whose sake she had committed the error of her life, and in the appearance of youth there was a slightly impertinent implication that it was a sort of afterglow of the same connection."

We do not think that many will find the fare served by Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe in *Wreckage** anything but nauseous. We are not considering what Mr. James calls the Rhadamanthus of the English literary tribunal, the celebrated and awful Young Person, when we condemn these seven stories as very disinterested studies of nastiness. They offer an opening, which we will not take, for a discussion on the relation of subject and technique, how far Art is concerned with the beautiful, whether the dignity of a performance depends entirely on the dignity of the performer, and other points that recently have essayed the entertainment of readers of the evening papers. As was said of Tawno Chikno's wife, beauty is frequently a matter of taste; and, indeed, there is no need to justify a condemnation of *Wreckage* by a demonstration that its subject is unsuited to fiction. The condemnation may be based upon the treatment. It may be said, "Granted that they are brutal, you cannot deny the truth of these studies"; and very possibly the little tale entitled "The Struggle for Life" is true, as a *verbatim* report of a police case is true. But if you look at another which has some elements of a plot, still more if you attempt to outline that plot to a friend, is it not apparent that there is a masterful selection of incident which refutes the claim of mere photographic exactness? Even were that claim substantiated, the other is not, implicit in the collection of these stories, to having touched the whole gamut of the subject. If you photograph a toadstool you cannot label it a landscape. Mr. Crackanthorpe photographs a variety of toadstools and calls them a country-side.

Criticism has received a valuable addition in Mr. Lang's *Homer and the Epic*.† Those who have no pretensions to an opinion on the question in hand, the question, namely, of the unity of author-

* *Wreckage. Seven Studies.* By Hubert Crackanthorpe. William Heinemann.

† *Homer and the Epic.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans.

ship, may miss the excitement that hangs upon the issue; but, as disinterested onlookers, they may enjoy the pretty give and take. By way of showing how he sets the lists we cannot do better than give the argument in Mr. Lang's own words:

"In discussing the possibility or probability of these ideas, we shall begin, where the Homeric question, properly speaking, commences, with a statement and criticism of Wolf's famous *Prolegomena*. We shall then examine the composition of the Iliad, and of the Odyssey, taking for chief texts the conclusions of Mr. Leaf, in his excellent edition of the Iliad, and the latest German criticism. Next we shall consider the achæological theories of Homer's date and civilisation based on recent discoveries. We shall then compare Homer with certain other national poems, such as the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Kalewala*, and *Beowulf*, trying to show in what respects his work resembles, and in what it transcends and differs from, these interesting lays."

Mr. Lang is as good as his word, and better in so far as he has said nothing of the wide resources upon which he is able to draw in illustration and defence of his conclusion "that the Homeric epics in spite of certain flaws, and breaks, and probable insertion of alien, matter, are mainly the work of one, or, at the most, of two great poets." *Homer and the Epic* is essentially a book for the scholar; but not for the scholar alone. To correct a low estimate of the value of a defence of Homer, even more to instil in him a sense of the importance of literature, of the importance, most of all, of the very best literature, let the languid and unscholarly reader turn to Mr. Lang's introductory chapter. The easy, bantering, daintily dallying style in writing, to which we have become used, is thrown aside there, and Mr. Lang is trumpet-tongued with an enthusiasm which he rarely indulges.

There is no desire to prove a point, or to defend a theory, in Mr. Hugh Walker's *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature*;* nor any essential scheme of criticism. A selection of authors has been made with a view "to illustrate different aspects of literature, or different stages of progress"—Montgomery and Fletcher of Saltoun are passed over because they are isolated, Hume and Robertson because of the weakness of the flavour of nationality in them, Hogg because all that may be said of him is included in what must be said of Scott and Burns;—but to a great extent the selection is arbitrary. A thin thread on which to string the names chosen is found in the attenuating influence of a national religious feeling. That is not present in the poets before Lindsay, with whom Mr. Walker begins; and he stops at Scott because, in his opinion, a national literature on a great scale can no longer exist in Scotland. Possibly the proof that he is right on this point is to be found in what at first sight tells against him—the revival, namely,

* *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature.* By Hugh Walker. Two volumes. James Maclehose & Sons.

NOTTINGHAM
MECHANICS
G.W.R.

of Scottish work by Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Barrie, "Hugh Haliburton," and others, and of a fresh interest in Scottish literature of which there are not wanting signs beyond Mr. Walker's own volumes. In all likelihood *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature* will appeal to that interest the more that it is not an exhaustive work. It does not offer much that is absolutely new. The chapters on Burns and Sir Walter Scott contain exceedingly little criticism. But certain aspects of a literature as yet far from being known as it deserves are set forth in a new light. Stress is laid upon Buchanan's mastery of his native language; and the estimate of Knox, unduly indulgent as we may deem it, is probably necessary to correct the censorious judgment, equally unjustifiable, which the fashion of recent years has pronounced upon him. As an introduction to Scottish Literature, however, it is excellent; and it cannot fail to interest those who have already carried their studies beyond the portal. And here, lest we have not another opportunity of mentioning it, let us commend as very pleasant recreations Mr. William Watson's *Excursions in Criticism.** Some of the essays in the volume are known already to readers of *The National Review*, from which, and other periodicals, they are reprinted. Collections of this kind necessarily wear a fortuitous air. Mr. Watson's excursions have been made into varied fields, and into none from which he has not brought back something curious or interesting.

Besides poetry and fiction, classics, and biography, this month has brought to our table several books of travel (including a new edition of St. John's ever-green *Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*) which need not be put on the shelves for another month. Among the new reference-books there is one which cannot be dismissed by being summarily put away in a corner. It is a roomy corner that will hold this new and revised edition of Sir William Hunter's *Indian Empire*,† which, extending now to between eight and nine hundred pages, seems likely to go on growing in bulk. That being so, and the subject-matter carefully and masterfully handled, it might have been well to have broken up the work into separate volumes, corresponding as nearly as possible to the divisions mentioned in the sub-title. Let it come to us in whatsoever form it likes, however, we may not complain of this mass of facts and figures invaluable to all who would have a knowledge of India and her peoples. We do not pretend to have gone through a book which is essentially one to have within reach

* *Excursions in Criticism: Being some Prose Recreations of a Rhymer.* By William Watson. Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

† *The Indian Empire: its Peoples, History, and Products.* By Sir William Wilson Hunter. *New and Revised Edition.* W. H. Allen & Co.

for reference on particular points. Where we have tested it the index gave all the results which make such a book thoroughly useful; and by dipping into the historical section we were able to appreciate the excellence of the style at Dr. Hunter's command. As a reference-book on an all-important subject done adequately and with finish *The Indian Empire* deserves a place in every library. One other book, falling under the heading of reference-books in a manner, we may mention. It is difficult to compress the history of a city into one of those volumes which make up the series of *Historic Towns*, and impossible to do it in a very artistic fashion. In *York** Canon Raine has succeeded in the difficult task, and has wisely refrained from attempting the impossible. Three-fourths of this little volume is taken up with the general history of York; and, as there are only some two hundred pages in all, even that portion is little more than an enumeration of events. For that we need not be sorry. The history of York touches that of a Kingdom, and, indeed, that of a whole nation, at so many points that any elaboration of it would carry it beyond all bounds. It is disappointing, however, to catch a glimpse of the extremely-interesting history of the municipality and have the curtain rung down upon it immediately.

Interesting and useful as are the books already mentioned, they are such only as may be tasted, or swallowed; *Plato and Platonism*† we have kept to the last as one of the few of which Bacon says that they are to be chewed and digested. It is not difficult to understand that Mr. Pater takes hold of many minds,—oneself comes quickly under the spell;—it is another matter to account for the fascination, to explain one's sensations under it. Here, at any rate, we feel, we know the subject: we know it more or less as, more or less, we have been students of the *Republic;* and perceptibly as we proceed in it, fully as we close the volume, fully, that is, if we have perceived it as we went along, we recognize the torment of form, participate in its delights, and share its discipline. *Plato and Platonism* is a literary study. The lectures which compose it were written for the student young in philosophy, and in a sense they do not go beyond him. The fulness, the richness, doubtless, will belong to those who have knowledge to fill in and round and expand: the knowledge of history, for example, which correlates the philosophic revulsion from change, the desire of the indefectible, the æsthetic impulse tempered by ethical influence, with the Athens of Plato's day and the perfect city of his vision in Lacedæmon; yet to those without that knowledge Mr. Pater's volume will bring home the doctrine, the outlook,

* *York.* By Canon Raine. *Historic Towns.* Longmans.

† *Plato and Platonism.* By Walter Pater. Macmillan & Co.

the evolution even, of Plato. "In the evolution of abstract doctrine as we find it written in the history of philosophy," he says,

"if there is always, on one side, the fatal, irresistible, mechanic play of circumstance—the circumstances of a particular age, which may be analysed and explained; there is always also, as if acting from the opposite side, the comparatively inexplicable force of a personality, resistant to, while it is moulded by, them. It might even be said that the trial-task of criticism, in regard to literature and art no less than to philosophy, begins exactly where the estimate of general conditions, of the conditions common to all the products of this or that particular age—of the 'environment'—leaves off, and we touch what is unique in the individual genius which contrived after all, by force of will, to have its own masterful way with that environment."

The genius of Plato, therefore, is his kernel chapter; but first Mr. Pater expounds the conditions, antecedent and contemporary, that helped to mould that genius to the Platonic philosophy. The first chapter, "Plato and the Doctrine of Motion" (in the style of it the finest in the book), deals with the doctrine of Heraclitus: the theory of the perpetual flux, disintegrating all things—knowledge, faith, morals—making them unstable, relative only, ungrounded, full of change,—

"So many are the deaths we die
Before we can be dead indeed,"

death itself being nothing more than change; yet vaguely anticipating a philosophy of this mobility, a rhythm in this motion, the ordering of change according to that newer theory—that of development—which we have come to feel a certitude: a theory chiming in with the mobility of temperament that was the genius of that half of Hellenism opposed to the order of Lacadæmon which to Plato made up the other half, the saving Dorian soul in it. And so, against the theory of motion, Plato's vocation was to set up a standard of unchangeable reality: Plato acted upon by the passive, austere philosophy of Parmenides, enriched by the Pythagorean doctrine, itself an instinct of the human mind, and also, therefore, a tradition in its history, with its theory of musical law and its belief in the pre-existence and the dual eternity of the soul to be embodied in the practice and training and harmony of the citizens of the Perfect City. These antecedent influences explained, and those of Socrates and of the Sophists—the contemporary influences—and the general character of the age, Mr. Pater sets himself to reproduce the portrait of Plato. His was a sensuous nature.—

"You cannot help seeing that his mind is a storehouse of all the liveliest imageries of men and things. Nothing, if it really arrests eye or ear at all, is too trivial to note. Passing through the crowd of human beings, he notes the sounds alike of their solemn hymns and of their pettiest handicraft. A conventional philosopher might speak of 'dumb matter,' for instance; but Plato has lingered too long in braziers' workshops to lapse into so stupid an epithet."

Of his varied excellences the chiefest was his impress of visible reality, as of one who is "by nature and before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover": one in whom the material and the spiritual are blent and fused: a lover of the invisible and therefore a seer, with a passion for knowledge. He sought knowledge in dialogue, by means of question and answer, a dialectic method with its inequalities, its infelicities, above all, its final insecurity, so that

"sanguine about any form of absolute knowledge, of eternal, or indefectible, or immutable truth, with our modern temperament as it is, we shall hardly become, even under the direction of Plato, and by the reading of the Platonic Dialogues."

Having treated of Plato's genius, moulded by antecedent and contemporary influences, and the doctrine springing from it, Mr. Pater brings us to the *Republic*. But he precedes it by a picture of Lacedæmon itself (a fine chapter, on which we cannot dwell); for

"partly romantic, partly humorous, in his Laconism, Plato is however quite serious in locating a certain spirit at Lacedæmon of which his own ideal Republic would have been the completer development; while the picture he draws of it presents many a detail taken straight from Lacedæmon as it really was, as if by an admiring visitor, who had in person paced the streets of the Dorian metropolis it was so difficult for any alien to enter."

Such, in broken outline, is the scope of the book, and beyond our enjoyment in it is that derived from the personal element. Fascinating and absorbing as is his exposition of Platonism, one's attention is forced upon Mr. Pater's method as well; and coming in the last chapter, to the "Æsthetics of Plato," we find some solution of the question that has been vaguely groping in our minds: How is an accord to be found between Plato's theory of art and Mr. Pater's practice? For the style of the book—its clearness, in spite of involutions that make it difficult reading, yet involutions, not merely ornate, but, designed to unfold, to smooth out, to display in the light, the whole matter; the careful selection of the nice word, the eloquence of thought expressed so rythmically that one feels constrained to read the book aloud,—the style, then, and Mr. Pater's care for it, as something having no end but its own perfection, are an exhibition of "art for art's sake." And on the other hand we see in fancy (in Mr. Pater's words) instruments

"passing out through the gates of the City of the Perfect, banished, not because there is no one within its walls who knows the use of, or would receive pleasure from, them (a delicate susceptibility in these matters Plato, as was said, presupposes) but precisely because they are so seductive, must be conveyed therefore to some other essentially less favoured neighbourhood, like poison, say! moral poison, for one's enemies' water-springs."

Art, as such, as Plato knows, has no purpose but itself, its own

perfection. But the people of the Perfect City would not be there at all except by way of a refuge, an experiment, or *tour de force* in moral and social philosophy; and, therefore, the proper art for them is the art of discipline. What price would we not pay, as Mr. Pater says, for all that this art of discipline would cast out? and yet (as he writes in a passage which we need no excuse for quoting),

"equation being duly made of what is merely personal and temporary in Plato's view of the arts, it may be salutary to return from time to time to the Platonic æsthetics, to find ourselves under the more exclusive influence of those qualities in the Hellenic genius he has thus emphasised. What he would promote, then, is the art, the literature, of which among other things it may be said that it solicits a certain effort from the reader or spectator, who is promised a great expressiveness on the part of the writer, the artist, if he for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness. And how satisfying, how reassuring, how flattering to himself, after all, such work really is—the work which deals with one as a scholar, formed, mature and manly. Bravery—*ἀνδρεία* or manliness—manliness and temperance, as we know, were the two characteristic virtues of that old pagan world; and in art certainly they seem to be involved in one another. Manliness in art, what can it be, as distinct from that which in opposition to it must be called the feminine quality there,—what but a full consciousness of what one does, of art itself in the work of art, tenacity of intuition and of consequent purpose, the spirit of construction, as opposed to what is literally incoherent or ready to fall to pieces, and, in opposition to what is hysteric, or works at random, the maintenance of a standard."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Mauritians and Mr. Justice Condé Williams.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In the November Number of *The National Review* you published an article, relating to Mauritius, by Mr. Justice Condé Williams. That article has created a very painful impression here. It has given rise to a motion in the Council of Government of Mauritius, of which ten Members are elected by the community. An amendment moved by me, as senior elected Member, has been agreed to unanimously by the ten elected Members, and by two of the five nominated unofficial Members. (The Official Members and the three other unofficial nominees abstained from voting.)

I send you a printed copy of the debates of the Council on the question (pages 1,420 *et seq*); and I have the honour to beg of you, in justice to this Colony, to publish in *The National Review* at least my amendment and my observations in support of it; or, in default thereof, such a summary of the debate as you may think fair and proper to show to the readers of the *Review* the feelings of the Mauritians whom the elected Members of the Council represent.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

V. NAZ.

Port Louis, Mauritius, March 10, 1893.

The motion referred to, submitted by the Hon. L. E. Antelme, was that "the elected Members, in presence of an article written in *The National Review* by Mr. Justice Williams, assert their loyalty towards England." After much speaking, in course of which it was remarked that there was some justification for the article, Sir V. Naz said:

"Sir, in the name of the elected Members of this Council, I beg to move the following amendment to the motion of the Hon. Member for Rivière du Rempart:

'That this Council, representing the people of Mauritius, protest against the allegations concerning the loyalty of the inhabitants of this Colony to

the British Crown, contained in an article published by Mr. Justice Condé Williams in the November Number of *The National Review.*

'They also wish to record their regret that a Judge of the Supreme Court should have, in that article, raised irritating questions entirely foreign to the discharge of his judicial functions, thereby provoking acrimonious discussions and giving gratuitous offence to a large section of the community among whom it is his duty to administer justice.'

"Sir, I shall not imitate Mr. Justice Williams, and I shall be very careful to abstain from saying any word which may look like recrimination; but this article is written in a spirit which is to be greatly regretted. It contains words, in several paragraphs, which it is impossible for this Council not to notice. The time at which that article appeared in one of the British Reviews is very unfortunate and untoward. After the great disaster which has befallen this Colony, Her Majesty's Government, the Imperial Parliament, and the British public showed themselves most liberal and generous towards Mauritius. Every measure of assistance which was asked for by this Colony has been liberally granted by Her Majesty's Government and by Parliament,—the Queen herself has personally shewn her very great sympathy for the misfortunes of this island. The British public have come forward and have liberally subscribed for the assistance of our poor. All those circumstances have strongly contributed to cement and strengthen the bonds of affection and of loyalty of this Colony towards the British Empire and the British Crown; and it is at this very moment that a high official of the Colony has been unfortunately inspired to throw a discordant note by writing that article in *The National Review.* It contains, as I said, sentences which are very much to be regretted. For instance, I read in the article: 'Of course, there are in Mauritius outside the small English community some high-minded creole inhabitants who are good and loyal subjects of the British Crown; but the fact remains that three-fourths of a century of British rule have not done much towards attaching the creoles of Mauritius to England by ties of affection and gratitude'; and after proposing an exchange of Mauritius for the rights of France in Madagascar, the writer adds: 'To ourselves the advantages of such a "deal," if France would condescend towards Mauritius so far as to make it, would be incalculable. We should exchange a small possession of no high commercial importance to Great Britain, inferior to Madagascar as a naval station, and inhabited so far as the French creole population is concerned by a more or less unsympathetic and disaffected community.' And then, at the end, the article becomes not only grossly inaccurate with regard to the loyalty of the people of Mauritius, but it is gratuitously abusive of the inhabitants of the community. It says: 'The susceptibilities of those Mauritians who have for half-a-century been whining after adoption by France, while revelling in the flesh-pots of England, need not for a moment stand in our way. Upon that point the question is—not whether Mauritius would really desire an exchange of Flags, but whether the advantages which England offers to her Colonies ought longer to be extended to a people who have never known, and apparently never will know, how to appreciate those advantages at their proper value.'

"Now, Sir, no one respects more than I do the freedom of opinions and the right of expressing them; but they need not be expressed in an offensive manner, and they should be based upon facts and not on mere unfounded assertions. I certainly do not believe that when the writer of this article put forward those ideas he was expressing views in accordance with the opinions which the British Government entertain with regard to this Colony. I think we are warranted in saying that they are totally at variance with the expressed feelings and the conduct of the British Government ever since Mauritius has formed part of the British Empire. There is no denying of the fact that the creoles of French origin in Mauritius are sincerely fond of their former mother country: they have preserved with reverence and affection the recollection of their origin. But they certainly admire the greatness and the sterling qualities of the British nation to which they now belong. They fully appreciate the advantages of the British connection; they are grateful for the liberality of the British Government; and no one is entitled to say that they have ever been disloyal. They have always reconciled their regard for their former mother country with the most sincere loyalty to the British Crown, and they are as sincerely attached to the Queen as the other subjects of her Empire. It is well-known that the Queen is proud of counting among her subjects people of every origin. It is the glory and the greatness of the British Empire that the devotion and the loyalty of its various subjects are expressed all over the world in many living languages; and the eminent and enlightened statesmen of England take much more pride in that great fact than offence at the recollection of their origin by present British subjects of foreign descent. I, therefore, beg to move this resolution. I think it should be put on record as an expression of the very painful impression which the publication of this article has produced amongst the inhabitants of this Colony, and of their affirmation that the statements therein made are gratuitous, unfounded, and uncalled for."

The Revival of the Spiritual Ideal in France.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

M. Zola has informed the world that he has found "as wonderful a subject for a novel as that of the Débâcle." "I will treat, in my next book," he says, "the Neo-Christian movement advocated by M. de Vogüe, and the new political attitude of Leo XIII. I am greatly attracted by the idea of this work."

We all know what M. Zola means by the new political attitude of Leo XIII. We have a fresh recollection of the famous letter, addressed to the Bishop of Grenoble, in which his Holiness gently snubs his over-zealous supporter with the declaration that it is "Christian prudence not to reject the support of all sincere men," and that men outside the pale of the Church may preserve "a basis of good sense, a certain rectitude which may be called the sentiment of a soul naturally Christian."

That the Pope should thus extend the olive-branch to the French Republic is a remarkable political incident; but we are chiefly concerned with the valuable testimony which the letter yields to the fact that Republican institutions have not yet proved fatal to religion. This conclusion brings us face to face with the other side of M. Zola's subject: *the Neo-Christian Movement*, also known as "*Neo-Platonism*": the "*New Renascence*," or the "*Revival of the Spiritual Ideal*."

In spite of all the correspondence published in the *Débats*, the *Temps*, the *Matin*, and the airy *Figaro*, few Englishmen know anything about this interesting movement. It was initiated among the students of the *Quartier Latin* by Count Melchior de Voguë, and diligently fostered by M. Paul Desjardins, author of *Les Compagnons de la vie Future*, supported by M. Raoul Allier, a distinguished young Professor of Philosophy. M. Raoul Allier has published a lecture which I had the privilege of hearing him deliver. Two quotations, both referring to the present century, impressed me deeply. "It moves towards its fate," said Michelet. "It will gain experience of God," said Père Gratry.

The earlier prophecy seemed realized, under the Empire, by the triumph of Materialism. It was from this baneful source that Flaubert and Goncourt derived their ætheticism, and Taine his philosophy. The gloomy conclusions of Hartmann and Schopenhauer formed barriers against moral progress, and political corruption and spiritual degradation were the result. Terrible applications of the doctrines of Materialism have not been wanting in our day. Of such examples, M. Paul Bourget has given us a notable one in his study of the infamously logical and deliberately vicious "disciple," Robert Greslou; and M. Maurice Barrès (who doubles the part of Boulangist Deputy for Nancy and Prophet of the "culture du moi"), another, in his *Homme Libre*. To these fictitious models may be added the real one of the murderer Chambige, who stands, as a warning finger-post, upon the high-road of selfish dilettantism.

Père Gratry's prophecy, that this century will "gain experience of God," is being fulfilled. In the first place, it is evident to the most casual observer that Materialism and Positivism have ceased to satisfy the minds of the young generation.

* In the teeth of modern discovery, it is no longer possible to affirm that "thought is a secretion" and that the movement of the brain molecules produces life and consciousness. Students would not now venture to repeat the withering verdict which thirty years ago was accepted as final: The universe is now without mystery! They refuse to accept Materialism as a rational explanation of the Universe. Their complaint is that they "suffocate in the narrow circle of the known." The voice of the Pessimist also has ceased to charm. The new generation is weary of despair. "We have had enough of the 'Décadents,' who declare that life is a failure," said a student, recently. "We find that life is good, and we wish it to be beautiful."

* Pasteur has shown the theory of spontaneous generation to be untenable. Hirn, in his *Conséquences Philosophiques et Metapheysiques de la Thermo Dynamique*, has shown that the manifestations of force—heat, light, and electricity

The other watchword, "Realism," is beginning to be looked on with suspicion. Is life really what the Naturalistic school of fiction describes it to be? Other writers, holding the mirror up to Nature, show us images of heroism, of duty, of self-sacrifice, of domestic affection, which men immediately recognize to be quite as real as pictures of murder, and lust, and greed. The germ of a serious reaction against the pornographic photography of Zola is found in the school of writers known as the *Symbolists.*

* M. Brunetière, the eminent, critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, has shown us in a remarkable article on the subject that those writers have hit upon the truth that there is a Great Beyond (not to be seized by the uncomprising camera of Newton), and that Art consists merely in "the apprehension of the hidden harmonies of existence." According to M. Brunetière, the symbol unites man to the hidden part of Nature, and teaches us to seize some one of those secret affinities and obscure laws between the world and the human heart which, although they may escape the grasp of Science, are none the less actual. The secret undercurrent of Nature has never been felt by the Materialist. The Materialist contents himself with imitation—which can never embrace the whole truth—while the Symbolist recognizes that we are surrounded by mystery, and that the mere observation of Nature will not help us to grasp the Unknown.

The new generation are vaguely conscious of this mystery surrounding the world. In reply to Littré's assertion—"An ocean washes our shore for which we have no bark or compass"—they ask, "Who knows? May not metaphysical and religious belief extend beyond the limits of scientific certainty?" These young men cannot break with those of whom they are the spiritual children. Whether they will or no, they are the disciples of Renan, and they share his "nostalgia of the ideal." M. Renan, in the midst of an age given over to Materialism, has "yielded to the intoxication of the eternal perfume escaping to embalm a stricken world from the broken vase of a Magdalen."

M. Brunetière hastens to lay his tribute on the altar of Religion. He points out that there has never yet existed a morality which had not a metaphysical basis, and that all ideas are bound to transform themselves, sooner or later, into motives of action. He affirms that eighteen hundred

—have ceased to be the properties of matter. Confusion is no longer possible between the spirit and the organism henceforth separated and united at the same time by immaterial threads of communication: movement, heat, and electricity.

The experiments of M. Dubois Reymond have placed beyond doubt that electricity is the nervous agent.—*Revue Bleu:* J. Honsaye.

* It is easy for M. Francisque Sarcey to turn into ridicule the laboured and often painful efforts of this school to attain its ideal. In one of his amusing *boutades*, this critic has informed the world ("Tout Paris") that when he understands a phrase, here and there, he says to himself, "This writer must be a *décadent.*" When he understands almost nothing he recognizes the hand of a Symbolist; and when he understands nothing at all he knows that the writer must be an "Evolutionist-Instrumentiste-Rationnel." It may be well to remind English readers that the aim of the Symbolist is to produce impressions rather than to convey direct ideas. The *Jardin de Bérénice*, by Maurice Barrès, is a good example of this style.

years of Christianity have inoculated us (so to speak) with Religion, and that, unconsciously, our conduct is guided by motives whose "purely scientific character it would be extremely difficult to prove."

M. Melchior de Voguë maintains the same thesis in countless articles and speeches. Whilst recognizing the immutable order of Nature, he will not brook the total elimination of the best and noblest he feels within himself. He finds himself impelled to oppose the laws of Nature in the name of certain abstract principles of Justice, of Pity, and of Morality. Man is enjoined to conform himself absolutely to Nature; but this will not satisfy his thirst for something human, and, finally, for something *divine*. M. de Voguë argues that it would be absurd to place in man alone the ability to rectify the great powers of Nature. "The only compromise acceptable to logic is the conception of a supreme Reconciler of Natural Laws with human liberty." M. de Voguë reverts to the same theme at the banquet of the Association of Students (May 10, 1890). Having rendered homage to the work of his predecessors in enlarging the area of human knowledge, he complains they have forgotten that beyond this area exists another infinitely vaster.

The sphere of the Unknown contains all the laws, all the combinations of laws, of which we are ignorant. "We shall not be unfaithful to our rational conception of the Universe if we leave a large place for the intervention of laws that are unknown." M. de Voguë goes on to say that scientific methods can do nothing for the discovery of a truth without the flash of intuition which men call Genius. Indeed, he would like to employ the "old word," and to say without the help "of Grace."

He finds the old word beautiful: a far better than the new word "determinism": for to a philosophical mind the two terms are identical. What, he asks, is the inspiration which dictates to the writer, to the painter, the page, the picture, which is to thrill the world? The men of science will answer that it is a sudden accumulation of caloric in the nervous centres. This only drives back the explanation. Why, asks M. de Voguë, has this accumulation been produced at the precise moment in the "nervous centres" of the man who wrote the *Divine Comedy*, of the man who painted the "Last Judgment," of the man who composed the Pastoral Symphony?

By the result of hazard? Where, then, is your rational conception of the Universe? It falls in ruins. It remains intact if we recognize the result of Grace: the result, that is to say, of an unknown law conceived in a superior region, and no less infallible and normal than are the laws already catalogued by our understanding.

According to M. de Voguë, Science does not suffice to bring forth new discoveries from the *savant's* crucible. Something else is needed; or so the "the first student in Paris, the good alchemist, Pasteur," believes. When he has applied his methods, scrupulously eliminating all the chances of error, and exhausting the teaching of experience, he waits because he knows that "the discovery does not mount from the crucible, that it descends by Grace."

Ten years ago the students would have mocked at such teaching. Their storm of applause proved that the historian Lavisse, who is called the

"lay confessor" of the students, was right in declaring that the new generation has the "nostalgia of the divine."

M. Renan has extracted the poetical element from Christianity.

M. de Voguë has unveiled the spiritual horizon. It remained for Tolstoi to bring the social element into relief. M. de Voguë considers that the Russian writers came at the true psychological moment to confront with their moral and spiritual teaching the Materialism of Zola. The *Quartier Latin* was fascinated by this new literature, which seemed to give the answer to its vague, haunting aspirations. The morality of the Russian novelist is the morality of Pity. "I prostrate myself before human suffering," said Raskolnikoff to Sonia (*Crime et Châtiment*). That has become the keynote of the new literature. It is also the secret of the charm of Buddhism.* By degrees the idea of personal suffering is merged in that of the suffering of the world: of the *Welt-Schmertz*, which has always been the passion of noble souls. This passion of pity has laid hold of the Paris students. The desire of their hearts is to heal the miseries, the inequalities, and the social iniquities, of modern life. They are haunted by a dream of Fraternity.

This is not all. The spirit of the great schools is undergoing sensible modifications. Each school contains a group of young men of decided religious convictions. Religious questions are approached—as are other scientific problems—seriously and without prejudice. Voltairianism, once general, is almost extinct. This fact is openly deplored by the well-known literary critics M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre who pour floods of satire upon the Neo-Christians. Better proof of the reality of the movement could not be advanced.

Another sign is the choice of M. H. Béranger as President of the General Association of the Students of Paris. On the occasion of his first public utterance, M. Béranger affirmed that neither science nor democracy is sufficient in itself: deprived of a superior principle, it is only a blind and savage force. "There is at the origin of all modern science a postulate borrowed from the Spirit. Democracy would be nothing but a savage conflict of classes and interests if it were not dominated by the spirit of Justice and of Charity. It is, then, the Spirit which must direct the modern evolution in its supreme principle—the most active and the most fertile—the principle of Love."

The same thinker, in the course of a speech which was much applauded, exclaimed, "Let us seek to be imbued with the Spirit of Christ!" Such is the man chosen for leader by the "godless" students of Paris.

At the present moment the dawning sympathy for Religion does not pass beyond certain limits. Some critics persist in looking upon Neo-Christianism as a purely literary movement, placing its followers on a level with the "Décadents," the "Symbolists," and the "Ecole Evolutive-Instru-

* M. de Rosney, a learned apostle of Buddhism, delares that no other religion combines Positivism and Idealism. We learn from him that the Musée Guimet, the hall consecrated to this "cult," is thronged by representatives of every class in Paris. He recently received a magnificent flag from his co-religionists in India. The horizontal and vertical stripes represent the ascension of the soul towards the celestial regions.

mentiste," of which M. F. Sarcey speaks with such withering contempt. M. Jules Lemaitre is never weary of complaining that the "Neo-Chrétiens are ready to find edification alike in the strange litanies of Verlaine, the Marche à l'Etoile de Fragerolle, the Passion of Hérancourt, and the Noël of Maurice Bouchor." Even some sympathizing friends are a little inclined to laugh at the ardour of the neophytes who have hoisted a standard visible from the Pantheon to the Boulevards, inscribed with the title of "Neo-Christians" or "Neo-Mystics"; yet this very critic admits that the true principle of the new movement is to be found in a vague aspiration "which has suddenly thrilled the human conscience."

M. Paul Desjardins declared, in the course of a lecture delivered at the Théâtre d'Application, that he seemed to hear the voices of his contemporaries as he read the Fathers of the Latin Church. "There is the same weariness of Realism, the same thirst for the Supernatural. Religion holds the key of the manifold contradictions of our nature, and the words 'Grace,' 'Sin,' and 'Redemption,' are heard in all their clearness." He believes that the great end of existence is to wage war against selfishness (in opposition to the *culture du moi* of Maurice Barrès), and to develop the resources of the soul. The morality of Tolstoi does not suffice. It is not enough to kneel before one another. We must kneel before a principle, the principle of Righteousness, which is superior to all.

M. Desjardins brings the idea of Duty into relief, and begs men to conform their conduct to its inexorable standard. He believes that an act of obedience will secure us the best vantage ground for the study of the world and of ourselves. Those who seek truth in action will soon learn it in principle.

What is this but a modern rendering of the old words, "If any man will do His Will, he shall learn of the doctrine"?

M. Jean Honsaye goes further.* He adjures the Neo-Christians not to be content with seeing in Christianity a poem (with M. Renan), a social morality (with Tolstoi), a melancholy sentiment (with Bourget), a philosophical idea (with MM. Alaux, Schuré, and Bouchor).† They are to see in it a Fact which has left its trace in History, and a Person whose teaching is endowed with such vitality that it can respond to the needs of each new generation.

Another writer, M. Lasserre,‡ is equally clear in his enunciation of the view that all Religion centres upon a Person. "The conscience of mankind cannot find peace by its own unassisted efforts. It needs a gift; and this gift is the Revelation of Jesus Christ."

* The writer desires to express her indebtedness to M. Honsaye for his papers on the "Réveil Réligieux," which appeared in the *Revue Bleux*, 1890-91.

† M. Alaux, author of *Les Problemes Religieux au XIX. Siecle.* He solves them by the re-establishment of the traditional creed, whilst affording free scope to its interpretation.

M. Schuré, author of the Grands Initiés—an attempt to reconcile Science and Religion."

M. Maurice Bouchor, author of the charming mystery: *Noël*, and of *Les Symboles.*—He is ready to admit all dogmas that embrace the emotions of the "centuries."

‡ Author of the *Crise Chrétienne.*

Even as Mr. Matthew Arnold found the secret of Jesus in resignation, M. Lasserre finds it in the love of God. "It is Jesus who has taught, the lesson of this love to the world." This is the lesson which the young generation of France are striving to appropriate. They accept as the only true solution of the enigma of life certain words quoted by Tolstoi in his novel, "What Men Live By": "He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God."

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

LAURA M. LANE,

Author of "The Life and Writings of Alexandre Vinet."

London, March 10, 1893.

The Bitter Cry of the Superannuated.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Since when has it been settled among us that men in middle life, and at their greatest strength of mind and body, are no longer of any use in the world?

As things are, the position of the professional man who finds himself, as the years advance, liable to increasing claims for the education of his family and their advancing needs, yet with means decreasing from no fault of his own, is one of peculiar hopelessness.

Until comparatively quite recent years such a state of things was only likely to be brought about by intrinsic incompetence, or want of energy, or irregularities in conduct. Up to the present stage of the world's progress it has been held a truism that the experience and sagacity of age, though not of nonage, were things to be prized, and things that, in fact, did usually ensure abundant recompense.

The good things fell to the older set of "knowing ones," and the younger were content to work for small reward until their time should come. In such a state of affairs it was improbable that those who were approaching the later years of professional life should present the lamentable spectacle of finding themselves less and less in demand.

Now, however, rightly or wrongly, we have changed all this. The vogue of age has had its day,—certainly a very long day. Now what we look for is men with the activity and energy of youth, men who are up to the times, and can advance with the times. We think the middle-aged have usually lost their power of adaptation, and fallen behindhand. And no doubt, in cases where men in middle-life have failed to take in or to comply with the conditions of success that the time demands, the sufferers have only themselves to blame for the result, since the "good-enough-for-our-fathers" theory may be considered done with. But what about the cases where there has been no such neglect?

The result actually arrived at, then, is something like this: that the longer a man lives after (say) about forty-five, the less he finds himself wanted by the world at large. Supposing, in fact, that as things used to be an average medical practitioner or public-school master might look forward to a span of useful exertion extending over the forty years from

twenty-five to sixty-five: that person can now only reckon on about half of this outlook (that is, the former half of it); after that he must expect a waning period of decline, and as soon as that has set in the sooner he retires with a good grace and leaves the game to his juniors, the better.

Hard enough in any case it is to reconcile oneself to the inexorable verdict of popular opinion, especially as this involves the necessity of laying up a competence before middle life is well reached, which cannot always be possible; but for the particular generation that are now reaching the limit of superannuation it is vastly harder not only than it was for their predecessors but than it will be for their successors, and this for a special reason. When they were young, youth was not in request, and now maturity is not. To have one's "innings" in youth may compensate the rising generation fairly for having smaller prospects later; but the generation that started life under the old dispensation, and now finds itself under the new, can never have had its chance of making provision for retirement at all. A man who is now fifty did not, perhaps, find his way too easy to make twenty or thirty years ago, because at that time the young were at a discount; and now that the tables are turned, and experience is of no market value, whilst youth has all before it, such a man finds he has to bear the brunt of public neglect twice over: the time for reaping his harvest was then too soon, and is now too late; and so, having reaped no harvest at all (from want of opportunity), he is often in no position to retire, but is driven to struggle on in the face of a depression that can only change from bad to worse.

Such cases are constantly being heard of as the quite ordinary instances which follow: the instances are real ones, and it is noticeable that women as well as men are affected by the tendency.

A. is a senior master in a public school, where he has spent the best years of his life, and has risen from a junior position by his energy. He has done his work well, and no one has said a word against him. A crisis of some sort among the governing body renders it necessary for about half the masters to retire. A. is one of these. He is thus deprived of an honourable and sufficiently lucrative post where he was looking to end his career. And now what is he to do? He is past forty by a year or two. Advertisements nearly all specify distinctly that applicants for vacant posts must be under the age in question; even if they did not, he knows quite well the tendency of things. But he cannot make himself younger: so, unless he is happy enough to hit upon some old-fashioned set of persons, that still hold with Solomon's views in preference to his son's, he may as well retire. How can he do this when he has no means? The time for making them was just approaching.

As a parallel educational case, take that of B., a cultured and able teacher in a high school.

B. succeeds for several years very well by dint of decidedly hard work; and her stipend of course has risen in the interval. High schools, however, are intended to be paying institutions, or at least self-supporting ones; and so the management begin to think of economy. "Let us dismiss this expensive article, in a graceful way," say they; "and let us engage a young beginner, at a lower stipend, in her place." What is to

become of poor B. after all her work? She is probably not young enough to obtain another post. No claims of gratitude for past services are regarded in the least: all that is settled and disposed of by her stipend received. "Cash payment the sole nexus"; and so, failing savings or personal means, she is obliged to struggle on in giving lessons, or to drift into a mere nonentity in the shape of a companion, at the very time when her services in her proper sphere were most efficient.

So, too, it happens in medical, legal, and even ecclesiastical, circles. The very quality of age which seems to harmonize so naturally with the dignity and affluence of such ecclesiastics as enjoy preferment—that same quality it is which appears to deprive the unbeneficed even of what small market value they previously possessed.

It will not be questioned that this is a pitiable state of things; yet one may be disposed to reply that, howsoever deplorable such cases may be, it is useless to appeal *ad misericordiam*, because tendencies that exist will produce their results, whether we like them or not. This is true; but the very point that makes it worth while to draw attention to the state of things in this respect is the fact that those tendencies are not independent abstractions, existing irrespectively of the sentiments we are cultivating. It is those very sentiments that make things what they are. To aim at modifying such sentiments, therefore, is the natural road towards remedying the acknowledged evil.

After all, why should people with their eyes open fall in with and encourage this senseless craze against availing ourselves of the services of men who are often just at their highest efficiency? Why cannot people be dissuaded in their own interests from a thoughtless preference for none but the most youthful medical men, irrespectively of other qualifications? Why cannot the world be convinced that if age is becoming in a dignitary of the Church it need not therefore render valueless the work of an assistant-priest? Why cannot trustees of schools be asked to consider why a man should be disqualified from discharging responsible functions just at the age when he combines experience with strength?

If we are to sit down and accept "the inevitable" in a foolishly fatalistic spirit, we must in common-sense be prepared to accept along with all this its consequences as well, as inevitable also: and to deal somehow with the existence of a large and lamentable body of decayed gentlemen, cultured paupers.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Bedale, Yorks., April 7, 1893. W. Routh.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

Letters by Rev. J. H. S. Moxly *and others are held over until next month.*

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 124.—JUNE, 1893.

THE FLAG OF UNION.

[Written for Music at the request of the Irish Unionist Alliance.]

I.

Unfurl the Flag of Union!
Unfurl its folds on high!
To the breezes of the ocean,
To the sunshine of the sky.
With Saint George and with Saint Andrew
Saint Patrick still shall join,
And the rose enfold the shamrock
From the Shannon to the Boyne!

The Union! The Union!
The Union is our cry:
To the Union we will rally,
For the Union will we die.

II.

For God, and King, and Country,
Our fathers fought and bled ;
And for God, and Queen, and Country,
Our blood too would be shed.
Beware of those who tell you
That our words are idle breath :
If you touch the Flag of Union,
We'll defend it to the death !

The Union ! The Union !
The Union is our cry :
To the Union have we rallied,
For the Union will we die !

III.

Dear is our own green Island
To every Irish heart ;
But not less dear is England,
And never must they part.
No ! never, never, never,
Shall you sever Harp from Crown,
From Antrim unto Kerry,
And from Mayo unto Down !

For the Union, the Union,
Now wave the Flag on high !
We will battle for the Union,
For the Union will we die !

IV.

So, Ulster, lead the vanguard,
And, Leinster, hold the rear,
And, Munster, join with Connaught,
From Corrib to Cape Clear!
That neither foe nor traitor
May ever come between
The love of loyal Ireland
For Union and the Queen!

The Union! The Union!
The Union is our cry!
Now swear to guard the Union,
For Union to die!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE COLLAPSE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE financial depression which arose three years ago out of Argentina, and has continued to hang like a thundercloud over the markets of the whole civilized world, has now, in Australia, assumed the dimensions of panic, the full effects of which it is almost impossible to estimate. In times like these, the principal danger, of course, lies in the fact that the majority of investors lose their heads, and fail to discriminate between those securities which are intrinsically sound and those which are not. The public rushes with reckless haste to fling good and bad investments alike upon a market which for the time being is not inclined to be a buyer of either. Runs upon Banks are of all mental diseases the most contagious, and the inevitable result is that many institutions under normal conditions perfectly sound become involved in the general downfall. It may, therefore, be of some interest to examine the situation in Australia, with the view not only of ascertaining the causes which have produced the crisis, but also of determining as far as possible which out of the numerous securities in that country are most likely to recover from their present condition.

Eleven important Banks have suspended payment. The amount of their deposits is returned at over £60,000,000, of which about £23,000,000 are British and the balance Colonial. Only three Banks of any importance have been able to keep their doors open—the Bank of Australasia, the Bank of New South Wales, and the Union Bank. I do not propose to enter upon the invidious task of attempting to show which of the Banks that have suspended payment are likely to be successfully reconstructed without eventual loss to the depositors. That a portion of the deposits will be lost in most cases is, I think, almost certain. In any case, the fact of deposits being impounded for several years, or, worse still, the fact that depositors are forced to take preference shares or debentures in lieu of their deposits, must in itself constitute very serious inconvenience, and a certain amount of actual financial loss.

The collapse of the Australian Banks has been due to two

causes. First, certain of them have advanced immense sums of money upon property which has not only fallen enormously in value, but become quite unsaleable, for the time being, at any price. Secondly, the earlier failures started a run upon the remaining Banks, which some of them have been unable to resist. There is in this country a general opinion that the sole cause of the suspensions has been the lending of large sums by the Banks upon town property during the recent "land-boom." That this has been the *primum mobile* in bringing about the present crisis I do not dispute; but it is not the case that it is the cause, except indirectly, of the suspension of several of the Banks that have failed. Neither the Bank of Victoria nor the National Bank of Australasia was ever concerned in the "land-boom." They were both sound, well-managed institutions. They have been pulled down by the withdrawal of deposits, and by nothing else. Last year the Bank of Victoria was actually refusing to take any more money on deposit.

Some of the comments which have appeared in the public Press upon this subject are a perfect revelation of the ignorance of the writers of daily financial articles. One leading journal committed itself to the preposterous statement that no Bank was conducted upon sound principles unless it was prepared to survive a run upon it. The question turns, of course, upon the duration of the run. It must be obvious, to anyone who knows what the meaning of a Bank is, that a run protracted to the withdrawal of all deposits must inevitably break the strongest Bank in the world. The intrinsic danger of the present crisis has been greatly increased by the public Press in this country. Some journals have even committed the unpardonable solecism of attacking the credit of one of the surviving Banks—a proceeding which, I am glad to see, is likely to bring the journals in question into the law courts. Even more damaging than a direct attack, and far more unjustifiable, is the tone adopted by some of the leading papers, which are not ashamed to throw out vague and mysterious hints impugning generally the credit of every Bank in Australia whose doors are still open. Anything more discreditable than this kind of sensation-mongering cannot be imagined; nor anything more like to spread the panic.

It is very easy for critics who have picked up at second-hand a few rules-of-thumb about Banking in this country to point out the errors which have been committed by some of the Australian Banks; but anyone who supposes that a Bank in Australia could be managed upon the same principles as a Bank in England must be quite incapable of analyzing the different conditions under which business must necessarily be conducted in the two countries. Banks in a new country must accommodate themselves, within rational

limits, to the requirements of the population of a new country, one of the principal of which is the demand for long-time loans, and loans upon property the value of which is prospective, and contingent upon the money borrowed being expended upon it. Undoubtedly most of the Banks in Australia have since their inception combined the business of mortgage companies with that of pure banking; but it is very difficult to see how they could possibly have done otherwise. This branch of their business has been extremely profitable, and of great benefit to the country; and had it been conducted with sufficient prudence, it would not have ended in disaster. But the Banks have made two mistakes. First, they have lent money upon town and pastoral property without sufficient margin. This has been due to active competition for business, and there is probably some truth in the proposition that the Banks in Australia are too numerous to thrive if they confine themselves to sound business. Unwise lending would in itself inevitably have produced, sooner or later, a severe crisis; but the effects of it would have passed away very quickly, in a country of such recuperative power as Australia, had it not been for a second mistake, even more serious than the first. This has been the culpable indifference with which the Banks have allowed the Legislature to ruin the bulk of their securities beyond hope of a recovery. A spirit of wild speculation has pervaded almost all classes in Australia for years. It arose out of the discovery of the great Mount Morgan gold mine, and was aggravated by the development of the Broken Hill silver mines. Simultaneously with the Broken Hill "boom," a mania for gambling in town lands, a mania almost amounting to national insanity, supervened. Immense fortunes were made in all three of the risks which I have mentioned; but, as is always the case with inflated markets, the last people left in have gone to the wall.

Undoubtedly many of the Banks are to blame for the way in which they offered every facility to their clients to join in the gambling rage. For some time there was in several of the Banks a standing order to advance up to £10 a share on Mount Morgan shares. The capital of the mine was £1,000,000 in £1 shares, which at one time stood at £16 a share. Imagine a Lombard Street banker being asked to advance 60 per cent. of the market value of a mining share quoted at 1,500 per cent. premium! Unfortunately for themselves, and for the general credit, many of the Banks were the last holders left in when the tide of the land-boom turned. They are now stranded with immense advances upon property which is intrinsically not worth anything like the amount lent upon it, and which for some time to come will be for the most part quite unsaleable.

Where the Banks have lent with discretion, they have remained

solvent; or, if they have been pulled down, it has been by the withdrawal of deposits consequent upon the panic initiated by the failure of institutions whose downfall was merely a question of time—a state of affairs aggravated by the Legislature, whose action in decreeing a five-days Bank-holiday, or moratorium, was a blunder of the worst kind. The consequences were serious enough; and would have been far worse if it had not been for the wisdom of three of the principal Banks, who ignored the Government decree and remained open.

There is an element in the financial situation of Australia of far wider scope and of more sinister import than even the present condition of the Banks, an element, indeed, which may be regarded as a deadly disease of which the banking crisis is to a great extent merely a symptom. I mean the legislation of the past nine years, which, in the case of New South Wales at least, has been continuously directed against the pastoral interest, and has been carried to a point where the pastoral tenants of the Crown known as squatters are brought face-to-face with irretrievable ruin. That the Banks have in some cases acted without sufficient discretion, and have departed from the traditions of sound banking business, in encouraging their clients to pursue a course of reckless gambling in town lands, is a fact which cannot be denied. It follows, of course, that a great deal of the Banks' money is locked up in unsaleable town properties. But by far the greater proportion of the Bank loans consists of advances to squatters upon purely pastoral property, which never shared in the "land-boom," engineered in the principal towns, and which has remained, from various causes during the past ten years, outside of the pale of speculation for the rise. The squatters, indeed, may be looked upon as the principal clients of the Banks; and it is a mystery why the Banks, which possess immense political influence of course, should have looked idly on for ten years while the squatters' property, upon which they have advanced countless millions, has been systematically plundered, and finally brought to complete ruin, by legislation.

I propose to consider the question from the point of view of New South Wales, the oldest, and in its own estimation the most important, of all the Australian Colonies, and, later, to offer a few brief remarks upon the aspect of affairs in the sister colonies. New South Wales possesses immense deposits of coal, and has recently, by the discovery of the Broken Hills, come into the market as a producer of silver. In the production of gold, although her alluvial deposits were heavy, and some rich "patches" have been struck in her reefs, she is not a serious item. Her reefs are not true fissure veins, and, therefore, not permanent. Before all things New South Wales is undoubtedly a pastoral colony, and her

squatters ought to represent the backbone of her commercial system. Agriculture is as yet successful only in certain districts of limited area; and, from climatic and other reasons, it has been made evident that by far the greater portion of the colony's lands can only be profitably held in large areas and by men of considerable capital. In fact, although agriculture, gold, silver, and coal, have helped to swell her past prosperity, it is the squatters who have made New South Wales a great colony. Let us see how the squatters have fared at the hands of the Government.

Originally the squatters occupied the pastoral lands in enormous areas at a moderate rental. Many were ruined, and others fell victims to the blacks or to disease; but the majority did well, and not a few realized colossal fortunes. Considering the risks they ran of loss by drought, and the hardships inseparable from the lives of pioneers, few will deny that they deserved whatever success they had. It may be mentioned that in the case of some of the most important railways undertaken by the Government the work could never have been carried out, or must have been indefinitely postponed, if it had not been for the squatters' water-tanks already made in the vicinity of the line. The Government engineer's plans were no doubt admirably worked out. He calculated that so much water would be required for so many hands for such a time, and excavated his tanks accordingly. One thing needful, however, was wanting; and that was water to fill them with. It never rained for two years; and, if it had not been that the contractors were able to borrow water from the squatters, the railways could not have been made. The squatters, of course, recognized that a time must come when the increase of population would make it inexpedient for the benefit of the community that they should continue to occupy such vast areas of land; and their only wish was that when that time arrived, and they had to surrender a portion of their holding, they might receive the consideration which is generally extended to men inhabiting a civilized country. It is my opinion that the Government have anticipated by many years the time when it might be advantageous to cut up the squatters' holdings, and a mass of evidence might be adduced in support of this view. It is not, however, a matter of opinion, but a fact susceptible of demonstration, that the squatters have been treated by the Government in a manner which reflects lasting disgrace upon New South Wales.

In 1884, about the date of expiry of many of the original leases in the western districts, the Government passed an Act resuming one-half of each run and granting to the tenant a fifteen-years lease of the unresumed portion at a fixed rental. The squatter was called upon to send in a map of his "run," showing all improvements

and a line of division into two halves, without knowing which half the Government intended to resume. The resumed portion was then thrown open to selection in blocks of 10,000 acres; the squatter being allowed to hold the resumed half at the same rental as the unresumed half, until it was selected. Theoretically, according to the Act, a man taking up a selection was bound to pay the squatter for the improvements upon it. Later we shall see how this Clause actually works in practice. The Act further provided for a minimum rental, with a right of re-assessment every five years. Runs having several years of unexpired leases in 1884 were "not required to come under the Act." This sounds very magnanimous; but, unfortunately, four words were inserted in the Act which make absolute nonsense of the Clause. They escaped the notice of critics of the Bill until it was too late. These words were "but in all cases" the rental shall not be less than a fixed minimum. That is to say, the runs having unexpired leases at a fixed rental were "not required to come under the Act"; but they had their rents raised by the Act, and to an extent which is hardly credible. Their leases, in fact, were broken by the Government. The increase of rent amounted in most cases to about eleven hundred per cent., and in some cases to a great deal more. This applied alike to runs which came under the Act and to runs which did not! But there was far worse to follow. Under the 1884 Act, the tenant-right for improvements was still preserved to the squatter; but in 1889 a Bill was passed depriving the tenant of all tenant-right at the expiry of his lease. The Act of 1889 extended the leases from fifteen to twenty-one years; but of what use was this to the squatters when the Government had a right of re-assessment every seven years? The Government, being short of money, lost no time in commencing re-assessment. It is true that, in 1891, in some few localities, where the Land Boards appointed to carry out the assessment were not entirely lost to all sense of decency, a reduction of twenty-five per cent. was made, in some instances, in consideration of damage done by the rabbit pest, one of the greatest scourges by which a country was ever stricken. In most cases, however, despite the ravages of rabbits, the rents were again raised from fifty to a hundred and fifty per cent. on the rise of 1884. Thus, the rental of a run which in 1884 was £140 was in 1891 raised to £2,312—a rise of sixteen hundred and fifty per cent. It may be said that the original rents were small; but the fact should not be lost sight of that the leases were granted only on condition of the squatter spending large sums in improvements, all right in which he has now been deprived of. Much has been heard of the Great Unemployed in Sydney, and in other big towns, and certainly

thousands of men have been for some years loafing about in search of employment. For this evil the action of the Government, in robbing the squatters of tenant-right, is solely responsible. Before the Act the squatters were spending hundreds of thousands of pounds annually in improving their runs; by far the greater portion of which money found its way in the form of wages into the pockets of working-men. Since the Act the squatters have not spent a penny where formerly they spent a pound in improvements. Vast numbers of men have been thrown out of work, and driven into the towns, creating an evil, heretofore unknown, in the shape of "The Unemployed."

As I have mentioned, a man who takes up a selection upon the resumed half of a run is bound by the Act to pay for the improvements to the Government, who are supposed to refund the money to the squatter. As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind takes place. The selector is not bound to pay for improvements before entering upon his tenancy, and he ends by not paying for them at all. All that is required of him is the first half year's rent, which he pays. He then takes possession of his selection, stocks it to its utmost capacity, eats off all the grass, drinks up all the water; and at the end of two years he abandons it, having paid no rent beyond the first half-year's, and moves on to "fresh fields and pastures new." It takes the Government about two years to turn out a selector for non-payment of rent. Another system is for a whole family to occupy a selection in succession, each man taking it up when the last one is turned out for non-payment of rent.

The squatter is allowed to occupy the resumed half of his run, paying the same rent for it as for the unresumed half, until it is selected; but, of course, he will not spend a farthing in improvements, for he well knows what will be the result. If he spends £1,000 in putting down a tank or making a dam, a selector will immediately select 10,000 acres round it, and will never pay a cent for compensation. I remember an instance of a squatter whose woolshed was on the resumed half of his run. It was promptly selected by a man who pulled it down, and built up his own huts out of the materials. At the end of two years the selector *more suorum* abandoned his selection; and from that day to this the squatter has never received any compensation for the loss of his woolshed, a building which cost him at least £1,000. The squatter cannot proceed against the selector for compensation, for compensation is payable not to the squatter but to the Government, who are supposed to refund it, if they ever get it, to the squatter; but the Government will never stir hand or foot to force the selector to pay. As a rule the selector is a man who cannot pay. Of course,

the squatter could proceed against the Government; but we have yet to discover a country where that process is a profitable one. The squatter has the right of appealing against the assessment of his rent by the Land Board; but if he does so he becomes a marked man, and at the next assessment will be certain to be worse treated than ever. Besides, the Land Court to whom he appeals are salaried Government officials, just the same as the Land Board: so his appeal would only be from Philip drunk to Philip still drunk.

Such is the system of "free selection" devised by the New South Wales Government. It is in every way worthy of a body of men who have been well described as possessing the intellect of a turnip and the manners of the pig that roots it up.

We will now turn our attention to the conduct of the Government in reference to the rabbit pest. This assumed such serious proportions as to call for special legislation, immense areas of country having been rendered incapable of carrying any stock at all, and numbers of squatters eaten out of house and home by countless myriads of these vermin Twenty thousand pounds reward was offered by the Government for any successful means for exterminating the rabbits; but no such means was forthcoming, and in 1890 the Government passed a Bill dealing with the question. The measure provided that as soon as the Government proclaimed a district infested all Crown tenants, even those holding their country on yearly lease, were forthwith, at their own expense, to fence in their runs with rabbit-netting; neighbours to share the expense of boundary fences. This involves a cost of about £85 a mile—a serious item where the boundaries of an average run amount to not far short of 200 miles. New South Wales at that time prided itself greatly upon being a Free-Trade colony. The Government proceeded to vindicate their character by following up the Rabbit Act by imposing a duty of 30s. a ton upon rabbit-netting imported into the colony. Now, in many districts, the Government, having had the resumed portions of the runs thrown on their hands by the squatters, stand in the relation of neighbours to the latter, and come within the scope of the Act. I have known districts in such cases where the squatters have solicited the Government to proclaim the country infested, professing themselves anxious to bear their share of fencing it in. The Government refused, and with incredible effrontery openly alleged as a reason for doing so that they themselves would have to bear half the expense of the boundary fences.

The situation may be briefly summed up by saying that the policy of the Government during the past decade has been to induce the squatter to continue to hold his country, and to spend large sums in improving it, by granting him a lease upon specific terms, and then to rob him by retrospective legislation. Had these

ten years been times of good seasons and high prices enabling the squatter to make large profits, the piratical legislation of the New South Wales Government might be defended upon the base ground of expediency; though, of course, from the point of view of public morality it is wholly inexcusable. But not only do the past ten years include five years of the worst drought ever known in Australia, but they have witnessed a persistent fall in the price of produce, which has now reached a point of unparalleled depression. Store cattle and sheep have been for a long time absolutely unsaleable; and wool has fallen to a price which, while it may enable a squatter who is paying a fair rent for his run, and is not working on borrowed capital, to pay expenses, means speedy ruin to him under any other conditions. And this is the time that the Government have selected to impose burdens upon the squatter as much opposed to common sense as to the elementary principles of justice. There is small wonder that in the thirteen months ending January 1, 1893, the squatters flung eight millions and a half of acres of their holdings upon the Government's hands.

We have seen that the absurd system introduced has resulted in the squatter being robbed of his land, his tenant-right, his lease, and his improvements; while the Government in nine cases out of ten get nothing in return from the selector, except the first half-year's rent of his selection in each two years that it is occupied. We shall now see how much of the money of which the squatters have been mulcted by the raising of the rents (in contravention, in many cases, of the terms of their leases) finds its way into the public exchequer. In November, 1892, the Minister for Lands was asked what was the total rental of pastoral properties in the colony for the past year. The increase on the past returns, occurring contemporaneously with the worst times for squatters the colony has ever seen, was so outrageous that even a New South Wales Minister was ashamed to state it. He said that he could not give the return for the past year; but offered to give the average of the past five years. This may be noted as a sample of the arithmetic of a New South Wales politician, who offers to strike an average over five years, the returns of one year of which he professes himself unable to state.

On December 1, 1892, the average pastoral rental of the past five years was given at £958,382. Incredible as it may appear, over £640,000 of this sum was spent in cost of collection, Land Courts, Land Boards, and other expenses of assessment.

It is obvious that the richest country in the world must be quickly reduced to bankruptcy by such a system of finance. The squatting interest, I repeat, is the backbone of New South Wales; and it is now completely ruined, not by natural causes, although

these have operated unfavourably for some time past, but by legislation such as no industry could possibly survive. That the squatters are themselves not free from blame in the matter I cannot deny. The indifference with which they, in company with the Banks, have watched their joint interests being attacked, undermined, and finally demolished, by the Legislature, suggests the madness of those whom the gods wish to destroy. The creed of the squatters, and of all respectable men in the colony, has always been that Parliament is so disreputable a place that no decent man can enter it without losing caste. That they are right in their belief I readily admit, and no one who has observed the proceedings of the Legislative Assembly in Sydney can deny that such is the case. From outside, the Assembly presents the spectacle of a body of greedy and unprincipled adventurers struggling with indecent haste to fill their pockets at the expense of the community; from inside, a mob of drunken ruffians who throw books at each other's heads, and use language that makes it impossible for a lady to enter the doors of the House. The Legislature has been left to be recruited from the lowest dregs of the community, and the squatters and what in the radical vernacular would be called "the classes" are reaping the whirlwind in the shape of extortion and spoliation. There are two excuses for the abstention of the squatters from any active part in politics. In the first place, their own arduous occupation, and the distance at which many of their runs are situated from the seat of Government, make it very difficult for them to find the time requisite for the duties of a Member of Parliament. In the second place, the payment of Members operates, here, as it would anywhere, as an almost insuperable barrier to any man of self-respect becoming a Member of Parliament at all. When all is said and done, however, self-interest ought to outweigh such considerations; and it is difficult to acquit the squatters of a share in the blame which attaches to the present condition of politics in New South Wales. The outlook in this colony is gloomy in the extreme. The squatters as a class are ruined, and are rapidly abandoning a portion or the whole of their holdings; and no one will be found to take their place. As for the selectors, an inpecunious tribe of jackals armed with manhood suffrage and letters-of-marque from the Government, when they have fulfilled their destiny by helping to ruin the squatters, they are of no value, but rather a source of weakness, to the State, and may be considered as a *quantité négligéable* in the problem which is before us. What is to become of the vast areas of pastoral lands, unfit for any other purpose, which have hitherto been held by the squatters? Had it been only bad seasons and low prices which had worked the present squatters' downfall, another race of enterprizing capitalists would

have taken their place on the chance of good seasons and a rise in prices; but what capitalist in his senses will invest his money on the faith of such a Government as that of New South Wales? The nemesis which dogs the steps of any State attacking the rights of property has now overtaken this unfortunate colony, and brought wholesale disaster in its train. As it has been with Ireland, so it will be with New South Wales. Confidence in the integrity of the ruling power being destroyed, capital turns its back upon the country, and removes to lands where its inestimable advantages are better appreciated. This is not the first time that the Australian colonies, each in itself a more or less perfect microcosm of the parent polity of Great Britain, have supplied a lesson of great practical value in politics. It was in Australia that the Ballot Act was first introduced. It was in Victoria that the Irishmen usurped the reins of power and turned out successive Governments until crushed by a coalition of the two rival parties. It is New South Wales, the first civilized Government that ever brought in a Bill to abolish tenant-right, that now affords an illustration of the disastrous effects of class legislation, and of organized attacks upon the rights of the propertied classes. The electorate of Great Britain, daily incited to pursue the same course by the present Prime Minister, will do well to study the lesson. The movement which has been for ten years directed against the landed interest of New South Wales finds a complete parallel in the crusade against the propertied classes in this country, inaugurated and personally conducted by Mr. Gladstone, and already carried out with disastrous results in the case of the landlords of Ireland.

Let us now consider the condition of the other great colonies of Australia. For all practical purposes neither Western Australia nor South Australia, nor Tasmania, has any important bearing upon the subject under discussion. I will deal only with Victoria and Queensland. The Legislature of each of those colonies has in the past been guilty of serious lapses from the path of rectitude, in the shape of retrospective and class legislation, which if persisted in would have reduced their prospects to the level of New South Wales; but the Legislature had the sense to desist from its evil courses before irremediable mischief was done, and to recognize that to plunder capitalists must assuredly end in ruining the State. One great safeguard in Victoria lies in the fact that the bulk of the colony is now freehold. Both in Victoria and in Queensland, however, the land legislation is, compared with that of New South Wales, fairly equitable, and if the squatters are no worse treated in the future than they are at present they will be able, for the most part, to hold their own, even in the face of rabbits, droughts, and low prices, provided, of course, that they have not borrowed too

much money in the first instance to stock and improve their country. Besides, both colonies are large producers of gold. The resources of Queensland in this respect are of great promise, and as yet very imperfectly developed. Victoria and Queensland, in company with New South Wales, have undoubtedly borrowed too much money, and much of what has been borrowed has been squandered in jobbery; but both colonies have vast natural resources, and, if they continue to be favoured with legislators who adhere to the present policy of retrenchment and fair dealing, they will pass successfully through the crisis, and resume at a more sober pace the progress which made them rank among the most favoured countries in the world. At anything approaching present prices, the pastoral lands of Queensland offer a rich field for the investment of capital. Cattle are being offered in tens of thousands at £1 a head without a buyer being found. Sheep are equally unsaleable, and immense numbers could be purchased at 1s. 6d. a head. Large blocks of fine well-watered country could be bought for one-fourth of what their occupiers would have refused a few years ago. In many cases both principal and interest of the mortgages are in arrear; and the properties are virtually, if not actually, in the hands of the mortgage companies, or the Banks. They do not care to burden themselves with the responsibility of management, and therefore do not foreclose; but they would in all such cases be prepared to sell for the amount of the mortgage, if not for something less.

I believe that the bonds of Victoria and Queensland are sound, that the interest on them will continue to be paid, and that the value of town property will be maintained. The case is widely different in New South Wales. For three years I have maintained that the policy of the Government in that colony, if persisted in, must invevitably lead to disaster. I have attempted to show how the principal class in the community has been gradually and surely brought to ruin, and why it is that when the reaction from the present depression comes, as it surely will, New South Wales will have no share in it. Far from seeing the error of their ways, her politicians are still pursuing their downward career of shameful folly at a headlong rate. A revenue of over £10,000,000, including £990,000 of new taxation, has resulted in a deficit of £770,000. Every sixth man in the colony is in receipt of State pay, and in every department log-rolling and jobbery reign supreme; and, to crown all, the Government have now introduced a fresh Bill to deprive squatters of a portion of the unresumed half of their runs. In spite of her vast area of country, unsurpassed for pastoral purposes; in spite of her magnificent climate, and her unlimited coalfields and apparently boundless stores of silver ore; in spite

of her being inhabited by a population admirably representative of the greatest colonizing nation on earth, New South Wales has been brought, by the narrow-minded and sordid policy of a succession of grasping place-hunters, to the verge of national bankruptcy. The end cannot be much longer delayed; for, apart from the present banking crisis, which, as I have endeavoured to explain, is only a symptom of a disease, the condition of the colony is intrinsically rotten. The penalty which fate invariably exacts from every country whose Government set justice at defiance will have to be paid to the uttermost farthing; and New South Wales will learn, through the bitter experience of a bankrupt exchequer and blasted public credit, that honesty even in legislation is the best policy in the end. Not until this lesson has been learnt will there be any chance of the colony regaining the position which, by her natural endowments, she is entitled to hold; and from which she could never have been deposed except by legislation so infamous that the history of the civilized world will be searched in vain for a parallel.

Harold Finch Hatton.

THE NEW HUMOUR AND THE NON-HUMOURISTS.

HERE, in the intellectual pages of *The National Review*, I must seem to all my friends, and to all my enemies, a fish out of the water. What am I doing here? It is surely enough to ruin a comedian. Paul Pry hobnobbing with the literati, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the wits of a Monthly Review! Business would become bad for Paul if it got about, as an uncorrected rumour, that he had taken to high thinking. It is all very well for dukes and duchesses, peers, peeresses, peerless prize-fighters, kings, beauties, and so on, to take pen in hand to expound themselves in the stately pages of the Reviews. They have nothing to lose—at least, not the reputation of a comedian. By becoming known as intellectual, they, indeed, are gainers. They become more than ever exalted above the commonalty. I shall be thankful if the result is similar in my case; but that would be an unexpected pleasure. Empty stalls and deserted pit are more probable. The stage door is my proper place; doors of serener and more august kind are for others. As compensation for disturbance, then, let me promise that when the reformers go forth to batter in the doors of the Upper House I'll come along with stage thunder to help them.

Well, as I was saying, or meaning to say, I am here, as it were, by accident, by no fault of my own. *Walker, London*, has now been played in town five hundred times, and two hundred times in the provinces. Within my day only one comedy, *Our Boys*, has had so long a run. The topic came up over cigarettes and coffee one night recently; and, with the modern desire to have all things analytically explained, the company fell a-talking about why Mr. Barrie's play had been so successful. It wasn't a play of the New Humour: why had it done so well? The question startled me a little, and it has since bothered me much. I am afraid that, after all, I have caught the fashionable contagion, and become a thinker. At any rate, since that night I have been an unhappy man. The question has been haunting me day and night. It

presses in upon me so hard that unless I get rid of it I am sure, in my pre-occupation some night, to make a mess of my Scotch in *Homburg*. You cannot be a Scotchman and a metaphysician at the same time. The problem concerns me so much that I have to lay on the vaseline and the rouge very thick, lest the pale cast of thought should loom through. It is because I should be miserable if this went on that I have become a *National* Reviewer. If I can but deliver my mind of its burden, peace will return to me, and to the prompter; and my audiences, whom I have been wronging, will have their rights again.

The New Humour? Word that there was a thing of that name going about had certainly wandered into my room at the Theatre. Once I even met it at the Garrick Club. A Don fainted when he heard it; but I myself did not take the New Humour seriously then. I thought it was a mere phrase; a joke like "Ta-ra-ra-boom" (&c.); an ejaculation from the vacuity of mind and of emotion in which men distraught by the real matters for reflection, the worries of this complex, nervous age, seek relief. I was mistaken. It is no joke. It kept us hard at it until four o'clock that night; since then I have seen it mentioned in all the newspapers, in company with the New Unionism and the New Womanhood; it is obviously a question of the day; and here I am as its first Reviewer.

A pretty position for Paul Pry! One that were more fitly occupied by some Thoughtful Person willing, out of the plenitude of his liberalism, to admit that all old things do tend to pass away and that all things become new. For what's the problem? 'Tis much deeper than it seems at first: so deep, indeed, 'twere better, perhaps, to flout it for a crazy delusion.

The problem, then, is nothing less than this: Is the mind of man changing its nature?

At first one would think that it must be so if the New Humour, whatsoever it is, has a general hold upon us. Mind, like everything else, is known only by its phenomena. It is through its phenomena that we gain an insight into its nature. Now, if the intellectual phenomena of the present are different from those of the past, the mind of the present must be different from that of the past: organically and essentially different if the differences in the phenomena are absolute. I gather that it is a difference no less than this which the New Humourists proclaim. The New Humour, they are saying, or implying, is in essence and in mode quite other than the old. What tickled the perceptive imagination once does not affect it at all now; and what does so now would have been quite meaningless once. If the New Humourists are right, the

metaphysicians of all ages are wrong. If a man's mind is dead to the influences which produced impressions and sensations on it once, he has not the same mind at all now. He has a new mind. Nor is he the same man at all. He is another man; for it is the mind which makes the man. In that case, if he has undergone a study of *The Idler* with sympathy and success, the humourist of *The Little Minister* is now a man quite other than he was when he abated the Auld Licht intensity of Thrums. He is even more emphatically so than he would be if he had become an infidel or a High Churchman. A complete change in religion is a complete change of opinion; but a complete change of humour, if it has occurred, is more. It can be nothing less than a revolution in the constitution of the mind; for, whilst the mind can review its knowledge and change its judgments without losing its identity, it cannot change its perceptions of fact and yet remain identical. Religion is an induction from knowledge or belief blent with a deduction from conscience; humour is a perception of facts in certain relationships. Humour must be stabler than religion. Knowledge and belief, the materials of religion, are subject to diminution and to increase; the relationships of external phenomena are not so. Religion, then, is an attitude, an attitude liable to constant variation; humour, on the other hand, is a mental capacity which cannot change while the mind itself endures. The one may be changed without loss of the personal identity; the other cannot. Thus, whilst the Little Minister could have become a priest of the Greek Church without ceasing to be the man who loved the mysterious maid, Tammas Haggart could have become a New Humourist only at the cost of the lapse of his very ego. A man who had the old humour once and is completely without it now is no longer the same man. Those incongruities of relationships from the perception of which the sensations we call humourous spring do not disappear; at least, they are always possible. When they have ceased to produce the sensations, it is not the same mind they are working on. It is another mind; and the change in the man is as great as it would have been if a concussion of the brain had cut off from his knowledge the first fifty years of his life—his experience, his character, his very name.

That being so, the New Humour, if it be what it seems to profess, is a very remarkable thing. It can be nothing less than a mental state of a completely new kind, produced among the people generally, or among some of them, by some mysterious concussion from which a new faculty has issued.

Is there some such new state of mind and some such new faculty? If so, what is the shock that has produced them?

I believe that there is a new state of mind and a new faculty; and I think that the cause is discoverable, and that the result, the New Humour, is definable, and capable of correlation with the old; but I do not believe that the change is either general or permanent.

I draw this judgment from experience. The audience at a theatre is fairly representative of the people; and the people, as we have them there, are as much amused by certain comedies now as they or their fathers and mothers were amused by the same comedies twenty-five years ago, or at an even remoter time. *Ici On Parle Français*, *The Steeplechase*, *Domestic Economy*, *Off the Line*, and *The Birthplace of Podgers*, for examples, have not yet lost anything of their savour. They are just as effective now as when they were first presented. It is certain, also, that Mathews, Buxton, Compton, Sothern, and Webster, if they were with us now, would set the house as readily into hearty merriment as they used to. With not a touch of the New Humour, the old comedies still meet with as quick a response as ever, and that from the people among whom the New Humour has spread; and the old players, I am sure, if they could appear, would be even more in touch with the people than the old plays are. That—half of it a fact, and the other half an indubitable assumption—must be granted by humourists old and humourists new and persons who are not humourists at all; but there is a concession to be made on the other hand. There is no denying the success of Mr. Alexander and of Mr. Tree with comedies by Mr. Oscar Wilde, which are to a certain extent comedies of a new kind. Nor is there any questioning the fact that the plays by Ibsen which have been presented in London ministered unto certain interests of very many people. Ibsen's plays are not comedies; but it is convenient to class them with Mr. Wilde's. They also are unquestionably New—new in themselves and new in the interests they touch or stimulate;—and it is really with this quality of Newness in the intellectual phenomena of our time, as much as with the humour of the thing, that we have here to do. It will be convenient, further, to consider the works mentioned not in the character of plays but as literature; for thus far it is in literature, in journalism mainly, that the New Humour is most evident. It will be understood that I am not saying a word against the plays either as pieces to be enacted or as pieces to be read. They may be excellent plays, excellent literature. What I am concerned with is the qualities in them which are new, the qualities which differentiate them from the old plays; from which aspect of them it is possible, I think, to draw certain inferences of much interest not

only to playwrights and to playgoers and to men of letters but to students of the science of mind.

Let it be repeated, then, that, whilst what may be called the old humour is with us still, there is with us also a new receptiveness of which the success of Ibsen and of Mr. Wilde is a symptom. It matters little whether the new receptiveness, the new intellectual interest, has supplanted the old or only taken a place along with it in the same minds. What we have to consider is that, in company with the old, or alone, there it is unmistakably. How is it to be accounted for ?

It is to be accounted for, I think, by reference to the theory of Cyclical Evolution which Mr. Huxley expounded in the Romanes Lecture at Oxford on the 18th of May. As Mr. Huxley said, all the instincts of man, all the energies of which he is capable, are never at work simultaneously. During many ages, for example, the people of this country had no thought that the rights of man included the right to be well-fed and comfortable generally whether he had or he had not the power and the willingness to gain food and general comfort by his own strength and skill. Within this generation, however, the latent capacity of the weak and unsuccessful to pity themselves, and the latent capacity of the strong and well-to-do to share the pity, have changed the spirit and the complexion of affairs. From being an Individualistic, fighting race, we have tended to become Socialistic; and now we are in a new cycle of communal ethics. The new cycle in the domain of intellect, the cycle of which the New Humour at large and the Non-Humour of Ibsen are alike symptomatic, has come about just as the new sociological cycle came. It is merely the awakening of latent energies. The varieties of humour and of moral reflection are infinite. Each age has its own variety; each country in each age, its own type; but all the varieties, the geographical types as well as the varieties in time, could be scientifically accounted for as easily as the differentiations of physical species. Humour, in all ages, lies athwart the dominant normality, the dominant convention, of the time; and its character changes, new types of it are evolved, with the change, the growing complexity, of the mental conditions of society. Among the early Pagan Greeks the highest humour, the richest incongruity, arose from the spectacle of a marble god whose left leg was shorter than the right. That none of us now would be much amused by what gave these ancient humourists their heartiest laughter is due to the fact that our mental environment is much more complex than theirs was. The rise of religions bringing men more closely than those Greeks were into relation with thoughts of moral responsi-

bility and of divine requital widened the possibilities of incongruity, and gave new scope to the jester. It enabled him, also, to make more piquant jests; for wit and humour necessarily gain in piquancy as the subjects become less material and more grave. The humour of each age, then, is mainly conditioned by the mental convention which happens to be dominant. The humour of each country is to be accounted for in the same manner. The Cockney is amused by Ally Sloper, who is naught to the Northman, because the Cockney is familiar with persons of whom Sloper is a burlesque type; the Scotchman shakes his sides over the adventures of Elder Macnab, who to the Cockney is an inconceivable mountebank and bore, because to the Scotchman the Elder suggests a type which is actual. We should have to discourse at very great length indeed if we essayed an historical and scientific account of the types of humour the vogues of which have succeeded one another in that microcosm of civilization, society in London, in the growth of which the development of all European ideas and interests might be traced. For our present purpose, it is not necessary to undertake any such task. What has been said as to the permanent quality of humour, incongruity, and as to conditions of the development of new types of humour, the rise of new mental and moral conditions, is all that needs to be noted. It casts upon our problem the search-light of psychology. It explains the New Humour and the Non-Humour at once. Both are phenomena of cyclical evolution. We had become, perhaps, a little weary of humour of the old kind, the fun of Lever, of Dickens, of Thackeray, and of all the other steady-going humourists in fiction and in play-writing. At any rate, it occurred to certain young men to see whether they could not hit a new vein. They tried, and succeeded. Paradox, which thitherto had been a play upon words, wit, they turned into a play upon ideas, and made it humour. The newness of the thing was conditioned by the element which was added to our mental atmosphere by the placing of moral truisms in a new position. The truisms had been generally accepted before, or let alone. New Humourists made a butt of them—not that they denied the propositions which the truisms affirmed: only that no other new butt was within range. Let us take the first specimen of the New Humour that occurs to us. "Nothing so ill becomes a woman as a Nonconformist Conscience." A brief examination of that saying, which fairly illustrates the New Humour at its highest pitch, will, I think, lead us to a true and exhaustive conclusion. At first sight, one might think it a quip not of New Humour at all. In subject-matter and in form it is remarkably

like the smart sayings which you find in Congreve and other dramatists of the Restoration. Indeed, it might be said that virtue, or the profession of virtue, or the tacit assumption of it, has always been a butt for the satirist. All that is true; but it leaves an important fact unnoted. It has never yet, I think, been remarked that the wit of Congreve and his contemporaries is much more piquant to us moderns than it can have been to the society of the time. The society of the time was, if not wholly given over to the reaction against Puritanism, at least so wholly familiar with it that the quips and cranks of the jesters must have lacked the novelty, the sense of daring, all the piquant surprise, which gives a stroke of satire its intellectual merit. In a society wholly profligate, or wholly familiar with profligacy, any jest at virtue, any wordy revel in the welter of vice, is necessarily commonplace; requiring and stimulating no humour higher than that which is in the purveyors and in the consumers of disreputable prints to be found, I believe, in Holywell Street. In such a society, among a people who have abandoned religion and morality, or have become familiar with the notion that religion and morality have been abandoned, the locutions of wit and humour are necessarily empty. You might as well expect to see a rainbow athwart a cloudless sky as expect the smart locutions of Congreve to be humorous or witty in the ears of the abandoned. The conditions of humour and of wit are gone; humour and wit, therefore, in as far as morals are concerned, have become impossible. Thus, I imagine, the wits of the Restoration cannot have been at the time on an intellectual plane any higher than that of the Greeks who made merry over their short-legged god. Mr. Wilde has an advantage over Congreve. Society in London now is not profligate; the women, in particular, whilst they are not Puritan in their modes of thought (Puritanism being an artificial and unlovely state of mind), are not even familiar with irreligion and profligacy as a possible state of affairs. Thus are the agile intellects of these times provided with conditions of wit which their predecessors lacked. Thus is the fame, even the brilliance, of Congreve posthumous; thus is Mr. Wilde's achievement possible. The New Humour, then, is not new in respect of any new intellectuality. It is new only in respect that there are now materials for wit, of which Mr. Wilde was the first to take advantage on the stage. The intellectuality has been latent in men ever since there were men at all. What has sometimes been lacking were the materials with which the intellectuality could work, the moral conventions, or the general acquiescence in them, athwart which it could coruscate. Moreover, witty humour, which is at all times more or less artificial,

is particularly so in its new mode. It would not be tolerated if we were not conscious that the wits are not in earnest. Indeed, if the wits were in earnest they would not be wits at all: they would be rhetoricians. It is because the seeming implication of such sayings as that which I have quoted is not seriously meant, and could not in fact be made with complete truth, that we laugh with the New jesters. We can afford to laugh with them; because we know, and they know, that all of us are only making fun, or, at least, that the grain of truth with which the jokes are charged is for the correction not of English women, or even of English society, but of certain artificial moralists who, bemeaning their race by making virtue self-conscious, richly deserve to be ridiculed. I have said that the New Humour, which is to be called new with a reservation, is not likely to be permanent. That, I think, is easily proved. There are two contingencies with which it has to reckon. First, the stock of moral maxims is limited. The New Humourists, who have only to invert one of those maxims to make an epigram, will soon have exhausted the resources of all the copy-books. Secondly, latter-day Puritanism, which is an unwholesome affectation even in cases where it believes itself sincere, may pass away. All decent Englishmen must hope it will. Its unlamented departure will remove the condition which makes the wit most characteristic of these times possible and telling.

Ibsen the Non-Humourist, whom I have classed with the New Humourists in respect that he too is reputed to be new, is in reality as old as sin. The frailties of human nature, and the sorrows which are often consequent, have been wrought into plays and novels almost from time immemorial. Ibsen knows nothing which Shakespeare did not know. He has said nothing which Shakespeare does not say. The only difference is that his knowledge, which is not so catholic as Shakespeare's, is used in a different manner. The old dramatists were content to show forth what life is: how, for example, honour is sometimes unavailing against temptation; and how trials and tragedies sometimes follow on the heels of wrong. The new dramatists are not so easily content. They must needs analyze all the inmost motives and imaginings of their characters, moralize as originally as possible without being sheerly perverse, and send us away with a Serious Lesson about Life. Now, it is not for me to criticize any particular Ibsen play. I believe that each play in itself is a highly talented composition. Taken altogether, however, the Ibsen plays which have been presented in London are neither artistic nor philosophical. They are pragmatical and sectarian. This needs to be said. Im-

NEW SWINDON

pressive persons have been persistently telling us that the New Drama, the True Morality business, is more true to life than the old, and is, indeed, a corrective of the old. That is a familiar and absurd proposition with a new occasion. Throughout all the years of controversy about the novels of Zola and of Tolstoi we have been hearing that those works are "realistic," and therefore deserve the highest place in literature. This proposition, which has had a wonderful vogue, is a shallow sophism. Zola, Tolstoi, and Ibsen may, in as far as they go, be "realistic"; but what of that? Is the man who inspects and reports upon the drains more "realistic" than the man who decorates the drawing-room? The sanitary inspector may be the faithfullest of his kind; but is he, because his work is nasty, a higher authority on architecture than he whose work lies in the pleasanter regions of the house? We have only to put the matter so to perceive how false is all the cant of Realism. Many of the old plays are too pathetic to be real; many are too happy; many are too amusing. Is that any reason why we should be persuaded that the New Drama is real because it is miserable, ugly, analytic, depressing? The truth is that there never yet has been a play impregnable against the criticism which would exact an absolutely true and indubitably adequate presentment of actual life. Such a play could not be written by any genius working all his life under a compulsory Eight-Hours rule; and, as it would take a decade to enact, even the theatre-goers of China could not sit it out. The playwright, then, must select. He must deal with an aspect of life: he cannot deal with life at large. If he prefers the seamy side, let him choose it by all means; but why should he or his disciples seek to discredit playwrights with other tastes? He and they are foolish in taking themselves so seriously. Ugliness does have a fascination for minds of a certain type; and the prurient, with their allies, the prudes, are always with us, yearning to be ministered unto; but the artists and the devotees of the ugly, together with the prurient and the prudes, are, after all, a minority of the English people. They will never, I think, with all their Earnestness, which sometimes impresses a simple-minded comedian like me, prevail against the instinct which leads the English people to wish the plays provided for them to be as bright and happy as possible if they are comedies, and free, if they are tragedies, from the teaching of the Emancipated Moralists.

The New Humourists, then, have my compliments and high regards; the Non-Humour-and-New-Drama persons, my best wishes for their speedy recovery. Having said which, and repeating the trust that he has not intruded, Paul Pry bids both adieu:

hoping that neither New Humour nor Non-Humour, with which he has tarried so long, is catching.

> "He knows what's what; and that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly";

for which reason he would not like to be a New Humourist, who, as he becomes more and more brilliant, becomes less and less sure which is what, or whether what is anything at all; for which reason, also, he would not like to be a Non-Humourist, whose only joy is the musing misery of being alive.

J. L. Toole.

THE ART OF THE YEAR.

This will not be a red-letter year in the annals of British art. The disappointment is the keener from the fact that rumour has long been busy with happy auguries. We were to have an early Spring season of exceptional interest, several distinctive one-man shows, a good Royal Institute: the Royal Water Colours' was to make a brave appearance, the New English Art Club was to surpass itself, there was even to be a good "British Artists" display: and, later, we were to have a superexcellent exhibition at the new Grafton Gallery, a remarkable New Gallery, a really notable Royal Academy. These golden promises sounded well, but for the most part they have proved to be rainbow-gold. With the exception of the Burne-Jones collection there has been no important one-man show: that of Mr. Mortimer Menpes' oriental studies, at the Dowdeswell Galleries, for example, distinctly fell short of expectations. The Institute exhibition was flat, the British Artists' flatter: the Royal Water Colours Society worthily sustained, but did not surpass, the repute won of late years. The New English Art Club—that flying column in the van of the undisciplined army of British art—was, in the main, grievously disappointing. The New Gallery is lifted above mediocrity by the brilliant performance of Mr. John Sargent, Mr. Matthew Hale, and, in less degree, of one or two other men. The Royal Academy is, by common consent, admitted to be one of the poorest within the last decade; to be memorable, indeed, for little save the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Sargent, the scholarly work of Mr. Orchardson, the distinctive classicism of Sir Frederick Leighton, and the neo-pagan transcripts from literature of Mr. Waterhouse. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's clever "Your Health!" is an interesting experiment rather than a satisfactory achievement. The other most discussed picture of the season, Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Funeral of a Viking," is neither satisfactory in itself nor valuable as an experiment.

In sculpture, the exhibitions are still more disappointing. Mr. Gilbert, the most able and original of living English sculptors, does not exhibit at all. Mr. Onslow Ford has little of importance, though he has sent to Burlington House an exceedingly able bust of Mr. J. McLure Hamilton, and a finely wrought bronze

figure of an Egyptian priestess or princess in the act of applauding. Mr. Thomas Brock's bronze bust of Sir Frederick Leighton is good; but would be better if treated with greater freedom, more robustness. The most promising achievement is a statuette of "Vanity" by a lady, Miss Charlotte Hunton: but here it is notable that the executive power is greater than the imaginative. Even so fine a sculptor as Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is uninspired. "Summer" might surely have been more worthily symbolized than by the work thus entitled he sends to the Academy: a score of names could at once be selected to suit it as aptly. Mr. Drury's melodramatic young woman might be Circe, or she might be anybody; and even so able a sculptor as Mr. Lucchesi fails in his "Oblivion" to appeal to our imagination—his conception, in fact, suffering from the (for sculpture) singularly inappropriate titular lines,

> "What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks
> And formless ruin of oblivion."

Again, Mr. G. G. Frampton's much noticed "Children of the Wolf," which has undoubted distinction, certainly cannot be held to be flawless. At the New Gallery there is nothing of note save Mr. Roscoe Mullins' clever but somewhat conventional "Scytheman." It is significant that, in sculpture, the sensation of the year is the work of a Frenchman, and doubly significant that this clever but much overpraised production is commonly commended in terms which really, though unconsciously, imply condemnation. That the bronze and ivory statue of Bellona cost M. Gérôme a small fortune is poor solace for the dissatisfaction created by this unimaginative and essentially commonplace *tour-de-force*. It lacks grandeur in everything, from the moulding of the face to the flow of the draperies. Not so went forth the Goddess of War, "austerely breathing the incense of battles, and pale with the immemorial lust of blood." I saw this ambitious work at the Salon last year: heard comments upon it by the Parisian critics on Press Day, by the painters and sculptors on the first Varnishing Day, and by the fashionable and curious crowd of amateurs on the particular *Jour de Vernissage* which corresponds to our Private View at Burlington House. Almost without exception the expressions were of disappointment, that is as regards the size of the statue and as to the effect of the combined substances of which the work is wrought. Perhaps the general opinion as to the merely mental impressiveness of this representation of Bellona was favourable: but in this connection must be borne in mind the innate tendency of the French mind to take pleasure in the melodramatic, the theatrical—its swift response to the note of Parisianism, its natural affinity to the fanciful rather than to the imaginative. This Bellona seems to me to lack everything that it

ought to have to make it worthy of comparison with great sculpture. Imagine it for a moment beside any of the notable works of ancient or even modern times: how insignificant, how gaudy, how merely a toy of the moment it would seem. The Bellona of M. Gérôme, in a word, is not an old-world Goddess of War but a frantic *pétroleuse* of the Commune.

As a set-off to all this unfulfilled prophecy, there is the Burne-Jones exhibition and the successful establishment of the Grafton Gallery. The first confirmed the admirers of this dreamer in paint in their estimate of him as one of the most significant and individual of the decorative artists of our time: and convinced those who hitherto would have no commerce with this strayed visionary from the Nazareth of pre-Raphaelitism, that, if he is not as other painters are, he has at any rate been consistent to his methods and ideals, and that as a harmonist in colours (which is not the same thing as saying that he is a colourist) he occupies a high, perhaps a unique place. As for the Grafton Gallery, not its least indirect value to the cause of art was in its catholic tolerance for the most advanced phases of artistic folly as well as for every genuine artistic idiosyncrasy, national, sectional, individual. The road of excess, says Blake, leads to the palace of wisdom. The road through the Grafton Gallery must in that case be regarded as a trampled thoroughfare. But with all its eccentricities, with all its banalities, with all its complex and sometimes distracting foreign elements, it has left an impression of varied power and manifold promise altogether superior to that afforded by its two popular rivals.

After the inauguration of the Grafton Gallery, the most notable event of the year is, it seems to me, the collapse of the New English Art Club. I use the word in all the arrogance of personal sentiment, for of course there is no actual collapse of the corporation in question. If it were not for the Grafton Gallery this collapse would be more serious. As things are, nothing that is excluded from the Academy or uninvited to the New Gallery, on the score of audacity in composition and painting, need go forlorn from the hospitable doors in Grafton Street: nothing that, however unconventional, is really creditable. It will be a good thing if the larger institution absorb the smaller, unless the latter redeem itself from its playful but already somewhat fly-blown insincerities. Impertinence in art soon ceases to be amusing, and the New English Art Club has almost as much that is impertinent, in its pretence and its amateurishness, as that which is good. From the first, I have written staunchly in praise of this small body of artists; and at a time when little save derision was meted out to it, I advocated to the best of my ability what I thought to be its just and adequate claims. I can therefore speak more freely now.

Ichabod is written over these narrow doors in Piccadilly. It is no longer the place where to seek the men of motive originality. Mr. Sargent has gone, presumably to return no more: and others have followed suit. Two of the most interesting early members, M. Theodore Roussel and Mr. Paul Maitland, have seceded to the Grafton Gallery. Others, like Mr. Furse and Mr. Edward Stott—distinctly the two most notable of our countrymen at the recent show, and each a painter of excellent accomplishment and of rare promise—are to be seen as effectively elsewhere, and it is easy to foresee that their specific association with the "New English" will not last long. Soon there will only be two little niggers: Mr. Steer and Mr. Walter Sickert. Then there will only be one, Mr. Walter Sickert. Then there will be none.

I have already spoken of the "New English Art Club," as a flying column in advance of the army of British art. This it formerly was. For this service all who are discriminating will be grateful. The influence of the Club was at first almost wholly for good, recently in great measure for good. Now, however, this influence is at an end. The best men of the Club apparently have "found themselves," and stand in no need of sponsorial aid. Others are on the way that leads to artistic salvation. Some have fallen into quagmires, and are likely to stay there; a few valiant strugglers may emerge. But it is difficult to see the artistic *raison d'être* for another "New English Art Club" show, unless some radical reform be effected. Its most obtrusive members now must either become more enthusiastic in eccentricity, or frankly give up a vain following after such great masters as Degas and Claude Monet, whom latterly they have done so much to bring into disrepute. For Degas and Monet are not only consummate draughtsmen and born colourists, not only have the artistic temperament to the finger-tips, but are, first and foremost, individual and national. There is no mistaking the much-discussed "l'Absinthe" at the Grafton Gallery for anything but a work by Degas, or, apart from personality, for anything but the work of a Frenchman. There is no mistaking the "Haystack" of Claude Monet at the New English Art Club for anything but the work of a Frenchman in general and of Monet in particular. But with much of the most pretentious "New English" work this is not so. This *paysage*, for example, might be the work of A, or perhaps B, or even C: and it is certainly French if its somewhat bastardy aspect can be taken as indicative at all. Now all this is not as it should be. The very lesson most directly taught by a man like Degas is that of the paramount value of individuality. Imagine Degas or Monet trying to imitate some foreign artist, trying to be anything but Degas or Monet, trying to be anything but French, French to the very core!

And here we reach one of the least pleasantly significant features of the Art of 1893. The best work is, with a few exceptions which only serve to prove the rule, either French or American. Monet, Degas, Raffaëlli, are the three ablest men at the "New English Art Club," which might be renamed the Anglo-Continental,—or the Cosmopolitan, save for its contradictory system of rejections. At the New Gallery and at Burlington House an American portraitist ranks readily first. At the Grafton it is impossible to overlook the Frenchmen Degas, Carrière, Carrier-Belleuse, Blanche, Besnard, Gervex, Leroy, Picard, Roll, and a dozen others: the Germans, von Uhde, Exter, Holzel, &c., &c.: the Dutch and Belgians, E. Beernaert, K. Bisschop, Emile Claus, A. J. Heymans, E. Hoetericckx, Josef Israels, F Khnopff, Félicien Rops, F. von Leemputten, F. Léon, T. Lybaert, Alfred Stevens, W. Geets, V. Rysselberghe, J. Verheyden, T. Verstraete, and A. de Vriendt: the Italians, Raffaëlli, Caffieri, Segantini: several Swiss, Hungarian, and other foreigners: G. H. Boughton, W. F. Dannat, J. Mc. N. Whistler, and other Americans: aliens of marked individuality such as Hans Thoma, the sombre-visioned Bavarian Muhrmann, the subtle Spaniard Gandara. How can such a gathering be called representative of English art? One critic, I see, writes of the Grafton as the first really good exhibition of *fin-de-siècle* English art. It is not a fortunate phrase. Apart from the cosmopolitan crowd alluded to, the later Scottish schools were much more to the fore than any section of English artists. James Aitken, Charles Blatherwick, Sherwood Calvert, D. Y. Cameron, J. E. Christie, T. Millie Dow, D. Gauld, James Guthrie, Whitelaw Hamilton, George Henry, E. A Hornel, W. Kennedy, J. Lavery, Harrington Mann, T. Hope McLachlan, Arthur Melville, James Paterson, Wellwood Rattray, Alexander Roche, and E. A. Walton, are among this important Scottish contingent, which also includes Scottish Academicians and Associates, with the master Orchardson at their head—David Murray, R. Noble, Campbell Noble, R. McGregor, A. K. Brown, T. Austin Brown, and others. Then as to the signal pictures of the exhibition, those works which have most impressed artists and students of art: what are they? English . . . or even Scottish? No: but the "Absinthe" picture by Degas; "Le Thé," by Gandara; "Maternité," by Carrière.

In no sense, therefore, can the recent Grafton Gallery exhibition be fairly described as representative of the latest phases of English art.* Representative it is, no doubt, of the tendencies of the more curious and quest-impelled of our painters: though it must be admitted that there is little in common, in externals, between the art

* As I write, the Grafton Gallery has opened its second exhibition—consisting of Portraits. The show is one of great interest, and there are some pleasant surprises, as in the admirable and charming miniatures of Mr. W. Scott Barber.

of Gandara and George Henry, or that of Degas and James Guthrie, or that of Carrière and Alexander Roche or E. Walton. But its influence should in the main be for good. The Grafton will spoil some young painters, perhaps, the weaker men of the New English type, but this is inevitable if it is also going, as I believe, to stimulate and lead forth one or two predestined to victory. Many must fall that one should rise. This applies to every art. Already, indeed, the Grafton has had an educative effect beyond that of any exhibition of the year. Even the thorn-strewn controversy that arose in connection with Degas' stupidly abused, and still more stupidly misunderstood "*Au Café*" picture, helped to make people rub their eyes, look for themselves, even think for themselves. And having done this in the case of Degas, many took courage and strove to reach a just individual decision in such puzzling instances as George Henry's "Portrait of a Young Girl" and still more perplexing "Galloway Landscape," Frank Brangwyn's "Eve," Carrière's "Maternité," von Uhde's "Lord, Abide With Us," Gandara's "Thé," and so forth. The tyranny of repute is hard upon the modest amateur, but when once he has decided to bear the yoke no more, he can go freely, and openly refuse to take pleasure in such productions as Segantini's "Punishment of Luxury," the crude ugliness of Félicien Rops' "Une Attrapade": nay, he may even say were he Adam, and Mr. Brangwyn's Eve the tempter, there would have been no Fall; he may even go so far as to hint that he sees surpassing skill but little creative art in Mr. Whistler's well-known "Lady Meux."

The year, it may be added, began well in two respects. At the Old Masters' exhibition at Burlington House, in the Deceased British Artists' Section, were hung several lovely colour studies by Edward Calvert, a painter almost unknown to us, though in his day beloved of a few who valued this obscure master of idyllic painting. He is in many respects akin to Samuel Palmer, but while the dominant note of Palmer as a colourist is rose-red, that of Calvert is silver grey. His paintings are reveries of idyllic Greece seen across the temperament of an English Theocritus. They have a haunting beauty all their own. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to let enthusiasm for a newly-revealed beauty cloud one's judgment. Calvert is not, as some of his new admirers aver, a great artist. His drawing is often, perhaps commonly, faulty; his composition is not infrequently conventional, confused, suggestive rather than satisfying. But he has the indefinable charm of genius. His dreams are of one "lone sitting by the shores of Old Romance." They are transfused by some light that comes one knows not whence, but that gives them an ideal beauty such as Corot perceived haunting the meadow-coppices and woodlands of Fontainebleau, an ideal grace

such as we find in Fragonard at his best. Almost the most convincing proof that this overmastering quality prevails to the extent of veiling certain technical blemishes lies in the recent purchase by the French authorities of one of Calvert's works for the Luxembourg. The French taste does not relish visionary work as such, whether the idyllic reveries of a Samuel Palmer or the fantasies of the pictorial *ivresse* of a Turner, but it is not blind to the peculiar charm of this painter of Greek pastorals and sweet idyls of No Man's Land.

But while Calvert delighted many persons, there must have been a goodly number who turned from the Blake series with something of resentment against those foolish folk who praise Blake in season and out of season, who affirm transcendent genius in everything that left his hands, and who find beauty, grandeur, sublimity in those revolting freaks of a perverted imagination that, last January, disfigured the connected rooms which contained the glowing drawings of Palmer and Calvert's silvery visions. I am a sincere admirer of the genius of William Blake, and among my treasured possessions are two of his most fascinating productions; but to be a fervent admirer of a man's best does not involve prostration as before an immaculate deity. There are many people who simply do not dare avow their disregard for Blake, because of "the superior person." The superior person is, as a rule, a fraud; but in any case he talks villanously at random, whether his speciality for the moment be Botticelli or Blake. I remember that on the Press Day I asked several critics if they could conscientiously say a good word for these pictorial nightmares that Mr. A was calling so truly imaginative, that Mr. B affected to find so full of solemn beauty, that Mr. C averred had the unmistakable glamour of genius. No: with varying degrees of certitude, each declared that they were really beyond the pale of art. With one exception, I do not know what these gentlemen wrote in their respective papers; but I have strong suspicions that they quieted down. The exception was in the instance of a well-known critic. He had spoken strenuously against what he called "those Blake abominations," against the aforementioned A, B, and C, and against "the absurdly uncritical Blake fad" which, like wine, stealeth man's senses away. But, to my astonishment, his published and his private utterances did not concur. He wrote of the drawings, if not with admiration, at least with respect; said they were profoundly interesting; and passed on with a vague generality about the value of personal vision in art. When I ventured to draw his attention to the discrepancy he shrugged his shoulders. "Quite true," he said, "I *did* speak of them as abominations, and as abominations I still consider them. But, to be frank, I do not care to incur the scornful contempt of the

pseudo-Blake-lovers, who are legion. It does a man no good to *etc., etc., etc.*" Now, if a critic of repute could hesitate to avow his real belief concerning these *Inferno* drawings of Blake, the ordinary outsider can hardly be blamed for smothering his convictions and uttering false coin of opinion. Nevertheless common-sense prevailed. Thus it was that the year began well in a needed disillusionment. The Blake fad has received its death blow. Henceforth no admirer of that most original and at his best great artist need be ashamed to aver that some at least of William Blake's colouration is, as it were, empty rhetoric in paint, that much of his "marvellous imagination" is neither more nor less than the pictorial evidence of a disordered brain. The poet, the artist, stands beyond critical praise or dispraise: the would-be seer, the would-be painter of the unpaintable, comes under an altogether different category.

By the time that the winter exhibition at Burlington House had waned in interest, the Grafton Gallery opened. There was a surprise for everyone. The rooms were handsomer than rumour had predicted; the pictures were more varied: it was not, in a word, merely a revivified Grosvenor. In fact, those who went expecting to see a revival of the palmy Grosvenor days were doomed to chagrin. The exhibition was mainly composed of work by British and foreign artists, who know little of the old Grosvenor sect, and care less. So foreign was the general semblance of the show that, when the first curiosity had been sated, the tide of visitors slackened till the sudden fillip afforded by the Degas controversy. "It consists of foreign messes, with a dash of Scotch pepper," was the caustic remark made in my hearing one day; and this, no doubt, was the crude expression of a common sentiment. At first the younger generation knocked loudly, in the manner of its prototype in Ibsen's *Master-Builder*, at the doors of the Grafton Gallery; but after a while the more independent of the later men opened their eyes, pondered, and perplexedly asked themselves which of the several creeds here propounded pictorially would most surely lead to salvation. So far as I can judge, I should say the younger Scottish school exists now only in a national sense: the Glasgow School no longer has any homogeneity. In any case the Scots will not be followed by their English *confrères*. The foreign schools did not prove more alluring, or, rather, they attracted too variously, but not potently enough in one direction.

The truth of the matter is that with all its many points of attraction the Grafton exhibition did not wear well. A second visit caused many doubts, a third confirmed them, in a fourth lay conviction that the end of the greater part even of this show was vanity. Some of the best work is hidden among a mass of showy canvases:

and it was little wonder that a lovely but unassertive picture by Peppercorn was in danger of being passed over with other austerely simple paintings of Southern-English scenery.

Among the disappointments were the "Iseult" of Mr. William Stott of Oldham, and the "Attrapade" of Félicien Rops. The former is the most damnatory work from the easel of this clever painter which I have seen. It is even puzzlingly bad. It makes one inclined to believe in the Döppelganger legend. Mr. Stott's "British artist's" double must have done this thing. It lacks atmosphere, verisimilitude, good composition, the dramatic or intense quality native to the subject, and it suffered the more from its proximity to the most brilliantly vivid study from life to be seen in the exhibition, Mr. Picard's portrait of a young girl as she hurries laughingly across a wind-swept river-bridge. Mr. Stott has done work so good, and is still a painter of more than considerable promise, that everyone who believes in his abilities must lament this falling away. The disappointment in the instance of Rops is perhaps more strictly personal. The Belgian artist is not well-known in this country, and even in Paris, where he has lived for long, he is familiar through his etchings and black and white designs and not through his paintings. But his fame has come before him, and one naturally looked for something fine. His "Attrapade" is simply a pencil drawing filled in crudely with colour. It has, as a work of art, almost no quality to recommend it. What a strange personality is this man's! He has devoted himself almost exclusively to *l'au-delà du mal*. Much of his work would be the pride of a pornographic exhibition. Yet he is said to be inspired by a consuming earnestness to paint the evil that he sees, to the end that men may turn from their wickedness and live. Meanwhile he finds his patrons among the men who have not turned as yet, who smile significantly as they take up the symbolical drawing of "Woman," or glance at the sombre illustration to that *ennuyant* atrocity, "Charlot s'Amuse": though these, indeed, are among the most presentable of his moral lessons. He may be called a Puritan Forain. Forain sometimes laughs during his cynical smiling at the sordid way in which the Parisian bourgeois touches filth and is defiled: Rops never does. He is so little known in this country that I may be permitted to tell a curious story of his earlier art-life, which was communicated to me years ago. His reputation was made by a painting of a very beautiful woman, in the guise of a study from the nude. This lady came to him, having been struck by something he had done, and offered to be his model. He protested his poverty, for he was then struggling hard in Brussels. She declared she wished no remuneration, that she

would have her reward in seeing him succeed. In the end he agreed to her proposal, accepting her stipulation that he was to remain in ignorance of her name and social position, and at no time to make any effort to ascertain that which she wished kept secret. The young man was sensitive to the beauty of his model, but she seemed cold as ice; so at last he thought of nothing but his picture. The result was an immediate success. His name was made. When she bade him good-bye for the last time he expressed his urgent wish that he could do something to show his gratitude. But the lady would have nothing: even now would reveal nothing. She had her reward, she said. "What is it?" asked Félicien Rops. With a haughty look at him she replied: "*I wished, and wish, to live in the memory of the males of my time.*" To this day no one knows who this woman was or is, this woman intoxicated by a vanity so strange, and yet in a sense so impersonal. Did she, one wonders, wish to live as a type or as an individual? Was she distraught by a passion for herself?

Rops is often spoken of as a symbolist, though he is not a symbolist in the sense that his countryman Fernand Khnopff is. Khnopff was represented at the Grafton by one or two strange pictures. The finer of his two large canvases depicts Saul and the Witch of Endor. The painting has a certain decorative charm, but is without convincing *raison d'être*. His "Solitude" appears to have called forth a good deal of admiration. It seems to me wholly unimaginative, and to be of little value as a technical achievement. A young woman, dressed in the manner of the chief show-lady at a milliner's, fronts us. There are a crystal globe with a figure within, a *bizarre* sword, various signs and symbols. The whole thing amounts to nothing. A true symbolism, of a very different kind, is that of Eugene Carrière, that strange painter who lets his human types glimmer upon us as through a veil of mist. The woman in his "Maternité" is not a portrait of any one woman: she is the type of suffering womanhood. In her, in this human symbol, he has expressed a hint of the incommunicable yearning, the blended pain and passion of all human motherhood. This small canvas, with a pale woman's weary face bent lovingly over a sleeping child, has an extraordinary pathos, a dignity that redeems it from the commonplace, an intensity that touches a chord of an almost too poignant sympathy. This work was the cause of infinite discussion in Paris last year, and if here it has attracted little notice save among a few startled and admiring artists and connoisseurs, that perhaps is only natural. The painter of that political advertisement-placard "Quis Separabit," is made an R.A.: Carrière is passed by as an incomprehensible faddist or as a modish vagarist.

It is a natural transition from Carrière to Professor von Uhde, as

it is, in turn, from the eminent Saxon painter to the question of Religious art in this country. Uhde has long been accepted as the foremost continental painter of Religious art, which is quite a distinct thing from pictures of scriptural subjects. Craftsmanship like that of M. Bouguereau, works of merely intellectual intent like that "Crucifixion" of M. Béraud at the New Salon last year, pictorial demonstrations like the ingenious productions of Mr. Edwin Long, work of this or kindred nature has as little to do with Religious art as ornamental crucifixes have to do with the mystery of the Atonement. Without the profound religious sentiment every tentative effort must result in failure. It is the deep conviction that underlies Von Uhde's work that makes its appeal so strong. Contrast his "Lord Abide With Us" with one of the sensations of last year's Salon of the Champ-de-Mars, the picture showing the Christ (with the expression and mien, it may be added, of a hysterical or epileptic patient) sitting in the parlour of a bourgeois family, and waiting to give a blessing over the bouillon which the servant is about to set down on the table. There is, essentially, no reason why this environment, though not happily selected, should not be of as true appeal as Von Uhde's Grafton Gallery picture, wherein we see a weary man of the type of the peripatetic evangelist missionary listening to the plea of two village workmen, the younger of whom lays his hand on the preacher's arm, in further emphasis of his eagerness to persuade the humble bringer of good tidings to remain yet awhile in the community which he has "awakened." But a wide gulf divides the two pictures. The appeal of one is immediate, painted as it is with an art charged, but not overweighted, with the electricity of personal emotion; the appeal of the other is futile, and one could do nothing but note the brilliant painting of the table-cloth, and wish that so clever a practitioner had contented himself with painting a differently composed scheme of blue and white—say a girl in an azure Japanese robe beside a white cloth'd table, with grey-blue bowls of white azaleas. It is this kind of literary pictorial art which is so greatly to be deplored at the Salon as well as at the Royal Academy, though so much more prevalent in England than in France. At none of the exhibitions this year is there anything to surpass the austere and little-noticed picture by Von Uhde. Perhaps the most ambitious picture in this *genre* at Burlington House is Mr. Schmalz's "Mary Magdalene," as, at the New Gallery, first place must be given to Mr. Brangwyn's "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh." But the last named is a decorative work of art, and the subject might as well be called "The First Born" as the "Adoration of the Wise Men": as for the former, it is no more a Religious picture in point of sentiment than it is passing good as a painting. There has been only

one great Religious picture painted this year, as far as I know, and that unfortunately was not ready in time for any of the exhibitions: though, to be sure, the artist who painted it would as soon think of sending it to that *bête-noir* of his—a big exhibition—as he would of laying it upon the public pavement. I refer to Mr. Frederick Shields' "Annunciation," a very noble and beautiful work that, with companion pictures, will be seen later in the year in the new House of Rest, or House of Prayer, as it is to be called, which a well-known lady is causing to be erected in the Bayswater Road. Mr. Shields, so long neglected, and of late years become known at last through his beautiful pictorial designs in mosaic and stained glass for the decoration of Eaton Hall Chapel, is almost our only great painter of Religious art who combines intense sincerity of emotion and aim with rare distinction and a fine sense of colour and line.

It is hazardous to classify, yet it is natural to mark off the chief pictures of the year in sections: Portraiture, Landscapes, Seascapes, Historical, and so forth. And yet, out of the thousands of paintings exhibited in London since the beginning of the year, how few stand out from the mass. Even in portraiture and nature painting, the two *genres* where we are supposed to excel, how comparatively few pictures there are that one will remember till the next annual shows come round. Mr. Sargent comes first in his particular branch with his brilliant work at the Academy and the New Gallery: though full recognition must also be given to Mr. J. J. Shannon and other able portraitists. Mr. Orchardson, for instance, achieves a difficult triumph in his portrait at the Grafton of Mr. Walter Gilbey, and among the most able and delightful *tours-de-force* are (also at the recent Grafton show) Mr. Arthur Melville's charming presentment of a young girl in black and mauve seated at a piano and turning round upon the spectator as upon a sudden speaker or intruder, and Mr. W. T. Dannat's brilliant "Study in White."

There is more of masterly work in seascape than in landscape. Ample praise is due to the craft of men like Hook, head of the older school; of Henry Moore (whose recently-won R.A.-ship will be welcome to everyone—sole redeeming choice as it is in the concurrent Academical selections for honours), of the later English school; of Colin Hunter, foremost of the Scottish sea-painters; of Hamilton McCallum, Matthew Hale, of the unequal Brett and the monotonous Peter Graham, and, to select one out of the several new-comers of exceptional promise, Thomas Somerscales, whose "Corvette Shortening Sail" ranks with Mr. Bacon's admirable "Announcement" as one of the welcome surprises of the year. I admit that I never heard of Mr. Somerscales before: but if he is a "new

man" he has assuredly a future, for this picture of his shows rare knowledge and skill. Mr. Bacon's, I fancy, is a new name to most of us also. If he improve on his exceedingly clever "domestic interior" (how absurdly inadequate the phrase seems!) he will do passing well. There is, of course, much good work in landscape also: but I find certain successes to be greatly overrated, and other exceptionally able productions (in particular I may specify the work of Mr. Léon Little, a painter of reserved power, of a true romanticism, and of genuine distinction, now that he has wrought himself out of the crudities of his early manner) to be quite neglected. The painter of "Quis Separabit" is, as already mentioned, made an R.A., Mr. David Murray's "Hampshire" is bought at an exceptionally high price and hailed by many people as the handiwork of a second Claude, an able and conscientious but not specially-distinguished painter is elected to the vacant Associateship over Mr. Sargent (whose American nationality is no longer a bar, as he has thrown in his lot with his British *confrères*), over Mr. George Clausen, who stands out so distinctively this year, over Mr. La Thangue, whose recent work is so convincingly good and so full of rare promise, and over several others, whose names will at once occur; while the New English Art Club hangs a caricature of a human being which is catalogued as a portrait of Mr. Theodore Roussel, by Mr. Walter Sickert; and Mr. Léon Little's fine studies of nature would have to be sought out in his studio or in the houses of their purchasers, if the Goupil galleries did not habitually offer them hospitality. All this is very significant.

There is a landscape art which is somewhat foreign to our general taste or understanding: it has not the direct or immediate appeal of what is familiar to us. Among the best examples of this *genre* is Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Afternoon in Italy" at the New Gallery, a work worthy of the ablest pupil of that great Italian landscapist Giovanni Costa, the Wordsworth of pictorial art, as he has been called. Perhaps to appreciate either artist aright one must know Italy well: not the Italy of the towns of the tourist, but of that *Etruria Maritima* which, while so charged with seductive beauty, is wholly unlike the imaginary northern Italy of the fanciful novelist, diarizing traveller, and amateur painter. By the lovely shore-land of Viareggio, for instance, one may see just such effects as in this glowing and yet sombre autumnal landscape: a background of purple, dark blue, and grey vapour, and in the foreground or middleground a line of juniper, myrtle, or lentisk-bushes aflame with ruddy light:—as, by the Pontine Marshes, one may often look on such a scene as that depicted by Signor Costa in his "View from Circe's Island," which is also shown at the New Gallery. The admirers of landscape art of this kind are few but fit. It does

not appeal to the many, who love not the austerely simple. But painters like Giovanni Costa or Mr. Corbet can be well content. *Neque, te ut miretur turba, labores, contentus paucis lectoribus*—a Horatian apothegm apt enough in the spirit if not strictly in the letter.

Another significant point is the little appreciation that is given to *plein-air* nude painting. This is an ugly collocation, but it may serve to convey an adequate meaning. We hear much of the aversion, or the indifference of English taste to the nude in art—a sentiment which is quite as much due to a radical incapacity to appreciate form artistically as to a perverted and often demoralizing prudery. It is natural, therefore, and particularly in a place where Convention hath her most delectable abode, that few painters care to alienate public sympathy or to incur an overflow from the vials of Horsleyan anguish of spirit. Of those few Mr. Waterhouse has the credit of being an earnest worker along the line of his temperament. His vision may lack poetic sentiment, as in his pleasant "Hamadryad and Faun" at the Academy; poetic insight, as in his painfully inadequate "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," also at Burlington House; the self-conscious strength of genuine poetic realism, as in his otherwise charming "Naiad," at the New Gallery: yet for what he has given us we must be thankful in just measure, and hope that he himself and others inspired by his example will worthily create a *genre* which ought to flourish in their country. Mr. Arthur Hacker falls short of himself this year. His "Circe" (of whom and whose attendant swine, conventionally represented, we have had more than enough at the Academy and the Salon) suggests mermaidishness about her lower limbs. If she were to rise she would inevitably flop among the swine for lack of those natural supports with which even Goddesses cannot dispense. His "Sleep of the Gods," which might have been one of the loveliest pictures of the year, is far from well composed: and anything but that "divine long slumber of the patient gods" is suggested by this group of somnolent nudities infelicitously grouped in a woodland glade. Perhaps the most entirely satisfactory work of the kind is a smaller picture badly hung at Burlington House: Mr. Tuke's "Woodland Bather," a nude youth striding through a glade towards a neighbouring pool—a frank study of the beauty of male adolescence. If Mr. Tuke will brave a little disrepute as well as freely offered discouragement, he may win a high place for himself and influence happily many of the younger men. A notable exercise in this kind is Sir Frederick Leighton's "Hit." This, though essentially more the production of a sculptor than of a painter, is one of the President's most successful works. His achievement this year is in every way noteworthy. "Rizpah" has genuine dramatic quality even in its de-realized pic-

NEW SWINDON.

torialism: "Corinna of Tanagra" is perfect in its particular kind. Yet in "Hit," with its extreme beauty of form and line and delicate human loveliness, he seems to me to have achieved a veritable triumph. Of course the work of Mr. Tuke and others of his generation and bent has little in common with that of Sir Frederick Leighton, but rather with that of Bastien Lepage, who seems more and more to be the immediate source from which much that is good in quite recent painting derives. Mr. George Clausen's brilliant open-air study, "Evening Song," is a notable example of this new *plein-air* school. With this school, in its broadest and most catholic sense, it may be, lie the most fortunate chances for British art during the next few years.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE CAUSES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

VIII.

INDUSTRIAL EXERTION OF TWO DISTINCT KINDS—LABOUR AND ABILITY.—ABILITY THE CHIEF FACTOR IN MODERN PRODUCTION, AND THE SOLE CAUSE OF THE INCREASE OF PRODUCTION.

I SAID in the last chapter that machinery or fixed capital was congealed exertion. The phrase is but half original, for Socialistic writers have for a long time called it congealed labour. Between the two phrases, however, there is this fundamental difference: that the first includes the whole meaning of the second, but the second includes only a part of the meaning of the first. Let us take the finest bronze statue that was ever made, and also the worst, the feeblest, the most ridiculous. Both can with equal accuracy be called congealed labour; but, though the phrase expresses a point in which the two statues resemble each other, it tells us nothing of what is far more important—the points in which the two statues differ. They differ because, whilst both are congealed labour, the one is also the congealed imagination of a genius, whilst the other is also the congealed imagination of an imbecile. Or, again, let us take a vessel like "The City of Paris," and let us take also the vessel that was known as the "Bessemer Steamer." The "Bessemer Steamer" was fitted with a sort of rocking saloon, which, when the vessel rolled, was expected to remain level. The contrivance was a complete failure. The hundreds of thousands of pounds spent on it were practically thrown away, and the structure ended by being sold as old iron. Now, these two vessels were equally congealed labour, and congealed labour of precisely the same quality; for the workmen employed on the "Bessemer Steamer" were as skilful as those employed on the "City of Paris." And yet the labour in the one case was congealed into a piece of lumber, and in the other case it was congealed into one of the most perfect of those living links by which the lives of two worlds are united. To call both the vessels, then, congealed labour, only tells us how success resembles failure, not how it differs from it. "The City of Paris" differs from the "Bessemer Steamer," because "The City of Paris"

was congealed judgment, and the "Bessemer Steamer" was congealed misjudgment.

It is evident, therefore, that in *using* capital as distinct from *wasting* capital, some other human faculties are involved, distinct from the faculty of labour; and I have employed the term "human exertion," instead of the term "labour," because the former includes these other faculties, and the latter does not, or if it includes them it entirely fails to distinguish them, and merely confounds them with faculties from which they fundamentally differ.

Thus when I pointed out in the last chapter that capital was mental and moral energy as applied to muscular energy, I might have said with equal propriety that it was one kind of human exertion, guiding and controlling another kind, for my whole point is that two kinds of exertion are involved, equally important, absolutely distinct, and, as we shall see presently, following different laws.

It is ludicrous to see how Mill and our Economic writers generally fail entirely to assign any definite place at all to the former kind, and how, when at intervals they are constrained to take some notice of it, they endeavour to bring it under the same heading as the latter. Mill, for instance, says that the profits of a capitalist consist of compensation for risk, interest on capital, and wages of the labour of superintendence. He might as well have said that the value of a great picture was partly due to the painter's superintendence of his brush; or that Shakespeare's writings were better than Mr. Martin Tupper's, because Shakespeare understood better how to superintend a pen. Equally inadequate and even more misleading are such phrases as the following, which were employed by him: "the labour of the inventors of industrial processes"; "the labour of Watt in contriving the steam-engine"; "the labour of the savant and the speculative thinker"; and so forth. Labour, no doubt, is involved in all these forms of exertion; but the value of the exertions is not in proportion to the amount of the labour, and, therefore, "labour" is an inadequate term by which to distinguish them. It does not denote their most essential part; whilst, even if we waive this objection, and admit that the term "labour" might be accepted as meaning mental and moral exertion, the following objection still remains insuperable—that it cannot be accepted as meaning mental and moral exertion, if it is to be used at the same time as meaning muscular exertion also. Let us grant that it might be used to mean either. It cannot, without entirely confusing the problem, be used to mean both.

But if we appeal to the ordinary use of language—not only its use by practical men whose concern it is to apply the teachings of the economists, but its most frequent use by economists also—we

shall find that the term "labour" practically means muscular labour, or at all events some form of exertion of which men are as universally capable; and that it never naturally suggests any other idea. When, for instance, as not unfrequently happens, some opulent politician says to a popular audience, "I, too, am a labouring man," because he thinks, or writes, or directs a business, he is either understood to be saying something which is only true metaphorically, or is jeered at as saying something that is not true at all. Probably no two men in the United Kingdom have worked harder, or for longer hours, than Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury; yet no one would call Mr. Gladstone a labour-member, or say that Lord Salisbury's presence in the Upper House proves that at the close of the nineteenth century labouring men may sit as Peers. To do this would be merely trifling with language. The meaning of the term "labour," then, is already practically fixed. It is appropriated to muscular exertion: and we must fix upon some other to denote mental exertion. The term which I propose to use for this purpose is Ability.

Human exertion, then, as applied to the production of wealth, is of two distinct kinds, Ability and Labour; and the production of wealth is increased by the application of the first to the second. But the fundamental difference between the two has not been explained yet. We have said that one is mental and the other muscular; but this difference, though an inseparable one, is only accidental. The fundamental difference is of quite a different kind. It lies in the following fact—that labour is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which begins and ends with each separate task it is employed upon, whilst ability is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labour of an indefinite number of individuals, and thus hastening or perfecting the accomplishment of an indefinite number of tasks.

This vital distinction, hitherto so entirely neglected, should be written in letters of fire on the mind of everybody who wishes to understand and improve the economic conditions of his country. Unless it is recognized, and terms are found to express it, it is impossible to think clearly about the question; much more is it impossible to argue clearly about it: for men's thoughts, even if for moments they are correct and clear, are presently tripped up and entangled in the language they are obliged to use. Thus, we constantly find that when men have declared all wealth to be due to Labour, more or less consciously including Ability in the term, they go on to speak of labour and the labouring classes more or less consciously excluding it; and we can hardly open a review or a newspaper, or listen to a speech on any economic problem

without finding the labouring classes spoken of as "the producers," to the obvious and intentional exclusion of the classes who exercise Ability; whereas it can be shown that of the wealth enjoyed by this country to-day, labour produces but a third part of the value, and not a tenth part of the volume.

Let me go back, then, to the definition that I have just now given and enlarge and explain it so as to make it absolutely clear.

Labour, I said, is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which begins and ends with each separate task it is employed upon; whilst ability is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labour of an indefinite number of individuals. Here are some examples. An English navvy will do more work in a day than a French navvy, he will dig or wheel away more barrow-loads of earth; but the greater muscular power of the one has no tendency to communicate itself to the other. The one, let us say, will wheel twelve barrow-loads, whilst the other will wheel ten. We will imagine, then, a gang of ten French navvies, who in a given time wheel a hundred barrow-loads. One of them dies, and his place is taken by an Englishman. The Englishman wheels twelve loads instead of ten; but the rest of the gang continue to wheel ten only. Let us suppose, however, that the Englishman, instead of being a navvy, is a little cripple who has this kind of ability—that he can show the navvies how to attack with their picks each separate ton of earth in the most efficacious way, and how to run their barrows along the easiest tracks or gradients. He might quite conceivably enable the nine Frenchmen to wheel fifteen barrow-loads in the time that they formerly consumed in wheeling ten: and thus, though the gang contained one labourer less than formerly, yet, owing to the presence of one man of ability, the efficacy of its exertions would be increased by fifty per cent. Or again: Let us take the case of some machine, whose efficiency is in proportion to the niceness with which certain of its parts are finished. The skilled workman, whose labour finishes such parts, contributes, by doing so, to the efficiency of that one particular machine only; he does nothing to influence the labour of any other workman, or facilitate the production of any other machine similar to it. But the man who improves the principle on which the machine is made, so that, without requiring so much or such skilled labour to make it, it will, when made, be twice as efficient as before, may affect by his ability individual machines by the million, and increase the efficiency of the labour of many millions of workmen. Such a case as this is specially worth considering, because it shows us that skilled labour is not to be confounded with ability. This is a mistake which is often made by Economists; and few mistakes could be more complete. Skilled

labour is really so far from being the same thing as ability, that it is in some respects more distinct from it than labour of more common kinds, for the secret of it is less capable of being communicated to other labourers. For instance: One of the most perfect chronometers ever made—namely, that invented by Mudge in the last century—required for its construction labour of such unusual nicety, that though two specimens, made under the direct supervision of the inventor, went with an accuracy that has not since been surpassed, the difficulty of reproducing them rendered the invention valueless. It may thus be said, with regard to the general production of wealth, that it will be limited in proportion to the amount of exceptionally skilled labour which it requires, whilst it will be increased in proportion to the exceptional ability that is applied to it.

The distinction, then, between ability and labour must be now abundantly clear. The reader will see that, regarded from a practical point of view, the important point in which they differ is not that one is mainly mental and the other mainly muscular—indeed, in certain cases, this difference can be hardly said to exist—but that labour is the exertion of a single man applied to a single task; whilst ability is the exertion of a single man applied to an indefinite number of tasks and an indefinite number of labourers.

And now let us go back to the subject of Capital. I have said that Capital is one kind of human exertion guiding and controlling another kind. We can, at last, express this with more brevity, and say that Capital is Ability guiding and controlling Labour. I am anxious that the reader should recognize the literal truth of this definition; that he should see it to be no metaphorical statement, but the accurate expression of what is at once a theoretical truth and an historical fact. Capital, no doubt, has constantly been applied, and is constantly applied, foolishly; but where it is so applied it is wasted. The productive powers of the nation are not increased by it. The fact remains, however, that by the application of Capital the productive powers of the nation have, for the last hundred years, been increasing enormously and continually, and are increasing still: and therefore Capital, as an historical fact, represents the successful, and not the foolish, application of itself. In other words, it represents ability: indeed, unless it did so, it would not be in existence. The definition, then, is literally true, so far.

Next let us notice this point—that Capital is a material thing, and Ability a mental thing. How, then, can it be said, except metaphorically, that the one is the other? Here is the answer: So long as the mind inhabits a human body, mind and matter are

two sides of one single thing. It is only through the brain that the mind makes its power known; and the brain is only powerful because it is the organ of mind. Now, Ability is to Capital what the mind is to the brain. It is that through which ability acts on labour, whether by setting labour to produce machinery, or by so organizing various multitudes of labourers that each multitude becomes a single machine itself. And it will be well to observe that in the more advanced and complicated stages of production Ability can act on Labour in no other way. In earlier and ruder stages, when the brain, as we call Capital, and the mind, as we call Ability, were both less developed, they were less closely connected; but with every advance in production the two become more inseparable. The reason is obvious enough; but it may be as well to state it. All past advances in the productive powers of men have involved, and do involve, not only a division of occupations more and more minute, but a correlation of these more and more complicated and exact; originally, also, they have involved the direction of men's labour to ends—such as the making of new machines, or the invention of new processes—of which not only the labourers, but the entire community except the inventors, have been ignorant; and the labourers have had, therefore, to go to their work blindly. Ability, therefore, can assist Labour only by exercising over it a system of most elaborate discipline, and by being able to secure from the labourers, so far as their labour is concerned, the most absolute and the most implicit obedience. Now, such discipline and obedience can be secured in two ways only—one is by despotism, by a complete power over the lives and persons of the labourers; the other is by possession of what the labourers require or covet, so that the possessor of these things can fence with the men who want them. In other words, one man can impose on a thousand men a multiplicity of correlated tasks, and make sure that they act in concert, only by being able to beat them into obedience, or else by being able to buy their obedience from them. We do not, in these days, think the method of beating a possible one; therefore the only possible one—the only means by which Ability can act on Labour—lies in the power which the possession of Capital gives it.

In case any Radical or Socialist should happen to read these pages and be inclined to regard what I have said as a piece of special pleading on behalf of the private capitalist, it will be well to observe that the whole of the above argument would apply to capital, no matter who owned it. Whether the State owned it, or whether the labouring classes themselves owned it, the entire control of it would have to be in the hands of Ability. In what individuals or classes Ability may reside; how they are to be found, tried,

brought forward; and how their power over capital should be obtained, is a totally different question, and one we shall discuss hereafter.

At present it will be enough to sum up what we have seen thus far. The causes of wealth are not, as is commonly said, three—Land, Labour, and Capital. This analysis omits the most important cause altogether, and makes it impossible to explain, or even reason about, the phenomenon of industrial progress. The causes of wealth are four—Land, Labour, Capital, and Ability;—the two first being the indispensable elements in the production of any wealth whatsoever; the fourth being the cause of all progress in production; and the third, as it now exists, being the creation of the fourth, and the means through which it operates.

And now let us turn back to the condition of this country at the close of the last century, and introduce a new question that awaits us by again referring to facts and figures of that period.

IX.

ABILITY THE MONOPOLY OF THE FEW. THE FEW THE CHIEF PRODUCERS.

It is not possible to attempt any great exactness in dealing with the figures of a period with regard to which our statistical information is as imperfect as it is with regard to the close of last century. But all we want is such a general accuracy about certain points as shall enable us to compare that period with the present, and also with the period preceding. The reader, then, must expect nothing more than this; and for our immediate purpose this is quite sufficient.

Let me repeat, then, what I have already said, that the income of this country was at the close of the last century about a hundred and forty millions; whilst, if we add that of Ireland, the total would be about a hundred and eighty millions. But it is easier for the moment to deal with Great Britain only. The hundred and forty millions, then, produced by Great Britain, which gave an average income of £14 to each inhabitant, was the product of four causes—Land, Labour, Capital, and Ability;—and were the statistics of industry then as extensive as they are now, we should be able to assign to each cause a definite proportion of the product. What land produced, as distinct from the three other causes, we have seen already. It was the amount taken in rent. It was about twenty-five million pounds, or a little under a fifth of the total. But the proportions produced respectively by Labour, Capital, and Ability, cannot be determined with the same ease or exactness. If we confine ourselves to the industries which immediately depend on land, we shall find that the farmers and the agricultural labourers together divided between

them annually something like fifty millions, of which the labourers must have taken about eighteen or twenty millions. But, though the agricultural labourers may be taken to represent labour solely, the farmers of that period were far from representing capital and ability solely. A large number of them worked as hard as their men, and represented labour also. It is, therefore, impossible to say in what proportion their labour, their capital, and their ability contributed to their receipts. But that capital and ability were the causes of a considerable part of them, is evident by a comparison of the products of agriculture then, with what they had been during the preceding hundred years. If we may judge by the number of sheep owned by the farmers of Britain at different periods, we shall find that between the years 1688 and 1774 British farming must have remained almost stationary; for the number of sheep at both periods appear to have been identical—namely, twelve millions. But between 1774 and 1800, it had risen to twenty millions: it had increased by seventy-five per cent., whilst the population of the country had only increased by twelve. During the same twenty-six years, the number of cattle had increased in almost the same proportion. Between the years 1750 and 1780, there was an average annual increase in agricultural capital of about £7,500,000. Between the years 1780 and 1800 there was an average annual increase of £26,000,000. And we know that this increasing capital was administered by men of intelligence, knowledge, and enterprise—in other words, by men of ability, —to whom the whole of our agricultural progress during that period was due. Indeed, if we take the farmers' income from 1795 to 1800, though, as I have said, it is impossible to speak with certainty, it is yet possible to make a rough but probable estimate of the amounts which were then produced, respectively, by capital, by ability, and by labour. The farmers' income in 1750 was but half of what it was in 1795. Between these two dates there had been an increase in it of some £15,000,000. Now, if, for argument's sake, we attribute to labour the entire income produced at the earlier date, there are good grounds for attributing the entire increase to ability and to capital, and further, for distinguishing between these closely connected causes, and attributing £9,000,000 to Ability, and to Capital £7,000,000.

I merely, however, dwell upon these details in order to show the reader, not that ability and capital created any definite part of our national income at that period; but that, whatever the part was, they created a large part. And if this is shown us so conclusively by the progress and condition of agriculture, much more is it shown us by the progress and condition of commerce and manufactures. We have already glanced at the development of the

cotton industry. We have seen how that was due to the machines of Arkwright and others, and how these machines were the creation of ability operating through capital—the ability of the inventors, and of the energetic and discerning men who assisted them. We have glanced also at the increase in the production of iron, the rapidity and the magnitude of which may be judged by the following figures: In 1740 twenty thousand tons of pig iron were produced in Great Britain annually; in 1790, sixty-eight thousand; and, by the close of the century, a hundred and ninety thousand: and here, too, the cause of the increase is as obvious as it was in the case of the cotton industry. It was not an increase in the amount or quality of the labour employed—that was comparatively inappreciable. It was an increase in the assistance given to labour by capital and by ability.

I need not weary the reader by going into further details. It is enough to point out to him that, at the period we are now considering, the products of agriculture were double what they had been fifty or sixty years previously; the products of the hardware industry were nine times what they had been fifty or sixty years previously; and the products of the cotton industry were fifteen times what they had been twenty-five years previously. These three great industries, which contribute a large part of the national income, may be taken as typical of the whole of it; and seeing that the products of these had increased respectively by a hundred, nine hundred, and fifteen hundred per cent., whilst the amount of labour had increased by nineteen per cent. only, it ought not to be difficult to make the reader realize how large a part of our national income a hundred years ago was not the product either of land or labour, but of capital and ability as distinct from both of these.

And now let us put this in a somewhat different way. Capital, as we have seen, is mainly the creation of ability; and it is useful only when ability has control of it. But when we talk of ability we mean not an abstract quality, we mean men possessing that quality; just as when we talk of labour, what we mean is labouring men. But whereas when we talk of labour we mean an immense number of men, when we talk of ability we mean comparatively a mere handful; for anyone, not a cripple or an idiot, is capable of labour; but the ability that assists the labourer, and lends to him new powers, is possessed only by a few. We may accordingly say, as a demonstrable and definite fact, that, of the annual products of this country a hundred years ago, the larger part was produced by a very small minority of the population. In other words: If this small minority had never existed, nor exerted its exceptional powers, the products in question would never have been produced. If Arkwright, for instance, or someone of equal ability, had not come to the assistance

of labour in cotton-spinning, the cotton industry of 1799 could have contributed no more to the national income than it had done twenty-five years previously. But the minority I speak of was not composed of inventors only: it comprised also the men by whom the inventors were assisted—men who supplied them with capital with which to construct and test their machinery; and all those others who, when the machinery had been proved successful, adopted it; and who, by the continued exercise of their powers of organization, directed the growth of the industry which the machinery had made possible. These men also formed part of that same minority.

Socialistic writers confuse the question by saying that the entire income of a nation is the joint product of the entire industrial community. The point necessary to observe is that the industrial community is composed of two separate sections, and that the smaller section cannot be treated as if it were a part of the larger one. Socialists speak of Ability as though it were a matter of choice or accident whether a man became a labourer, or an organizer of labour, or an inventor; just as it might be whether he became a ploughman or a bricklayer: whereas, in reality, all men, except cripples or idiots, are endowed with the capacity of labour, but only a few are endowed with industrial ability. Ability, in fact, is a natural monopoly, and the part it plays in the production of wealth is no more to be confounded with the part played by labour than the part of some great musician, in playing some masterpiece of his own on an organ, is to be confounded with the part played by the man who blows the bellows. Anybody can be a bellows-blower; but not anybody can be a Handel.

In other words: The great mass of the industrial population of this country have never done anything towards increasing the production of the national wealth. All that increase, which has been so astonishing a feature of modern times, has been due to a few men, most of whom were the sons of labourers, but who accomplished their great work only by ceasing to labour, and by directing muscular force instead of exerting it. In stating this I am stating, no theoretical opinion, but a hard and dry fact of industrial history. Indeed, the men whose industrial ability has been most marked, and the results of which have been greatest, have been so far from being, as Socialists would have us suppose, the mere chance exponents of ideas which were fermenting in the brains of everybody that they have had the greatest difficulty in recommending them to the most instructed of their contemporaries; whilst the labouring classes, instead of sharing them, have vehemently resisted their application.

Let us, however, for the sake of argument, make a concession to

those who take the Socialistic view. Let us concede that, in the production of the national income at the close of the last century, no ability was involved which can be distinguished from labour, or at any rate, from the faculties possessed by every average labourer Let us, in fact, adopt the preposterous supposition that labour, at the date in question, was the sole human agency to which the national income was due. The income of Great Britain was then, as we have seen, about £140,000,000, and the population was about 10,000,000. Of these, however, less than three millions were actually engaged in labour. We may take the number to have been 2,500,000. The proposition, therefore, which we still have to take as our starting-point, will be this,—that in this country at the close of the last century the labour of two-and-a-half million labourers produced annually a hundred and forty million pounds.

And now let us compare that time with the present. If we are still to speak of labour as the sole producer of wealth, we shall have to say of a similar number of labourers that their labour produces an entirely different quantity—that it produces not only its hundred and forty millions, as formerly, but also the astonishing amount of more than two hundred millions in addition. Will anyone pretend that this is due to any additional strength which now inheres in the labourers, or which they have imparted to themselves? Are they nearly three times as large as they were a hundred years ago, or three times as strong, or three times as skilful? So far as skill and strength go there has been no advance. A workman of Nelson's time, could we bring him back to life, would be just as capable of learning any task set him as a workman of Queen Victoria's time. Manual skill then was as great as it is now. The solution of the problem must be obvious to every reader. It must be obvious that the increase is due, not to labour, but to ability. So far as the increase achieved during the last century is concerned there may in some minds be room for doubt, for its industrial history is familiar to a few only; but with regard to the present century there can be no doubt whatever. The principal means, at any rate, by which the production of wealth has been increased are known to all of us. We are familiar with the general history of the development of steam-power, and its successive application to manufactures, to ships, to locomotion by land: and of the men to whom primarily this development was due we know the names of the chief, and we might easily learn the names of all. And of every branch, or every result, of industry, of manufactures, of commerce, of agriculture, of the gas or the electricity that lights our streets, or the wires that carry our messages, the same thing may be said. We know that the development and the very existence of each of these has been due in the first place to some

few individuals who invented and introduced some new machine or process, or the use of some new material, or natural agent; and that it has been due in the second place to a far more numerous, but still a limited, body of men, who have adopted these new inventions, and who, whether as capitalists or managers, have, all over the country, directed labour to the employment of them. Nor is it enough to say that the increase of our national wealth has been due to this minority in the past, nor that to a similar minority alone can any further increase be looked for in the future. We must also note, what is equally, if not more, important, that it is by such a minority only that this increased production is maintained. What is the chief thing that the maintenance of any established business depends on? Management. What is the next thing? Management. What is the next thing? Management. The ability requisite need not be always of a very high or rare order; but, as every manufacturer must know, as every director of every Company must know, ability of any degree—any faculty in one man of directing the labour of others to the best advantage—is not to be had for the asking. It has to be looked for: and it is not easy to find. In other words: Ability of all degrees is a natural monopoly. It is the exclusive possession of a minority, and on the energy and the action of this minority by far the larger part of our national income depends.

It must be remembered, however, that, when we are assigning this high position to Ability, we are doing so with reference to the production of wealth only. No superiority in any other respect is claimed for those who possess it. Many of these have no other superiority. Many a man to whom much of the wealth of this country is due, and without whose ability thousands of his fellow-creatures would be starving, may be coarse in morals, vulgar in manner, limited in education. That, however, is no concern of ours. All that concerns the nation at large to recognize is that these men—these possessors of industrial ability—are the actual producers of the larger part of that wealth, from which alone any increase in the wages of labour can come; and that it is solely from their continued energy that any further increases in that wealth can ever be looked for in the future. In other words: The only hope Labour can possibly entertain of any increasing share of the material good things of life is a hope of an increasing share in the increase which has been caused, and which may hereafter be caused, by Ability.

W. H. Mallock.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AS PART OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.*

I do not propose to treat the subject of this lecture dogmatically. My intention rather is to set before you the conditions of an exceedingly difficult problem, and to make, with diffidence, a few suggestions as to the manner in which I myself think that the problem should be dealt with. I hope that I may thus furnish matter for thought and discussion to an audience eminently qualified to form a judgment on what concerns the art of teaching.

The subject of my lecture is "The Study of English Language and Literature as part of a Liberal Education," and by this I mean, not simply professorial instruction in the English language and literature to classes or individuals, but a school for teaching and examination, subject to regulations as clear and precise as those governing the schools in our different universities of Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Law, and History, which are at present recognized as forming part of a liberal education. But before proceeding to my main subject I must detain you for a few minutes with the consideration of a preliminary question, because, as you will see, a definition of this preliminary point is necessary to my argument. What do we mean by the phrase "liberal education"? How has our present system of liberal education been formed? The question is not without obscurity; but I think that the answer to it is something of this kind. The words "liberal education" are derived from the *septem artes liberales*, the seven liberal arts or sciences, which, according to the schoolmen, embraced the whole circle of human knowledge. This classification was, I think, introduced into the Latin language in the first century before Christ, by Varro, the antiquary, and Varro himself, no doubt, derived it from the Greeks of Alexandria. After the overthrow of Pagan culture by the barbarians, the existing system of Græco-Roman education survived, as we find from Cassiodorus, in the Christian schools, and in time came to be regarded by the schoolmen as the curriculum through which the scholar must pass before proceeding to the study

* A Lecture delivered to the Teachers' Guild, in University College, Liverpool.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE NEW SWINDON.

of the highest of all sciences, theology. The seven arts or sciences were grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy (or, as it was then called, astrology), and music. The first three made up the course called, by the schoolmen, *trivium:* the last four constituted the *quadrivium.*

Here, then, was the germ of our system of liberal education. Assuming the truth of what was taught in these sciences, and assuming that the method of instruction was really scientific, it is plain that there were advantages in the course of education pursued by the schoolmen. It was simple, it was complete, it was logical. Unfortunately, neither of the assumptions on which it was founded was altogether sound. The revival of learning forced men to revise their entire conception of art and science; the discoveries of Copernicus and Columbus gave rise to new ideas respecting the heavens and the earth; the Reformation in England revolutionized the relations between theology and the other sciences. Finally, the methods of scientific reasoning introduced by Bacon on the one hand, and by Descartes on the other, brought discredit on the logical methods employed by the schoolmen. Hence the system of education founded on the regular procession of the seven sciences fell gradually into decay. It may, I think, be confidently asserted that, by the middle of the eighteenth century, the ancient course of mental discipline, followed by the Greeks and Latins, and converted to the use of the Christian Church, had disappeared from the curriculum of the English Universities.

But though the connection between the secular sciences and theology was thus severed, the sciences themselves were retained as the basis of instruction in the University schools. The study of Latin grammar, which was found necessary by the schoolmen because Latin was the language of the Church, was pursued after the Reformation, in combination with Greek grammar, because these languages were now seen to furnish the keys to the culture and criticism of the antique world. Logic and rhetoric, which had been taught by the schoolmen mainly for the purpose of theological disputation, were found to be useful instruments for training the mind in mental and moral philosophy. Hence these two sciences, together with grammar, became the foundation of the school of *Literæ Humaniores* at Oxford, and to some extent of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. On the other hand, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy remained as the nucleus of instruction in the mathematical schools of both Universities. Hence arose that two-fold system of classical and mathematical training which for so long formed the ideal of liberal education in the English mind.

About the middle of the present century, men began to think that the base of liberal education was too narrow. In 1851 the

University of Cambridge added a school of Natural Science, admitting to a degree in Arts; the University of Oxford followed the example in 1853. Oxford in the same year established a school of Law and Modern History, which in 1872 was divided into two separate schools, one of Law and one of History, each admitting to the degree in Arts. At Cambridge final examinations, admitting to the Arts degree, were established: in 1858 in Law, in 1875 in Modern History. Schools of the same kind in Oriental Languages were instituted: in 1878 at Cambridge, and in 1887 at Oxford. Now, throughout this long and gradual development, I think, it may be observed that each school, before it has established its footing within the sacred circle of the Liberal Arts, has had to satisfy two requirements: that is to say, it has had to show, first, that it was likely to prove useful for the purposes of mental discipline; and, next, that its subject matter was capable of being scientifically taught.

The English Language and Literature has not yet obtained an entrance into our established system of liberal education. For though, in many of our younger universities and university colleges, professorial chairs and courses of instruction in this subject have been instituted—and I know that University College, Liverpool, has set a shining example, both in its English Chair and in the person of its distinguished occupant—yet, until Oxford and Cambridge have opened their gates, I think it will be generally admitted that the battle on behalf of English, as part of liberal education, has not been won. Now the gates of these two great Universities still remain closed. It is true that English as a subhead is included in the Mediæval and Modern Language Tripos at the University of Cambridge; but anyone who looks at the examination papers in this school will see that what is dealt with is English language, and not English literature. A vigorous attempt has recently been made to originate a separate school of English Language and Literature in the University of Oxford; but I believe I am correct in saying that the Hebdomadal Council of that University has decided that to establish such a school would at present be inexpedient.

Now, I fear that I shall surprise, and probably disappoint, many of my hearers, when I say, that I am very far from regretting this decision of the authorities of the great University of which I have the honour to be a member. I hasten, therefore, to assure all who may be so affected, that I look forward with confidence to the time when a school of English Language and Literature shall be a recognized part of English liberal education. But at the same time I hold that, if such a school be started prematurely—that is to say, before we are sure that what is taught in it will be really useful as training for the mind, or that the methods of instruction

employed in it will be really scientific—mischief will be done, not only to the study of English Language and Literature, but to the system of liberal education as a whole, because many minds may be perilously diverted from other courses of study which experience has shown to be profitable. I doubt whether the question has yet emerged from its nebulous stage, and whether we have frankly faced all the difficulties arising from the vague notions of the public at large, from the objections to the proposed school entertained by the teachers of other branches of science, and from the complicated nature of the study itself. And I would, therefore, ask you, in the first place, to get a clear view of these difficulties, before we proceed to consider the way in which the difficulties may be overcome.

As regards the popular view of the subject, there is one objection which is frequently advanced to the establishment of a school of English Language and Literature, namely, that such a school would not be useful. A very large number of people seem to hold the opinion about English that Dogberry held about reading and writing: they think that it comes by nature. They are anxious that their children should be taught French and German, because the knowledge of these languages will be of advantage to them socially, politically, commercially: but they fancy that instruction given them in their own language is so much waste of time. On this point my own official experience enables me to speak with some authority, as my duties give me the opportunity of observing the performance in examinations of thousands of boys from our public schools, of hundreds of University men, and of others who have received what is called a liberal education. And I speak with moderation when I say that not only the faculty of expressing in English a train of ideas on any subject in a lucid and forcible manner, but even the simple art of writing a number of consecutive sentences without some grammatical error, are accomplishments, less common among the youth of this country than they ought to be. For if a man is to rise to any position of eminence in the Army, the Navy, or the Civil Service, nothing is more necessary for him than skill sufficient to write a terse despatch, an exhaustive report, or a clearly reasoned memorandum. And I need hardly insist before such an audience that he will be the better equipped for such tasks, if he is familiar with the vocabulary of Shakespeare and Milton, and understands the principle on which an Addison, a Johnson, or a Macaulay, is accustomed to frame his sentences and paragraphs. Meeting, therefore, these objectors on their own ground of mere commercial utility, I think we may decide that it is desirable that the study of English language and literature should form part of a liberal education.

But there are others who object to the establishment of a school of English Language and Literature from what I may call the academic point of view. While they allow that the study of the subject is useful in the highest sense of the word,—that is, as providing food for the mind and the imagination,—they contend that English Literature, at least, cannot be scientifically taught. Thus, when, some few years ago, the establishment of a school of English Literature was advocated in *The Times* by a writer signing himself "Lecturer," this reply was made by the late Professor Freeman: "There are many things fit for a man's personal study which are not fit for university examinations. One of these is 'literature' in the 'Lecturer's' sense. The correspondent tells us that it 'cultivates the taste, educates the sympathies, and enlarges the mind.' Excellent results, against which no one has a word to say. Only we cannot examine in tastes and sympathies. The examiner in any branch of knowledge must stick to the duller range of technical and positive information." Now, if it were seriously proposed that a school of English Language and Literature should mainly concern itself with questions of taste and sympathy, I should admit Professor Freeman's argument to be conclusive. For such a purpose at any rate it would be true that "*de gustibus non est disputandum.*" Nay: I myself am strongly of opinion that the less criticism occupies itself with the analysis of taste and feeling, the better will it be for criticism and taste. But I cannot conceive that any sensible advocate of a school of English Literature ever entertained such notions as the Professor imagined. Hence I should prefer to put forward in a different, and, as it seems to me, a much more formidable, shape the academic objection that may be urged against the introduction of this school into the university system.

You will observe that the subject of my lecture is not the study of the English Language alone, or of the English Literature alone, but of the English Language and Literature together. And yet the tendency of things is such that, wherever this study is at all systematically cultivated, each branch of the subject is pursued separately, as if one necessarily excluded the other. Thus the study of the English Language comes in practice to mean the study of English philology; and, from Professor Freeman's point of view, this is quite just, because the subject thus viewed is at least capable of scientific treatment. There are some lovers of English Literature who altogether deprecate the study of philology. I do not share their opinion. I think, on the contrary, that those who study our literature scientifically can no more dispense with the study of the language in its early stages, than the scholar who seeks to master the thought and style of the great writers of Greece and Rome can dispense with the study of Latin and Greek grammar. Mr. Churton

Collins, who has done such excellent service in the discussion of this question, thinks that philology is to literature merely what the key is to the jewel-casket. But it is something more. Philology is the science of language, and language is the instrument for the expression of thought; nay: language is as much the abode of thought as the body is the seat and habitation of the soul. Many of the grammatical forms employed by our greatest writers are of high antiquity. The structure of sentences, and the harmony of verse, in writers like Shakespeare and Milton can often only be explained by reference to the work of those early writers, who were lisping in numbers at the time when our language began to emerge from Anglo-Saxon into what is called Middle English.

Philology, therefore, in my opinion, is an essential factor in the study of English; but it has a certain danger in it: it has a tendency to become too absorbing. That sometimes happens to the philologist which befalls explorers of another kind. Perhaps some of you have been acquainted with a man who has been possessed with the passion of wandering among the tribes of the desert, and you know how rare it is for one who has accustomed himself to this kind of life to return to the ways of civilized society. A like fascination often seizes on the student who finds himself in the solitudes occupied by the writers of Early English. Sick of the frivolities of modern thought and language, he seems to regain a sense of freshness and freedom in the company of these primitive pioneers in the arts of expression. Questions of dialect, of grammar, of rhythm, of pronunciation—all interesting, all deserving of investigation—crowd upon him. He gives himself up to the study of these antediluvian authors. Their modes of thought and diction become a second nature to him; and not seldom the man who has mastered the peculiarities of Ormin and Layamon, of Robert of Brunne and Robert of Gloucester, prefers them to the perfections of Shakespeare and Milton.

Now, if English philology be pursued with such passion as this, the plea that the literature of England is as worthy as that of Greece or Rome to be the subject of liberal study must fall to the ground. A school of English Language and Literature, in which philology should be the predominating feature, would be a school—not for the encouragement of culture, but—for the endowment of specialists.

If, on the other hand, you put philology into a subordinate place, and give your main attention to the great masters of expression in English, you are met by a difficulty of another kind. What is it exactly that you propose to teach? You may teach something positive, definite, and intellectually valuable, about the growth of our language; but what kind of scientific instruction about our

literature would be given in such a school as it has been proposed to establish? I imagine that, practically, the curriculum would resolve itself into the study of particular authors and specified books. The student would at one time be directed to the plays of Shakespeare, at another time to "Paradise Lost," and again to the satires of Dryden and Pope, and so on. He would get up all that is to be known about the lives of these poets; he would make himself acquainted with the dates of their different works; he would be able to furnish analyses of what he had been directed to read. But does anyone pretend that such a course would provide materials for a school equivalent in intellectual value to the great schools now existing in our universities? And yet if you attempt at present to go beyond the study of the text of particular authors, and to make English literature, like Greek and Latin literature, a school for the systematic training of taste, you are at once exposed to a check. We are not agreed among ourselves on the principles upon which even our great poets should be judged. There are, I believe, still critics who are unable to admit that Pope was a poet. We are not agreed on the question which among our great authors are entitled to the highest rank. For example, I open the Calendar of one of our University Colleges, and I find a distinguished Professor announcing the following course of lectures: "*The* Six Great Poets of England: Their Lives and Works." Now, who are the Six Great Poets of England? The Professor answers: "Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton": so far, no doubt, there has always been something like a conventional agreement; but then as to the other two? They are—Dryden, and Wordsworth. But, as every reader of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" knows, Johnson had much difficulty in deciding the question of superiority between Pope and Dryden; while Joseph Warton, a very accomplished critic, gave the preference to Pope. It is certain also that there are a very large number of readers who could maintain, with a good show of argument, that Byron was, at least, as great a poet as Wordsworth. Yet the Professor announces his classification as confidently as if it represented a fact no less certain than the date of the Battle of Waterloo. Nothing, indeed, can be plainer than that in matters of literary taste, as distinct from matters of literary fact, we are in the hands of individual teachers; and there would be this great danger in establishing a school of English Language and Literature, in which literature should predominate, that it would increase the Babel of critical opinion.

And now that I have laid before you what I conceive to be the difficulties in the way of the systematic study of English,—difficulties arising partly out of the excessive claims advanced on behalf of the science of philology, and partly out of the un-

scientific character of our literary criticism,—let me make a few suggestions to you in conclusion as to the way in which these difficulties may be overcome. In the first place, I see no reason whatever why the English Language and Literature should not be studied in the same liberal and scientific manner as we study the language and literature of Greece or Rome—that is to say, by studying the language *in* the literature: in other words, in the great classical authors of our language. Practically speaking, and putting aside party prejudices, of which there are too many in the literary world, we are all agreed who our classical authors are. And if we wish to give really liberal instruction in English, we ought to take the student to the English language—not as if it were a *corpus mortuum* for the scalpel of the philologist, but—as a living stream, to be followed through the metrical writings of Chaucer and Spenser, of Shakespeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope, of Byron and Tennyson; and through the prose writings of Bacon and Cowley, of Dryden and Addison, of Johnson and Macaulay. Why may not the principles of our grammar and prosody be as clearly taught from the works of authors like these as the rules of Greek and Latin composition from Homer and Sophocles and Thucydides, or from Virgil and Cicero? And why should not the principle of criticism be applied, to the language of all of them, which has been so admirably applied to the language of Shakespeare by Dr. Abbott in his Shakespearian Grammar?

In the second place, assuming that we are agreed upon the texts of the great authors of our literature which ought to form the basis of instruction, I would have these studied historically. I think I shall have with me your distinguished President, who has done so much for the illustration of Latin scholarship, when I say that, before a teacher can impart scientific instruction in any literature, he must have a thorough comprehension of that literature as a whole—in other words, he must understand its history. It is not enough to study the thought and language of individual authors in themselves: you must know in what way each author is related to his own epoch and to his predecessors, and what were the general causes which operated upon his imagination. Now, I speak with absolute confidence when I say, that at present there is no work on English Literature in the English Language giving information of this kind. There are excellent histories of Greek Literature, of Latin Literature, even of French and Italian Literatures; but the English mind is so averse from generalization, that the solitary attempt to trace the course of our own literature by an English hand is Thomas Warton's fragment of the "History of English Poetry." The first step towards the establishment of such a school as we have been considering to-night ought to be the

completion of Warton's noble undertaking upon more scientific principles and in a simpler form.

But here, I have no doubt, someone will say, "What is the meaning of the course of English literature, and how can it be scientifically studied?" And this is a question which is deserving of the very fullest consideration, both in itself, and also because it illustrates what I have already said on the difficulty of studying scientifically a subject on the first principles of which we are not all agreed. For there is an influential school of criticism in England—I will call it the Teutonic school—which teaches that, before you can understand the history of English literature, you must understand the history of Anglo-Saxon literature. This opinion has been recently expressed in a very interesting and valuable work, which doubtless many of you have read, by Mr. Stopford Brooke, on "The History of Early English Literature." Mr. Brooke says in his preface: "This book is the history of the beginnings of English poetry. . . . Here in the two hundred years between 670 and 870 the roots of English poetry, the roots of that vast overshadowing tree are set: and here its first branches clothed themselves with leaves." Now, I venture, with great respect, to traverse this opinion in the directest possible manner. I hold that it is untrue, and that it can be shown to be untrue. Because all the evidence, which the Teutonic school of criticism furnishes, shows that in all Anglo-Saxon poetry of a high order, such as the poetry of Cædmon and Cynwulf, between the years 670 and 870, the prevailing spirit is that of oral minstrelsy. Now, the spirit of oral minstrelsy had utterly decayed before the Norman Conquest; and in the English literature, properly so called, which arose after the Norman Conquest the fountains of inspiration are different in kind. I hold that English literature begins with the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., because our first great writers in verse and prose, Chaucer and Wycliffe, then make their appearance, writing in a language which is fairly intelligible to the Englishmen of our own day.

Nevertheless, I fully admit that, to arrive at the beginning of the history of English Literature, you must ascend considerably higher up the stream of time. You cannot read—and I hope many of my audience have read—Chaucer, without perceiving what a large amount of his thought has been derived from sources of literature and learning which were in existence long before his own age; and also what strange anomalies of thought are produced by the blending of his own stream of fancy and feeling with the tide of this remote source of inspiration, whatever it may be. Now I am going to ask you to consider two or three examples of these composite ideas in Chaucer, because nothing will serve better to

show the kind of scientific problems with which a school of English Literature would have to deal, and the manner in which the historic method ought to be applied to them.

One of the most remarkable phenomena which the student of Chaucer has to face is the mixture in him of Teutonic ideas with ideas derived from Greek and Roman sources. This is very well exemplified in the "Knight's Tale," told, as you will remember, during the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Here is a story, adapted, of course, from Boccaccio, but originally taken more or less from Greek mythology, mentioning the Roman gods and goddesses, and full of details borrowed from the Latin writers Statius and Boethius. On the other hand, the whole treatment of the story is Teutonic. The Greek hero, Theseus, becomes a Frankish Duke: he has his "baronage" and his "Parliament": his knights fight in the lists after the most approved fashion of mediæval chivalry: and Chaucer's style is absolutely opposed in spirit and character to that of the Latin authors whom he nevertheless imitates.* Now, why is all this? It is no sufficient answer to say vaguely that Chaucer was writing on a Greek subject in a German spirit, because what you have to explain is the complete fusion in him of opposite ideas. If you look for an explanation in Warton, you find only two long and very interesting "Dissertations"—one on the origin of chivalrous romance; and the other on the revival of learning in Europe;—but neither of these dissertations throws any light on the history of Chaucer's thought. The true solution of the problem is to be found in the mediæval system of education to which I have before alluded, a system which, while utterly opposed to the spirit of classic poetry, retained many of the great Latin authors as school books, whereby the conceptions of the barbarous races, whom the Latin Church instructed, were blended with the conceptions of the books that they read by a kind of spiritual alchemy. If we would understand the spirit of infant European literature in any country, whether Italy, Spain, France, or England, we must first appreciate the influence of the Latin Church, as the link between Greek culture and Gothic barbarism.

Another extremely remarkable feature in the poetry of Chaucer is its mixture of romance and history. For example, the "Man of Law's" tale, another of those told during the pilgrimage to Canterbury, relates the adventures of an unfortunate lady named Custance, or Constance, who, it appears, was the daughter of a certain Emperor reigning in Rome—though we know that no Emperor reigned in Rome at the apparent date of the story—and, strange to say, was married to a Sultan of Syria: who, for her love, went the

* This peculiarity is even more marked in Boccaccio's *Teseide* than in the *Knight's Tale*, because the details in the former are much fuller.

unprecedented length of abandoning the religion of Mahomet! As if this audacious treatment of history was not enough, we are told that Constance, after the Sultan, her husband, had been murdered by his mother, a fanatical Mahommedan, was sent adrift on the sea, and was married a second time to Alla, King of Northumberland, to whom she bore a son, called Maurice, who afterwards succeeded his grandfather as Emperor of Rome! The curious thing is, that Chaucer evidently supposes himself to be recording historical facts; and it is surely a most necessary and interesting question how he, who was so thoroughly versed in all the learning of his age, should have been so completely ignorant of the course of history. Yet the only light which Warton vouchsafes us is, that Chaucer got his story from the collection of tales called "Gesta Romanorum," and from the "Historical Mirror" of Vincent of Beauvais; and we are still left to wonder whence these works derived their historical authority. Students of modern literature are apt to think of the Dark Ages as a region of impenetrable Night, lying between ourselves and the thoughts of Antiquity, in which it is vain to look for the rise of mediæval legend. It is not so. Dimly but certainly the course of the stream of Learning can be discerned. The historical ignorance of the Middle Ages has a long pedigree. You can trace it to the decline of history, as a philosophical study, in the decay of Latin literature. You can watch the histories of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Livy and Tacitus, giving way, through the influence of Christian writers, who desired to discredit the records of Pagan culture, before the meagre chronicles of the chief events of the World, written by Eusebius and Jerome and Orosius. On the other hand, you can observe, in succeeding centuries, the rise of a race of literary forgers, who sought to please the taste for the marvellous by narratives of ancient and legendary events, supposed to be written by eye-witnesses. From a union of these forged narratives with the ecclesiastical abstracts of the world's history arose the quasi-historic chronicles of the Middle Ages: "The Story of Troy," by Guido de Colonna; "The History of the Britons," by Geoffrey of Monmouth; "The History of Charlemagne," "The Romance of Alexander the Great;" to which may be added the collection of short tales (many of them derived from Oriental sources) for the purposes of moral instruction, which has been already alluded to under the title of "Gesta Romanorum." There was no sudden break between the life of the ancient and the life of the modern world, as seems to be implied in the phrase "Dark Ages"; but a long period of decay, and an equally long period of reconstruction, from which rose a kind of dim intellectual atmosphere, confounding fact and fiction, and vaguely discovering to the barbarous

imagination the outlines of objects in the past, without proportion and without perspective.

At the risk of wearying you, I will cite one other still more curious characteristic of Chaucer's poetry, namely, the fusion in it of mythological, philosophical, and theological ideas. In the Prologue to the "Man of Law's Tale," Chaucer enumerates his different writings, and among these, he says, "he made the seintes legend of Cupide"; or, as we should say, "he made the legend of Cupid's saints." He is alluding to his poem called, "The Legend of Good Women," which he intended to be a collection of stories of women who had endured suffering on account of love. Almost all the instances which Chaucer selected for treatment were taken from Ovid's "Epistolæ Heroidum"; and you will therefore observe, in the first place, that Cupid's *Heroines*, as they are termed by Ovid, are converted by Chaucer into Cupid's *Saints*. But why the saints of Cupid, who is the last of the heathen deities with whom we ourselves naturally associate ideas of sanctity? *We* are accustomed to think of Cupid simply as the deity in Pagan mythology who presided over love, and in this shape he is represented by the later English poets. You remember the beautiful lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream":

> "That very time I saw,—but thou could'st not—
> Flying between the pale moon and the earth,
> Cupid, all armed : a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts."

Here you see that Shakespeare describes Cupid in the purely fanciful and decorative style suitable to the ideas with which men had become familiar since the revival of classical literature. Chaucer, on the other hand, invests him with a kind of religious sentiment, somewhat in the same way that Dante speaks of him in his "Vita Nuova." Nor is there a suspicion of profanity in the expression, "Cupid's saints," any more than when we find Chaucer, or one of Chaucer's imitators, saying in another poem:

> "The God of Love, ah, *benedicite!*
> How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

where he uses with regard to Love an exclamation common in the Middle Ages, and taken from the words of Christian invocation at the beginning of the Latin version of the song of the Three Children. In order to understand the full meaning of Chaucer's expression, we have to mount the stream of classical literature, and to trace the vast influence exerted over thought by the Greek philosopher Plato. Plato, you know, was the first to allegorize, in his "Phædrus" and "Symposium," the principle of Love. By Eros, the Greek god

answering to the Latin Cupid, he figured the passion of the mind or soul, whereby it ascends from the knowledge of objects of sense to the knowledge of things unseen and eternal. The later philosophers of Plato's school continued his methods of allegory, and extended his philosophical principles so far as to make Love the primal cause of Being in the Universe. In this guise Love appears in the famous story of "Cupid and Psyche," written by the Platonic philosopher Apuleius, and in the no less famous treatise of the Platonist Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," which was one of the favourite school books in the Middle Ages. Thus the idea of Love became philosophical. Next the stream of Platonic philosophy mingled with the stream of theology. This union is first found in the writings ascribed in the Middle Ages to Dionysius the Areopagite, author of the "Mystical Theology," a work which, centuries later, led Saint Bonaventura to compose "The Itinerary of the Soul to God," from which, again, Dante derived so much of the feeling that pervades his "Vita Nuova" and "Paradiso." Love in the hands of Dante has become, we see, not only philosophical, but mystical and religious. Finally, from this sphere, half-philosophical, half-theological, Love migrated into poetry. The allegorical genius of theology, blending with the native love poetry of the Arabs, and with the spirit of chivalry, produced the metaphysical love poetry of the Troubadours, who are the poetical ancestors of Petrarch, and of the French poets from whom Chaucer drew his ideas of Cupid. In a later age, after the revival of letters, this strange compound of mythology, philosophy, theology, and Oriental poetry, was resolved into its simple elements; and, when Shakespeare paid his famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth, Cupid had been restored to the place which he naturally occupies in Greek and Latin literature.

These are the kind of problems which confront the student, not only in Chaucer, but throughout English literature, at least as far as Shakespeare and Milton. To unlock them you must use the key of history. If you assume, as the Teutonic school of criticism assume, that English literature can be studied, like Greek literature, as the organic growth of the Anglo-Saxon mind, these problems must remain unsolved. You can no more connect the art of Chaucer or Shakespeare with Anglo-Saxon poetry, than you can explain the style of Salisbury Cathedral from the principles of Anglo-Saxon architecture. English literature, after the Norman Conquest, is inseparably united with Continental literature; and the development of Continental literature can only be explained, on the one side, by the decline of Latin letters, and, on the other, by the rise of the Christian Church. To study English Literature, apart from these two elementary factors, would be as idle as to study the history of Gothic architecture without reference to the architecture of Rome,

INSTITUTE NEW SWINDON.

or the history of Italian painting independently of its connection with the art of Constantinople.

Such, in my opinion, are the points at issue. I have endeavoured to trace the gradual manner in which our existing system of liberal education has formed itself. I have urged that before any other study be added to this system its advocates should prove that it is both useful and capable of being scientifically taught. Further, as regards the admission of English language and literature into the system, I have shown that, looking to the uncertainty existing, both in the public mind and in the academical mind, as to the scope and nature of the subject, it is doubtful whether at present this study can be said to fulfil either condition. But I have ventured to suggest a method by which the study might be scientifically pursued, in such a way as to render it, in Professor Freeman's phrase, a fit subject for University teaching and University examination. I should like to add that, in order to train the mind for the advanced teaching of the Universities, I should be glad to see the texts of our great English poets and orators studied in our public schools, side by side with the great orators and poets of Greece and Rome, on the principle so well advocated by Mr. Churton Collins in his little work on "The Study of English Literature." Whether the method of study I have indicated is capable of being applied as a practical principle of instruction, I must now leave for the consideration of you who are so well versed in the arts of teaching. Of this, at any rate, I am certain: that if it can be proved that, on these or any other similar lines, English Language and Literature is capable of being historically studied, no school will possess stronger claims to be admitted within the circle of the liberal sciences. It must be useful, on account of the flood of light which pours through our literature to animate and illumine the bare records of our history. It must be useful, as showing the slow degrees by which the ideas of men are moulded and modified, by individual and individual, from generation to generation; and as thereby accustoming the mind of the student to larger and more humane ways of thinking. Not less useful will it be in illustrating the gradual growth of the arts of expression, and of the laws, which, hidden beneath the surface of things, exert an irresistible power in altering the structure of our language. To sum up in a sentence: I cannot conceive of any study which, if pursued under such conditions as I have supposed, is more likely to educate perception, to enlarge imagination, to strengthen judgment, and to refine taste.

W. J. Courthope.

THE EXILE OF THE MARQUISE DE FALAISEAU.

Among the chief "notes" of the last decades of this century is the perpetual analysis of "Woman": her peculiar vocation, her proper place in the world, her character, her education. One writer tells us what she is, another what she should be, a third what she used to be, a fourth what she will become. Mrs. Lynn Linton draws an ideal picture of womanhood in the past, and contrasts it with a very unflattering picture of womanhood in the present. While maintaining the conservative standpoint, Sir Herbert Maxwell chivalrously defends his poor contemporaries from the sweeping charges brought against them. "Advanced" writers shake their heads over all women, past and present, as mere victims of injustice and oppression, who have never had a chance of developing the "higher" qualities of human nature. They console themselves by solemnly assuring the world that the new conditions they are preparing for their sisters will "evolve" an entirely new "type," which will, of course, be superior in every respect to the one-sided, stunted being of the less enlightened ages.

Meanwhile, the great majority of women do not care to be thus discussed, still less to meet one form of self-assertion by another. In this self-conscious age, which is quite enough occupied with itself, it is surely a more grateful task to turn to the calm teaching of History, and, rather than indulge in theory, to see what conclusions can be drawn from simple fact. History can show us not one "type," but countless "types," of womanhood, developed by all sorts of influences amid every variety of circumstance.

A century ago the great French Revolution brought over a whole generation of women trials of courage, of patience, and of endurance, such as seldom fall to our lot in quieter times. How they stood the test has appeared from many memoirs of the time. The Vicomte de Broc, author of several works on the French Revolution, has lately published another of these fascinating records. In *Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme pendant l'Émigration*, he preserves the memory of one of these brave women, whose names are cherished in many French families. Far from claiming an exceptional place for his ancestress, he says:

"Madame de Falaiseau truly belonged to that epoch, when moral strength proved superior to misfortune; she personifies its sentiments and character, and more than one family will find its history in the scattered leaves which I have collected."

In one respect Mme. de Falaiseau was not altogether typical of the Frenchwomen of the emigration. She belonged, it is true, to a noble Breton family, de Kerjean; but her mother was a Portuguese, de Carvalho by name, whom her father had married at Pondichery. He was nephew to the celebrated Dupleix, the great opponent of Lord Clive in India, who after a brilliant career died in Paris in poverty and disgrace. M. de Kerjean had followed his uncle to Pondichery, and served with distinction under Bussy, Dupleix's brave colleague. He shared in his uncle's good and bad fortunes, and after his death returned to India to retrieve his misadventures. He died there, leaving his wife and three children, who had remained in France, amid straitened circumstances. The King gave a pension to Kerjean's widow in acknowledgment of her husband's services. The family dispersed. The son was sent to school; the eldest daughter, to her grandmother at Brest; while the mother and Adelaide, the coming Marquise de Falaiseau, lived in a convent at Paris. Adelaide's girlhood was not happy. Her mother appears to have been indolent, selfish, and cold-mannered, and to have passed her life in vain regrets over her former grandeur. The monotony of convent life was relieved only by occasional visits to relations "en province." Adelaide, however, received what was then considered a brilliant education. She seems to have early had a strong sense of duty and a serious turn of mind. At the same time, she had the healthful buoyancy of many strong natures, a sound judgment, and great firmness of character. Her portrait gives the impression of a handsome but not beautiful woman, whose chief attraction must have been her fine eyes and an expression of great intelligence and kindness. At twenty-seven years of age she married a man of wealth and position, the Marquis de Falaiseau, who had formerly served in the Army. He appears to have been a man of worth as well. Himself a Roman Catholic, as his father had been, he came of a Huguenot family, a branch of which had emigrated to Holland. The marriage, in 1787, was happy. The young couple divided their time between two châteaux, belonging to the Marquis, situate in Orléanais, and Paris, where they shared in the stirring life of the capital. Two sons were born, one of whom died in early infancy. Their happiness was not immediately disturbed by the events which convulsed France in '88 and '89. It was but a short reprieve. In the course of the year '90 a band of armed peasants came to their château, claiming admittance on the plea of search-

ing for arms, which they supposed to be kept in readiness for a "counter-revolution." The Falaiseau's were out; but her widowed sister, Mme. du Camper, who was living with them, behaved with great presence of mind. First she hid away the family plate; then she let the men in and conciliated them by having a table bountifully spread for them in the hall. This rather undignified proceeding gave a wholesome diversion to the "patriots'" minds, till M. de Falaiseau, on his return, was able to persuade them that his house was not an arsenal. The family, however, was in constant danger while remaining at la Revandière. Therefore, they went to Paris, where they found their friends in a turmoil of agitation over the great question of the day, whether to emigrate or not.

This question was a true apple of discord in most families of the "noblesse." It divided men and women equally brave, honourable, and patriotic. M. de Broc distinguishes "l'émigration de sûreté," which began as early as July, 1789, after the fall of the Bastille, and continued all through the Revolution, from "l'émigration du point d'honneur," which was an answer to the Comte d'Artois' appeal to the Royalists, in July, 1790, to take up arms in the King's cause. "L'émigration de sûreté," which took enormous proportions after the September massacres, and carried away, it is said, 200,000 persons, Republicans as well as Royalists, bourgeois as well as nobles, had for its very pardonable motive the desire inherent in most men and women to keep their heads on their shoulders. "L'émigration armée fût une faute," says M. de Broc; and this appears to be the almost unanimous verdict of posterity. At the time, however, though it was coupled with an unpatriotic alliance with foreign Powers, the call to arms was irresistible to thousands of brave men, who found it impossible to spend their days in forced inaction in France while their brethren were preparing (they thought) for an easy victory over the enemies of their King.

M. de Falaiseau was a cool and cautious man, disposed to grave deliberation after the manner of his Huguenot ancestors. He was slow in making up his mind; but he yielded at last to the arguments of émigré friends, and determined to serve in Condé's ill-fated army. He first went to Tournay, in Belgium, whither his wife followed him shortly afterwards, with her boy Alexis, and three faithful servants, notwithstanding her mother's violent opposition. The French colony at Tournay were in the highest spirits—excepting one or two grave and far-sighted men who, like M. de Falaiseau, mourned over the incorrigible levity of their countrymen. Even the increasingly severe measures adopted against the émigrés were looked upon as the harmless vagaries of a Government whose days were counted.

In February, 1792, M. de Falaiseau joined the army at Coblence.

His wife passed through Brussels, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle, on her way to Bonn, where she stayed for some time. All those places were centres of gay French society. She then went to Coblence, the headquarters of the Princes. She dined both with the Princes and the Elector, and frequently attended the large receptions at both Courts. The other evenings were spent at one another's houses; Mme. de Falaiseau, in her turn, giving a little supper about once a week to twenty or thirty people. Her husband, meanwhile, was ordered to join his regiment, which was quartered in the environs. She afterwards went to Mayence in search of privacy and quiet, and there, on July 17, gave birth to a son, to whom the name of Charles Philippe Marie was given, the Comte d'Artois and the Princesse Cunégonde de Saxe being sponsors.

Early in August the campaign, the issue of which was to dispel all the foolish illusions of the émigrés, began. M. de Falaiseau, like hundreds of other officers, appears to have served in the ranks. Chateaubriand, in his *Mémoires d'Outretombe*, gives a picturesque description of this extraordinary army, a description that must in some measure enlist the reader's sympathy in its favour.

"Une armée est ordinairement composée de soldats à peu près du même âge, de la même taille, de la même force. Bien différente était la nôtre, assemblage confus d'hommes faits, de vieillards, d'enfants. . . . Cet arrière-ban, tout ridicule qu'il paraissait, avait quelque chose d'honorable et de touchant, parce qu'il était animé de convictions sincères; il offrait le spectacle de la vieille monarchie, et donnait une dernière représentation d'un monde qui passait. . . . Tout cette troupe pauvre, ne recevant pas un sou des princes, faisait la guerre à ses dépens, tandis que les décrets achevaient de la dépouiller, et jetaient nos femmes et nos mères dans les cachots."

M. de Falaiseau's letters to his wife tally perfectly with this account.

The émigré army was a mere straggling, disorganized rear-guard, decimated by disease in consequence of hunger, cold, and exhausting marches over ground soaked by perpetual rains. On August 2 they entered France, and, instead of the enthusiasm they had expected, found scarce anything but coldness or hostility. The early successes of the Prussian and the Austrian armies were followed by the decisive victory of the Republican army at Valmy on September 20. There was no alternative but a rapid retreat, fraught with danger and humiliation to the unhappy émigrés. They were overwhelmed with angry reproaches by their allies for having misled them as to the true state of France. The army of the Princes was disbanded, some few thousands entering the Austrian service.

The situation of the émigrés became widely different from what it had been before this disastrous campaign. Pity for the vanquished was too often extinguished by dread of the victors. One country after another sent them beyond its borders. In a charming article

in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "Un Agent Secret de l'Emigration," the Comte Melchior de Vogüé says, in noting the misfortunes of the Royalist party:

"Si vous voulez être juste, cherchez la caste et le parti sur les échafauds, où l'on faisait son vieux métier, de mourir en souriant. . . . Cherchez dans les mansardes de Londres et de Vienne, sur les routes d'Allemagne où les poteaux indicateurs disaient: 'Territoire interdit aux vagabonds, aux mendians et aux émigrés, partout où les pauvres proscrits vivaient d'humbles industries, quand ils ne mouraient pas de faim."

It often happened that the notice to quit was immediate. The Sovereign of a very small German State once said to an émigré, "Je vous donne vingt-quatre heures pour sortir de mes États." "Monseigneur," was the prompt reply, "il ne me faut qu'un quart d'heure."

The Falaiseau's were at Bonn in October of the same year (1792). One day, after dining with the Elector, they suddenly heard that all the émigrés had received orders to leave. They set off for Holland, going as far as Nimègue in their own travelling coach, and thence in a crowded boat to Rotterdam. After a three-days passage across the Channel, in rough weather, the horrors of which were enhanced by the fear of being captured by a French vessel or betrayed by their own captain, they arrived at Harwich, and went by land to London. They were enthusiastic over the beauty of the country and its air of prosperity, but in great dread of highway robbers. They were warmly received by an aunt of Mme. de Falaiseau and her husband, a M. and Mme. Floyer, who lived in a comfortable house in Portland Place. She had the intense happiness of meeting her sister, Mme. du Camper.

There had been little and very uncertain communication between them. Letters from émigrés might become death-sentences to the recipients; hence all sorts of precautions—assumed names, secret language, and the use of invisible ink. Mme. du Camper, a very brave, energetic woman, had endangered her life in her active endeavours te save her sister's property. The only chance of safety for people of gentle birth was in the most perfect quietude. The black-mailing in France at that time was appalling. Mme. du Camper repeatedly had to buy off two former servants of M. de Falaiseau, who threatened to denounce her for keeping furniture belonging to émigrés relatives. People could not stir without passports. Mme. du Camper actually presented herself three times before the red-capped, smoking, swearing, jeering members of the "Revolutionary Committee," to obtain one for going to England. The kindly intercession of a stranger, on a fourth and more informal interview, was successful.

For a brief time Mme. de Falaiseau gave herself up to happiness with that unreasoning reaction against sorrow which often follows

on the strain of intense and prolonged anxiety. This could not last. Stern realities had to be faced. If the family were not to remain penniless, steps must be taken to have their names taken off the fatal list of émigrés. The execution of the King, on January 21, 1793, somehow hastened their departure. They went to Abbeville, where they stayed in a large house, which the owner had turned into an "hôtel garni." It is characteristic of those terrible times and of the French nation that the inmates all had assumed names, that they were of every shade of opinion, that this strange company met every evening for music and conversation, and that everyone told his or her history, and that almost all told stories in a different sense.

Mme. du Camper, who had accompanied them, first returned to Paris, where she began by getting "certificats de résidence" for 5,000 francs. Her courage and activity were admirable. Pleading with one person, bribing another, she ran about seeking ways and means of obtaining M. de Falaiseau's "radiation." There were two rival Companies who offered their good offices to the émigrés. The sum of 40,000 francs was the price stipulated for M. de Falaiseau's "radiation." To raise it, she was obliged to sell furniture. Mme. de Falaiseau came to Paris to see her mother; but, although provided with the indispensable "certificat de résidence," it was unsafe for her to remain longer than twenty-four hours. The danger to which he exposed himself did not deter M. de Falaiseau from frequent journeys to Paris. Abbeville at length became unsafe; and the family went to Lille, which was soon after threatened by foreign troops. M. de Falaiseau determined to send his wife and children across the frontier, accompanied by a faithful maid, a "citoyenne de confiance," as she was called in the jargon of the time. It was a dangerous move. Disguised in a coarse peasant dress, and speaking the patois of the district as well as she could, Mme. de Falaiseau, happily, escaped the suspicion of being an "emigrée," not without frequent alarms; and, escorted by two trustworthy guides, the party arrived at Tournay safely. She had not been there long when an irrepressible desire to rejoin her husband overcame her. Rightly or wrongly, she fancied her presence would advance his interests. She again donned her peasant dress, secured guides, and reached Lille safely, after a very narrow escape of being shot by some skirmishing troops. M. de Falaiseau showed little appreciation of his wife's ill-timed heroism. He sent her away a few days later in company of a poor old nun who was being persecuted for refusal to take the oath to the Constitution. This proved the least adventurous of the three journeys.

M. de Falaiseau was obliged to leave France in October. He joined his family at Brussels, and earned some money by giving

lessons in shorthand. The approach of the victorious French army obliged them to fly again. The close of 1794 found them at the Hague, where they met a number of other émigrés, among whom were several old friends. By this time, it appears, they had little else to live on than the gradual sale of Mme. de Falaiseau's jewels, which were valued by a Hague jeweller at a sum scarce exceeding £200.

By far the saddest trouble of their life was the perpetual anxiety on account of their friends in France. The only source of information left to them was the official list, published every fortnight, of those who had perished on the scaffold. The names of those dearest to them did not appear. They afterwards learned that Mme. du Camper had very narrowly escaped the guillotine. She was "denounced" and put into prison, and may have owed her deliverance to a romantic incident which I will relate. A M. Leger, whose acquaintance she had made in business transactions, had long displayed great and disinterested activity in her service. He now claimed the release of her as his wife, while letting her know that she might safely sign the needful papers, as he would consider them null and void as far as their mutual relations were concerned. She signed; but may have owed her liberation more to the fall of Robespierre than to this step. However, when M. Leger wished to return her the important document, "her gratitude and his devotion," to use her own words. "prevented her doing so." The marriage, soon after, proved happy.

The Falaiseau's meanwhile had the prospect of soon being driven away from Holland as they had been from Belgium; for the French army was steadily advancing, and the Revolutionary party in Holland were eager for their arrival. The prospect was doubly trying to Mme. de Falaiseau, as she was expecting the birth of a third child shortly. Their slender means necessitated daily privations, aggravated by an unusually cold winter. Her husband found himself obliged to go to England in search of employment. Still, her courage and nerve did not fail. An admirable letter written to her husband at this time—a letter almost quite free from the affectation and "gush" of the times—gives a distinct impression of the writer as a good woman whose simple faith in God and deep family affections were the basis of a strong and fine character. One passage must be given in her own words.—

"I feel strong enough to bear any situation, howsoever trying, without being unhappy, provided I have those I love with me. I shall feel happy in any position in which Providence may place me if I have my husband and children and may be reunited with my mother and my nearest relatives."

The émigrés were fast preparing to leave. The offer of some kind friends to take the little boys with them to England was grate-

fully accepted, although the separation was a terrible trial to the poor mother. Mme. de Falaiseau's condition made it impossible for her to undertake a sea voyage. She joined her fortunes to those of a countrywoman, the Princesse de Berghes, whose situation was similar, and they determined to seek some place of safety in Germany. It was, however, found equally impossible for the ladies to cross the Zuyder Zee, which was only partly frozen. Consequently, they remained at Amsterdam. As there was far more danger for the men than for the women, they insisted on the men of the party leaving. M. de Berghes afterwards returned.

It was with much difficulty that they found people willing to take in lodgers of so dangerous a character. Mme. de Falaiseau and her maid had to be satisfied with a damp back room, while the de Berghes family, with three children and four servants, occupied the garret of the same house. It may be mentioned that while the so-called patriots, who had imbued revolutionary ideas, were often more hostile than the French Republicans themselves, the adherents to the House of Orange showed great kindness to the émigrés.

On January 21 Mme. de Falaiseau, who had kept up bravely during all this terrible time for the sake of her child, gave birth to a girl. Her joy was great. The daughter was destined to live for eighty-four years. On the same day a boy was born to the de Berghes; and three weeks afterwards both ladies went to church together to render thanks, although there was some risk in appearing in the streets. The French army had arrived, and the Revolution was triumphant in Holland. "Trees of Liberty" met the poor fugitives' eyes on all sides, and "citizens" of both sexes, adorned with tricoloured ribbons, were dancing around them.

Mme. de Falaiseau was racked with anxiety on account of her husband, of whom she knew nothing. The fate of the émigrés, many of whom had been captured and brought to prison at Amsterdam, while others were in hiding in different places, hung in the balance for some time. The tide, however, had turned in France after the fall of Robespierre. Instead of the sentence of death, which was feared (on good grounds) by those who had borne arms against the Republic, all the émigrés, without distinction, were condemned to exile; and Hamburg was assigned as their destination. On April 13 a ship was specially appointed for them. Mme. de Falaiseau and some others begged as a favour to be sent by land. The request was granted, and they left on May 1. Mme de Falaiseau praises the courtesy and kindness which she everywhere met from the Republican officers.

M. de Falaiseau was still in England, where he put his two boys to school. He afterwards joined his wife at Hamburg. They spent

the remaining years of exile there in hardship and poverty, relieved by their affection for each other, the kindness of friends, and the pleasant social intercourse which the émigrés managed to secure amid the most adverse circumstances. After a day's hard work in some professional, or artistic, or commercial, pursuit, the work-room, which had sometimes served as chapel and dining-room as well, would be turned into a salon. The cares of life were laid aside. Conversation flowed; wit sparkled; and delicate, well-turned compliments were exchanged, much as in the old days at Versailles or Paris. "In the midst of privations, poverty, and distress, these women of the French aristocracy remained great ladies in manners, spirit, and heart." Mme. de Falaiseau earned some money by colouring plates for Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*, and also by embroidering small fancy articles. A serious illness interrupted her labours and imperilled her life. She made her will, and desired that in case her children had recovered their property before other émigrés, a quarter of her income should be used to relieve the distress of those among them who were most in need, provided her children's wants were amply supplied. She rallied, but never quite regained her health.

Worse trials were in store for her. In 1799 her eldest boy, Alexis, injured his knee by a serious fall. He arrived at Hamburg on crutches, and serious fears were entertained of his remaining a cripple. The following year M. de Falaiseau took him to Aix-la-Chapelle, hoping that the mineral waters might benefit him. The poor mother remained in Hamburg; she never saw her boy again.

M. de Falaiseau left his son at Aix, and went to France to repeat the efforts he had made in 1796, as well as before 1793, to recover his Frenchman's rights. He was recognized and imprisoned in the Temple, in the very same room which Louis XVI. had occupied. His captivity lasted three months. He was at last released on a kind of ticket-of-leave system, and immediately went to his son at Aix, whom he found in a slow decline. He took him back to Paris, and there, in a lonely lodging, tended only by his devoted father, and occasionally visited by some kind nuns, the young sufferer's life ebbed slowly away. Some friends found him reading the *Imitation*. The intense spirituality of the book appears to have answered the boy's aspirations, loosened his hold on earth, and prepared him for a willing exchange of this life for that beyond. He suffered patiently, and died, in faith and hope, at thirteen years of age, on the October 2, 1801.

It appears that poor Mme. de Falaiseau had been detained in Hamburg by ill-health, for her name had been taken off the list of émigrés, while that of her husband had not. She alludes in a letter to the frightful misery which they had suffered, and it

was only by selling all her possessions that she could get together sufficient money to return to France.

The long years of exile were ended. M. de Falaiseau recovered his rights in 1801. He and his, wife, however, were nearly ruined; and he was glad to accept a small post under the new Government, and to eke out their small income by his modest salary. The severe lessons of adversity had not been vain in their case; nor had they in the cases of many others. Suffering had ennobled and refined the character. M. de Broc describes the general effect of the emigration on the French aristocracy.—

"By dint of privation they had become detached in spirit from the riches which they no longer possessed. They found enjoyment in trifles and were satisfied with little, since they had learnt to do without everything.

"The stern necessities of life forced them to submit to the great law of work, which neither classes nor individuals can transgress with impunity. In their new simplicity they had acquired a moral dignity which is unknown in times when men bow before money and material enjoyment has taken the place of the pleasures of the mind and the delicate feelings of the heart."

Mme. de Falaiseau died in 1812, leaving a memory beloved and revered by her descendants.—

"A woman of the eighteenth century by virtue of her charm and grace, she had the courage of the generation that bore exile and misery with fortitude and faced the scaffold without flinching. Her strength of mind was the result—not of stoicism, but—of those beliefs which prepare for death and comfort in life."

S. I. DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT.

THE NEW ERA IN LETTERS.

If it should ever happen to Mr. Walter Besant, as it will happen at moments to the most sanguine of us, to succumb to a fit of depression, and to doubt the result of all those good works through which he has laboured in the author's behalf, he would not, I think, need to reflect for long before arriving at his consolation. Within a few hours of these words appearing in print, he will, sitting at dinner surrounded by the Society which has been created by his energy and altruism, find himself in the midst of a body of men and women of letters far freer and more prosperous than any of equal magnitude to which history can point. During the last fifty (nay: even twenty) years the position of the man of letters has been revolutionized. Old traits which were his characteristic have disappeared; his very individuality has changed. His familiar haunts desire him in vain. We miss him on the customed Ludgate Hill, and the thoroughfare which Mr. Thomas Archer calls "the highway of letters" is chiefly given over to the scarlet traps of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. In a word, Grub Street is no more. The band of Rhymers take their pilgrimage to the "Cheshire Cheese" as a memorial, not as a fashion; and, if you overhear a scrap of conversation above the dusty green curtains at the "Cock," the names you catch are those, not of poets, but, of Hawkins and Lockwood. You must seek the young author elsewhere. You will find him of an afternoon in some Mayfair drawing-room; his frock-coat well brushed and garnished with a gardenia, his gloves irreproachable, his silk hat the very glass of fashion.

It is a great change, and one to which many things have contributed. The spread of education has, of course, had its share in the revolution. Everyone reads something now. Newspapers and periodicals are legion, and there is room for a multitude of penmen. Every side of life, every profession, has its organ, so that a man may know but one subject well, and yet be indispensable to his Editor. The main cause of the change, however, lies in the fact that the writer has learnt that he is indispensable. Two voices have taught him his own value—the voice of the Incorporated Society of Authors and the voice of the Literary Agent. It is only during

the last twenty years that we have come to attach a definite market-value to literary property. Without the aid which I have indicated, it would have taken the author a much longer while to estimate his work at its proper value. As one re-read the other day, in Mr. Dykes Campbell's invaluable biography, the details of Coleridge's early life, or refreshed one's memory of Lavengro's struggles in the grip of his unscrupulous publisher, one felt how far we have left behind all the possibilities of literary sweating. To-day the man of letters is a man of affairs as well. He knows to a nicety when his value is rising or falling in the mart; he can work out the exact increase in shillings per hundred words which the success of his last novel warrants; he can fix his price; and he can get it; or, if he desire immunity from the bare business of the bargain, his agent can get it for him. An author, especially if he be a novelist, has no sooner made a hit than publishers vie with one another to secure him for their next season's list. He need not exert himself: they will be ready with their offers; America, too, will be glad to double his income. The only annoyance to which he may possibly be subjected will be the recapitulation in the evening journals of the exact terms upon which he sold his copyright followed by a little calculation of his annual increment since the publication of his earliest work. Opulence has its duties to the public; and notoriety is, after all, an inconsiderable disadvantage.

Now, to regret all these changes would be not only absurd, but —petulant and unreasonable. It is picturesque enough to repeat that

> "The people I pity who know not the city,
> The beautiful city of Prague";

but it is better to live in Corinth than in Prague; and to mourn over the collapse of Bohemia is sheer affectation. It is long out of date to complain of the absence of the picturesque, when the hair is worn like a Coburg loaf, and bell-skirts are blown into balloons by every passing breeze. No: the change into competence is a good one.

Nor can much be urged with reason against the conditions which have brought about this change. Sharp things have been said of the Authors' Society; but its most eager detractors admit the immense advantages which it has brought within the reach of the young writer, and the courage with which it has exposed the frauds and futilities of bogus publishing houses. As regards the Literary Agent: the obvious retort to his assailant is that you need not employ him unless you like. There are many authors who are pragmatical enough to shift without him; but there are quite as many who are too sensitive or too otiose to conduct their own business satisfactorily. For these, and for the politician, the

sportsman, the traveller, and the rest, who are authors, and have no time to waste in correspondence, the agent is a valuable, an invaluable, ally. We can have no reasonable quarrel with the causes of the change in the literary man's position; but I think we may have some apprehensions about its result.

One of the most marked traits of the present generation, and at the same time one of the least gratifying, is the prevalence, the ubiquity, of the pecuniary estimate. It needed no Arthur Hugh Clough to tell us how needful it is to have money. To try to depreciate the necessity of competence would be childish in an age when every man's shoulder is against his neighbour's, and the struggle for existence is hot within us. Still, the snobbery which judges a man by the standard of his annual earnings, which makes his pass-book, as it were, his passport into society, is, as Hilda Wangel would say, "horribly ugly." Such a criticism was intelligible, perhaps, among the inhabitants of Lombard Street and Judæa; it is quite insufferable in the precincts of art. Happily, we have not yet arrived at the fulness of this possibility. Among men of letters there is a strong tincture of gracious Bohemianism still, and the successful writer is, as a rule, full of aid and encouragement of the struggler.

The admission of the pecuniary estimate, however, is not without some ill-effect already. When authors were generally poor the rate of payment was not very carefully calculated. It was good to have anything: beggars could not be choosers. Now that the author is the dictator of terms, the value of the sovereign is too closely considered. Too much thought and too much reliance are bestowed upon the remuneration. In the case of tried authors this is only as it should be. A writer who has a record of good work to point to ought, without question, to benefit by that work, and by the reputation which it has brought him. He ought to be able to demand his price. It seems to me, however, that nothing can be more harmful or more retarding to the young author than to be brought continually face to face with the question of the fairness of his payment. Nothing is more likely to cripple the soundness of his work than the reflection, for example, that, howsoever well he writes, he will be paid but indifferently well. When once he is encouraged in this perpetual setting over of gains against labour, the young author, being human, cannot but be influenced by it. He will give more time and thought to the article which is more highly-paid; he will talk airily about "pot-boilers," and run into a loose, irresponsible habit of work. Surely, in the realm of art, everything we do should be done as well as we can do it. The satisfaction is—not in the payment, but—in the preservation of our own self-esteem. When once we begin to do work which we know

to be bad, we are ashamed to look ourselves in the face. Moreover, the young author has no justification for his complaint: he is untried: he has to make his way and his name. When these are made, he will be able, and rightly, to dictate his terms; until then he is serving his apprenticeship, and must be content to wait. There is no more exasperating spectacle than the man who cannot wait, who builds up books of the flimsiest material, re-collects everything he has scribbled, and tries to make a double income by a double publication. He is foolish for his pains, as well: he only fills the public with distrust, and his Editors with amusement. At last he finds that his eagerness to be rich has left him poor indeed.

There are people who find infinite consolation in comparison. If the young author needs a parallel to uphold him, he may rest satisfied in remembering that both Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Matthew Arnold were years before they made an appreciable income from their pens; and yet there never was work judged less by the pecuniary estimate than theirs. In their day it was the less admirable line of literary work that chiefly flaunted its returns in the face of the world. That it should do so seems fair enough. Writers whose reputation is momentary need scarce be grudged such full satisfaction as they can reap in their day's labour; but the power of the pecuniary estimate ought to end there. The serious man of letters ought not to be a literary pedlar.

There are, indeed, certain forms of literature which, one feels instinctively, should be especially free from the snobbery of the counting-house,—those, namely, of the highest kind of fiction, of philosophy and literary criticism, and of poetry.

Fiction, at the present moment, is, unfortunately, of all literary wares, the most susceptible to the money estimate; and there are so many advance-notices of the sums paid for manuscripts that people are beginning to order a book at the libraries simply because they have read in the columns of their daily paper that Messrs. Popgood & Groolly have paid for it £2,000 as an advance on royalties. "This," they say, "shows it must be a good book."

These advance-notices, moreover, are becoming more and more proleptic every year. The successful novelist is, as I have said before, besieged by publishers' offers, and, as a consequence, he can ask for his cash whenever he requires it. Large sums are promised for a book in advance; and it is not unknown in the history of such contracts that the money should be paid down—not upon delivery of the manuscript, but—before a word of it is written. Then (and this is no idle supposition) the author leaves the publisher's office in careless opulence, and forgets his undertaking.

The MS. is not delivered to time; the publisher presses; and the author finds himself in a corner. Either he must cancel his contract and repay; or, in the hurry of other work, he must dash off some indifferent matter to appease the importunate man of business. Sometimes the whole affair passes into the law-courts; and the papers make new exposures of the ways and means of the literary man. Sometimes it is hushed up; the scribbled manuscript goes to press, and reviewers wonder why Mr. ——'s work is degenerating so rapidly. Here we have the evils of the system rampant.

Philosophy and literary criticism, on the contrary, are singularly free from the pecuniary estimate. We hear very little of their sales. It would puzzle the most diligent statistician, I fancy, to say offhand how many copies of *The Data of Ethics* or of *Essays in Criticism* have been sold since the first publication. Perhaps the public cares less about purer literature, and its figures are, therefore, less interesting. At any rate, it is refreshing to have one field of production which has been betrayed "never to the Philistines."

Of fiction, philosophy, and poetry, however, the greatest is poetry; and the heavenly Muse is the one that we would most fain protect from the hand of desecration. There is something scarce to be endured in the idea of poetry submitted to the indignity of a pecuniary estimate, so that one should judge that, since Milton received £10 for *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Postlethwaite £1,000 for *Moses on Gerizim*, Mr. Postlethwaite is one hundred times a better poet than Milton. The very idea seems a burlesque; yet——!

The increased interest in literary property in the rough has moved hand-in-hand with an increase of interest in the finished product. The literary pedlar has been attended by the bibliophile. There have been book-lovers, of course, from the beginning, as there will be to the end; but the affection for the book as a book, for the mere voiceless thing of leaves and covers, has grown considerably during recent years. The collecting of first editions is no longer the afternoon pastime of the irresponsible man of money: there is scarce a yeoman in the field of letters who owns not in his library, as Prospero did, some few volumes which he prizes above his salary.

Now, the thirst for acquiring rare editions is a very natural and a very humane trait; and there are cases in which a collation of the first form of a book with those of its later reprints is indispensable to a student of letters. There is, too, a very real and intelligible value attaching to the early editions of great classical works, which have since passed into the haven of immortality. The least sym-

pathetic "outsider" can understand the bibliophile's interest in such volumes as these. The number of them, however, is inevitably limited, and the book-lover has to look farther afield for the repletion of his bookshelves. It is obvious, then, that his interest cannot be confined to first editions of the classics: he must, as it were, make a market for himself. Thus a spurious value has attached to books which were in the first place published in small editions, and have since passed out of memory,—a value, that is to say, near akin to that which we attribute to rare china or obsolete postage-stamps. It is not that the book is, as regards its contents, a thing of beauty or a joy even for a moment (indeed its pages usually remain uncut, by which neglect the market-price of the copy is increased): it is simply that, as regards its outward form, the thing of cloth and paper is a rarity, its value beginning and ending with its scarceness.

This is well enough, of course. People must collect something; and a book is a pleasant object to hand and eye, and a comely addition to the library furniture. In cases of this sort, however, in course of time, the criterion of value is almost invariably shifted. The collector himself may remain constant to his earlier estimate; but the host of his friends, followers, imitators, what you will, encrust the original idea with their own fancies. They forget that the book is of value simply as a green carnation is valuable, because it is a thing of rarity: they attach a fictitious worth to the volume itself, and begin to believe that what cost fifty shillings at Mr. Sotheby's must necessarily be good literature.

A fashion of this kind can never get abroad without finding a crowd eager to follow it up. An opportunity for money-making seems to offer itself, and the chance is not likely to be missed. In the present case it has been seized readily and energetically enough; and, owing to the persistency of its followers, the literary pedlar has grown to be little short of a pest. A few years ago poetry was bought and read by few beyond the lettered class; and the narrowness of its circle rendered it a somewhat costly article to produce. Much of the best poetry has been published at the author's cost, and, it is to be feared, to his ultimate loss; but the new craze for varieties in bookland opened another door to the literary pedlar: a very little wariness might entrap the unwise and indiscriminate bibliophile. Might it not be possible to publish poetry in so limited an edition that it became a rarity almost before it was off the machine? Might not a kind of false reputation be established upon the difficulty of procuring an author's work, and a decent income upon the haggling over single copies? The idea was started, fulfilled, and has, it seems, succeeded. We are the daily readers of announcements which state that Mr. Bunthorne's new volume of

poems will shortly be ready in three editions: one on Japanese paper, limited to five copies, at two guineas each; one on hand-made paper, limited to twenty copies, at a guinea; and one, demy 8vo, cloth extra, limited to two hundred and fifty copies for England and seventy-five for America, at five shillings and six-pence; that all copies in all editions are already sold, and that a reprint of the cheaper edition may be expected next week.

Now, if these announcements are genuine (and there can be no reason to think them otherwise), they indicate a habit of literary pedlary which would be laughable if it were not undignified. Judged by the intrinsic merit of the contents, it may safely be said that five and sixpence is a sufficient, an ample, an excessive, price for Mr. Bunthorne's verse as verse; judged by the delicate manufacture of page and cover, it is obvious to the practical bookman that two guineas is an absurd fancy value to place upon Mr. Bunthorne *à la* Japanese. Judged by the standard of common sense and experience, it is plain that the whole business is an attempt to trade upon the public mania for rare editions: that it is a sort of illegitimate gambling upon a reputation, a proceeding quite unworthy of a serious man of letters.

Did I say "gambling upon a reputation"? There are cases where it is not altogether a matter of that. There are cases where the sole reputation of an author has been built—not upon his achievement, but—upon these forced, decorative sales; where the mention of his name connects it immediately—not with this or that poem, but—with an announcement in a daily paper to the effect that a copy of his last volume of verse, issued some six months ago, has recently been purchased for a ten-pound note, and that the same book will probably fetch twice as much within the course of the next fortnight. Is not the literary pedlar abroad; and is it not time for public opinion to put some limit to his pedlary, if he still wishes to be reckoned a man of letters? If he is content to take rank among the clever opportunists of trade, to fall into line with the successfully-advertised baker, candlestick-maker, soapboiler, there will be none to say him nay; but when he talks and writes of Art for Art's sake, and claims consideration side-by-side with the great names of all time, it is surely the hour to point to the crow's feet under the peacock's feathers.

There are whispers—faint whispers, and, one would hope, untrue; but whispers still insistent enough not to be neglected—of an even subtler device than these, by which literary pedlary secures its income and its fame. It is said that there are poets writing to-day—and publishing, perhaps, to-morrow—who, when their limited first editions appear, will themselves buy up the greater part of the edition, make for themselves a corner in their own market, and

in their own persons double the parts of poet and retail-dealer. Such things may not be—it is to be hoped that such things never have been;—but the credit which is given to such reports (and the credit is widely spread) is itself enough to prove how low the pedlar of literature has fallen in the estimation of his public.

Whether the extreme case be fanciful or not, there can be no doubt about the more moderate varieties of this trade in art. The young writer, who, perhaps, has not always the soundest example set him by his elder brother, is far too careful of his royalties. To be imprudent is a stumbling-block; to close with the first offer that presents itself, foolishness; but to be for ever brooding over the incessant guinea is to open the door to indifferent workmanship; to busy oneself actively in the sale of one's own work is to relinquish the title of artist.

Literature, even in her humblest branches, has a great and golden past, a record to which she should be true. The muster-roll of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth is rich with names which will connect themselves for ever with the memory of great work done in a great cause, disinterestedly, magnanimously, for the love of the good thing. With them the race was often to the weakest, the battle to the worst-equipped. The struggle was long; but the work lasts longer. To do good work first, and to find his public after,—that surely should be the aim of the young poet. To do hurried work, work ill-digested and indifferently cared for, to force a public by reliance on a momentary craze, to advertise oneself into reputation by the record of ingenious sales,—these, beyond question, are objects unworthy of an artist's consideration. The path to Parnassus is golden with the sheen of spring-flowers, not with the macadam of the hammered dollar.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

AT THE SIGN OF THE EAGLE.

"Life in her creaking shoes
Goes, and more formal grows,
A round of calls and cues:
Love blows as the wind blows.
Blows! . . . . ."

"Well, what do you think of them, Molly?" said Sir Duke Lawless to his wife, his eyes resting with some amusement on a big man and a little one talking to Lord Hampstead.

"The little man is affected, *gauche*, and servile. The big one picturesque and superior, in a raw kind of way. He wishes to be rude to someone, and is disappointed because, just at the moment, Lord Hampstead is too polite to give him his cue. A dangerous person in a drawing-room, I should think; but interesting. You are a bold man to bring them here, Duke. Is it not awkward for their host?"

"Hampstead did it with his eyes open. Besides, there is business behind it—railways, mines, and all that;—and Hampstead's nephew is going to the States fortune-hunting. Do you see?"

Lady Lawless lifted her eyebrows. "'To what base uses are we come, Horatio!' You invite me to dinner and—'I'll fix things up right.' That is the proper phrase, for I have heard you use it. Status for dollars. Isn't it low? I know you do not mean what you say, Duke."

Sir Duke's eyes were playing on the men with a puzzled expression, as though trying to read the subject of their conversation; and he did not reply immediately. Soon, however, he turned and looked down at his wife genially, and said: "Well, that's about it, I suppose. But really there is nothing unusual in this, so far as Mr. John Vandewaters is concerned, for in his own country he travels 'the parlours of the Four Hundred,' and is considered 'a very elegant gentleman.' We must respect a man according to the place he holds in his own community. Besides, as you suggest, Mr. Vandewaters is interesting. I might go further, and say that he is a very good fellow indeed."

"You will be asking him down to Craigruie next," said Lady Lawless, with faint irony, inquisition in her look.

"That is exactly what I mean to do, my dear, with your permission. I hope to see him laying about among the grouse in due season."

"My dear Duke, you are painfully Bohemian. I can remember when you were perfectly precise and exclusive——"

"What an awful prig I must have been!"

"Don't interrupt. That was before you went a-roving in savage countries, and picked up all sorts of acquaintances, making friends with the most impossible folk. I should never be surprised to see you drive Shon McGann—and his wife, of course—and Pretty Pierre—with some other man's wife—up to the door in a dog-cart; their clothes in a saddle-bag, or something less reputable, to stay a month. Duke, you have lost your decorum; you are a gipsy."

"I fear McGann and Pierre wouldn't enjoy being with us as I should enjoy having them. You can never understand what a life that is out in Pierre's country. If it weren't for you and the bairn, I should be off there now. There is something of primeval man in me. I am never so healthy and happy, when away from you, as in prowling round the outposts of civilization, and living on beans and bear's meat."

He stretched to his feet, and his wife rose with him. There was a fine colour on his cheek, and his eye had a pleasant fiery energy. His wife tapped him on the arm with her fan (she understood him very well, though pretending otherwise). "Duke, you are incorrigible. I am in daily dread of your starting off in the middle of the night, leaving me——"

"Watering your couch with your tears?"

"——and hearing nothing more from you till a cable from Quebec or Winnipeg tells me that you are on your way to the Arctic Circle with Pierre or some other heathen. But, seriously, where did you meet Mr. Vandewaters—Heavens, what a name!—and that other person? And what is the other person's name?"

"The other person carries the contradictory name of Stephen Pride."

"Why does he continually finger his face, and show his emotions so? He assents to everything said to him by an appreciative exercise of his features."

"My dear, you ask a great and solemn question. Let me introduce the young man, that you may get your answer at the fountain head."

"Wait a moment, Duke. Sit down and tell me when and where you met these men, and why you have continued the acquaintance."

"Molly," he said, obeying her, "you are a terrible inquisitor, and the privacy of one's chamber were the kinder place to call one to account. But I bend to your implacability. . . . Mr. Vande-

waters, like myself, has a taste for roving, though our aims are not identical. He has a fine faculty for uniting business and pleasure. He is not a thorough sportsman—there is always a certain amount of enthusiasm, even in the unrewarded patience of the true hunter: —but he sufficeth. Well, Mr. Vandewaters had been hunting in the far north, and looking after a promising mine at the same time. He was on his way south at one angle, I at another angle, bound for the same point. Shon McGann was with me; Pierre with Vandewaters. McGann left me, at a certain point, to join his wife at a Barracks of the Riders of the Plains. I had about a hundred miles to travel alone. Well, I got along the first fifty all right. Then came trouble. In a bad place of the hills I fell and broke an ankle bone. I had an Esquimaux dog of the right sort with me. I wrote a line on a bit of birch bark, tied it round his neck, and started him away, trusting my luck that he would pull up somewhere. He did. He ran into Vandewaters' camp that evening. Vandewaters and Pierre started away at once. They had dogs, and reached me soon. It was the first time I had seen Pierre for years. They fixed me up, and we started south. And that's as it was in the beginning with Mr. John Vandewaters and me."

Lady Lawless had been watching the two strangers during the talk, though once or twice she turned and looked at her husband admiringly. When he had finished she said,—"That is very striking. What a pity it is that men we want to like spoil all by their lack of form!"

"Don't be so sure about Vandewaters. Does he look flurried by these surroundings?"

"No. He certainly has an air of contentment. It is, I suppose, the usual air of self-made Americans."

"Go to London, E.C., and you will find the same, *plus* smugness. Now, Mr. Vandewaters has real power—and taste too, as you will see. Would you think Mr. Stephen Pride a self-made man?"

"I cannot think of anyone else who would be proud of the patent. Please to consider the seals about his waistcoat, and the lady-like droop of his shoulders."

"Yet he is thought to be a young man of parts. He has money, made by his ancestors; he has been round the world; he belongs to societies for culture and——"

"And he will rave of the Poet's Corner, ask if one likes *Pippa Passes*, and expect to be introduced to every woman in the room at a tea-party, to say nothing of proposing impossible things, such as taking one's girl friends to the opera alone, sending them boxes of confectionery, and writing them dreadfully reverential notes at the same time. Duke, the creature is impossible, believe me. Never,

INSTITUTE NEW SWINDON.

never, if you love me, invite him to Craigruie. I met one of his tribe at Lady Macintyre's when I was just out of school; and at the dinner-table, when the wine went round, he lifted his voice and asked for a cup of tea, saying he never drank liquor. Actually he did, Duke."

Her husband laughed quietly. He had a man's enjoyment of a woman's dislike of bad form. "A common criminal man, Molly. Tell me: Which is the greater crime: to rob a bank or use a fish-knife for asparagus?"

Lady Lawless fanned herself. "Duke, you make me hot. But if you will have the truth: the fish-knife business by all means. Nobody need feel uncomfortable about the burglary, except the burglar; but see what a position for the other person's hostess."

"My dear, women have no civic virtues. Their *credo* is: 'I believe in beauty and fine linen, and the thing that is not *gauche*.'"

His wife was smiling. "Well, have it your own way. It is a creed of comfort, at any rate. And now, Duke, if I must meet the man of mines and railways and the spare person making faces at Lord Hampstead, let it be soon, that it may be done with; and pray don't invite them to Craigruie in my name, till I have a chance to speak with you again. I will not have impossible people at a house-party."

"What a difficult fellow your husband is, Molly!"

"Difficult; but perfectly possible. His one fault is a universal sympathy which shines alike on the elect—and the others."

"Ha! Well, this is our dance. After it is over, prepare for the Americans."

Half-an-hour later Mr. Vandewaters was standing in a conspicuous corner, talking to Lady Lawless.

"It is, then, your first visit to England?" she said.

He had a dry, deliberate voice, unlike the smooth, conventional voices round him. "Yes, Lady Lawless," he said: "it's the first time I've put my foot in London town, and—perhaps you won't believe it of an American—I find it doesn't take up a very conspicuous place."

The humour was slightly accentuated, and Lady Lawless shrank a little, as if she feared the depths of divertisement to which this speech might lead; but a quick look at the man assured her of his common sense, and she answered: "It is of the joys of London that no one is so important but finds the space he fills a small one; which may be filled acceptably by someone else at any moment. It is easy for kings and princes even—we have secluded princes here now—to get lost and forgotten in London."

"Well, that leaves little chance for ordinary Americans, who don't bank on titles."

She looked up, puzzled in spite of herself. But she presently said, with frankness and *naïveté*, "What does 'bank on titles' mean?"

He stroked his beard, smiling quaintly, and said: "I don't know how to put the thing better—it seemed to fill the bill. But, anyway, Americans are republicans, and don't believe in titles, and——"

"O, pardon me," she interrupted: "of course: I see."

"We've got little ways of talking not the same as yours. You don't seem to have the snap to conversation that we have in the States. But I'll say here that I think you have got a better style of talking. It isn't exhausting."

"Mr. Stephen Pride said to me a moment ago that they spoke better English in Boston than any other place in the world."

"Did he, though, Lady Lawless? That's good. Well, I guess he was only talking through his hat."

She was greatly amused. Her first impressions were correct. The man was interesting. He had a quaint, practical mind. He had been thrown upon his own resources, since infancy almost, in a new country; and he had seen with his own eyes, nakedly, and without predisposition or instruction. From childhood thoroughly adaptable, he could get into touch with things quickly, and instantly like or dislike them. He had been used to approach great concerns with fearlessness and competency. He respected a thing only for its real value, and its intrinsic value was as clear to him as the market value. He had, perhaps, an exaggerated belief in the greatness of his own country, because he liked eagerness and energy and daring. The friction and hurry of American life added to his enjoyment. They acted on him like a stimulating air, in which he was always bold, collected, and steady. He felt an exhilaration in being superior to the rustle of forces round him. It had been his habit to play the great game of business with decision and adroitness. He had not spared his opponent in the fight; he had crushed where his interests were in peril and the sport played into his hands; comforting himself, if he thought of the thing, with the knowledge that he himself would have been crushed if the other man had not. He had never been wilfully unfair, nor had he used dishonourable means to secure his ends: his name stood high in his own country for commercial integrity; men said he "played square." He had, maybe, too keen a contempt for dulness and inappreciation of the chances of life, and incompetency in enterprise, and he loathed red-tape; but this was racial. His mind was as open as his manners. He was utterly approachable. He was a millionaire, and yet in his own offices in New York he was as accessible—as a President. He handled

things without gloves, and this was not a good thing for any who came to him with a weak case. He had a penetrating intelligence; and few men attempted, after their first sophistical statements, to impose upon him: he sent them away unhappy. He did not like England altogether: first, because it lacked, as he said, enterprise; and because the formality, decorum, and excessive convention fretted him. He saw that in many things the old land was backward, and he thought that precious time was being wasted. Still, he could see that there were things, purely social, in which the Londoners were at advantage; and he acknowledged this when he said, concerning Stephen Pride's fond boast, that he was "talking through his hat."

Lady Lawless smiled, and after a moment said: "Does it mean that he was mumming, as it were, like a conjurer?"

"Exactly. You are pretty smart, Lady Lawless; for I can see that, from your standpoint, it isn't always easy to catch the meaning of sayings like that. But they do hit the case: don't they?"

"They give a good deal of individuality to conversation," was the vague reply. "What, do you think, is the chief lack in England?"

"Nerve and enterprise. But I'm not going to say you ought to have the same kind of nerve as ours. We are a different tribe, with different surroundings, and we don't sit in the same kind of saddle. We ride for all we're worth all the time. You sit back and take it easy. We are never satisfied unless we are behind a fast trotter; you are content with a good cob that steps high, tosses its head, and has an aristocratic stride."

"Have you been down in the country much?" she asked, without any seeming relevancy.

He was keen enough. He saw the veiled point of her question. "No: I've never been in the country here," he said. "I suppose you mean that I don't see or know England till I've lived there."

"Quite so, Mr. Vandewaters;" and she smiled to think what an undistinguished name it was. It suggested pumpkins in the front garden. Yet here its owner was perfectly at his ease, watching the scene before him with a good-natured superiority. "London is English; but it is very cosmopolitan, you know," she added; "and I fancy you can see it is not a place for fast trotters. The Park would be too crowded for that—even if one wished to drive a Maud S."

He turned his slow keen eyes on her, and a smile broadened into a low laugh, out of which he said: "What do you know of Maud S? I didn't think you would be up in racing matters."

"You forget that my husband is a traveller, and an admirer of Americans and things American."

"That's so," he answered; "and a staving good traveller he is. You don't catch him asleep, I can tell you, Lady Lawless. He has stuff in him."

"The stuff to make a good American?"

"Yes; with something over. He's the kind of Englishman that can keep cool when things are ticklish, and look as if he were in a parlour all the time. Americans keep cool, but look cheeky. O, I know that. We square our shoulders and turn out our toes, and push our hands into our pockets, and act as if we owned the world. —Hello, by Jingo!" Then apologetically: "I beg your pardon, Lady Lawless: it slipped."

Lady Lawless followed Mr. Vandewaters' glance, and saw, passing on her husband's arm, a tall fascinating girl. She smiled meaningly to herself, as she sent a quick quizzical look at the American, and said, purposely misinterpreting his exclamation, "I am not jealous, Mr. Vandewaters."

"Of course not. That's a commoner thing with us than with you. American girls get more notice and attention from their cradles up, and they want it all along the line. You see, we've mostly got the idea that an Englishman expects from his wife what an American woman expects from her husband."

"How do Americans get these impressions about us?"

"From our newspapers, I guess; and the newspapers take as the groundwork of their belief the Bow Street cases where Englishmen are cornered for beating their wives."

"Suppose we were to judge of American society by the cases in a Chicago Divorce Court?"

"There you have me on toast. That's what comes of having a husband who takes American papers. Mind you, I haven't any idea that the American papers are right. I've had a lot to do with newspapers, and they are pretty ignorant, I can tell you: cheap all round. What's a newspaper, anyway, but an editor, more or less smart and overworked, with an owner behind him who has got some game on hand? I know: I've been there."

"How have you 'been there'?"

"I've owned four big papers all at once, and had fifty others under my thumb."

Lady Lawless caught her breath; but she believed him. "You must be very rich."

"Owning newspapers doesn't mean riches. It's a lever, though, for tipping the dollars your way."

"I suppose they have—tipped your way?"

"Yes: pretty well. But don't follow this lead any farther, Lady Lawless, or you may come across something that will give you a start,—and I should like to keep on speaking terms with you."

"You mean that man cannot hold fifty newspapers under his thumb, and live in the glare of a search-light also?"

"Exactly. You can't make millions without pulling wires."

She saw him watching the girl on her husband's arm. She had the instinct of her sex. She glanced at the stately girl again; then at Mr. Vandewaters critically, and rejoined, *naïvely*, "Did you—make millions?"

He replied abstractedly, his eyes still watching, "Yes: a few handfuls, and lost a few—'that's why I'm here.'"

"To get them back on the London market?"

"That's why I am here."

"And you have not come in vain?"

"I could tell you better in a month or so from now. In any case, I don't stand to lose. I've come to take things away from England."

"I hope you will take away a good opinion of it."

"If there'd been any doubt of it a half-hour ago, it would be all gone this minute."

"Which is nice of you; and not in your usual vein, I should think. But, Mr. Vandewaters, we want you to come to Craigruie, our country place, to spend a couple of weeks or more. Then you will have a chance to judge us better, or rather more broadly—and effectively." She was looking at the girl, and at that moment she caught Sir Duke's eye. She telegraphed to him to come.

"Thank you, Lady Lawless, I'm glad you have asked me. But ——" He glanced to where Mr. Pride was being introduced to the young lady on Sir Duke's arm, and paused.

"We are hoping," she added, interpreting his thought, and speaking a little dryly, "that your friend, Mr. Stephen Pride"—the name sounded so ludicrous—"will join us."

"He'll be proud enough, you may be sure. It's a singular combination, Pride and myself: isn't it? But, you see, he has a fortune which, as yet, he has never been able to handle for himself; and I do it for him. We are partners, and, though you mightn't think it, he has got more money now than when he put his dollars at my disposal, to help me make a few millions at a critical time."

Lady Lawless let her fan touch Mr. Vandewaters' arm. "I am going to do you a very great favour. You see that young lady coming to us with my husband? Well, I am going to introduce you to her. It is such as she—such good women—who will convince you——"

"Yes?"

"——that you have yet to make your—O, what shall I call it?—Ah, I have it: your 'biggest deal,'—and, in truth, your best."

"Is that so?" said Vandewaters musingly, "is that so? I always thought I'd make my—biggest deal—in the States. Who is she? She is beautiful."

"She is more than beautiful—the Honourable Julia Raglan."

"I don't understand about 'The Honourable.'"

"I will explain that another time."

A moment later Miss Raglan, in a gentle bewilderment, walked down the ball-room on the arm of the millionaire, half afraid that something *gauche* would happen; but by the time she had got to the other end was reassured, and became interested.

Sir Duke said to his wife in an aside, before he left her with Mr. Vandewaters' financial partner, "What is your pretty conspiracy, Molly?"

"Do talk English, Duke, and do not interfere."

A few hours later, on the way home, Sir Duke said, "You asked Mr. Pride too?"

"Yes: I grieve to say."

"Why grieve?"

"Because his experiences with us seem to make him dizzy. He will be terribly in earnest with every woman in the house, if——"

"If you do not keep him in line yourself?"

"Quite so. And the creature is not even interesting."

"Cast your eye about. He has millions; you have cousins!"

"You do not mean that, Duke? I would see them in their graves first. He actually says 'My lady' every other sentence, and wants to send me flowers, and a box for the opera, and to drive me in the Park."

Her husband laughed. "I'll stake my life he can't ride. You will have him about the place like a tame cat." Then, seeing that his wife was annoyed: "Never mind, Molly, I will help you all I can. I want to be kind to them."

"I know you do. But what is your 'pretty conspiracy,' dear?"

"A well-stocked ranche in Colorado." He did not mean it. And she knew it.

"How can you be so mercenary?" she replied.

Then they both laughed, and said that they were like the rest of the world.

II.

Lady Lawless was an admirable hostess, and she never appeared to better advantage in the character than during the time when Miss Julia Raglan, Mr. John Vandewaters, and Mr. Stephen Pride were guests at Craigruie. People were scarcely surprised to find the Americans included, for their countrymen were now a "feature" of English society; and it was naturally assumed that these two were

millionaires. They were, therefore, accepted as a matter of course. At the same time, they were studied with an almost scientific interest—especially by the women. The men accepted Mr. Vandewaters at once as a good fellow and a very sensible man. He was a heavy-weight for riding; but it was not the hunting season, and, when they did ride, a big horse carried him very well—he rode lightly. At grouse-shooting he showed to advantage. Mr. Pride never rode. He went shooting only once, and then, as Mr. Vandewaters told him, he got "rattled." He was advised by his friend to remain at home and cultivate his finer faculties. At the same time, Mr. Vandewaters parenthetically remarked to Sir Duke Lawless that Mr. Pride knew the poets backward, and was smart at French. He insisted on bringing out the good qualities of his comrade; but he gave him much strong advice privately. He would have done it just the same at the risk of losing a fortune, were it his whim—he would have won the fortune back in due course.

At the present time Mr. Vandewaters was in the heat of some large commercial movements. No one would have supposed it, save for the fact that telegrams and cablegrams were brought to him day and night (he had liberally salaried the telegraph-clerk to work after hours, simply to be at his service). The contents of these messages never shook his equanimity. He was quiet, urbane, dry-mannered, at all times. Mr. Stephen Pride, however, was naturally excitable. He himself said earnestly that he had a sensitive nature. He said it to Mrs. Gregory Thorne, whose reply was, "Dear me! And when things are irritating and painful to you do you never think of suicide? Of course, if you ever should, and I——" Then she turned away to speak to someone, as if she had been interrupted, and intended to take up the subject again; but she never did. This remark caused Mr. Pride some nervous moments. He was not quite sure how she meant it. But it did not depress him as it might otherwise have done, for his thoughts were running much in another channel, with a foolish sort of elation.

As Lady Lawless had predicted, he was assiduously attentive to her, and it needed all her tact and cheerful frankness to keep him in line. She managed it very well: Mr. Pride's devotion was not too noticeable to the other guests. She tried to turn his attentions to some pretty girls; but, although there were one or two who might, in some weak moments, have compromised with his millions, he did no more than saunter with them on the terrace,—he could not row well, or the river might have induced to love-making—and oppress them with his lisping egotism. Everyone hinted that he seemed an estimable, but trying, young man; and, as Sir Duke said to his wife, the men would not have him at any price.

As for Mr. Vandewaters and Miss Julia Raglan, Lady Lawless was not very sure that her delicate sympathy was certain of reward. The two were naturally thrown together a good deal; but Miss Raglan was a girl of singular individuality and high-mindedness, and she was keen enough to see from the start what Lady Lawless suspected might happen. She did not resent this—she was a woman;—but it roused in her a spirit of criticism, and she threw up a barrier of fine reserve, which puzzled Mr. Vandewaters. He did not see that Lady Lawless was making a possible courtship easy for him. If he had, it would have made no difference: he would have looked at it as at most things, broadly, and have understood, and been appreciative of, the kind intention. He was not blind to the fact that his money might be a "factor"; but, as he said to himself, his millions were a part of him—they represented, like whist counters, so much pluck and mother-wit. He liked the general appreciation of them: he knew very well that people saw him in them and them in him. Miss Raglan attracted him from the moment of meeting. She was the first woman of her class that he had ever met closely; and the possibility of having as his own so adorable a comrade was inspiring. He sat down sometimes as the days went on,—it was generally when he was shaving: he had no valet,—and thought upon his intention regarding Miss Raglan, in relation to his humble past; for he had fully made up his mind to marry her, if she would have him. He wondered what she would think when he told her of his life; and he laughed at the humour of the situation. He had been into Debrett, and knew that she could trace her family back to the Crusades.

He determined to make a clean breast of it. One day he was obliged to remain at the house in expectation of receiving important telegrams, and the only people who appeared at lunch were Lady Lawless, Mrs. Gregory Thorne (who was expecting her husband), Miss Raglan, Mr. Pride, and himself. While at luncheon he made up his mind to have a talk with Miss Raglan. In the library after luncheon the opportunity was given. It was a warm, pleasant day, and delightful in the grounds.

After one or two vain efforts to escape, Mrs. Gregory Thorne and Lady Lawless resigned themselves to the attentions of Mr. Pride; and for once Lady Lawless did not check Mrs. Thorne's irony. It was almost a satisfaction to see Mr. Pride's bewildered looks, and his inability to know whether or not he should resent (whether it would be proper to resent) this softly-showered satire.

Mr. Vandewaters and Miss Raglan talked more freely than they had ever done before.

"Do you really like England?" she said to him; then, waving her hand lightly to the beeches and the clean-cropped grass through

MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

the window, "our 'trim parterres,' our devotion to mere living, pleasure, sport, squiring, and that sort of thing?"

He raised his head, glanced out, drew in a deep breath, thrust his hands down in the pockets of his coat, and looking at her with respectful good humour, said: "Like it? Yes: right down to the ground. Why shouldn't I? It's the kind of place I should like to come to in my old days. You needn't die in a hurry here. See?"

"Are you sure you would not be like the old sailors who must live where they can scent the brine? You have been used to an active, adventurous, hurried life. Do you think you could endure this humdrum of enjoyment?"

It would be hard to tell quite what was running in Miss Raglan's mind, and, for the moment, she herself hardly knew; but she had a sudden, overmastering wish to make the man talk: to explore and, maybe, find surprising—even trying—things. She was astonished that she enjoyed his society so keenly. Even now, as she spoke, she remembered a day and a night since his coming, when he was absent in London: how the party seemed to have lost its character and life, and how, when Mr. Pride condescended, for a few moments, to decline from Lady Lawless upon herself, she was even pleasant to him, making him talk about Mr. Vandewaters, and relishing the enthusiastic loyalty of the supine young man. She, like Lady Lawless, had learned to see behind the firm bold exterior, not merely a notable energy, force, self-reliance, and masterfulness, but, a native courtesy, simplicity, and refinement which surprised her. Of all the men she knew not a half-dozen had an appreciation of nature or of art. They affected Art, and some of them went to the Academy or the private views in Bond Street; but they had little feeling for the business; they did it in a well-bred way—with taste, but not with warmth.

Mr. Vandewaters now startled her by quoting suddenly lines from an English poet unknown to her. By chance she was turning over the Academy pictures of the year, and came at last to one called "A Japanese Beauty of Old Days"—an exquisite thing. "Is it not fascinating?" she said. "So piquant and fresh."

He gave a silent laugh, as was his custom when he enjoyed anything, and then said: "I came across a little book of verses one day in the States. A friend of mine, the president of a big Railway, gave it to me. He does some painting himself when he travels in his Pullman in the Rockies. Well, it had some verses on just such a picture as that. Hits it off right, Miss Raglan."

"Verses?" she said, lifting her eyebrows. She expected something out of a "poet's corner" in a country newspaper. "What are they?"

"Oh, one's enough to show the style. This is it:

"'Was I a Samurai renowned,
Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion angular and profound?
A priest? or porter? Child, although
I have forgotten clean, I know
That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry-orchards blow,
I loved you once in old Japan.'"

The verse on the lips of Mr. Vandewaters struck her strangely. He was not like any man she had known. Most self-made Englishmen, with such a burly exterior and energy, and engaged in such pursuits, could not, to save themselves from hanging, have impressed her as Mr. Vandewaters did. There was a big round sympathy in the tone, a timbre in the voice, which made the words entirely fitting. Besides, he said them without any kind of affectation, and with a certain turn of dry humour, as if he were inwardly laughing at the idea of the poem.

"The verses are pretty," she said, musingly; "and the idea put that way is pretty also. But do you think there would be much amusement in living half-a-dozen times, or even twice, unless you were quite sure that you remembered everything? This gentleman was peculiarly fortunate to recall Fujisan, and the orange orchards, —and the girl."

"I believe you are right. One life is about enough for most of us. Memory is all very fine; but you'd want a life set apart for remembering the others after awhile."

"Why do you not add, 'And that would bore one'? Most of the men I know would say so."

"Well, I never used the word that way in my life. When I don't like a thing, that ends it—it has got to go."

"You cannot do that with everything."

"Pretty much, if I set my mind to it. It is astonishing how things'll come round your way if you keep on thinking and willing them so."

"Have you always got everything you wanted?"

He had been looking off into the grounds through the open window. Now he turned slowly upon her.

"So far I have got everything I set my mind to get. Little things don't count. You lose them sometimes because you want to work at something else; sometimes because, as in cards, you are throwing a few away to save the whole game."

He looked at her, as she thought, curiously. In his mind he was wondering if she knew that he had made up his mind to marry her. She was suddenly made aware of the masterfulness of his spirit, which might, she knew, be applied to herself.

"Let us go into the grounds," he added, all at once.

Soon after, in the shade of the trees, she broke in upon the thread of their casual conversation. "A few moments ago," she murmured, "you said, 'One life is about enough for most of us.' Then you added a disparaging remark about memory. It does not seem like your usual sentiments—more like—like those of Mr. Pride; but not so plaintive, of course. Pray do smoke," she added, as, throwing back his coat, he exposed the cigars in his waistcoat pocket. "I am sure you always smoke after lunch."

He bowed towards her, took out a cigar, cut off the end, and put it in his mouth. But he did not light it. Then he glanced up at her with a grave quizzical look, as though wondering what would be the effect of his next words, and a smile played at his lips.

"What I meant was this. I think we get enough out of our life to last us for centuries. It's all worth doing from the start, no matter what it is: working, fighting, marching and countermarching, plotting and counterplotting, backing your friends and hating your foes, playing big games and giving others a chance to, standing with your hand on the lynch-pin, or pulling your head safe out of the hot-pot. But I don't think it is worth doing twice. The interest wouldn't be fresh. For men and women and life—with a little different dress—are the same as they always were; and there's only the same number of passions working now, as at the beginning. I want to live life up to the hilt; because it is all new as I go on; but never twice."

"Indeed?" She looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then added: "I should think you would have seen lost chances; and doing things a second time might do them better."

"I never missed chances," he said, simply: "never except twice, and then——"

"And then?"

"Then it was to give the other fellow a chance."

"O!" There was a kind of dubiousness in her tone.

He noticed it. "You can hardly understand, Miss Raglan. Fact is, it was one of those deals when you can make a million, in a straight enough game; but it comes out of another man—one, maybe, that you don't know; who is playing just the same as you are. I have had a lot of sport; but I've never crippled any one man, when my engine has been dead on him. I have played more against organizations than single men."

"What was the most remarkable chance you ever had to make a million, and did not?"

He threw back his head, smiling shrewdly. "When by accident my enemy got hold of a telegram meant for me. I was standing behind a frosted glass door, and through the narrow bevel

of clear glass I watched him read it. I never saw a struggle like that. At last he got up, snatched an envelope, put the telegram inside, wrote my name, and called a messenger. I knew what was in the message. I let the messenger go, and watched that man for ten minutes. It was a splendid sight. The telegram had given him a big chance to make a million or two, as he thought. But he backed himself against the temptation, and won. That day I could have put the ball into his wicket; but I didn't. That's a funny case of the kind."

"Did he ever know?"

"He didn't. We are fighting yet. He is richer than I am now, and at this moment he's playing a hard game straight at several interests of mine. But I reckon I can stop him."

"You must get a great deal out of life," she said. "Have you always enjoyed it so?" She was thinking it would be strange to live in contact with such events very closely, so like adventure.

'Always—from the start."

"Tell me something of it all, won't you?"

His opportunity had come. He did not hesitate.

"I was born in a little place in Maine. My mother was a good woman, they said—straight as a die all her life. I can only remember her in a kind of dream, when she used to gather us children about the big rocking-chair, and pray for us, and for my father, who was away most of the time, working in the timber-shanties in the winter, and at odd things in the summer. My father wasn't much of a man. He was kind-hearted, but shiftless, and pretty handsome for a man from Maine. My mother died when I was six years old. Things got bad. I was the youngest. The oldest was only ten years old. She was the head of the house. She had the pluck of a woman. We got along somehow, until one day, when she and I were scrubbing the floor, she caught cold. She died in three days."

Here he paused; and, without glancing at Miss Raglan, who sat very still, but looking at him, he lighted his cigar.

"Then things got worse. My father took to drinking hard, and we had mighty little to eat. I chored around, doing odd things in the village. I have often wondered that people didn't see the stuff that was in me, and give me a chance. They didn't, though. As for my relatives: One was a harness-maker. He sent me out in the dead of winter to post bills for miles about, and gave me ten cents for it. Didn't even give me a meal. Twenty years after he came to me and wanted to borrow a hundred dollars. I gave him five hundred on condition that he'd not come near me for the rest of his natural life.

"The next thing I did was to leave home—'run away,' I suppose,

is the way to put it. I got to Boston, and went for a cabin-boy on a steamer; travelled down to Panama, and from there to Brazil. At Brazil I got on another ship, and came round to San Francisco. I got into trouble in San Francisco with the chief mate of the *Flying Polly*, because I tried to teach him his business. One of the first things I learned in life was not to interfere with people who had a trade and didn't understand it. In San Francisco I got out of the situation. I took to selling newspapers in the streets. There wasn't enough money in it. I went for a cabin-boy again, and travelled to Australia. There I resigned my position, chiefly because I wouldn't cheerfully let the Captain bang me about the quarter-deck. I expect I was a precocious youth, and wasn't exactly the kind for Sunday-school prizes. In Melbourne I began to speculate. I found a ticket for the theatre where an American actor—our biggest actor to-day—was playing, and I tried to sell it outside the door of the theatre where they were crowding to see him. The man who bought it was the actor himself. He gave me two dollars more than the regular price. I expect he knew from my voice I was an American. Is there anything peculiar about my voice, Miss Raglan?"

She looked at him quickly, smiled, and said in a low tone: "Yes: something peculiar. Please go on."

"Well, anyway, he said to me, 'Look here, where did you come from, my boy?' I told him the State of Maine. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. 'Speculating,' said I, 'and seeing things.' He looked me up and down. 'How are you getting on?' 'Well, I've made four dollars to-day,' I answered. 'Out of this ticket? I expect I grinned. He suddenly caught me by the arm and whisked me inside the theatre—the first time I'd ever been in a theatre in my life. I shall never forget it. He took me around to his dressing-room, stuck me in a corner, and prodded me with his forefinger. 'Look here,' he said, 'I guess I'll hire you to speculate for me.' And that's how I came to get twenty-five dollars a month and my living from a great American actor. When I got back to America—with him—I had two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and good clothes. I started a peanut-stand, and sold papers and books, and became a speculator. I heard two men talking one day at my stall about a railway that was going to run through a certain village, and how they intended to buy up the whole place. I had four hundred and fifty dollars then. I went down to that village, and bought some lots myself. I made four thousand dollars. Then I sold more books, and went on speculating."

He paused, blew his cigar-smoke slowly from him a moment; then turned with a quick look to Miss Raglan, and smiled as at some incongruous thing. He was wondering what would be the effect of his next words.

"When I was about twenty-two, and had ten thousand dollars, I fell in love. She was a bright-faced, smart girl. Her mother kept a boarding-house in New York; not an up-town boarding-house. She waited on table. I suppose a man can be clever in making money, and knowing how to handle men, and not know much about women. I thought she was worth a good deal more to me than the ten thousand dollars. She didn't know I had that money. A drummer—that's a commercial traveller—came along, who had a salary of, maybe, a thousand dollars a year. She jilted me. She made a mistake. That year I made twenty-five thousand dollars. I saw her a couple of years ago. She was keeping a boarding-house too, and her daughter was waiting on table. I'm sorry for that girl: it isn't any fun being poor. I didn't take much interest in women after that. I put my surplus affections into stocks and shares, and bulling and bearing. . . . Well, that is the way the thing has gone till now."

"What became of your father and your brother?" she said in a neutral tone.

"I don't know anything about my father. He disappeared after I left, and never turned up again. And Jim—poor Jim!—he was shiftless. Jim was a tanner. It was no good setting him up in business. Steady income was the cheapest way. But Jim died of too much time on his hands. His son is in Mexico somewhere—I sent him there, and I hope he'll stay. If he doesn't, his salary stops: he is shiftless too. That is not the kind of thing, and they are not the kind of people, you know best, Miss Raglan."

He looked at her, eyes full-front, bravely, honestly, ready to face the worst. Her head was turned away. He nodded to himself. It was as he feared.

At that moment a boy came running along the walk towards them, and handed Mr. Vandewaters a telegram. He gave the lad a few shillings, then, with an apology, opened the telegram, Presently he whistled softly, in a quick surprised way. Then he stuffed the paper into his waistcoat pocket, threw away his cigar, and turned to Miss Raglan, whose face as yet was only half towards him. Now she spoke very quietly. "I hope your news is good," she said.

"Pretty bad, in a way," he answered. "I have lost a couple of millions—maybe a little more."

She gasped, and turned an astonished face on him. He saw her startled look, and laughed.

"Does it not worry you?" she said.

"I have got more important things on hand just now," he answered. "Very much more important," he added, and there was that in his voice which made her turn away her head again.

"I suppose," he went on, "that the story you have just heard is not the kind of an autobiography you would care to have told in your drawing-room?"

Still she did not reply; but her hands were clasped tightly in front of her. "No: I suppose not," he went on—"I suppose not. And yet—do you know, Miss Raglan?—I don't feel a bit ashamed of it, after all: which may be evidence of my lost condition."

Now she turned to him with a wonderful light in her eyes, her sweet, strong face rich with feeling. She put out her hand to his arm, and touched it quickly, nervously.

"Your story has touched me inexpressibly," she said. "I did not know that men could be so strong and frank and courageous as you. I did not know that men could be so great; that any man could think more of what a woman thought of—of his life's story—than of"—she paused, and then gave a trembling little laugh—"of two millions or more."

He got to his feet, and faced her. "You—you are a woman, by heaven!" he said. "You are finer—nobler—even than I thought you. I am not worthy to ask you what I had in my mind to ask you; but there is no man in God's universe who would prize you as I do. I may be a poor man before sundown. If that happens, though, I shall remember the place where I had the biggest moment of my life, and the woman who made that moment possible."

Now she also rose. There was a brave high look in her face; but her voice shook a little as she said: "You have never been a coward: why be a coward now?"

Smiling, he slowly answered: "I wouldn't if I were sure about my dollars."

She did not reply, but glanced down, not with coquetry, but because she could not stand the furnace of his eyes.

"You said a moment ago," she ventured, "that you have had one big moment in your life. Oughtn't it to bring you good fortune?"

"It will—it will!" he said, reaching his hand towards hers.

"No, no," she rejoined archly. "I am going. Please do not follow me." Then, over her shoulder, as she left him, "If you have luck, I shall want a subscription for my hospital."

"As many thousands as you like," he answered: then, as she sped away, "I will have her, and the millions too!" adding reminiscently, "Yes, Lady Lawless: this is my biggest deal!"

He tramped away to the stables, got a horse, and rode away to the railway-station. It was dinner-time when he got back. He came down to dinner late, apologising to Lady Lawless as he did so. Glancing across the table at Mr. Pride, he saw a peculiar excited look in the young man's face.

"The baby fool!" he said to himself. "He's getting into mischief. I'll startle him. If he knows that an army of his dollars are playing at fox-and-geese, he'll not make eyes at Lady Lawless this way—little ass!"

Lady Lawless appeared oblivious of the young man's devotional exercises. She was engaged on a more congenial theme. In spite of Miss Raglan's excellent acting, she saw that something had occurred. Mr. Vandewaters was much the same as usual, save that his voice had an added ring. She was not sure that all was right; but she was determined to know. Sir Duke was amused generally. He led a pretty by-play with Mrs. Gregory Thorne, of whom he asked the details of the day, much to the confusion, not admirably hid, of Mr. Pride; lamenting now and then Mr. Vandewaters' absence from the shooting.

Mr. Vandewaters was cool enough. He said that he had been playing at nine-pins with railways, which was good enough sport for him. Soon after dinner, he was handed two telegrams. He glanced slowly up at Pride, as if debating whether to tell him something. He evidently decided against it, and, excusing himself by saying he was off to take a little walk in Wall Street, went away to the telegraph office, where he stayed three hours.

The magnitude of the concerns, the admirable stoicism with which he received alarming news, his dry humour while they waited between messages,—all were so unlike anything the telegraph-clerk had ever seen, or imagined, that the thing was like a preposterous dream. Even when, at last, a telegram came which the clerk vaguely felt was, somehow, like the fall of an empire, Mr. Vandewaters remained unmoved. Then he sent one more telegram, gave the clerk two pounds, asked that the reply be sent to him as soon as it came, and went away, calmly smoking his cigar.

It was a mild night. When he got to the house he found some of the guests walking in the verandah. He joined them; but Miss Raglan was not with them; nor were Lady Lawless and Mr. Pride. He wanted to see all three, and he went into the house. There was no one in the drawing-room. He reached the library in time to hear Lady Lawless say to a figure disappearing through another door, "You had better ask advice of Mr. Vandewaters."

The door closed. Mr. Vandewaters stepped forward. He understood the situation. "I guess I know how to advise him, Lady Lawless," he said.

She turned on him quietly, traces of hauteur in her manner. Her self-pride had been hurt, and no woman can brook that. "You have heard?" she asked.

"Only your last words, Lady Lawless. They were enough. I feel guilty in having brought him here."

NEW SWINDON.

"You need not. I was glad to have—your friend. He is young and effusive. Let us say no more about it. He is tragically repentant: which is a pity. There is no reason why he should not stay, and be sensible. Why should young men lose their heads, and be so absurdly earnest?"

"Another poser, Lady Lawless."

"In all your life you never misunderstood things so, I am sure."

"Well, there is no virtue in keeping your head steady. I have spent most of my life wooing Madame Fortune; I find that makes you canny."

"She has been very kind to you."

"Perhaps it would surprise you if I told you that, at this moment, I am not worth ten thousand dollars."

She looked greatly astonished. "I do not understand," she said. She was thinking of what this might mean to Julia Raglan.

"You see I've been playing games at a disadvantage with some ruffians at New York. They have combined and got me into a corner. I have made my last move. If it comes out right I shall be richer than ever; if not I must begin all over again."

Lady Lawless looked at him curiously. She had never met a man like him before. His power seemed almost Napoleonic; his imperturbability absolute. Yet she noticed something new in him. On one side, a kind of grim forcefulness; on the other, a quiet sort of human sympathy. The one, no doubt, had to do with the momentous circumstances amid which he was placed; the other, with an event which she had, perhaps prematurely, anticipated.

"I wonder at you—I wonder at you," she said. "How do you keep so cool while such tremendous things are happening?"

"Because I believe in myself, Lady Lawless. I have had to take my measure a good many times in this world. I never was defeated through my own stupidity. It has been the sheer luck of the game."

"You do not look like a gamester," she said.

"I guess it's all pretty much a game in life, if you look at it right. It is only a case of playing fair or foul."

"I never heard any Englishmen talk as you do," she said.

"Very likely not," he responded. "I don't want to be unpleasant; but most Englishmen work things out by the rule their fathers taught them, and not by native ingenuity. It is native wit that tells in the end, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "There must be a kind of genius in it." Here her voice dropped a little lower. "I do not believe there are many Englishmen, even if they had your dollars,——"

"The dollars I had this morning," he interposed.

"——who could have so strongly impressed Miss Raglan."

He looked thoughtfully on the ground; then raised his eyes to Lady Lawless, and said in a low, ringing tone:

"I am going to do more than 'impress': I am going to convince her."

"When?" she said.

"To-morrow morning, I hope," was the reply. "I believe I shall have my millions again."

"If you do," she said, slowly, "do you not think that you ought to run no more risks—for her sake?"

"That is just what I mean to do, Lady Lawless. I'll settle millions where they ought to be settled, drop Wall Street, and—go into training."

"Into training?" she asked.

"Yes: for a house on the Hudson, a villa at Cannes, a residence in Pont Street, and a place in Devonshire—or somewhere else. Then," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I shall need a good deal of time to cultivate accent."

"Don't!" she said. "You are much more charming as you are."

They passed into the drawing-room.

"Are these things to be told?" she asked, with a little suggestion in her voice.

"I can trust your discretion in any circumstances," he replied.

"Even in such circumstances?" she asked. She paused, with a motion of her fan back towards the room they had left.

"You have taught him a lesson, Lady Lawless. It is rough on him: but he needs it."

"I hope he will do nothing rash," she said.

"Perhaps he'll write some poetry, and refuse to consider his natural appetite."

"Will you go and see him now?" she asked.

"Immediately. Good-night, Lady Lawless." His big hand swallowed hers in a firm, friendly clasp, and he shook it once or twice before he parted from her. He met Sir Duke Lawless in the doorway. They greeted cheerfully, and then Sir Duke came up to his wife.

"Well, my dear," he said, with an amused look in his face, "well, what news?"

She lifted her eyebrows at him.

"O, something has happened, Molly, I can see it in your face."

She was very brief. "Julia Raglan has been conquered; the young man from Boston has been foolish: and Mr. Vandewaters has lost millions."

"Eh? That's awkward," said Sir Duke.

"Which?" asked his wife.

Vandewaters found Mr. Pride in his bedroom, a waif of melancholy. He drew a chair up, lighted a cigar, eyed the young man from head to foot, and then said:

"Pride, have you got any backbone? If you have, brace up. You are ruined. That's about as mild as I can put it."

"You know all?" said the young man, helplessly, his hands clasped between his knees, in æsthetic agony.

"Yes: I know more than you do, as you will find out. You're a nice sort of man, to come into a man's house, in a strange land, and make love to his wife. Now, what do you think of yourself? You're a nice representative of the American: aren't you?"

"I—I didn't mean any harm—I—couldn't help it," replied the stricken boy.

"O, for God's sake, drop that bib-and-tucker twaddle! Couldn't help it! Every scoundrel, too weak to face the consequences of his sin, says he couldn't help it! So help me, Joseph! I'd like to thrash you. Couldn't help it! Now, sit up in your chair, take this cigar, drink this glass of whiskey I'm pouring for you, and make up your mind that you're going to be a man and not a nincompoop—sit still! Don't fly up! I mean what I say! I've got business to talk to you. And make up your mind that, for once, you have got to take life seriously."

"What right have you to speak to me like this?" said the young man with an attempt at dignity.

Vandewaters laughed—laughed a little loudly.

"Ha! ha! Right? Great Scott! The right of a man who thinks a damned sight more of your reputation than you do yourself, and of your fortune than you would ever have wits to do. I am the best friend you've got, and not the less your friend because I feel like breaking your ribs. Now, enough of that. This is what I have to say, Pride: to-night you and I are beggars. You understand? Beggars. Out in the cold world. Now, what do you think of that?"

The shock to Mr. Pride was great. Mr. Vandewaters had exaggerated the disaster; but he had done it with a purpose. The youth gasped a "My God!" and dropped the glass. Vandewaters picked it up, and regarded him a moment in silence. Then he began deliberately to explain their financial position. He did not explain the one bold stroke which he was playing to redeem their fortunes, if possible. When he had finished the story, he said: "I guess that's a bit more serious than the little affair in the library half an hour ago?"

He rose to his feet. "Look here, my boy: be a man. You've never tried it yet. Let me teach you how to face the world

without a dollar: how to make a fortune. Then, when you've made it, you'll get what you've never had yet—the pleasure of spending money dug out of your own wits."

He carried conviction into a mind not yet all destroyed by effeminacy and indulgence of the emotions. Something of the iron of his own brain got into the brain of the young man, who came to his feet trembling a little, and said: "I don't mind it so much, if you only stick to me, Vandewaters."

A smile flickered about the corners of Vandewaters' mouth.

"Take a little more whiskey," he said; "get into bed, and go to sleep. No nonsense, remember: go to sleep. To-morrow morning we will talk. And see here, my boy,"—he caught him by both his arms and fastened him with his eye,—"you have had a lesson: learn it backwards. Good night."

Next morning Mr. Vandewaters was early in the grounds. He chatted with the gardener, and discussed the merits of the horses with the groom, apparently at peace with the world. Yet he was watching vigilantly the carriage-drive from the public-road. Just before breakfast-time a telegraph messenger appeared. Vandewaters was standing with Sir Duke when the message was handed to him. He read it, put it into his pocket, and went on talking. Presently he said: "My agent is coming from town this morning, Sir Duke. I may have to leave to-night." Then he turned, and went to his room.

Lady Lawless had heard his last words.

"What about your ranche in Colorado, Duke?"

"About as sure, I fancy, as your millionaire for Julia Raglan."

Miss Raglan did not appear at breakfast with the rest. Neither did Mr. Pride, who slept late that morning. About ten o'clock Mr. Vandewaters' agent arrived. About twelve o'clock Mr. Vandewaters saw Miss Raglan sitting alone in the library. He was evidently looking for her. He came up to her quietly, and put a piece of paper in her lap.

"What is this?" she said, a little startled.

"Ten thousand for your hospital," was the meaning reply.

She flushed, and came to her feet.

"I have won," he said.

And then he reached out and took both her hands.

GILBERT PARKER.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

With the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and other more or less hardy annuals in full blow, and the flowering of the Grafton Gallery fresh in our recollections, our thoughts this month turn to pictures more persistently than to books. Our Editors tell us that in the Number of this *Review* in which these lines will appear Mr. William Sharp is to undertake the kittle task of reviewing the art of the year as it is represented in the various picture-places; and we have no desire to anticipate the purport of Mr. Sharp's pronouncement. We may assume, however, that he will note the quickening touch of new and progressive, if transient, influences upon many of our painters. Mr. Sargent, with his portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley, now in the New Gallery, is one fact. Another, equally important, is that pictures of which it is representative are not those which the public affects. Popular criticism in painting may follow in the wake of expert judgment; popular taste will not do so with anything like the fidelity it shows in other arts. The judgments of experts are ever being revised. Old idols are being cast down and new ones erected every day: whether or not for the ultimate good depends on how far we have the faith of him who, when the country was stricken with Influenza, said that "the survival of the fittest was going on at a terrible rate." In any case, the revision of expert judgment is going on rapidly. There is an example to hand which many of our readers will appreciate. We can remember not many years ago, the shock given to the public which visited the Fine Art Galleries in Glasgow by a small room full of "advanced" pictures of which Mr. George Henry's "Galloway Landscape" was the horn of offence. It is not to be denied that the painters of those pictures exhibited towards some of their contemporaries as well as towards the public that desire to "fill their eye" which was the ambition of the young Australian of Mr. Hornung's latest story; and the public and a great many experts took up the challenge. Yet Mr. Henry is associated with a singularly unlively body now, and the "Galloway Landscape" has hung on the Royal Scottish Academy's walls since then, and it found itself in very congenial company in the Grafton Gallery these last weeks. All that shows

a very considerable revision of expert judgment. Public opinion remains unchanged. It may be said, indeed, that the ready appreciation of the new (we may call it the Japanese) influence, in certain work in black-and-white, is a sign of a change of taste; but it would be unwise to draw any conclusion of that kind from the popularity of an art which, because of its being chiefly illustrative, emphasizes the story-telling error which is at the root of all popular judgment of painting. So far as can be seen, that judgment has undergone no change except to feel itself more than ever in a maze. In view of what the artists themselves do and admire, the public, very good-naturedly, is coming to say, "We know nothing about painting now-a-days"; and is taking to the pictures which it likes—a wise and honest course.

So lengthy a reference to current art in a review of current literature would be beyond the mark, and unpardonable, did not several questions regarding literature, discussed in more than one book this month, receive a reflected light from the present case of painting. Literature, like painting, if it is not to be "the slave of past tradition or the hireling of an age," must undergo change. In whose keeping is the standard? It does not follow that the standard for all the arts lies in the same hands. There is good reason to believe, for example, that a wider body admits or condemns a poem than sits in judgment on a painting. Probably in the conditions of things—the nature of the medium, the state of public knowledge, the necessities of representation—music and the drama make appeal to a wider audience than painting or sculpture. The taste that "boomed" Miss Lottie Collins followed no judgment of experts; else, we may rest assured, *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay* had never got a chance (yet they say it has merits), and its echoes would not have lingered in our street-corners to-day. In the case of literature it is generally assumed that the standard lies in the very widest body of readers. That is implicit, for example, in the argument of Mr. Balfour's *Pleasures of Reading* (which no one could gainsay),—the argument, namely, that each one of us must read that which pleases us, and the profit will be added thereunto. We have not to seek far for examples (we do not mention any: for fear of prejudicing those who, although they do not write for the mass, have no wish to limit the sale of their works to the few) of authors who are artists' artists, poets' poets, novelists' novelists, greatly admired by experts in their own groove, whose works the public will not have. No doubt these will have their own reward, and, one-day, perhaps, another more material. At the same time, it is left to the public, which subscribes to libraries and writes critical notices, to pass the immediate judgment. And the question is: Why is it left to it? Is the popular judgment in

literature more trustworthy, is the popular critical faculty more richly developed in literature, than in art? In cock-a-hoop fashion we fly in the face of the public taste in painting. Why are we more subservient to it in literature?

There was once a Scotch minister who found himself in a tight place in explaining a text, and he said to his congregation: "My friends, it is a knotty point. We will look it straight in the face—and pass on." The questions we have just raised make a knotty point. We will look it straight in the face, and pass on to Professor Knight's contribution to the philosophy of the Beautiful.* The object-illustration supplied by the condition of painting, with the considerations it raises in relation to the other arts, may well be kept in view in following an author in his attempt to prove that there is a standard of the Beautiful, and to remove the helter-skelter and heady tendencies of art-criticism, by unearthing the *à priori* elements upon which it may take its stand.

Mr. Knight discusses the nature of Beauty, and the nature and the function of Art. His criticism of inadequate and partial theories on the subject of the Beautiful is followed by suggestions towards a more complete theory; and, as these are his most original and striking contributions to the philosophy of Æsthetic, we may trace the different steps by which he reaches them. He supposes that it be conceded that there is a standard of Beauty, and a power or faculty by which we apprehend the Beautiful; and he notes that in both—in the objective Beauty of the world and in the subjective appreciation of it—there is an intrinsic and an extrinsic, an essential and an accidental, element. It is because of the "pre-established harmony" of the objective and subjective in Beauty that we are enabled to appreciate Beauty. Each is independent of the other, and is fostered and developed by means of its opposite. To get a clue to the beauty of Nature, we must "get behind its structural framework," and see its innermost life in the light of mind, and itself a great storehouse of symbols. "But," Mr. Knight says, "there is more that this."—

"We not only see that Nature reflects, as in a mirror, our own humanity; we also see in the external world signs of effort on the part of Nature to realize itself in ways that are constantly thwarted. Its intentions are met by hindrance, and are interrupted, if not actually marred. Beauty strives, as it were, to realize itself in matter; but it cannot always succeed, because of the medium through which it works; and, therefore, it is only in rare moments of apocalypse that the ideal is disclosed through the actual. Nature is seen, as it were, working up to, and yet falling short of, its own ideal. The Beauty, temporarily disclosed, can only now and then be described as approximating to the ideal; and here the supreme function of the landscape-artist comes in. It is his vocation to seize, and to reproduce for us,

* *The Philosophy of the Beautiful: Being a Contribution to its Theory, and to a Discussion of the Arts.* By William Knight, Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. John Murray.

those supreme moments of apocalypse—those transient disclosures of the Beautiful—in the outer world of sense. We have already seen that sense is the channel through which Beauty makes its first appeal to us. It is through form and colour, through motion and sound, that it speaks to us; and on the first contact and appeal of sense to sense, pleasure ensues. But this is not all. When the Beautiful is discerned by the intellect, as well as felt by the sense, when it is grasped by the understanding, *insight* immediately follows; and the result of the insight is that Beauty is recognized as intrinsically belonging to the object. The impressions made by a single object in Nature may awaken this feeling and judgment of the Beautiful; but, as already stated, we soon discover that no natural object possesses Beauty except in fragment; and in consequence of this the mind is sent onward in quest of the ideal."

Thus, (if we understand Mr. Knight aright), the correspondence between ourselves and Nature is closer than it would be were Nature merely "a museum of types, similitudes, metaphors, and even parables of man." It exhibits all the signs of human effort, defeat and achievement. "It reflects ourselves; and, conversely, we find that we have the key to Nature in our own personality. The little world within us is a mirror of the vast world beyond us; the microcosm reflects the macrocosm; and the kindredness of the forces that consciously work within, to those that work unconsciously without, gives rise to sympathy or fellowship." We find that Nature is "really human at heart."

This being Mr. Knight's Theory of the Beautiful, he finds art to be primarily the result of the perception and love of the Beautiful; its chronicle; and, in its highest function, by seizing "the spirit of each, grasping their latent meaning, and by an idealised reproduction of it," a mediator between Man and Nature. His most elaborate application of this is made to poetry, towards a theory of which he throws out a suggestion. The first law governing our intellectual processes, he says, is that all knowledge is a knowledge of differences and contrasts. The second is that in the free and unimpeded energy of our faculties, apprehending the objects to which they stand related, there is always an attendant joy.

"Taking these two simple laws with us, let us realize our position in the surrounding universe. With both the outward and the inward eye, with the senses and the intellect (the passive and the active elements combined), we apprehend a multitude of objects, which at once engross and stimulate the action of our faculties. There are lights, colours, forms, motions, sounds, &c., and objects in Nature external to us are seen clothed with the raiment of the Beautiful. In the apprehension of this, if the energy of our faculties is free and unimpeded, there is pleasure. But associated with the Beautiful we discern the presence of counter elements, that, viz., of the ugly and deformed. The presence of this alien element arrests the freedom of the imaginative faculty, and in proportion to the pleasure which arises from unimpeded action is the pain which springs from the arrest. The spirit of man tends instinctively towards the Beautiful. It has a natural affinity with it, and its perception awakens a joyous activity of the powers; but the deformed or the inharmonious also surrounds it, hindering the freedom and repressing the action of the faculties. Our yearning for the Beautiful is keen in proportion to our experience of its opposite. The

presence of the inharmonious and the artificial quickens the perception of natural harmony; but the enjoyment of the latter is never unalloyed. We always feel that the beauty we behold in Nature, or in our own Humanity, might be more perfect than it is. We invariably detect some discord in the midst of harmony, which betrays the presence of its opposite.

> The type of perfect in the mind
> In Nature we can nowhere find.

The uneasiness which this creates originates both the desire and an effort to escape from the presence of the inharmonious, and to get into the presence and under the influence of the Beautiful. We desire to subdue deformity by Beauty. Instinctively—without ever thinking of the rationale of our act—we strive to rid ourselves of the uneasiness, produced by those elements with which the human spirit is in natural conflict, and which arrests its freedom; and in this effort to reach the Beautiful, through all conscious or unconscious hindrance, Poetry has its birth."

This is very suggestive as a theory of the Beautiful. When Mr. Knight comes to apply it to the different arts, however, it is not all-satisfying. Indeed, it does not really account for the artist. This theory of poetry is a theory of the poetic instinct rather than of the poet. It says nothing of that sense of "play" which the artist has, or of the compromise which all art demands from artist and public alike; and this want it is, probably, which leads a writer in *The Spectator* to supplement it by pointing out that "there is something of the essence of beauty or sublimity in the powerful and accurate delineation even of the worst and most hideous passions." The logical conclusion from the theory is that the poet is he who gets closest to the core of things. But to account for the artist we must supply also a set of conditions not considered by Mr. Knight. May it not be said, for example, that one of the most powerful elements in the artist is a craving for, and consciousness of command of, his medium: an instinct for the handling of it as of something tangible, which (one would think) must cause the poet or the musician, who deals with a more ethereal medium, to feel envious of the modeller with his thumb upon the clay? Look at a group of London gutter-girls dancing a spring to the music of a barrel-organ—and there are few prettier sights—and you feel you can single out the artist among them, not more by the grace of limb and rhythmic sense, than by the tooth upon the lip, and the masterful set upon the pavement of the clumsy, gaping boot of her to whom pavement and boot and the foot within it are nothing but the material in which she must work.

Even in a discussion of any one art we cannot feel safe ground. Here is Mr. Marion Crawford setting out to tell us what is a novel.* He calls it "an intellectual artistic luxury," and believes that no one can deny that the definition "covers the three principal essentials of the novel as it should be, of a story or romance, which

* *The Novel: What it is.* By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

in itself and in the manner of telling it shall appeal to the intellect, shall satisfy the requirements of art, and shall be a luxury, in that it can be of no use to a man when he is at work, but may conduce to peace of mind and delectation during the hours of idleness." This would be a passable definition if it were accompanied by any statement of the requirements of art. Mr. Crawford can only remind us that the artistic question is one upon which we shall never have unanimity, and that this makes it possible that two writers as widely separated as Mr. Henry James and Mr. Rider Haggard find appreciative readers in the same year of the same century—a fact which the literary history of the future will find it hard to explain. The literary historian of the future, if he trouble himself with matters of that nature, will have his hands pretty full. Take any half-dozen of the novels one reads with pleasure in a month, and try to find out what they have in common that they should find the same readers appreciative: it is a hard matter. Mr. Crawford's essay does not make it easier. To the question What is a novel? it contains no answer so definite and convincing that, applying it to these half-dozen, we could say: "This is worthy, and this; but not that, which does not fulfil the essential qualifications." Nor is the book a study of methods—which is just as well; for a theory of art is no more to be derived from such a study than the laws of motion are revealed to him who rides a variety of bicycles. Only, if a novelist tells us nothing about methods, and does not attempt any comprehensive survey of his art, the little that is left him to say scarce deserves the ambitious title Mr. Crawford has given it.

If a satisfactory book on "The Novel: What it is" is never written, it will not be for want of material. Besides the ever-increasing body of our home manufactures, we have larger and larger imports. French and Russian goods have long been upon the market. Not long ago we had occasion to notice a translation of Mr. Couperus's *Ecstasy*, which was prefaced by a very interesting account of the aims and methods of the younger novelists in Holland. This month the *Pseudonym Library* has had added to it collections of Danish and Finnish stories. *The Cruise of the "Wild Duck"* and the other stories by Holger Drachmann are sketches of life in a Danish fishing village. In the very interesting Introduction to *Squire Hellman*,* Mr. R. Nisbet Bain says that Finnish literature is a literature of fiction, and that thirty years ago the Finnish novel itself was unborn. The author of *Squire Hellman*, who writes under the pseudonym of "Juhani Aho," has in twelve years reached the highest place among his own country-

* *The Cruise of the "Wild Duck," and Other Tales. Squire Hellman and Other Stories. The Pseudonym Library.* T. Fisher Unwin.

men, who a little time ago sent him to Paris, where he came under the influence of the modern school of Paul Bourget and Edouard Rod. Two of the tales in this collection were written after his return; and one can easily understand that many accused him of requiting the liberality of his country in sending him abroad by bringing back to her, not idealism, but, realism. Which is the bread and which the stone, however, is exactly the question that will trouble us at the beginning of our enquiry into what is a novel. With these Finnish stories may be compared the tales in Mr. S. R. Crockett's *The Stickit Minister.** The sketches in both collections are occupied in presenting, with photographic exactness, certain conditions of life: in the one case, of life in a country with a literature in its babyhood; in the other, of life in Scotland, where everything in manners and customs which marked it off from England is disappearing, and where a separate literature is no longer possible. As records of a departing life Mr. Crockett's sketches are interesting; and they are undoubtedly faithful. So are Mr. Barrie's, with which—ridiculous as it may seem—we have heard *The Stickit Minister* compared. For the matter of that, we are not certain that Mr. Crockett is not the more faithful of the two. The great merit of the chronicles of Thrums is that they rise above the photographic plane, and reach to a picture of life from which Mr. Crockett falls far short. The interesting question is how far his very apparent deficiency in art and his literalness of observation are one. It has always seemed to us that an intimate, note-book knowledge of his characters, such as that possessed by Mr. Barrie, while it is most valuable, is a danger and a difficulty to a novelist. It imposes a limitation which nothing far short of genius can break through.

It is not very rash to predict that if Mr. Stevenson is to produce the masterpiece for which we all look he will have to return to the country of David Balfour and the Master of Ballantrae. Of the *Island Nights' Entertainments*,† the new volume in which he gathers some fruits of his residence in the South Seas, there is not a great deal to say. Like Kokûa, Mr. Stevenson always has the right word. That we may always expect; and also the vivid image, of which this, taken at random, is an example:—"With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was—worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long moan, and lay still." At the same time we are a little disappointed with the stories; and seem to feel—it may be implicit in the subject—a

* *The Stickit Minister; and Some Common Men.* By S. R. Crockett. T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Island Nights' Entertainments: The Beach of Falesâ, The Bottle Imp, The Isle of Voices.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Co.

coarsening of the Stevensonian effects. One other novel we should like to mention, and it is with commendation. This is Mr. Hornung's *Tiny Luttrell.** Mr. Hornung's writing has neither the strenuousness nor the affectation of a good many of our young writers who seek to walk in Mr. Stevenson's path and are not, by nature, suited to it. An excellent judge of a novel once said to us that in Mr. Hornung we had another Mr. W. E. Norris. After reading *Tiny Luttrell* we can easily understand that opinion. And, as novelists like Mr. Norris do not grow on every stem, this must be taken as high praise to the younger author.

Mrs. Arthur Kennard's new book † is scarcely a novel. It is at once less than a novel and more. The plot is very slender. One young man about town has been disappointed in love; another, his close companion, has never been in love, and for him, therefore, as far as the society of fellow creatures is concerned, life is about equally valueless. Consequently, in the opening chapter, which is one of lively decadence, they abjure Mayfair for a time, and resolve to sojourn in the Wiltshire downs. Their shooting lodge there is a disused railway carriage, swept and garnished daily by a native woman, who is sometimes amusing, but never quite so much so as she might be; and their life consists of moralizing on the melancholy absurdity of life, tempered by the taking of it from badgers, hares, rabbits, and other vermin and game. Mrs. Kennard is obviously at home among the rural wilds. Her passages about sport are accurate and good; and the gamekeeper is drawn to the life. In the character of novel, however, the work is not sustained. Mrs. Kennard does not attempt to sustain it. What she wishes to say is not what her characters wished to, or had to. It is what she herself has seen on the downs, and felt about it and about what it suggests to minds with an experience ampler than that of the downs folk. She constantly breaks off from her narrative into stories, descriptions, and reflections. Then we have her at her best; which is very good. Some of the stories are admirable. The chapter which recounts the life and adventures of Old Kitty, for example, is brilliant. Kitty's life was itself impressive, and Mrs. Kennard's treatment of it could not have been surpassed in delicacy and suggestiveness. The descriptive passages in *Diogenes' Sandals* deserve similar praise. The "word-painting" of novelists has become rather a shoddy art; but it is not so in the case of this writer, who, it is manifest, has seen all she describes, and has felt it with the sympathy of an artist. We are not so well pleased with the reflections. They seem to have arisen

* *Tiny Luttrell.* By Ernest William Hornung. Two Volumes. Cassell & Co.
† *Diogenes' Sandals.* By Mrs. Arthur Kennard. Remington & Co.

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON

from a bowing acquaintance with certain theories in science, most notably with that of Evolution, and from a very wide acquaintance with sceptical philosophy, but they never give us the impression that the writer understands either science or scepticism as she understands birds and beasts, the winds and the woods, and human beings. She herself seems conscious that that is so. When she is at work with material, emotional or intellectual, over which she has the command which knowledge and sympathy give, Mrs. Kennard is almost a great writer, reposeful, precise, eloquent; but when she quits that work, as the exigencies of her story occasionally compel her to do, her paragraphs become limp, euphuistic, perfunctory. She breaks down, in fact; and the collapse is the more notable because of the brilliance amid which it is set. Both young men end all right, of course. Love comes to refill life with value; and, although we cannot but feel that in their new happiness they are as commonplace as they were in the days of their emotional disorganization, we must admit that the eventual issues are very prettily told.

Let us leave fiction for poetry.

A translation of Scheffel's *Trumpeter*,* by Miss Jessie Beck and Miss Louise Lorimer, has just appeared. Considering its immense popularity in Germany,—as Sir Theodore Martin notes, in his Preface, it has reached its 200th edition,—one may wonder that it has not before now been done into English. After all, however, the reason is not very far to seek. That unstable thing taste has come to hold Poe's opinion—with which we confess some sympathy—that the long poem is, with magnificent exceptions, a contradiction in terms. And *The Trumpeter* is a long poem, covering, lyrics included, 215 pages in the English version. It is, however, seldom tedious or wanting in humour, and the reader who has courage enough to start upon it will find difficulty in laying it down. That poetry—and, as a matter of fact, all art—is a compromise is a truth that has donned the threadbare garments of the truism. The translator of poetry especially has to know limitations. Miss Beck and Miss Lorimer have—wisely, we think—thrown over rhyme, except in the songs. They have produced a translation which, if not brilliant, presents a good average level of excellence; and their efforts will be appreciated by those who, from ignorance of German, or from want of patience, are unable to read the original.

We must note, if only in passing, that Messrs. Macmillan have published a reprint of *Poems by Two Brothers*.† Its interest is rather of the bibliographian than of the literary kind. How

* *The Trumpeter: A Romance of the Rhine.* By J. V. Von Scheffel. Translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer. William Blackwood.

† *Poems by Two Brothers.* Macmillan.

strongly the Byron influence lay upon Tennyson is evident at a first glance; how he was able at times to catch a flush of original inspiration is to be seen in the verses beginning "Why should we weep for those who die?"

The *Annals** of the late Bishop of St. Andrews rank among the important biographies of the month. The book is of permanent value as a record of the vicissitudes of Episcopacy in Scotland; but the chapters recounting the Bishop's relations with Mr. Gladstone are those most interesting to the world at large. They are painful reading. One would fain cling to the belief that what many of us suppose to be errors of head on Mr. Gladstone's part are not accompanied by any pettiness of heart; but one cannot read this book and do so. Wordsworth was Mr. Gladstone's tutor at Oxford. Subsequently, at the urgent desire of Mr. Gladstone, Wordsworth abandoned the high career in England upon which he had entered, in order to take charge of an Episcopal College in Scotland. Wordsworth worked in the College for nigh ten years, by which time it was established soundly: worked zealously and single-mindedly; and without any worldly reward, for out of his own means he had contributed to the funds of the College £8,000, a sum which the stipend of the Wardenship fell far short of repaying. By-and-by, Wordsworth was offered the Bishopric of St. Andrews. It seemed to him that he could accept the see only on condition of his retaining the Wardenship of the College at Glenalmond; for episcopal offices in Scotland are poorly bestowed. Mr. Gladstone knew the difficulty, and, if he had been the humane man many persons believe him to be, he could have smoothed the way; but no. If Wordsworth accepted the Bishopric, he must resign his office at Trinity College. If he became Bishop and did not resign, he, Mr. Gladstone, would cease to be one of the College Trustees, and the men whom he had induced to join him in the enterprise might sink or swim as they could. Wordsworth, having been unable to get any assurance from him that his policy as regards Church and State was not to be reversed, was unable to support his candidature for Oxford. Wordsworth must take the consequences. He did; and fared much better than his exacting friend expected. The incident seems trivial now; but it is not unimportant. It indicates to what lengths the imperiousness of the Radical leader will go against whosoever, individual or class, is unable to follow him in tame acquiescence. We learn from the Editor's Note that Mr. Gladstone, who had given the Bishop leave to publish his letters in the matter of

* *Annals of My Life.* 1847-1856. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews, and Fellow of Winchester College. Edited by W. Earl Hodgson. Longman, Green, & Co.

the Oxford election, withdrew it when the *Annals* were going to press. Fortunately, in his "oblique narration" of their drift, Mr. Hodgson, the Editor, has preserved the Gladstonian touch ; and a sorry revelation arises. In the lighter chapters we have pleasing reminiscences of Disraeli, Porson, Canning, Lord Salisbury, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Coleridge, Keble, Pusey, Mozley, Newman, and many other celebrities. We will quote an example of Porson's extraordinary wit. Porson was staying with Jeremiah King, Canon of Ely. "One day at dinner, when they had got into discussion upon questions of etymology, Porson gave a derivation which King considered to be so far-fetched as to be quite ridiculous. 'You might as well say that my name is connected with cucumber.' (Probably there was a cucumber on the table which suggested the comparison.) 'And so it is,' said Porson. 'How so?' said King. 'Why, thus: Jeremiah King, by contraction, Jerry King; Jerry King, by contraction and metathesis, Gherkin; and Gherkin, we know, is a cucumber pickled!'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Capital as Mental and Moral Energy.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In Mr. Mallock's article in the May Number on "The Causes of the National Income" occurs the following passage:—

"All capital, therefore, in so far as it increases production, is virtually this, and this only—it is mental and moral energy as applied to muscular energy. If anyone doubts the adequacy of this definition, let him try to alter it or deny it, and see what result will follow."

I will suppose a successful brothel-keeper who has applied his mental and moral energy to the exercise of his profession for a number of years. He dies, leaving a considerable fortune to his only son, who likewise has a store of mental and moral energy; this son buys a meadow and turns it into a racecourse, which becomes very popular and brings him a large income, his one exploit of buying the meadow and turning it into a racecourse being a quite sufficient expenditure of mental and moral energy to last him all his life. He dies, having accumulated a large fortune, besides having spent vast annual sums at Monte Carlo and in various and worthless and foolish ways. He leaves a huge fortune to his son, who, inheriting the mental and moral energy of the family, buys up a patent pill at a nominal cost, secures all the fields in England, and fills them with advertisements of the pill. This application of "mental and moral energy" hugely "increases production." Large factories arise for the manufacture of the pill; the fields of England blossom not with wheat-ears and clover, but with brazen advertisements; more large factories for the production of the advertisements arise: and the net result? A larger and larger supply of mental and moral energy—that is capital, as Mr. Mallock says—flows to (not from) the proprietor; and, the intestines of half his country-

men being hopelessly ruined, production is again stimulated by the necessity of somebody inventing another patent pill to counteract the effects of the first. And so we go on, with constantly increased production, and a constantly augmented store of "mental and moral energy" flowing to the pill-proprietor. The pill-proprietor dies; leaving an only child, an idiot, who, however, as he possesses a vast store of capital, must, according to Mr. Mallock's definition, be possessed of a vast store of mental and moral energy, since capital (if it increases production) is mental and moral energy. And the idiot's capital is applied to increase production; for he has a whim for fire-balloons, and spends all his money in them, thereby greatly "increasing production." So enamoured is he of fire-balloons, he starts them off from his garden at the rate of a thousand a day. He employs hundreds of workmen manufacturing these fire-balloons, and continues doing so until all his capital (or I should say his mental and moral energy) is gone. Then the workmen and their families, being thrown out of employ, suffer great privations, and many of them starve. The idiot goes into the workhouse and dies.

Thus I have hastily sketched a family history for four generations in illustration of Mr. Mallock's definition of capital as mental and moral energy. I have, of course, supposed an extreme case; yet I think it would not be impossible to find kindred histories in real life. There are surely thousands of men whose capital (or rather mental and moral energy) is being applied to results as disastrous as those I have supposed.

Mr. Mallock says he has arrived at a point when he can proceed to the statement of an all-important truth. But would it not be worth while to reconsider this definition of "capital" as "mental and moral energy" before he proceeds to the exposition of further "truths"? What is the use of building an elaborate system of political economy upon a basis like this? or indeed upon any basis but this sure one—namely: The first thing for any man to do is to find out whether the work that he does, or that he overlooks, or that he starts with his capital, is useful or beautiful work, and tends to the well-being of his fellows. If it does not do this, the next thing for him to do is to turn his hand or his brain to something else. Drive this home; and national well-being must follow, whatever tariffs and regulations of labour may be in force to help or hinder.

Gentlemen, I am,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Townshend House, Regent's Park, W., May 23, 1893.

The Police Clauses of the Home Rule Bill.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

It is a very far cry to Clause 30 of the Home Rule Bill. At the present rate of progress we are likely to have passed the dog-days and to

be buttoning up our great-coats again before it is reached. If the time ever comes for its discussion it will provide much food for reflection to politicians of all shades. One thing is certain. The police arrangements, as they stand at present, satisfy no one. Everyone knows by this time what the police themselves think of them. Mr. Redmond and his party distinctly pronounce them intolerable. Even the Subservient Seventy are not satisfied. There must be something radically wrong about them. The Irish Nationalist objections, which are mainly financial, are not the only objections on that score. There is another side to the penny, the Crown side (that unpleasant word "Crown!"), as well as the harp. The police —the men who will be directly affected—have naturally something to say, and they do not mince matters. After scanning the resolutions emanating from the Constabulary of different counties throughout Ireland, one finds that, with a unanimity which is really astounding for men who are said to have been liberally treated, the financial proposals are declared to be grossly inadequate. Supplementing this expression of opinion, they draw up a list of proposals embodying what they consider fair treatment. Mr. Morley might with advantage lay these resolutions side-by-side with Schedule VI. and compare notes. The discrepancy in the documents is striking. Mr. Morley is fond of compromise, and has written a charming essay on the subject. He will want all his ingenuity to enable him to spell a satisfactory compromise out of these conflicting proposals. Then, when all has been nicely arranged between Mr. Morley, the Nationalists, and the police, the British taxpayer may have a word of approval, or of remonstrance.

So much for the financial aspect. What is the real intention of the Government as regards the Irish police? They "will be gradually reduced and ultimately cease to exist," says one who always speaks in plain language. How? Sec. 4 of Schedule VI., Part i., explains. "Upon the Executive Committee of the Privy Council in Ireland certifying to the Lord-Lieutenant that adequate local police forces have been established in every part of Ireland, the Lord-Lieutenant shall within six months after such Certificate, or if the Certificate is given within six years after the appointed day at such later date, before the expiration of these six years, as the Lord-Lieutenant as representing Her Majesty thinks expedient, order measures to be taken for causing the whole of the Royal Irish Constabulary to cease to exist as a police force, and such order shall be duly executed." There is much virtue in that "if." In any case the Certificate is the condition precedent to the withdrawal and annihilation of the police. Will it ever be given? Irish Members have professed from time to time that they will not be satisfied until they have the control of the police. Does any sane man doubt that once the Bill becomes law they will have all the control they want? True, the Bill says that the Constabulary "while they continue shall be subject to the control of the Lord-Lieutenant as representing Her Majesty." Every man who knows the Queen's English will take that for what it is worth. It is one of the most illusory of "safeguards." Translate it into plain language. The Irish Constitution, we assume, is in working order, and Elections are

going on for the Irish Legislative Assembly. We have no reason to believe that these Elections will be carried on with less popular excitement than heretofore. The leopard cannot change his spots, and the Irishman will not hang his shillelagh on the peg at Election time. Guards of honour for prominent politicians will be required in the future as in the past. Rowdyism develops; the public peace is threatened; rioting is imminent; the "local" police are being enquired for like Casabianca. Order must be maintained even at an Irish Election; and, whether it be the party of nine or the party of seventy that requires the aid of the Constabulary (Mr. Healy, no doubt, will regard that as a "mere matter of detail"), the force will be requisitioned by the local authority, and in such a way as to leave the Lord-Lieutenant no option. Irish Nationalists will naturally reason thus: "Here are the Constabulary to our hand. We have no love for them; but they can keep the peace much better than any local forces we could raise. Besides, we are liable for a big share of their expense as it is, and we shall only be putting additional expense upon ourselves by raising local forces. Not only so: we shall have to pay two-thirds of the pension of every Royal Irish or Dublin Metropolitan constable who is withdrawn to make way for a 'local' policeman. There is a limit to our folly, and this transcends it. Our position is simple. Maintain the *status quo* as regards the police; but with this important distinction: *we shall be their masters in the future.*" If this appears an extravagant interpretation, the country should have more light upon the subject. It is a natural contingency from the adoption of a Clause and a Schedule which are vague and nebulous in almost every line.

The Irish politician knows as well as any man the value of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and if the Bill passed to-morrow no one would more regret their disappearance. He is fully alive to the fact that without the help and experience of the Constabulary the local police in Ireland would not for ten years to come be worth the cost of their uniform. Policemen cannot be turned out to order in a few days like a suit of clothes. They cannot spring up in a moment, as Minerva sprang from the head of Zeus, full-panoplied. It takes years to make a good one, even in Ireland. There is no calling in life where ignorance sooner comes to grief.

Are the Government, then, going to hand over the Constabulary to the men whose only references to them in the past have been undisguisedly hostile? This is a plain question, and demands a plain answer. If the Constabulary are to remain after the Bill passes—and it is hard to see how the country can carry on any Government for a week or a day without them—their position should be clearly defined and safeguarded. The "safeguards" in Clause 30 and Schedule VI., like so many others, are worthless. Real safeguards, it may be said, would create further difficulties and make the Scheme more unworkable than it is; but that is not our concern. It is the concern of those who made the difficulties possible. Our point is that a body of over ten thousand men must not be sacrificed merely to gratify the whim of misguided Statesmen. The Irish police have played the part of Aunt Sally long enough. Every party in Ireland

has at one time or another had a fling at them, just as every party has at one time or another been indebted to them for its very existence. They may well echo Macbeth: "They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly; but bear-like I must fight the course." Better far let them perish instantly and honourably. An existence continued under the conditions of the Bill would be intolerable for men such as they have proved themselves to be. If perish they must, common decency demands that they should have decent sepulture, and not be thrown out upon the roadside.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

A British Citizen.

May 13, 1893.

Lady Jeune and the Poor.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Lady Jeune's article on "Amusements of the Poor" will meet with general sympathy. There is very little change or pleasure in the lives of the poorer working-class, especially for the women; but I think Lady Jeune's experience must be chiefly among the poor of London and of other large towns. Her picture of the working man, with his wife and baby, enjoying music and other recreations in a bright, warm, hall, would produce nothing but wonder in the minds of country poor folks. The country people could not imagine such a thing possible. What would become of the rest of the children while the parents and baby were out? Who would do the endless mending and making if the mother did not? Night after night, to get through her work, she must sit up long after the children and her husband are in bed. The life of the wives of the poor, even when circumstances are favourable, is little short of slavery (and yet girls' chief desire is to go and do likewise as soon as possible). The only chance for the wives are mothers' meetings, where they can take with them the children too young for school, and for an hour or two enjoy tea, talk, work, and reading. Even the husbands do not often care to go out of a evening unless, alas! they are frequenters of the public-house. They come home tired, and prefer to go to bed, or to sit by the fire, or, in the summer, to attend to their allotments. There is a Club-room in this parish for men, such as Lady Jeune would approve of; but very few married men attend it.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

A Country Woman.

Salisbury, May 17, 1893.

Absurdities of the Registration Bill.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

When a system has long borne on the face of it undoubted inequalities, absurdities, and anomalies, there is always a tendency to accept an alteration with unreflective zeal. The supporters of the new Registration scheme are encouraged by a general blindness to detail. Conscious that this attitude will not extend to an active co-operation towards a just amelioration, they insidiously introduce their pet theories, which, if put into practice, would result only in a transference of injustices. A Registration Act is as effective in extending the franchise as a Reform Act itself. Mr. Fowler, when introducing the Bill, insisted that his only object was to improve the machinery of the Reform Acts. Such a statement misleads. An Act which creates a qualification and thereby considerably extends the franchise cannot be said to have no relation to Reform beyond supplying necessary machinery. Reform Acts create the rights which give the vote; Registration Acts create the means whereby the right may be obtained. The latter do not arouse the general public; and, for this very reason, they insidiously increase and often entirely change the very character of the electorate. The Radical Party openly boast that by the passing of this Registration Act they will secure many seats at present in the possession of Conservatives. I may doubt the fulfilment of this expectation; but its existence renders it necessary to watch Radical Bills, which usually have for their object the aggrandizement of the Party rather than the general welfare.

The Bill now before Parliament will, by reducing the period of qualification, by removing all restrictions with reference to the payment of rates, and by adding to the rights of successive occupation, change and increase the electorate to a very large extent. So extensive is the alteration, it admittedly requires the creation of a new staff permanently devoted to the work. Yet for the year when the extension is to occur the staff is to be dispensed with. With a view to a General Election, which, amid the most favourable circumstances, cannot be delayed over next year, the Radical Party are trying to foist upon the country a measure which, when deprived of its manipulating forces, is replete with elements of confusion. The new and more extensive regulations respecting the qualifications are to be carried into effect by the machinery which has been insufficient to carry out the present system. The register will be filled with the names of those who even under the Act are not qualified, but who, nevertheless, by reason of being on the register, will be entitled to vote. Could there be a more deliberate attempt to win power by means of those acknowledged as unworthy to give it?

It must be conceded that there is need of a change in the registration laws. At present they are unfair and unworkable. It is, of course, the policy of the Radicals, with their spurious Working-Man fetish, to say that by these laws working-men are deprived of votes. As a matter of fact,

there is no legislation less open to the charge of being class legislation than that which deals with the registration of voters. I have had considerable experience in the work of registration, and I can confidently assert that it is by no means the working-class who suffer most from the anomalies of the present system. Each class suffers under the same disadvantage; each is subjected to the same restrictions; and if more of the working-class are unenfranchised the reason is to be found in their larger numerical strength. The man occupying a garret or a cellar at a mere nominal cost, which absolutely precludes a contribution to parochial burdens, has as much claim to a vote, and procures it by as easy a method, as he who occupies the most highly rented and rated house.

It may be well to define a few of the qualifications at present existing, and compare them with the alterations suggested. No man is entitled to vote unless he has occupied in some capacity the premises in respect of which he votes for a period of twelve months from July 15. A year's residence cannot be considered too long. Such a provision is most salutary. It imposes a check upon the random intermeddling of strangers and of those unacquainted with the local requirements of a district. Still, the principle involved in this qualification is sacrificed by the fixture of a date which is at the very least eighteen months anterior to that upon which the register comes into force. It follows that it is generally much nearer two years than one year, and very often over two years, before a man can secure his vote for any practical purpose. This is unfair, and contrary to the intention of Parliament; but what is the alternative suggested? A residence of three months! That is absurd, and can only suggest a motive other than that which is expressed. Its absurdity lies in the fact that for the sake of a slight mitigation in an inconsistency an enormous confusion is to be created. According to the Bill, all those who have occupied or resided for a period of three months ended on and including June 24 will be entitled to registration. There is to be only one registration during the year. Consequently, the three-months qualifications will benefit only a minority. Those who began occupation in the June quarter will have to wait twelve months before they secure their votes; those who began in the September quarter, nine months; those who began in the December quarter, six months. The reason is obvious. The Government have been led by the more violent partisans who, looking for Manhood Suffrage, see in the three-months qualification a way to introducing such confusion, such facilities for securing votes to all, that they will have their desire on false pretences.

The Bill insists upon three-months occupation; but what safeguards does it provide for ensuring even this limited length of residence? None. On the contrary, it removes the safeguards that at present exist. This is so important a point that I may be excused for dwelling upon it. By the 9th section of the Representation of the People Act, 1884, specially referred to in the Bill, overseers are in April and May to serve upon those who are liable for the rates in respect of hereditaments a requisition instructing them to return the names of the occupiers in such

hereditaments, in order that the principle involved in the Assessed Rates Act may be carried into effect; which principle is that no qualification shall be defeated by anything resulting from compound rating. The object of this clause was to ensure that the names of all tenement occupiers should be entered on the rate-book for the purpose of registration. The new Bill, repealing all instructions in this clause with reference to rating, enacts that the district registrars are in April and May to serve requisitions upon owners and others, requiring them to supply the names of all occupiers of hereditaments for the purpose of registration.

It is clear that, for the purpose of obtaining names upon the rate-book, such a method of procedure is necessary; but by the removal of certain words a totally different object has been substituted, an object as unnecessary as it is confusing. The result will be that the register will, if the letter of the Act be adhered to, contain the names of occupants of two months, or even of one month, and of vast numbers who have forfeited their qualifications anterior to June 24. In April and May the registrars will receive notification, from owners, that A, B, and C have either already resided a sufficient length of time, or have begun their occupation on a day three months anterior to June 24. Let me illustrate my contention. A is one of the migratory class: he is in the habit of taking a single room for a few weeks. In April or in May the owner of the house has reported him as having begun occupation at a date sufficiently early to qualify him if on June 24 he is still resident. Before June 24, however, he has probably changed his abode two or three times. Following his legal instructions, the registrar will insert the man's name upon the register in respect of the original house, unless a private person chooses to take upon himself the responsibility of objecting. There is no provision for verification. It may be said that, on the general ground that he is responsible for an accurate register, it is the duty of the registrar to verify; but the spirit of the Act is opposed to this. In the first place, it is broadly asserted that, their titles only changed, the present officers may continue their work. Thus, the evil consequences of sandwiching duties of great responsibility between the ordinary avocations of hard-worked men will result. True, the Government offer a great boon. If such overseers are appointed they can, in consideration of the remuneration they receive for their ordinary duties, be paid a few pounds a year less. It will be for the country to decide if this boon will be a sufficient compensation for a huge misrepresentation in Parliament. Secondly, it is clear that there is no intention of insisting upon a verification of information previously gained by the retention of that part of the clause which lays down the method of procedure. It would be too absurd even for this Government to insist that, at a great expense, certain information shall be obtained in April, when it will be useless, and that after June 24, when it will be useful, the same information shall be obtained again.

Anyone who has had any practical experience of registration knows that a three-months qualification, with such a procedure as suggested, can have no other result than that of swamping all the registers with the

names of thousands who have forfeited their qualifications, men who, as far as the constituency is concerned, have ceased to exist. What will be the consequence? Personation made easy and common. A legislator who has not kept in view, when framing a Registration Bill, the growing evil of personation is unfitted for the task which he has undertaken.

It may be contended that, by the process of objecting, party organizations will be able to remove the names of those unqualified. Is it not monstrous that Parliament should pass an Act and so regulate its procedure that its real object can be attained only by voluntary subscriptions and voluntary efforts? Mr. Fowler has said that the Bill will put an end to the anomaly of party organization manipulating registers. I would tell him, from experience, that if his Bill pass in its present shape party organizations will find their work quadrupled, and constituencies will return a Radical or a Conservative according as the one or the other party is the more able to provide funds for registration. The present Bill throws every impediment in the path of the objector. The barrister shall (not *may*) give costs to the objectee. Given, therefore, that the lists are filled with the names of unqualified electors, that party which will risk its funds by recklessly objecting, and by the employment of scores of canvassers, will have the most decided advantage. During the interval between June 24 and July 30, on which latter date the work of the Superintendent Registrar is completed, private persons must scour the country to ascertain for themselves the exact date when A, B, C, and D gave up, or began, occupation, with the frequent result that, for want of evidence, the names will remain upon the register. Unrecognized by law, these zealous men cannot demand from the owner the desired dates. Only if he has funds at his back will he dare to risk the fine following any action upon probabilities. The law seeks no further information. The inevitable result of such a state of things will be confusion, personation, and misrepresentation in Parliament.

It will be contended that the same objections hold good against a six-months qualification. They will hold good only to a small extent. In the first place, there will be the decided advantage that, by removing the necessity of taking into consideration the one-month occupiers and the two-months occupiers, a vast amount of trouble will be removed from the shoulders of those whose duty is to compile an accurate register. The professed intention of the Legislature will be obtained in proportion to the diminution of the work. If the intention of Parliament had been that immediately upon the completion of a three-months residence a man should be entitled to vote at an election, it would have instituted three quarterly registrations and publications of supplementary registers. This, although pernicious, would have been reasonable; but there is no reason, no consistency, in laying it down that an occupation beginning in the March quarter shall have privileges denied to one beginning in the June quarter, or in the September quarter, or in the December quarter. A six-months residence will have another advantage. It will tend to exclude those who have no stake in the country, bear no burdens, swell the criminal and

pauper classes, and are missing at a time of an election. This class may indeed be defined as consisting of those who have no fixed abode for a period exceeding three months. The great majority reside for periods not exceeding one month; but it has been shown that, according to the absurd, unbusinesslike proposals, even these are as likely to be placed upon the register as those who have actually completed a three-months residence.

I think I have shown that it is an undeniable farce for the Government to style their Bill one which will enable persons to be registered with accuracy. The appointment of a Superintendent and a District Registrar might have this effect if every regulation affecting their position in the present Bill were changed, and the clauses respecting claiming were withdrawn.

I protest against the clauses respecting claiming. The Bill confirms the non-obligation on the part of tenement occupiers to claim, and removes the necessity for lodgers. Hitherto the great hindrance to the compilation of an accurate register has been the immunity from claiming on the part of tenement and non-rated occupiers. The only information respecting them having been obtained at a date far anterior to the last day of the qualifying period, scores who have either not fulfilled their qualifications, or have forfeited them, have been registered. It is impossible to estimate in its true light the injustice to the qualified by the further extension to lodgers of this notorious evil. With the machinery which the Superintendent Registrar would have at his disposal, claims could be obtained from occupiers and lodgers without any further trouble to the claimants than the mere signing of their names, or the making of marks in cases of inability to write. To obtain such a boon, if it be considered one, would any man hesitate to sign a form of claim when the insertion of his signature completed his share in the transaction? If such a clause as the following, or clauses resulting in such an enactment, were introduced, a great confusion and boundless personation would be obviated.—

"All residents in houses, whether as owners or as occupiers, whose names are duly entered upon the rate-books shall be registered by the registrars; but all tenement occupiers and lodgers whose names have been returned to the registrars must claim on or after June 24. In the months of April and May the registrars shall serve upon owners a requisition demanding information as to the qualifications of those residing in their houses, whether as occupiers or as lodgers, and enter the names so supplied, with their qualifications, in lists. On and after June 24, the registrars shall issue to each occupier and lodger, who should be qualified if still in residence, a form of claim, which, between certain definite days, his clerks shall collect. A claim, duly signed, shall be taken as evidence of the occupier's or the lodger's title to be registered; and his name shall be registered forthwith."

It is inconceivable how any man who really desires to introduce a just scheme of registration should close his eyes to the obvious advantage of claiming. If Mr. Fowler still insists upon the reduced length of residence, and upon removing the necessity of claiming, he must henceforth bear the

unenviable reputation of being a tool in the hands of men who fully recognize the advantage accruing to them by confusion and misrepresentation. That a Party affirming the right of all men to vote should contentedly leave the large majority without their votes for a year, and devote their sympathies to the migratory class, proves that no thought of justice influences them. They would buy up cheap stock to supply their markets; but it would not be long before they learnt the lesson, not unknown in these days, that the supply sometimes exceeds the demand.

A six-months qualification, with a supplementary register, would obviate the great injustice and partialities of the Bill. It would ensure a speedy registration of all who by a fixed residence had assured their position, and gained a knowledge of local requirements. No one would have to wait for over a year before he could use his vote. Such a Bill might be aptly styled one "to secure a speedy and accurate registration." But a Bill which aims at securing votes for migratory classes, leaving a man who has a *locus standi* in the constituency to wait for twelve months, or fifteen, or eighteen, before his vote is of any practical use, is preposterous.

The trouble which a supplementary register in July will entail could easily be undertaken by a Superintendent Registrar devoting his whole time to the work. I foresee the objection that such an additional register will necessitate the employment of a revising barrister twice during the year On referring to the Bill before Parliament, and considering the curtailment of the barristers' duties, I cannot see the necessity for barristers at all. The Superintendent Registrar might well be the highest local authority, from whom an appeal might be made to the Queen's Bench Division, without costs, on questions of law. If, on the other hand, it were thought desirable to retain revising barristers, in consideration of the fact that their work will be reduced to a minimum, such a diminished number might be employed that, even if they had to attend twice during the year, the expense would be much less than at present with an annual register.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

F. E. Edis.

St. Stephen's Club, Westminster, S.W., May 2, 1893.

"The Witness of the Monuments."

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Some of us can still remember the thrill of half-incredulous surprise with which the earlier announcements of the successful translation

of Egyptian hieroglyphics were received. Champollion, following up the hint of our own fellow-countryman Young, found the key (rusty indeed, but still useful) to the monumental inscriptions of ancient Egypt; and, albeit with much groaning of springs and wards, unlocked the gate which led straight back to the long-forgotten past. Then Grotefend's inspired guess opened for us the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. Discovery followed hard upon discovery. Belzoni, Layard, Rawlinson, George Smith, Brugsch, Naville, Sayce, Renouf, and others, scholars or explorers, threw themselves into the work, with a result that is little short of marvellous.

Cities, Temples, Statues, Books! The Art, Science, Literature, Religion, that had lain for millenniums in the dust of death—all are restored to us. The very languages these old-world people spoke—the accents of their tongues—we hear their echoes!

Their histories, poems, romances, their ledgers, too, and banking accounts, the details of their daily business, are in our hands. The lover's sonnet, the mourner's plaint, the captive's cry, the hum of the busy city, the tumult of the market-place, the tramp of soldiers marching to the war, are in our ears. The voice of the forgotten multitudes appeals to us. and we feel that we are linked to the venerable civilizations of the past by the myriad ties of a common nature, a common life.

Day by day the truth of the wise man's apophthegm is forced upon us: "There is nothing new under the sun." Creeds and customs are alike traced back to an antiquity till now undreamed of. Religion, above all, is found to have preserved, as flies in amber, the ideas which filled the minds of worshippers whose parting prayer was uttered six thousand years ago. The sacred names which trembled on the lips of the men of Accad and the plain of Shinar roll in our solemn chants to-day, and wake the echoes of our sacred fanes. Cherubim and Seraphim, the tempting serpent, the scaly dragon, the flaming sword, the tree of Life, the solemn Sabbaths—these things were spoken of, with bated breath, by the waters of Babylon, long centuries before Abram set out from Ur for Haran and the Land of Canaan. Every day, too, fresh discoveries of overwhelming interest are being made: we are prepared to learn at any time that the spade of the veteran Brugsc or of the enthusiastic Petrie has unearthed still greater wonders than we have seen before. A letter from some predecessor of Melchizedek, priest-king of Salem, to his "brother," ruler of the two lands of Egypt, may appear at any time in our morning paper, or further particulars of the treaty made between the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" and the "great King of the Hittites."

It has already come to this—tha we know more intimately the modes of life and thought of the good folk of Memphis, Ur, and Erech of 6,000 years ago, than we do of the life of our own Saxon forefathers.

With the names of the great ancient empires, it is true, we have been long familiar, for the history of the Hebrew race had many points of contact with that of the peoples among whom they had to fight for very life; but with the names, for the most part, came the limit to our know-

ledge. Chederlaomer, Arioch, Pharaoh, Senacherib, or Nebuchadnezzar! Forty years ago these were but unreal shadows, "airy nothings." To-day they have "a local habitation and a name": they fit each into his own niche in the galleries of history. The mortal bodies of some of the most famous of the ancient heroes are with us: the mighty Rameses sleeps his long sleep under our very eyes, wearing still the majestic calm, the lofty grandeur of the renowned Sesostris.

Great was the questioning, at first, as to how the newly-found "records of the past" would compare with that given us in the Bible narratives of events in which the vanished peoples had played a part. Those who attacked and those who defended the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures were alike anxious to set them side-by-side with the strangely-recovered histories.

The comparison has shown that the confidence of believers in the accuracy of the historical portions of the Hebrew Bible was not misplaced.

On matters where the Hebrew people came into contact or collision with contemporary nations, something more than "substantial agreement" is found to exist between the Bible histories and the monuments.

The tablet-books from the library of "the great and noble Asnapper" dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s of Isaiah. Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, and Arioch, king of Ellasar, fall into their places as supreme King and tributary; and the Egypt of Genesis, of Exodus, and of Jeremiah, is the Egypt turned up for us by Professor Petrie's pick-axe. The historical accuracy of the prophetic writers and their impartiality is confirmed; even the silence of the tablets being sometimes, as in the case of the calamity which befel the forces of Senacherib in Judea, more eloquent than words.

It is not only by comparison of direct statements that the accounts given us by the Hebrew authors may be tested. Stronger evidence, perhaps, than the direct is given by coincidences that are seen to be necessarily undesigned.

To such a coincidence attention is now invited. It is one that goes far to prove either that the editors, who left the books of Genesis and Exodus in their present state, had before them manuscripts of great antiquity, or copied from older manuscripts of great antiquity; or that they had some other means of procuring accurate and, even on minute points, trustworthy information.

In reading the earlier books of the Bible the rarity of any mention of the horse is a noticeable fact. That animal is not noticed at all till Genesis xlvii., verse 17, where it is stated, quite as a matter of course, that Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for their horses.

The time of Joseph, as is now recognized by Egyptologists, fell under one of the later, most probably under the latest, of the Hyksos kings. Now, it is certain that the horse was unknown in Egypt before the rule of the Hyksos Dynasty, and the representation of the animal on the monuments does not occur till after that period. How it happened that the services of this splendid and most useful animal had not been taken advantage of by the Egyptians at an earlier date, howsoever interesting as

a conumdrum, is, for the purposes of the present argument, beside the question. We have to do only with the fact that, so far as we know, the first mention of the horse in Egyptian history occurs in the monumental inscription of "Captain" Aahmes, a very valiant soldier, who served under the King who captured the last stronghold of the Hyksos in Egypt, and finally expelled the foreigners.

Captain Aahmes greatly distinguished himself in the war of liberation, and as, fortunately for us, the ancient Egyptians were possessed by a keen anxiety that posterity should remember their names with honour, he spared no pains to ensure such immortality as a permanent record of the great events in which he had borne a part could give him. It is, of course, only the "best side" of the old Egyptian heroes that we find upon their tombstones; and it must be confessed that modesty is not a marked characteristic of the venerable epitaphs of Memphis or El-Kab; but then the visitor to one of our own cemeteries would perhaps be puzzled to find where the graves of the "thankless children," tyrannous fathers, and unamiable wives and mothers, were hidden away. The phrase, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," is not of mere modern invention, and no doubt survivors in ancient Egypt took the epitaphs of their defunct worthies with our own accustomed "grain of salt." For our present purpose, however, the tombstone of Captain Aahmes is above suspicion. When the deceased warrior tells us that he fought on foot in the presence of the King, who was "fighting from his chariot," we may take it as proved that at the end of the Hyksos period the horse was known in Egypt, and used there for purposes of war That the horse had been but recently introduced is not a mere inference from the absence of all notice of him from monuments earlier than those of the Eighteenth Dynasty. It is proved by the tone in which officers of high standing in the Egyptian army boast of the capture of even one of these animals from the enemy. No one who reads on the tomb of Amenemheb, an officer who fought under Thotmes III., the Alexander of Egyptian history, how, when a horse belonging to the enemy had broke loose and charged into the Egyptian ranks, he (Amenemheb) had stabbed it to death, and how he had presented the tail of the dead charger to Thotmes himself, will require further proof that the Egyptian soldier was not familiar with cavalry.

When the tail of a dead horse was considered a trophy worthy the acceptance of such a Sovereign as Thotmes III., we may feel sure there were not many horses attached to the Egyptian army! The horse, then, though known in Egypt, had been but a short time known there when Joseph was "Ab-n-per-aa,"—first minister of Pharaoh. It is surely a remarkable coincidence that it is at this very time the animal is first mentioned in the Bible.

When the editors who gave the last touches to Genesis and Exodus, as we now have them, completed their work, the horse had been long familiar to their countrymen. Even if they had made their "compilation" before the exile, they had heard of the thousands of horses owned by Solomon, many of which, too, had been procured from the land of Egypt. How is it,

then, that in enumerating the wealth of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, they do not mention the horse? Oxen, sheep, asses, even camels, are spoken of. The horse is never mentioned. Is it within the bounds of probability that men writing after the establishment of the monarchy, men who could tell of the horses and chariots of the Egypt of the Exodus, should pull themselves up short with this piece of archæological information, and say, "No: we must not mention the horse before Joseph's date, for it was only just then our fathers knew of the horse"?

To ask the question is to answer it. It is simply impossible that such an argument could have been present to the minds of these editors.

Where was such a piece of archæological information to come from? Is it to be supposed that a bare dry fact of that nature had been handed down by tradition? The hand-to-hand struggle for existence which sums up the history of the Hebrews from the date of the Exodus to that of the Monarchy gave the people, one would be inclined to think, something else to occupy their attention than the dates at which their forefathers had first come into contact with a particular species of quadruped.

It must not be forgotten that at the time when, according to the critics, Genesis and Exodus were compiled, or even at the time when the earlier portions of the originals (Jahvistic or Elohistic) were written, the horse had been long known to the Hebrews. Every child had sung of the time when their God "the horse and his rider had thrown into the sea." How is it that the writers of Genesis "drew the line" at the date of Joseph? Stranger still: the authors put into the mouth of the aged Jacob the verse, "Dan shall be an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward"! Jacob had, at the time when he is supposed to have uttered these words, lived for many years in Egypt, and no doubt might have easily become familiar with the appearance and uses of the very horses we learn that Joseph bought for bread! The man who spoke thus had surely seen the rider thrown off "backwards" by the sudden leap forward of a hurt or startled horse. But what is so remarkable is that the authors of Genesis should have made Jacob speak so at the very moment of his life when, consistently with his history, he might have spoken so; and abstained from attributing such language to him at an earlier period of his life. Jacob knows of the horse at the very time when he must have known of him! Surely the possession of such a piece of archæological lore, and the supposition of the deliberate use of the lore in this way by the authors or later editors of Genesis, even if they did possess it, are almost equally improbable,—impossible!

The present writer must confess that, having freed himself as far as possible from professional prejudice, and being anxious to get at the truth in this matter, he is driven to conclude that the original writers of these passages in Genesis knew intimately, knew exactly, what they wrote about.

When we consider, too, the pitfalls which would lie in the way of writers who should attempt to compile a history of their people, having as a basis for their work only fertility of imagination, eked out by vague

and uncertain traditions, and when we see how such pitfalls are passed by, with firm tread, without mistake, and in perfect fearless security, we are shut up to the conclusion that the original documents on which the Book of Genesis is founded must have been of great antiquity, and must, in fact, have dated from a time when the remembrance of even the minutest details of the events recorded was distinct.

One of the latest utterances of the "Higher Criticism" is that "there is no archaic flavour about Genesis and Exodus"! That may be so; but surely there is, in this matter, a wonderful flavour of accurate history and absolute trustworthiness.

Egyptologists have long since pointed out that phrases like "Ab-n-per-aa," "Abrek," and "Za-pa-n-ankh," not translated, but merely transliterated, from Egyptian to Hebrew, point to the fact that the writer had heard the actual Egyptian phrases or titles pronounced; that he knew the Egyptian titles as titles, and preserved the familiar sound in the Hebrew letters. Such a coincidence as is here pointed out tends to establish the conviction that this inference is not ill or unwisely drawn, and that, howsoever modern the present garb of Genesis may be, the original documents from which it was compiled were written at a very ancient date.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully.

J. H. S. Moxly.

The Firs, Brentwood, Essex, March 9, 1893.

Thoughts for Defenders of the Church.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Welsh Suspensory Bill marks a grave crisis in the history of the Established Church. The Bill is avowedly, in Mr. Gladstone's own language, "an earnest" of the disendowment of the Church in Wales; and the disendowment of the Church in Wales is welcomed by many simply as "an earnest" of the disendowment of the Church of England. The danger is sufficiently serious; but, on that very account, there is the less reason for exaggeration. Unfortunately, the language of exaggeration is not unknown on the platforms of Church Defence. Take, for example, the cry of "The Church in Danger." It is a taking cry, which may possibly catch votes; but does it mean anything? If it has been promised to the Church that "the gates of hell

shall not prevail against it," is there the slightest danger that Mr. Gee and the thirty-two Welsh Members, even with the assistance of Mr. Gladstone, could achieve greater success? To say that the Church is in danger because disendowment has come within the range of practical politics is to doubt the divine power of the Church: to admit that its security depends on purely human conditions, and that its one foundation is a matter of £ s. d. Disendowment is most important; but it may be treated too seriously. It is not a matter of life and death to the Church; we cannot admit that it would even very seriously cripple the Church. At most, the injury would be temporary.

In saying this, I am very far indeed from admitting the pretence of some of our opponents who declare that disendowment will actually quicken the Church's energy. It is difficult to understand why the Church should become more energetic because she has been robbed. If this were so, the Liberator Society must have done for its depositors just what the Liberation Society proposes to do for the Church; and, no doubt, those unfortunate people are really thanking Mr. Jabez Balfour for their own increased usefulness and energy. Note, too, the characteristic inconsistency of the modern Radical. He assures you that the Church will never be of much use so long as the clergy are "State-paid," while he proposes to increase the usefulness of the House of Commons by giving State-pay to its Members. The work of the Church in some directions—in the mission-field, for example, and in works of practical benevolence among the sick and poor—will be affected for a time by disendowment; and there is no reason to accept with gratitude the efforts of the Liberation Society to increase the usefulness of the Church by schemes of spoliation and plunder. We thank the political dissenter for his benevolence; but we distrust his method, if not his motive. At the same time, it is quite possible to exaggerate the effect of disendowment upon the Church's work, and the defenders of the Church are making a grave mistake when they indulge in the language of exaggeration.

Then, again, as regards the particular Bill now before Parliament. The Bill is bad; but it is possible to exaggerate the bad effects of it. Let me say, in passing, that Mr. Gladstone, by the introduction of the Welsh Suspensory Bill, has paid an unintended compliment to the strength of the Church in Wales. He has shown that he dare not make a direct attack upon it, and that his friends must be perforce content if he can manage to weaken the Church before he ventures to attack her.

Will this Bill—in the improbable event of its passing—do very much to weaken the Church? I fear that there has been considerable exaggeration on the part of those who oppose the measure. It has been repeated again and again that if the Bill were passed no one would venture to accept preferment in the Welsh dioceses. Every bishopric and incumbency which became vacant would remain unfilled; diocese and parish would be left "spiritually destitute"; the Church would be "starved out." Is this so? Apart from the fact that Mr. Gladstone's Bill spares private patronage, is it not a libel on the clergy of Wales to maintain that

NEW SWINDON

none of them will be found ready, even at some personal risk, to step into the gap and carry on the necessary work of the Church? Should we for a moment allow the enemies of the Church to make such a statement unchallenged? Surely a statement which we should justly resent as an insult in the mouth of our enemies cannot be accepted as a legitimate argument in the mouth of our friends? In point of fact, were the risk ten times greater than it is, plenty of men would be found ready and willing to undertake it. There is not the faintest danger that one single diocese or parish would remain "spiritually destitute." I am speaking, of course, simply of matter of fact, not of right and wrong. The fact that the Welsh clergy will be found ready to make a sacrifice which may be required of them does not in the least affect the injustice of a measure which may render that sacrifice necessary.

Indeed, our real objection to this measure rests upon the character of the Bill itself, not upon its possible consequences. The Suspensory Bill is "an earnest" of disendowment: that is to say, of sheer robbery. Therefore, it is in itself a first step in crime. Even if it could be maintained that the Church would gain by the measure, it would be the duty of Churchmen to resist it. We believe that the revenues of the Church belong to the service of religion, and we cannot permit them to be diverted to secular uses. Such a diversion we hold to be sacrilege, and no considerations of profit and loss can change its character. We leave it to the Nonconformist Conscience to violate the Eighth Commandment on grounds of expediency. We shall oppose as a matter of principle.

There is, however, one objection to the Welsh Suspensory Bill to which I would especially call the attention of Unionists. Any measure which deals exclusively with the Church in Wales is a step in the direction of Home Rule for Wales. If the Church of Wales is to be treated apart from the rest of the Church of England, there is no reason why Wales should not receive exceptional treatment in regard to any other question of national importance: for example, in regard to the land. It is true that Wales has already received exceptional treatment in regard to Sunday closing; but this can hardly be considered a matter of national importance, as is the disruption of the national Church. It is doubtful if all members of the Unionist Party realize the tendency of measures directed against the Church in Wales. At any rate, the division-list on the First Reading of the Suspensory Bill shows that certain Unionist Members have not made up their minds to resist the policy of disintegration when it is applied to the Church. Possibly they may reply that they advocated disestablishment in Ireland, yet that they are able, consistently, to oppose Irish Home Rule. The case of Ireland and the case of Wales are not alike. The disestablishment of the Church of Ireland did not give ecclesiastical Home Rule to Ireland: this she already possessed. Ireland had her own archbishops, bishops, and clergy, and all the machinery of Church government. The case of Wales is very different. There is no Welsh Church as distinct from the Church of England. The Church in Wales is a part of the Church of England. The Welsh

bishops preside over portions of the province of Canterbury, and English bishops preside over portions of the Church in Wales. Therefore, disestablishment in Wales would confer an ecclesiastical Home Rule which Wales has never possessed. It was one thing to give separate treatment to a Church which had always been distinct; quite another to distinguish between the parts of a Church which has always been one. The latter is a flagrant instance of that policy of disintegration which the Unionist Party is pledged to resist. Even those Unionists who favour disestablishment ought on principle to oppose disestablishment in detail.

It is certain that the question of Welsh disestablishment will not be decided by the present Parliament. There will be a Dissolution before even the present "earnest" of disendowment can be added to the Statute-book. What the next General Election may bring forth it would be rash to prophesy. We may take it for granted, I suppose, that every Gladstonian Member of the new Parliament will be pledged to promote disestablishment in Wales. We must make sure that every Unionist Member is pledged to oppose it. It is quite possible that a majority in favour of the Union might give a minority in favour of the Established Church in Wales. That is a contingency against which Churchmen must guard. Our course of action is perfectly plain and simple. No Unionist candidate could possibly hope to obtain a seat without the votes of Churchmen, and Churchmen must make it abundantly clear that they refuse to support any candidate who does not distinctly pledge himself to vote against disestablishment in Wales. It will perhaps be a good thing if the present Bill is pushed to a Second Reading. The division list will enable us clearly to distinguish between friend and foe. Any Member who gives his vote in favour of the Bill, or even abstains from voting, must be noted; and it must be made plain to him that he will not be an acceptable candidate at the next election. In many instances Liberal Unionists who once supported disestablishment have already pledged themselves to vote against it so long as they are returned by a majority of Conservative votes. There are other Members who have given no such pledge, and it is important that they should not be allowed to sit again until this pledge has been given. If Churchmen are sufficiently firm, there will be no need to vote against the Unionist candidate or to abstain from voting. It is simply a matter of choice of candidates. In demanding this pledge we shall not demand any sacrifice of principle: the disestablishment of the Church in Wales is entirely inconsistent with Unionist principles.

If in the next Parliament Mr. Gladstone has a majority, the Church of England must recognize a very serious and solemn duty. She must make it clearly understood that the question of disestablishment cannot be treated piecemeal: that, rather than submit to dismemberment, she will raise, through her representatives, the whole question of disestablishment and disendowment, and demand that it shall be settled on national lines. "I come from the steps of the chair of S. Augustine," said our Archbishop to the Welsh Churchmen, "to tell you that, by the benediction of God, we will not quietly see you disinherited." Are these words,

spoken by the representative of the Church of England, a mere rhetorical flourish, "like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong"? Do they simply mean that we of the Church of England will call meetings and make speeches, and sign petitions? Should they not, rather, mean that the whole Church of England is prepared to stand by the Church in Wales—to share her fortunes—to stand, or, if need be, to fall, together?

Timid souls will stagger at the risk. "Better," they will say, "to sacrifice the Church in Wales, if thereby we may satisfy, for a time, the appetite of sectarian jealousy." Yes: for a time; but for what time? Is it worth while to purchase, at such a price, a brief respite? The appetite of sectarian jealousy is insatiable. It will be whetted, not satisfied, by the morsel of the Church in Wales. Sooner or later we shall have to do battle in our own defence. Policy, no less than principle, demands that the battle shall be joined while the Church of England retains its integrity.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,
H. George Morgan.

Stoke Lacy Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester, May 5, 1893.

The Abuse of Tobacco.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

I wonder if you will lend a hand in trying to abate a national nuisance? I am not condemning the lawful use of the thing: I am simply pointing out the abuse. I have lately had occasion to trace back the use of tobacco in this country to the earliest time, and I am surprised to find how soon it came to be abused. The King in whose reign it was introduced was moved to indite "A Counterblaste to Tobacco." It may be worth while to give a short account of this curious composition.

The noxious weed had not long been introduced into the Kingdom. Sir Francis Drake had brought it from Virginia, and handed over pipes and tobacco to Sir Walter Raleigh, who "tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffolde"; thereby, no doubt, further incensing the King, who had long borne a grudge against him. The Royal author, "the wisest fool in Christendom" (so Sully called him), passes in review the arguments for "this savage custome," which he meets with counter-arguments disposed in formal logical order. The argument that it promotes expectoration, and so helps us to get rid of rheums, he

speaks of as a fallacy. "This stinking smoke" is the cause of what you complain of, "and so are you made free and purged of nothing but that wherewith you wilfully burdened yourselves." In answer to the argument that the general use of tobacco proves its utility, he thinks it sufficient for any man to reflect "how easily the mindes of any people may be drawen to the foolish affectation of any noveltie. Wee cannot be content unless wee imitate everything that our fellowes doe." The King has here a hit at the Universities, where this custom seems to have prevailed. Another argument, "drawn from a mistaken experience," that by the taking of tobacco "divers do finde themselves cured of divers diseases," is "to take *non causam pro causa*, as they say in the Logickes." "And so if a man chance to recover one of any disease after hee hath taken Tobacco, that must have the thanks of all. But if a man smoke himself to death with it . . . . often so me other disease must bear the blame for that fault . . . . So doe olde drunkards thinke they prolong their dayes by their swinelike diet, but never remember how many die drowned in drinke before they be halfe olde."

If Sir Walter Scott's account of the King's habits, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, based on contemporary authorities, is to be believed, the King himself comes within the category of those whom he thus condemns.

Admitting, though not confessing, that the use may be healthful for some sorts of diseases, he proceeds to ask the pertinent question, "Should it be used by all men? Should it be used at all times?" He inveighs against a habit which becomes a second nature, whereby "many in this kingdome have had such a continual use of taking this unsavourie smoke, as now they are not able to forbeare the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober." He asserts that it disables men from the service of the King and Commonwealth; "having by this continual vile custom brought yourselves to this shamefull imbecilitie, that you are not able to ride or walke the journey of a Jewe's Sabboth, but you must have a reekie cole brought you from the next poore house to kindle your Tobacco with." He goes on to look at the subject from an economical point of view; some of the gentry of this land "bestowing three, some four, hundred pounds a year upon this precious stinke." At the value of money then, tobacco was decidedly an expensive luxury. He hints at extreme measures. "I have read indeed of a knavish courtier who, for abusing the favour of the Emperor Alexander Severus by taking bribes to intercede for sundry persons in his master's eare, for whom he never once opened his mouth, was justly choked with smoke." *Fumo pereat qui fumum vendidit.* King James did not go so far as Sultan Amuret the Fourth, who decreed death to the smoker, or as the Arab Sheik of Samarcand of whom Lamartine tells us in his *Voyage en Orient*, or as other Oriental despots who cut off the noses or lips of those who introduced the luxury and usages of the Turk; but he raised the duty on tobacco from 2d. in the pound to 6s. 10d. Thus the canny

monarch tolerated his subjects' weaknesses while he increased his own revenues.

His next point we should consider the picture of a barbarous age but that we seem, with all our modern refinement, to be bent on imitating it. "Is it not," he asks, "both great vanitie and uncleannesse that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of Tobacco pipes and putting of the smoke of Tobacco one to another; making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the aire, when very often men that abhorre it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as hath been found in some great Tobacco takers that after their death were opened." To smoke like a chimney is, therefore, not all metaphor. "And not onely meal time," the King notes, "but no other time or action, is exempted from the publike use of this uncivill tricke . . . . And hee that will refuse to take a pipe of Tobacco among his fellowes . . . . is accounted peevish and no good company."

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the wide-spread use and abuse of tobacco, to which the King's Counterblaste testifies, there is no mention whatever of the weed in Shakespeare; though Ben Jonson has several allusions to it.

"I do hold it," Bobadil says, in *Every Man in His Humour*, "and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." Here perhaps is a hit at King James and his "Counterblaste." In the *Alchemist* also we read:—

> "This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow;
> He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
> Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil."

Shakespeare must have known of the King's antipathy. He probably often smoked a pipe at the *Mermaid* with "rare Ben Jonson." Did he keep tobacco out of his plays from deference to the King, being one of the King's Company of Comedians, when he made, as Ben Jonson says,

> ". . . those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James"?

Smile as we may at the pedantic monarch's vehemence, we must acknowledge that there is some force in the royal "Counterblaste." Smoking has increased of late by leaps and bounds among all sorts and conditions of men, and, unhappily, of boys also; while smoking at the dinner table, and the institution called the Smoking Concert, are in full swing among us. The former may be considered as a revival, the revival of a custom, "more honoured in the breach than in th' observance," justly considered in the "Counterblaste" as interfering with all just ideas of gastronomy, and so to be resisted by *connoisseurs* of the Art of Dining.

The latter invention is an outrage upon Melpomene herself. An atmosphere reeking with smoke is not a good conductor of sound, nor can we understand how a really good singer who has any respect for himself or for his art can condescend to sing under such conditions. The smoking is put in the first place; the singing is altogether a secondary consideration. In the name of Art, I must protest against such admixture. It seems, however, of little use to appeal to reason or good taste in matters where selfishness and corrupt custom are paramount. Even so good a man as Robert Hall was content to return Adam Clarke's pamphlet, which Dr. Gregory had lent him, with the simple remark, "I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking." *Stet pro ratione voluntas.*

I have quoted King James as witness to the rapid spread of smoking soon after it was introduced into England. Later, it seems to have met with a check. At least, it was kept within reasonable bounds. The tradesman would enjoy his "Churchwarden" at the end of his day's work; but a gentleman would never think of smoking in the presence of a lady, with or without leave. A short pipe in a man's mouth from morning till night was a thing unknown.

Whether or not the "Counterblaste" or the Commonwealth had anything to do with it we cannot tell; but during the latter part of the seventeenth and all through the eighteenth century the practice fell almost into desuetude. A scholar like Milton, or a soldier like "my Uncle Toby," was content after supper with his customary solace; while the inferior clergy, like Mr. Yorick's Curate, might be "smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire." At all events, at the beginning of the present century smoking was almost entirely confined to soldiers and sailors and to the lower orders. Mr. Solly says that the habit was again imported, from the Continent, on the cessation of the Peninsular War. Men born even after the first half of the present century can remember the excuses and apologies which accompanied the act. All this has come to be reversed. Excuse and apology is expected only on the part of non-smokers. Men's pursuits now, as Calverly tells us, are "smoking perennial pipes and spitting." Smoking, I fear it must be confessed, tends to selfishness. Even in clubs, smokers will not confine themselves to the smoking-room, though the best room in the house may be given up to them. In vain the notice "Smoking not allowed in the Corridor of the Club." They will not confine themselves to smoking-carriages on the railway. The hand goes mechanically to the pocket for what has become a necessity of life. "The uppermost problem in their minds," it has been said, "is the securing of a light, so that they may devote themselves to what appears to be almost the object of their existence." Perhaps the most mischievous part of it all is the way in which mere children smoke. For the sake of the future manhood of our nation, it is time that these juvenile apes should be restrained. Whenever I see a small boy blowing clouds of smoke, when he had much better be employed in blowing soap-bubbles, I feel inclined, like Sir Walter Raleigh's servant, who thought his master must be on fire, to pour a bucket of water over him to put it out. A lady of my acquaintance once

ventured to remonstrate with one of these precocities: "You'll never grow up a big man if you smoke." "Anyhow, I'll be a man before you," was the rejoinder. I myself can stand any amount of smoke, and was not long ago in the comfortable smoking-room of a hospitable country house, where the conversation happened to turn on this subject. To this smoking-room the men had retired as soon as the ladies rose from the table. The host very properly preferred to keep the fumes out of the dining-room, considering that each room should be kept to its proper use, and would no more smoke in the dining-room than he would dine in the smoking-room. On this occasion, then, one of the guests, between the puffs, made this deliverance: "I would not like to say that everyone who smokes is a blackguard; but this I will say, without fear of contradiction, that every blackguard smokes."

Mortimer Collins invites us to "look at the young clerks going into town in the morning on the roofs of omnibuses: every mouth holds a pipe. These pipes will re-appear after the mid-day chop; will come back fuming on the omnibus roof at eventide; will be re-filled many times before their owners go to bed. And the result is that these young smokers never think. Tobacco saves them from the torture of thought—a torture indescribable to those unaccustomed to it. The consequence is that these young fellows all grow up in the same pattern. They have no ideas but what they get from their morning papers, and are entirely without the power to contribute to the mental wealth of the world."

Smoking seems to have become a more universal passion even than drinking. The pitman, who does not hesitate to go on strike for a mere trifle, will not put out his pipe on any consideration, though he knows he is endangering the lives of his mates as well as his own life. He seems indifferent to everything except the present self-indulgence,—like the depraved crew of Ulysses, "*Cui potior patria fuit interdicta voluptas.*"

In 1857, Mr. Solly, the well-known surgeon, to whom I have already referred, called serious attention by some letters in *The Lancet* to the rapid growth of smoking and the harm that would ensue. Other medical men joined in the discussion, or, as it is now the fashion to call it, *symposium*, on this subject; the balance of medical opinion inclining to condemn not the moderate use but only the abuse of the practice. Some, however, regarded it as an abuse from beginning to end.

Although I may not admit with the old Clockmaker that "the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher," I cannot help feeling a sneaking kindness for Charles Lamb, who toiled after tobacco "as some men toil after virtue." "I design," he said, "to give up smoking; but I have not yet fixed on the equivalent vice." In his letter to Wordsworth accompanying his "Farewell Ode to Tobacco," he says, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years. . . . I have had it in my head to do it these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises." So general, however, has the custom become, in spite of every counterblast, that, with Thackeray, we need not yet despair of seeing

"a Bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat."

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

G. J. Cowley-Brown.

9, Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh, May 13, 1893.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 125.—JULY, 1893.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND SIAM.

Thirty-four years ago, Napoleon III. was persuaded to utilise the Expeditionary force then on its way back from Tientsin, to conquer Cochin-China and found a French colony at Saigon. There were great potentialities in the enterprise, and the "forward" school of politicians were not slow to make them evident. It was discovered that Cambodia had been tributary to Cochin-China as well as to Siam, and that the duty devolved upon France of assuming the responsibilities and privileges of her new acquisition. Then the dual suzerainty was found inconvenient, and negotiations were entered into which resulted in the cession, by Siam, of the sole protectorate to France, on condition, only, that the form of a protectorate should be preserved and that Cambodia should never be incorporated as a Cochin-Chinese province. Then an expedition was sent, under M. de Lagrée, to explore the Meikong, and report on the opportunities for commerce which were believed to exist along its banks. Then, when Dupuis had proved the practicability of reaching Yunnan by way of Hanoi, it occurred to certain people in Paris and at Saigon that it would be well to occupy Tongking. As Hué was still unsubdued, there could be no pretence, here, of asserting the suzerain rights of Annam: so the inability of the Tongkingese mandarins to maintain order

and suppress brigandage was alleged as a motive for interference. Then the desirability became evident of strengthening the Central Power whose outlying dependencies had been thus detached; and the blessings of civilization in the shape of a French protectorate were conferred upon Annam. It seemed now, for a moment, that the natural limit of things had been reached. The Annamese empire had been once more compacted, and the mountains which separate it from the valley of the Meikong form an admirable scientific frontier. But historical students discovered that the kings of Cambodia had once owned a much larger territory than they now possessed, and that former kings of Annam had collected tribute in the Meikong valley. France clearly inherited all the rights and duties this might be held to imply; and the potential claim was worked up till M. Ribot was moved to declare, two years ago, in the Chamber of Deputies, "that all the countries lying eastward of the Meikong, from the point where it leaves China, should belong to France." Now, the bearings of this observation, like an equally-famous one of Captain Cuttle's, lie in the application of it. English interest is keenly concerned in the maintenance of Siam as a buffer State between Burmah and French territory. That interest may remain languid so long as French activity is confined to the lower Meikong; but it might conceivably become acute if the claim were pushed to its potential limits; for it not only involves the annexation of a region somewhat larger than Annam itself, which Siam alleges to have been under her own jurisdiction for more than a hundred years; but it would involve inconvenient approximation to our own frontiers in the north, and the absorption of territory which the Indian Delimitation Commission has just expressly ceded to Siam. It will scarcely be wasted time, therefore, to examine the political position, and to review certain facts that bear upon the French claim. Political boundaries in the Far East are frequently ill-defined; and in the Indo-Chinese peninsula, especially, warfare seems to have been well-nigh constant, and the tangle of races to have become well-nigh inextricable. Certain historical outlines are, however, perceptible, and history is always useful in throwing light on modern developments.

French relations with Siam, date back, as is well known, to the days of Louis XIV.; and though the episode forms a well-known chapter of Oriental history, the details are sufficiently curious to deserve recapitulation at a time when Republican statesmen seem bent on reviving the policy and projects of the Great Monarch. Many strange things were done during those early days of European adventure when Holland and Portugal and France and England were striving with jealous rivalry to

obtain concessions and commercial privileges along the coast-line of Southern Asia; but it would be hard to find an incident surpassing in eccentricity the attempt made by the French to convert and dominate Siam. They were curious times, in many ways. Nations that were hostile to each other in Europe carried their quarrels to India and Indo-China. Sects that were in rivalry at Rome carried their differences to China and Japan. Individual adventurers were carving out for themselves careers that led to power and fortune. Intrigue was rampant, diplomacy little scrupulous, and the propaganda overbearing in fanatical activity and aggression. One of the most dissolute of kings was finding salvation under the seductive influence of Madame de Maintenon and Père la Chaise; Colbert was trying to push French commerce; and both were willing to establish French influence in Siam, with a view to the advancement of the Church, the extension of trade, and the exaltation of the monarch who conceived himself the impersonation of France. When, therefore, Mgr. Pallu, who had been hospitably entertained by King Phra Narai, returned to Europe with projects of ecclesiastical, political, and commercial adventure, he gained a ready hearing at the French Court.

Phra Narai, who was then king of Siam, seems to have been constitutionally liberal. He had not only admitted the English and Dutch to trade in his dominions, but had sent to Goa to invite commercial relations with the Portuguese. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in his willingness to receive the French; though it is by no means unlikely that political motives may have predisposed him to welcome relations with a country which stood out as a rival to Holland. The Dutch Power loomed large, at that epoch, in the Eastern seas, and a king of Siam might well think it wise to cultivate good relations with the Sovereign who had just concluded the Treaty of Nimeguen. The missionaries naturally took every opportunity to extol his greatness, for the firmer the foothold France could gain the stronger would be the position of the Church in Siam. When, therefore, the "Vautour," bringing letters and presents from Louis XIV., arrived off the mouth of the Meinam (in September, 1680), Deslandes-Boureau was allowed all the commercial facilities he could desire, and Phra Narai was persuaded to send a responsive Embassy. Three Siamese officials and a suite of twenty persons, accompanied by a French priest as conductor and interpreter, set sail in the same year. But the ship which carried them was lost, with all on board, in a hurricane off the coast of Madagascar; and it was not till three years later that a Siamese Embassy put in an actual appearance at Versailles.

The broad outline of the ensuing episode forms, of course, a

well-known chapter of Oriental history; but its details were hidden away in the French Colonial archives till M. Lanier* had the happy thought of disinterring them at a moment when French interest in Indo-China had received a fresh impulse. Confirmatory researches at the Quai d'Orsay subsequently enabled M. Marcel† to add some quaint particulars to the narrative; and we are indebted to these writers for a story of romantic adventure, of unscrupulous intrigue, of pretension on the part of France, and resentment and eventual rebellion in Siam, that might tax our credulity if it were less well authenticated by extant records. The records, however, are there—French as well as Siamese: letters from kings and ministers; from envoys and missionaries; from military officers and commercial agents;—and they have enabled the picture to be reproduced with circumstantial detail. Greek and Jesuit, abbé and factor, ambassador and mandarin, assume their places upon the stage, and afford a curious picture of the motives which prevailed in the French Court and disturbed the Eastern world during the closing years of the seventeenth century.

By one of those romantic chances to which the times were favourable, a Greek named Phaulkon had found his way to the Siamese capital, and had succeeded in attaining a position of considerable wealth and power. His commercial talents had recommended him to the Prime Minister, who had, in turn, recommended him to the King: and both seem to have trusted him largely in the management, at least, of foreign and commercial affairs. This man appears to have thrown himself heart and soul into the French interest. If it is often difficult to gauge the character of living statesmen in days of complete publicity, it is much more difficult to appreciate the motives that influenced a Greek adventurer holding a difficult position at an Oriental Court, two centuries ago. Messrs. Lanier and Marcel appear to concur in regarding him as an unscrupulous intriguer, careless of the interests of a too confiding master. But the surmise may be admissible that his motives were less wholly selfish. The elevation of a foreigner could hardly fail to excite the envy, hatred, and malice of Siamese courtiers, and Phaulkon might well feel the want of exterior support. It is by no means unlikely that in forwarding French interests, in protecting French missionaries, and admitting French soldiers, he may have been influenced measurably by a desire to make powerful friends. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was actuated, also, by a wish to secure political support for Siam. The Power which had just annexed Bantam was importuning for concessions on the

* *Relations de la France et du Royaume de Siam, &c.* Versailles, 1883.

† "L'Expédition de Siam en 1687." *Revue de l'Extrême Orient*, October-December, 1884.

coast of Tenasserim, and Phra Narai seems to have been in full accord with Phaulkon's policy of setting up France as a counterpoise to Holland. If the Most Christian King aimed at wholesale conversion where Phaulkon contemplated toleration, and at military and political predominance where he contemplated alliance, it is not fair to hold the Greek altogether responsible. Whatever his defects, he appears to have promoted commerce, inspired wise laws,* and helped the King to hold at bay the Burmese, who were soon to settle the question of Tenasserim by reaving it once for all from the Siamese grasp. He fills, at any rate, such a remarkable place in the narrative that it was necessary to fix attention upon his personality, in order to appreciate one of the principal forces in the political game.

It has been noted that the first Siamese Emissaries were engulfed before reaching the Cape. But the news had not reached Ayuthia three years after the event. Mgr. Pallu had, in the meantime, been again to Europe and brought back fresh letters from Louis XIV., which Phra Narai was persuaded to acknowledge by sending other envoys—personally conducted, again, by a French priest. The fact that this Mission sailed in an English ship may serve to indicate that the French Company had not yet availed itself very largely of the opening offered; and this comparative subordination of the commercial to the clerical element is a leading feature in the entire episode. The religious idea, as Deschamps has pointed out,† was in the ascendant. In the Charters of the West India as well as of the East India Companies—under Richelieu as well as Colbert—the duty of promoting Christianity is connoted with the extension of commerce; and it is evident from the records before us that the idea dominated Louis XIV. in his dealings with Siam. Colbert and de Seignelay might see the wisdom of encouraging commerce, and of competing with Holland for the wealth which enabled her to hold out against France in Europe; but Père la Chaise evidently had a hand in shaping the course of negotiations. A return Embassy was decided on. A converted Protestant named de Chaumont and a converted rake named de Choisy were selected as its chiefs; and the following extract from their instructions will explain, better than any dissertation, the objects it had in view.—

"The principal object [writes de Seignelay] which His Majesty had in resolving to send an embassy to Siam is the hope, which the missionaries have given, of the advantage that religion would derive; and the hopes they have conceived, on

* Mrs. Leonowens tells us that he is still remembered by his Siamese name of Vicha-yen (cool wisdom); that traces of his handiwork are still visible in the laws, buildings, and fortifications; and that all marvellous works are still attributed to gods, genii, devils, or to the Vicha-yen!—*The English Governess at the Siamese Court.* London, 1871.

† *Histoire de la Question Coloniale en France.* Paris, 1891.

sufficiently plausible grounds, that the King of Siam, touched by this mark of esteem, would finally make up his mind (acheveroit de se déterminer) to embrace the Christian religion, for which he has already shown much inclination. His Majesty relies with the greater confidence that his intention in this respect will be executed, as he knows that the Sieur Chaumont makes particular profession of piety.

His Majesty wishes also, in this voyage, to procure all possible advantages for the commerce of his subjects in the Indies,"—&c., &c.

The French had, in the meantime, evidently been placed on a most friendly footing: the missionaries had been allowed to institute stations and establish hospitals; while Deslandes had been given every facility for commerce, and had only his superiors to thank if the English and Dutch were allowed to do the bulk of the business. De Chaumont had a gorgeous reception, in which every possible concession was made to European custom. The misfortune was that the whole edifice was built upon illusion. While Phra Narai wanted a defensive alliance, and Phaulkon wanted support and Colbert wanted commerce, Louis wanted the *éclat* of a grand diplomatic conversion. And so, while the King talked about Holland, and Phaulkon talked commerce, de Chaumont talked conversion, about which Phra Narai had never dreamed. The Greek did his utmost, as interpreter, to round off the edges of the conversation; but eventually the shock came. To a direct question by de Chaumont, the Siamese monarch replied drily that he saw no reason for abandoning a religion which his countrymen had exercised uninterruptedly for more than 2,000 years!

The disillusion was terrible; and the envoys appear to have realized that the conclusion of a treaty* giving ample facilities to missionaries and remarkable concessions to the Company could not be expected to compensate, in the eyes of the Most Christian King. The view of the Siamese, "that heaven was a great palace which could be reached by many roads," would be simply incomprehensible to the monarch who was about revoking the Edict of Nantes; and Phaulkon met blank inattention when he broached the question of an offensive and defensive alliance to which all these concessions had doubtless been intended to lead up. The resources of Greek subtlety were not, however, exhausted. Foiled in his attempt to come to an understanding with the French Envoy, he looked about for other means, and found in a Jesuit named Tachard a congenial ally. The disciples of Loyola have always been willing to mix politics with religion; and have often mixed them, in the East, to their own detriment. In erudition and suppleness Tachard seems to have been a typical member of the order. He threw himself into Phaulkon's plans; and Choisy frankly admits

* Signed at Louvo (the King's palace) by de Chaumont and Phaulkon, 10th December, 1685.

that he and de Chaumont became, thenceforward, mere puppets on the stage.

It was resolved to carry the negotiations to Paris; and Phra Narai was persuaded to despatch a fresh Embassy, of which, it need hardly be added, Tachard was to be the inspiring genius. Failing a dramatic conversion, political pre-eminence might conciliate the vanity of the French King; and a Jesuit might persuade Jesuits that more gradual methods would be more likely to result in success. The missionaries had ample opportunities to preach, and proselytize if they could; and Phaulkon offered to admit French garrisons into the ports of Mergui and Bangkok. The bait took. The Siamese were received with distinction at Versailles; and a responsive Embassy was sent, under La Loubère and Céberet de la Boullaye, accompanied by a detachment of troops under Des Farges who was to take possession of the proffered ports. Louis was willing, perhaps, to procure the Compagnie des Indes some compensation for the loss he was inflicting on it by forbidding the importation of Indian cottons, which were found to compete inconveniently with French manufactures. It seems, moreover, to have been impressed upon him that the establishment of commerce would best conduce to the execution of his other purposes; for the Envoys are instructed to "mettre les Français en estat de faire tout le commerce de toutes les Indes"; remembering always, however, that the promotion of religion is the ulterior object which His Majesty has in view! La Loubère, accordingly, was to inform himself about the politics, resources, military strength, and general condition of the country; Céberet was to negotiate a commercial treaty; while Des Farges was to fortify himself in the promised positions, with the aid of workmen whom he was to require from the King of Siam.

The Envoys set sail from Brest on March 1, and reached the Meinam on September 27, 1687. But again the divergence between the pretensions of Louis and the intentions of Phra Narai became quickly apparent. The ideas of France were the exaltation of the Church and military occupation and predominance in Siam; but Phaulkon declined to hand over the promised fortresses unless the French took an oath of fidelity, not only to the King but to himself! "Au Roi de Siam, passe encore," was the not unnatural exclamation; "mais à Phaulkon jamais." Rather than go back empty-handed, however, they consented to the exigency, though the event was to prove that the obligation lay lightly on their minds; and the Greek then fulfilled his portion of the compact. French garrisons under Des Farges and Du Bruant were admitted into Bangkok and Mergui; ample privileges were given to missionaries; and Céberet was enabled to conclude a treaty which gave the Company complete freedom of trade, with civil and cri-

minal jurisdiction over its servants, the right of establishing factories where it pleased (en quelque lieu que ce soit du royaume), the promise of an island near Mergui—a treaty, in fact, which gave something like a monopoly of foreign trade with every conceivable facility for carrying it on. La Loubère, however, kept harping on the question of religion with a persistence that may well have seemed inexplicable in face of the large toleration that had been promised and decreed. It was difficult, indeed, for anyone who retained a measure of common sense to realize the fatuous credulity of Louis about this royal and national conversion which the missionaries dangled before his eyes and the Ambassadors were instructed to press for as a sort of diplomatic concession. If [wrote La Bruyère]—

"If one assured us that the secret motive of the Siamese Embassy was to induce the Most Christian King to renounce Christianity, and give free course to Buddhist priests who were making their way into our houses to commend their religion to our wives and children and ourselves, who had built pagodas in the middle of our towns and set up metal images to be adored—with what laughter and contempt should we not receive such an extravagant proposition! Yet we go 6,000 miles over sea to make seriously, to all those peoples, propositions which must appear to them equally foolish and ridiculous."

Even that picture fails to represent the full extravagance of the situation, for "those peoples" were actually permitting what would have appeared so monstrous if the situation had been reversed! But that was not enough. If Phaulkon pointed to the toleration afforded, the Envoys rejoined that mosques and Hindu temples were tolerated also; and desired that the King should be told, in so many words, that Louis' object was the advancement of Christianity!—not tolerance, in fact, but intolerance —the imposition on Siam of the *régime* which he was imposing on France. No wonder the worldly-wise Tachard could scarcely veil his contempt under a hint that the Apostolic Missionaries did not understand enough Siamese, and that they must wait till the Jesuits had mastered the language to see the King brought round!

An interchange of letters was going on, all this time, with Versailles; and the utterances of the French Court might almost tempt one to believe that Dumas' romance of the substitution of one twin for another erred only in supposing it to have been defeated by D'Artagnan's perspicuity. While the successor of Colbert writes politics and commerce, the priests invoice church furniture; while Seignelay instructs Des Farges about his fortifications, Louis orders him to exact from his soldiers the observance of Friday fasts, proper behaviour in church, a respectful bearing towards ecclesiastics, and abstinence from "berlands, académies, et autres lieux de débauche." Such an atmosphere of cant and cross-purposes could hardly fail to be redolent of intrigue. Phaulkon

set himself to attach Des Farges to his own interests. Tachard schemed for the advancement of the Society of Jesus over the missionaries who had preceded it in the field. Veret, who was officiating as local agent for the Compagnie des Indes, hated Phaulkon and was ready to conspire against him and his Jesuit ally. The populace were angered by the indiscipline of the French troops, who conducted themselves as though they were in a conquered town. The jealousy of the Notables had been excited by the foreign leanings of the King and the aggressive attitude of the intruders; and it is not a little curious to find the Siamese Envoy, who had been the object of so much flattery at Versailles, among the chief leaders of the reaction which was to overthrow the political edifice and whelm stage and performers in a common ruin.

G.W.R. MECH... INSTIT... ION,

Phaulkon was too familiar with the Siamese not to perceive the dangerous nature of the forces that were at work. It was in a despairing effort, no doubt, to induce Louis to modify his attitude and to send a more supple Representative, that he persuaded Phra Narai to despatch another Embassy and to accredit, again, his ally Tachard. The failure to effect more sweeping conversions had to be palliated and explained; and both Tachard and Phaulkon agreed in throwing the onus on the bishops and the Missionaires Apostoliques. The discretion of the Jesuits, on the other hand, was exalted; and Tachard was commissioned to assure not only Louis XIV., but Pope Innocent, of Phra Narai's full intention to protect the Christians in his kingdom. He met a favourable reception at Rome; and, with Père la Chaise near the height of his influence, found the way smoothed for him at Versailles. Negotiations with Seignelay resulted in a fresh agreement, which may remind us of the famous treaty negotiated by Bishop de Behaine, a hundred years later, that paved the way for the assertion of French interests in Cochin-China. Its drift may be inferred from the fact that Louis sent with it, as a proof of goodwill, fifty French gentlemen to act as a Royal Guard, under the command of the Marquis d'Eragny, who was to have supreme control over all French interests in Siam. M. Lanier scarcely exaggerates, in fact, when he thus sums up the situation:—

"Louis XIV., with the complicity more or less unforeseeing of Phaulcon, designed to complete by these measures the conquest of Siam. He occupied the approaches at Bangkok and Mergui. The troops under Des Farges overawed Siamese discontent, and closed the mouth of the Meinam against foreign enemies. The Marquis d'Eragny, installed at Court master of the Palace and the person of the King of whom he was instituted guardian,—at once captain, councillor, diplomat, and chief judge,—was to exercise, under the guise of an obedient servant, a real protectorate disguised under the name of friendship, and impose if necessary by force, the suzerainty of the great Western King on this Asiatic vasal thus tardily undeceived."

It had been realized, however, before Burns, that "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee." All these beautiful arrangements were to be defeated by the unreasonable objection of the people for whose benefit they were designed. Before the expedition could set sail, a revolution at Ayuthia had swept away King, Greek, and Garrison.

A dangerous feeling of irritation had, as we have seen, been long brewing at the Siamese capital. Phra Phret Raxa, an official who seems to have occupied the position of Master of the Horse (and Elephants), placed himself at the head of the malcontents. The Dutch were evidently ready to give them something more than moral support; and the personal jealousies at which we have hinted were to exert a paralyzing influence on French action. Getting wind of the danger that was brewing, Phaulkon appealed in hot haste to the French garrison for support. But, after marching as far as Ayuthia, Des Farges allowed himself to be dissuaded by Veret and the missionaries, and returned to Bangkok, where he remained deaf alike to entreaty and reproach. The conspirators, accordingly, found their way clear. They surrounded the Palace; overcame, easily, what little resistance was offered; and accomplished their revolution with ridiculous ease. A certain obscurity shrouds the fate of Phra Narai, though native report credits him with suicide when he saw that his enemies had triumphed. Phaulkon was tortured and put to death with every species of contumely; and Phra Phret Raxa laid hold on the reins of power.

Too late, then, Des Farges decided on resistance. French interests had been bound up with Phaulkon and Phra Narai; but it was not, seemingly, till they were dead that he began to realize the fact. He refused to evacuate Bangkok, and held out against the efforts of the Siamese helped, it is alleged, by the Dutch—till provisions began to fail. Compelled, then, to surrender and accept the offer of transport to Pondichery, he tarnished his reputation by giving up Phaulkon's widow, who had thrown herself on French protection. It was part of the agreement that Mergui also was to be surrendered; but that had been already accomplished. Constrained by want of water, the garrison had cut their way out, and taken refuge on board a French ship in harbour. It was consistent with the romantic nature of the episode that they should be wrecked on the coast of Pegu and rescued by a Siamese vessel. It was consistent also with the curious obliquity of perception which characterizes too many of the actors in the drama that Des Farges should return from Pondichery, occupy an island off Mergui, and write, thence, to make fresh overtures which, it is hardly necessary to add, the Siamese promptly declined.

It seems to have been perceived in France, if it had not been

apparent to Des Farges, that the death of Phaulkon meant the close of the opportunity. The expedition which had been destined for Ayuthia was diverted to Pondichery, whence the Siamese Envoys were forwarded to Mergui. Informal negotiations seem to have gone on, from time to time, during the next ten or fifteen years; but they were only the flickerings of the candle before it went out. The Siamese were willing to admit French commerce pure and simple; but the Great Monarch could conceive no status other than that of military occupation. We find, accordingly, an opening which had been effected, in 1697, by the irrepressible Tachard, closed because Louis wanted to occupy the forts at Mergui. The son and successor of Phra Phret Raxa showed himself willing, six years later, to accept intercourse with France on the same terms as with other nations; but Louis still wanted advantages, and so got nothing. The whole matter then dropped; and it was not till 150 years later that another French Envoy was to open negotiations on a basis more in accord with modern ideas.

At the time of these events on the Meinam, a Laotian Power was enthroned in the Meikong valley, with its capital at Wienchang, nearly in the heart of the peninsula; and a Dutch Mission, which ascended the river in 1641, mentions that the Cambodians were being compelled to retire before its unceasing attacks. Soon after, however, according to Garnier,* it split into two principalities; and the Siamese and Annamese began a struggle for its heritage which ended, eventually, in favour of Bangkok. The Siamese affirm that the Annamese and Cambodians were expelled, about a hundred years ago, by the founder of the present dynasty, and claim to have held the country—loosely, no doubt, but to the exclusion at least of rivals—ever since. The conditions have not been those of a Roman Peace. There was a great revolt in 1829; there have been incursions of Chinese banditti in the north; and there has been fighting with Cochin-Chinese about Cambodia in the south. A map published only last year,† by M. Fauvel, shows the Annamese boundary of 1838 as overpassing even the Meikong; but it is difficult to resist the impression that this must represent, at the best, a temporary occupation. The persistency with which French writers refer to this date indicates that they regard it as important to reduce the unassailable fact of Siamese occupation within the briefest possible limits. Their contention would seem to be that the suppression of the Laos revolt indicates the real origin of Siamese supremacy; and M. de Lanessan twits them, in his famous work,‡ with only having been in possession of the

* *Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine pendant les années 1866-8.*

† In the *Révue Française.*

‡ *L'Expansion Coloniale de la France.* Paris, 1886.

disputed territory for fifty years. The Siamese, as we have seen, claim that the revolt was merely a temporary disturbance of a pre-existing fact, and that its suppression and the repulse of the Annamese troops by which it was supported simply marked the re-establishment of their rule. But even if M. de Lanessan's contention were admitted, the French claim would not be perceptibly strengthened; for it is at least an admission that Siam had been in possession for half a century at the time he wrote, and the map of Europe would be seriously disturbed if a general attempt were made to re-arrange it with reference to a date prior to 1836. There was no doubt, at any rate, about the state of things in 1866; for we find M. de Lagrée calling upon the Siamese authorities at Stungtreng and Khong for the boats and accommodation which "they had been ordered to supply, from Bangkok"; and Garnier admits incidentally that Siamese jurisdiction extended up to the Annamese mountains, as far as Attopeu, "which was the farthest eastern possession of Bangkok." And so on, up the river. They perceive, certainly, very excellent reasons why the French flag should be hoisted at various trading centres, with a view to fostering and developing the commerce that was to spring up under its shade; but the population is Laos and the Authority is Siamese.

The motive of de Lagrée's expedition was to examine the navigability of the Meikong and the commercial capabilities of the region which it drains. It was hoped that it might prove a practicable channel of intercourse with Yunnan, besides offering facilities for trade with the country along its banks. And that hope seems still to inspire French colonial policy, notwithstanding that it is now known to be broken by impassable rapids, and that the prospects of local trade appear slight and unpromising. Garnier's own observations point inevitably to these conclusions, though his sanguine temperament enabled him, as Mr. Archer * suggests, "to see the colours of the rainbow in a grey sky." Mr. Archer, however, was free from any such hallucination, and his sober conclusions can hardly fail to command interest at the present crisis.—

"The prospects of French trade in the Më-kong Valley have of late years been vaunted to such a degree that I must take this opportunity to state that it seems to me impossible for a candid observer to conceive how French commerce can compete with the present trade of the country or find a profitable field in these regions. French goods are not suited to the people, and must naturally be too expensive for them. It is hardly necessary to say that France cannot export piece-goods, yarn, or ironware, as cheap as Manchester and Birmingham, and it is precisely such goods that the people will buy. Communications in all the country east of Luang Prabang are so bad that to bring goods from Annam or Tonkin it would be necessary to incur an enormous outlay on improving the means of transport. Even were this done, I doubt whether Manchester or Birmingham goods

* *Report on a Journey in the Meikong Valley.* By W. J. Archer, H.M.'s Consular Service in Siam. Siam (Blue Book) 1 of 1892.

such as the people require, subject to a high protective tariff and to the cost of transport by road, railway, or steamer, could undersell the imports from Bangkok. The only serious attempt that could be made to dispose of French goods in these regions would be (say) to prohibit all other imports. On the whole, this would not be quite an undesirable consummation, for it would restrict the people to their own manufactures, which are of better taste and stronger texture than any imported goods; and it would tend to preserve the industries of the country, which are threatened extinction by increased facilities for obtaining foreign goods. However, I am convinced that the present trade of Luang Prabang need not fear French competition; but, anyhow, it is so inconsiderable, and has so little room for development, that is hardly worth making efforts to improve it. The plain facts are that Luang Prabang and its sister provinces on the north-east are a mass of mountains with hardly any soil available for plain cultivation, and with a sparse population, chiefly nomadic, that tends to emigrate westward to the richer territories of Nan and Chiengmai."

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION,

And again, with regard to the prospects of navigation:

"I do not in the least believe that steamers can ever be advantageously employed on this river for trading purposes. No steam-boat could safely make head against the treacherous current up the rapids or shoot them on the way down. . . . The regions of rapids in the Më-kong below Luang Prabang may be roughly placed in the following separate localities: Tha Düa, Chiengkhan, Kemarat, Khon, and Preatapang. Granted that steamers could be brought above these different rapids and navigated in the still reaches between them, how is the transport between the principal towns on the river to be effected? Are there to be unloading and reloading stations, and roads made past the rapids? If so, what is likely to be the cost of transport of small quantities of goods from Cambodia to Luang Prabang? It hardly requires a practical mind to make the proper answers to these questions; and I think I can do no better than quote the remark of the Commissioner at Luang Prabang, who, when a French traveller was trying to convince him of the practicability of bringing steamers up to Luang Prabang, silenced him by saying that he would undertake to build wharves for them at his own expense as soon as they arrived. But the absurdity of a scheme for the navigation of the Më-kong, from a commercial point of view, may be judged best by comparing it to a similar undertaking on the Më-nam. If a regular steam service up a large river from a port like Bangkok, that feeds the whole of the rich, populous valley above it, is hardly profitable, it is inconceivable that it should be more so up a difficult river, through a poor, mountainous, and sparsely-populated country. The high expectations recently raised of the navigability of the Më-kong can only come from those who have their own purposes to serve in leading the French commercial classes to suppose that there is a great possible market for French goods in a country that offers absolutely no such prospect. . . . It appears to me that the perusal of M. Garnier's work must necessarily bring an impartial observer to the conclusions that the Më-kong is difficult of navigation, the population small, and the trade insignificant. Trade naturally finds the route best suited to it, and that to Bangkok is the only one of any importance for the Më-kong Valley from Cambodia to Luang Prabang; but when, moreover, the Siamese Government completes the construction of the railway to Korat, which it is about to undertake, neither Cambodia nor Annam can have any chance of competing with Korat for the trade of the Më-kong Valley. Korat is the natural feeder of that country; and there can be no doubt as to its importance as a trade centre, nor as to the necessity for railway communication with Bangkok."

Mr. Archer did not extend his journey to the Lower Meikong. He quitted the river at Chieng-khah (about 18 N.), where it makes

its second great easterly bend; but Garnier's observations and recent experiments confirm his statements as to the impracticability of the lower rapids. Khong and Stung-treng, which the French have recently occupied, are the capitals, respectively, of the provinces next above Cambodia. Stung-treng, which stands on the east bank of the Meikong, contained at the time of Garnier's visit about 800 inhabitants, all Laotians. What commerce it possessed was in the hands of Chinese, who brought up betel nut, sugar, salt, and silk and cotton goods, and took back cardamom, wax, lacquer, ivory, skins, and trifling articles of native manufacture. Both provinces lie to the left of the Meikong; but the town of Khong stands on an island in the river bed, just above the rapids of Khone, which have been found hopelessly impassable by steam. Gunboats are accordingly being sent out in pieces, to be put together above the rapids; and the Colonial Government has just voted a subvention of £20,000 for the purpose of placing a cargo steamer on the same reach, which is certainly navigable to Kemaret, and possibly farther during a certain period of the year. In point of commercial importance Khong seems about on a par with Stung-treng. Garnier is emphatic, however, in his declaration that the French flag must be hoisted, not only on the island, but on the right bank, "to protect the transhipment of merchandize at the cataract." It is true, the right bank is Siamese; but so, as we have seen, was the whole region. That, however, is a trifle. It had once been Cambodian! And M. de Lagrée returned from an exploration of the Tonly Repou, a little river which falls into the Meikong on the west, with a conviction that France ought also to acquire the adjacent district—especially as Siam had gained possession of it a generation or so previously, through the rebellion of a Cambodian Governor who had thrown himself on the protection of Bangkok! It is true that Siamese records describe the event in question as an appeal for Siamese protection during one of the chronic invasions of Cochin-China; but that only shows the perversity of the Siamese! And so on up the river. The protection of the French flag was equally required at Bassac, "whose natural advantages point it out as one of the points in the lower Laos where French influence should be most solidly planted." The records of the Expedition seem, indeed, to have been a sort of Peter the Great's will, tracing a scheme of French adventure. But even Garnier, to do him justice, does not appear to have dreamed of anything so sweeping as the annexation of the region between the Meikong and the Annamese crest. Those who have read his monumental work will not need to be reminded that it contains two maps, one of which was compiled from the best sources at his disposal, before setting out, while the other was the result of careful survey and enquiry

elucidated by all the help the Siamese could give; and it is significant that, while the former makes the Siamese boundary run along the crest of the mountains, the latter brings it only a very little farther to the west. The maps, therefore, constitute a pertinent admission of the *status quo* in 1866-8.

Nothing, indeed, is more curious than the French complaints of "encroachment," by Siam, in a region where Garnier found her officials established, and where her authority is alleged to have been predominant for more than a hundred years. The complaint seems based, mainly, on alleged breaches of an agreement to maintain the *status quo* pending definite delimitation. An agreement to that effect appears to have been proposed by Siam herself, when French claims upon the eastern half of the Meikong valley began (about 1888) to take official shape. Siam asked then, and has repeatedly asked since, that the frontier should be surveyed and delimited. Pending such a settlement, she proposed the observance of a neutral zone, 30 miles wide, between the 13th and the 19th degree of latitude. This was, she considered, already a concession, as the whole tract was under her jurisdiction, and it was for the French to disprove her claim. To speak of encroachment on her part is, therefore, she naturally contends, prejudging the question, for it has yet to be decided whether any of it is French. There does seem, however, this much ground for the charge—that both parties have failed to observe, strictly, the limits of the neutral zone. Siam declares that the Franco-Annamese began encroaching on their side, and that she was driven to advance on hers, if she would not see the territory occupied in her despite; while a recent article in the *Révue Française* accuses the Siamese of having taken up positions close to the Annamese slope and of having, in one case, even passed the watershed and approached within thirty miles of Hué. This is the muddying of the water which has excited so much indignation in the French Press, and which the French representative at Bangkok was instructed to terminate, once for all, by asserting a claim to the whole left bank of the Meikong, and by demanding that Siam should evacuate all her military posts to the east of that river.

The storm had, as we have seen, been long brewing. The idea that French "rights" might be made to stretch to the Meikong found casual expression soon after the extension of the Protectorate over Annam and Tongking. Neïs, Pavie, and other travellers began, at first casually, and afterwards systematically, to explore and map out the whole Laos country. The subject was discussed by M. de Lanessan, the present Governor-General of French Indo-China, in the work written after his visit to the peninsula in 1886,

and has been supported by the Deloncles and politicians of the adventurous colonial school. But it was when Siam decided to make a railway to Korat that it took form and substance, and was elevated into a political maxim. De Lanessan's idea was to drain the commerce of the country south-eastward towards Cambodia and Cochin-China. The Korat railway, as we have seen with Mr. Archer, would encourage its tendency to flow south-westward to Bangkok. It was time to do something if that conclusion was to be defeated; and hence, apparently, the resolve to obtain time by possession of the rival channel. On March 1 last, 206 years exactly after de Chaumont set sail from Brest, M. Develle announced that he had come to an understanding with the Colonial Department as to the measures to be taken to ensure French rights. The occupation of Khong and Stung-treng, by a Franco-Annamese contingent, quickly followed. Another force, marching across the mountains farther north, descended the valley of the Se-bang hien, pushing the Siamese before them, to the banks of the Meikong opposite Kemaret. A telegram, dated June 3, announced that the post of Cammon (Kham Muon, on the river Kading)* had been vacated at the summons of M. Luce; and a further telegram, dated ten days later, stated that all posts occupied by the Siamese in the territories between Cammon, Houten and Nong Kay had been evacuated, and that the Siamese had recrossed the Meikong to the right bank. The occupation of these places would, in fact, complete the clearance of the Lower Laos, as distinguished from the Northern or Luang Prabang region.

Here the matter now stands. It remains to be seen whether the French will substantiate their occupation, in defiance of the Siamese protest, and are prepared to challenge English objection by pushing it to the limit affirmed by M. Ribot—up to the frontier of Yunnan. Even that conclusion would hardly satisfy the more clamourous politicians. M. Demanche† urges, for instance, that Annamese domination once extended nearly up to the crest of the watershed which divides the Meikong from the Meinam! while a work entitled *La France et l'Angleterre en Asie*‡ contains a series of maps suggesting various divisions of the peninsula, ranging from the preservation of a diminished Siamese kingdom in the south to a complete partition in which even Yunnan is coloured French! There has been just published, under official auspices, a splendid map§ which all available information has been

* Both these rivers run down from the Annamese mountains into the Meikong, on the east.

† *Révue Française*, June 15, 1893.

‡ Par Philippe Lehault. Paris, 1892.

§ Carte de l'Indo-Chine dressée sous les auspices du Ministre des Affaires Etrangères et du sous-Sécrétaire d'Etat des Colonies; par les Capitaines Cupet Friquegnon et de Malglaive. Membres de la Mission Pavie, &c.

utilized to complete. The only defect is that it leaves the question of frontier between Annam and Siam absolutely blank; This has been interpreted to mean a purpose of leaving the field open for further possible advance. It would be more satisfactory to infer that it implies a willingness to consider the question, even of the Meikong frontier still open. Nothing could be fairer than the Siamese proposal that both sides should bring forward proofs in support of their respective claims, and that resort should be had to arbitration in case of inability to agree; and the French Government would be well-advised to accept it. The relegation of the question to diplomacy would not only give opportunity for a settlement that would be less redolent of aggression, but would open the door for a revision of M. Ribot's claims on the Upper Meikong, where England would not only view with jealousy any encroachment on Luang Prabang, but would certainly resent the annexation of territory that she has herself just ceded to Siam.

R. S. Gundry.

A MODERN CONVERSATION.

"'THROUGHTH'! You don't mean to tell me you believe in that?"

"Now, why do you always put matters so bluntly? You shouldn't. These subjects are interesting; but you mustn't pin me down to beliefs about them. Definite beliefs are—what shall I say?"

"Vulgar?"

"If you like. Indeed, I think that is the word."

"With limitations. Belief in all new theories is vulgar—especially if they are for the revival of religion or of ethics, or for the diffusion of intellectuality. On the other hand, belief in all the old business—Church and State and so on—is not vulgar mainly because it is not belief at all, but acquiescence. Do I catch you, my pretty maid?"

"I think you do, sir."

"I know I do. It's what the man felt who, reviewing Mr. Kebbel's book about how England is to be saved to Toryism, wound up by remarking that Mr. Kebbel's is 'a gentlemanly religion'; which settled the whole matter."

"Was there not just a little make-belief in that remark?"

"A good deal, I should say. The writer was disgusted with those who have an affinity for new-ideaism—with men who are Socialists because they can't be painters; with men who are Agnostics, or Positivists, or Puritans, because they can't be distinguished in any other way; with men who are Fabians with soft hats, or poets of the New Spirit and long hair, or who take to the New Humour, or to Ibsenism, or try to be Souls, because they can't bear being lost in the mass and unnoticed—odd, by the way, that it is always from the masses that new classes spring;—but he was obviously interested in the subjects themselves."

"Obviously; and so are you. It's not Socialism you object to, but the Artist-Socialist; not the Fabian himself, but his soft hat; not Agnosticism, nor Positivism, nor Puritanism, nor even Ibsenism; but the emotional acceptance of these things by a certain class of people. I believe you could stand teetotalism if it weren't for the

blue-ribbon, or the Salvation Army if it didn't walk backwards; or the Heavenly Twins if they had been ignorant of their heavenliness; or Throughth if it hadn't been propounded by a hot-Gospeller. It is earnestness, enthusiasm, which you can't endure; and you can't endure it, not because you do not have it, but because you are ashamed of it; and you are ashamed of it, not because it is a thing to be ashamed of, but because it is a thing to be reserved with, and a certain class of people are not reserved—the people who take to Vegetarianism, Esoteric Bhuddism——"

"—or any other 'ism: they usually embrace the lot."

"—or want to be Mahatmas, or are touched by Mrs. Annie Besant's account of a soul struggling for the light, or——"

"—do anything which makes them feel, or be, important. Quite so. I plead guilty to the whole indictment."

"Good; but the indictment wasn't finished. What do you think of the great ladies who write in the Reviews about Society? It is propagandism that makes you button your frock-coat and frown. Aren't they propagandists too? Haven't they at least the propagandist spirit—the consciousness of being possessed of an Idea and having a mission—self-consciousness, in fact?"

"H'm! I hadn't thought of that. It is, after all, just as vulgar to be alive to the fact that you're not in the common run as it is to be of the common run and an aspirant to be out of it. Yes. Well?"

"Well, isn't the point obvious? Hasn't self-consciousness become general? and if it is vulgar aren't we all vulgar?"

"In spirit, perhaps."

"And in action too. Why do you never walk in the Row now after Morning Service? Because they have started Church Parade special trains from Clapham?"

"Well, partly."

"Wholly. And why would you rather wear brown shoes than be seen down there, beside the drive, after ¼-to-7 in the evening?"

"For the same sort of reason, I suppose. At that hour——"

"I know, I know. Now, isn't it just as vulgar not to be somewhere, or not to do something, because certain people are there, or doing it, as it is to be there, or to be doing it, because you think, wrongly, it's the right thing?"

"I daresay—but let's hear about Throughth. This sort of work is uncomfortable."

"Throughth presently. I want to justify our being interested in it."

"Oh!"

"Don't pretend you're bored. You're not really."

"Let's get out of this, then."

"Across the Park a bit? Well, then, intellectual interest——"

"Don't, please: it makes me shiver."

"I know. Everybody nowadays shivers when he's serious on a serious subject, or when somebody wishes him to be. That's why Dons write about golf and trout-fishing, and affect to know nothing about Greek verbs; and why the Souls are dissolving—since they got a name which hits them off. Just shiver, then, and listen. Intellectual interest——"

"— is, *pace* Mr. Balfour, a malady—a——"

"It doesn't matter what it is. It is a fact."

"But I'm not joking. You, who are only just over eighteen, were perhaps not affected by it when Lord Cowper, last of the Whigs, was; and you don't know the danger he held out. I was at school myself then, eight or nine years ago; but the picture was so awful, I remembered it. If we are to go on intellectualizing, do you know what we shall come to—the race, I mean? We're to have enormous heads, and no hair on them; we are to cease to be able to smile; our bodies are to dwindle, and it is questionable whether we shall be able to stand upright. How would you feel, my little philosopher, without your pretty golden hair? Just fancy. Let's drop it, and make love instead."

"Make love? That is like flirting with one's religion. Love makes itself, like poetry, or through——"

"Throughth, for example? If so, I'm very much interested in Throughth. Let me see. Throughth is the——"

"We haven't got to it yet. We're only at intellectual interest."

"The malady. Yes?"

"The general self-consciousness—the general introspection—the general vulgarity."

"Good. I granted you all that. It is just as bad to be learned and profess frivolity as it is to wear long hair and think oneself a savant; just as bad to be smart and ruminate on the fact as to come from Clapham to walk in the Row. Clapham is ubiquitous. We've made a clean breast of it."

"Not quite. You have been reading me lately 'Observations in Philistia,' and we enjoyed them very much. They hit off the vulgar middle-class, with its silly interests, to a T."

"They do; but why say 'middle-class'?"

"Why, indeed? Consciousness of class is vulgar. Class is not a matter of pedigree, but a frame of mind. But you admitted that 'Observations in Philistia' hit off a certain class to a T. How do we know that? I will tell you. Satire can be deft, and subtle, and complete, only in proportion to the satirist's acquaintance, natural or acquired, with the frailties satirized; and it is effective exactly in proportion to the same knowledge on the part of him who reads it or hears it."

"Which, no doubt, explains why the Queen had to have the jokes in the Savoy comic opera explained to her."

"Just so. In so far as we are responsive to the satire of the day, we are ourselves, unconsciously, among its butts. When we laugh with the literary dandies at the Nonconformist Conscience, and the Mahatmas, and the Fabians, and the Christian Socialists, and the Ibsenites, and the Ruskinites, and the Music-and-Moralists, and the Philistines, we do so whole-heartedly enough, no doubt; but our amusement is keen and intelligent just because the frailties ridiculed are potentially in ourselves."

"Potentially. Doesn't that make a difference?"

"A little. Not much. Not enough to entitle us to feel so very superior. We cannot be amused by satire on things which we don't understand, and we cannot understand interests or aspirations which we don't feel or are not capable of feeling."

"I see. It is as vulgar to be interested in social or intellectual or ethical pretences as it would be to have them ourselves?"

"Almost; but that is not the point. It is not vulgarity we are discussing. It is what vulgarity implies. It implies interest. Disguise it how we will, we are all interested in what certain great ladies are writing about Society, just as much as if we dwelt in Clapham; and we are all interested in the intellectual movements we scoff at—Fabianism, the New Humour, the New Art in Story-Writing, the New Puritanism, the New Paganism, and all the rest of it. The only difference is that the New people themselves are serious while we hide our seriousness in a jest."

"How very serious we are becoming! But I like it. We'll have a New School all to ourselves. What shall we call it? The New Newness?"

"Now, who am I to speak to seriously, if not to you?"

"Forgive me. I am always forgetting how earnest you are. I was once very earnest myself. That was when clever people were writing in the Reviews about religion. They were all agreed, I remember, on one point. If you lost faith, you lost happiness and rest for ever."

"Don't we?"

"Well, I think the world was under a misapprehension then—some years ago. The theory hadn't a fair test. It wasn't advanced as a theory at all. It was advanced as a statement of fact. And so thoughtful young men and maidens went about in dire travail—quite sure that not only their souls for all time, but their happiness for the present, were at stake: at stake on their belief. The idea was so alarming, and in a subtle way so flattering, that they worked themselves up into imagining that their faith had gone, so that

they might have the distinction of feeling isolated, lost,—lost through the nobility of their intellects."

"How do you know this?"

"I was one of the prigs myself."

"Oh?"

"O, yes. I took lonely walks, wrestling with the soul I wasn't sure I possessed; I read all the writings about religion in the Reviews, and thought them all, especially the dialogues, noble; and I looked down upon the Church."

"Didn't you wish to believe?"

"Of course. The wish to believe was one of the pathetic beauties of the how-d'ye-do. I caught it from Mr. Wilfrid Ward. It was beautiful in its sadness. Anything was which made the worry worse. The wish to believe, you know, made belief more difficult, and exalted one still higher above the Bishops."

"I don't understand. What was your complaint against the Bishops?"

"That they weren't intellectual. They preached as if the whole thing were settled. They dealt out religion as if they were drapers measuring cloth with a yard-stick, or statisticians working with Board of Trade statements. I was sure they were dead to the need of the age, which, I was equally sure, was the need to remove the difficulties of Doubt. I despised the clergy. The beggars had neither minds nor souls. There was never a sign that they knew of the existence of *The Contemporary Review*."

"You seem to have been proud of the doubts you wanted them to remove."

"Exactly. I wasn't sure that I had a soul either—I wanted them to prove it;—but I was quite sure I had intellectual interest, and I felt they should respect it."

"Intellectual interest? Which you can't hear of now without shivering."

"As you say. You see, intellectual interest was to me at that time what the soft hat is to the Fabian, or the pump-handle style of shaking hands is to the lady who in imagination spends at least an hour a day at Court, shaking hands with the Princess all the time, and getting into the painful habit. Doubt, like certitude, is an affectation."

"Like certitude?"

"Certainly. The honest-doubt racket is an affectation obviously. Myself am proof of it, autobiographically; and I'm a self-evident proposition. Honest doubt is too painful to speak of."

"Surely not."

"To think of, then: introspectively. But perhaps orthodoxy—the religious anti-racket—is worth a word. Shall we?"

Yes."

But the time? Not quite seven, I see. And your Aunt?"

"We left her at the Achilles Statue, and I daresay she is thereabout still."

"Where only is the hour canonical."

"Let us turn, then, and talk on our way back. Orthodoxy, you remarked, was an affectation."

"Perhaps I should have said a delusion. It is not quite so bad as an affectation. It is merely lack of faith."

"What?"

"Lack of faith."

"Gracious! Isn't my Aunt faithful—who attends Morning Service every day in the week, and presents slippers to every new curate, and disapproves of you and me because—because—because (I don't agree with her, of course) you are an unbeliever?"

"I think not. Religion is to her as plain as a pikestaff, or as the big drum is to the theologians of the Hallelujah band. She is as certain about it as you and me are—I abjure syntax in devotion to your phrase—as we are about the existence of that sheep there. That's not faith."

"No? Have we no faith in the existence of that sheep?"

"None. We have certitude. Certitude is not faith. It is the direct opposite. Faith is belief in spite of reasons, or temptations to unfaith. The very word implies it. The whole Scriptures proclaim it. I've got over my first grievance against the Bishops; but I've a new one—or rather the old one in a new mode. They're farther removed from faith than Mr. Huxley is."

"You mean that certitude, not doubt, is the true opposite of faith?"

"Exactly. Orthodoxy, certitude, if it could translate itself into a formula, would come to the conclusion that it is the Trinity it is sure about, and that the Trinity, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, is three Lord Shaftesburys."

"But the orthodox resented Mr. Arnold's definition."

"Of course. Because it was Mr. Matthew Arnold's. 'Tis human to resent him. If orthodoxy had tried its own hand at a definition, it might have spiritualized three of the Canons in the temples where 'tis fashionable to be married, or to be liberal on Hospital Sunday."

"You are bitter—aren't you?"

"You don't say so? Not more than your Aunt, at least, compels. If she is sure a fellow's an outcast, it is only natural to enquire what sort of a sanctity it is in whose odour the inmates are enveloped."

"A sanctity which needs deodorizing?"

"I should prefer to say, 'which would be all the better for a little intellectualizing.' Excuse me. A great concession to the Spirit of the Age."

"You feel a prig again, perhaps."

"A terrible prig. But we may as well see the matter through. If orthodoxy were intellectualized, it would be, I think, the right thing."

"Mightn't it become like social smartness self-conscious?"

"It might; and there's the danger. If there's anybody more trying than the person who holds orthodox beliefs as if religion were a matter to be as sure about as the multiplication-table, and regards those who have not the same view of things as unbelievers, it is the person with intellectual reasons for the faith that is in him, and ready at a moment's notice to commend the Deity, in smiling assurance, with the same sort of ratiocination which he would apply to the points of a prize ox."

"I think I know what you mean. It is noticeable even in the Oxford theologians. Just the other day I saw a new thing about a great Cardinal who died not long ago—an inscription he had written for his own tombstone. It was to be put on only if those whom he left behind should not think that it had a savour of Agnosticism. This gave one the impression, somehow, that in the Cardinal's mind God and he were partisans of high rank on the same side."

"And that, much as he esteemed his Latinity, he would sacrifice it if inferior advisers thought there was the slightest danger of its putting his esteemed colleague, into an embarrassing position."

"Precisely how it struck me."

"Yes; but that Cardinal (although, as it happens, he was an Agnostic, or, at least, of the Agnostic temperament) represented, rather, Orthodoxy high and dry—mechanical, inhumane—though he was far from being its best examplar: almost any other prelate is a better. That kind of orthodoxy irritates; the other, the rhetorical, disgusts."

"All utterance, in short, is either inhumane or vulgar."

"Nearly so. In silence alone, in matters which are either social or sacred, is there safety."

"But the truth, the right attitude, is surely somewhere. Must it not be spoken?"

"I think not. Lord Beaconsfield, echoing somebody, once gave a good reason why it should not be. Some impudent person had asked him about his religion. 'My religion,' he answered, 'is that of all sensible men.' 'And what is that?' 'No wise sensible tells.' But in that very utterance of the need for reserve on sacred subjects Lord Beaconsfield was just a little—"

"Unreserved himself—with a suggestion of posing?"

"Just a little, perhaps—like Mr. Carlyle, who expounded the gospel of Silence in thirty raging volumes."

"It seems so difficult to be quite right! Silence, I fear, cannot be made the principle of our New Newness. It would be all very well if we had it to ourselves, just you and me; but what if we had disciples? or the idea occurred to others?"

"We'd make them a present of it. It is possible that the School of Silence might be open to misconception. If there was anything behind it, it would be something so sacred that silence were its only expression, in which case Silence would be merely unvocal flagrance—pompous, priggish, vulgar. On the other hand, if there were nothing behind it, it would be as the solemnity of the policeman who, when there is some mystery to be unravelled, gets himself thought profound because, knowing nothing, he holds his tongue—pompous, too, and as great a sham as the other."

"Quite so. And just think. The æsthetes, for example, might be glad of the idea. They might view things as too unutterably unutterable. Bunthorne dumb with Thought would be quite as fetching as Bunthorne aglow with epigram, blue trousers, and the green carnation."

"Yes: Bunthorne might make something of it. I'll speak to him. He may tumble to the idea.—But you sigh?"

"It is so terrible to have no definite view, no fixed principle, in such serious subjects."

"Not at all. The subjects are not in the least serious."

"Not even religion?"

"Not in the sense which troubles you. Seriousness never yet settled any subject. Seriousness only, at the best, settles our mind on the subject—which is quite a different thing. Seriousness is an extreme, like frivolity. The judgments of the serious are usually as much out of touch with facts, with nature, as the indifference of the frivolous. If there is anything worse than frivolity, it is seriousness."

"Really,——"

"A moment, please. Subjects themselves—what are subjects? Subjects, especially those which worry the world most, are in almost all cases the creation either of seriousness or of frivolity. Are not they, then, in the nature of delusions? Think: what were we talking about when we drifted into religion?"

"Fabianism, the New Humour, Esoteric Buddhism, Music and Morals, the nature of Society, Throughth,——"

"And so on. Well? Could any other things better illustrate what I am saying to you? Are not they all folly?"

"I should like to think them so: but are not you apt to scoff at

them merely because they are of our own day? You treat the 'isms and the 'ologies of the past with more respect—don't you?"

"Not a single one of them. If Modern Thought wishes to see the futility which is naturally inherent in it, it has only to survey the achievements of its predecessors. Not a single system survives, or is not decaying. Take Germany, for example,—the home of Thought, the source of all the great intellectual vogues which have spread over Europe from time to time. Germany has always been sure it knew all about God Almighty—His obviousness, or His unsatisfactory taciturnity—and about things in general. At one time the whole of the States which are now the German Empire unanimously danced in the streets, like Shakers, in the assured belief that the spirit of God was within them, and that dance they must for joy. We now know that this was the doing of the Black Plague. The poor things had been scarified into St. Vitus' dance."

"But then there was the Reformation."

"Just as dubious a job. When Luther saw a mouse he threw his ink-pot at it, thinking it was the devil come to tempt him. Was that a gentleman obviously designed to set the thoughts of the world aright?"

"But he swayed the world—Europe at least."

"No doubt. But many a time has Europe been swayed by a woman with a whim—swayed to wars and all the wildest cataclysms of which the world is capable. It is a mere assumption that a religious reformer, or a great philosopher, is of more importance than any one of a score of historic women who might be named. Luther was nothing to many a woman; Calvin not worth mentioning. Why, if it had not been for some of them, the geography and the history of Europe might have been other than it is; and you, might have been a black Papist at this moment—if, indeed, you had been at all!"

"But you ignore results. You assume——"

"I assume nothing. It is assumptions I am protesting against. Things must always be somehow. We are apt to forget this, and to assume, at any given moment, that the ultimate truth lies hidden in the contemporary condition of the universe, and may be discovered if only we are serious enough in our thought. What nonsense! The history of thought is a mausoleum of religious and scientific systems. At this very moment our own leading thinkers are digging a special grave for Evolution, which until quite recently all of us knew to be the final explanation of the cosmos, morals, manners, religion,—the entire show."

"No wonder some of us are Pessimists."

"Pessimists! Worse than ever! Worst delusion of all! It takes us to Germany again. You remember *The Sorrows of Werter*, which we read at the sea-side last autumn?"

"Yes; and Mr. Morley's beautiful Introduction, showing how truthfully the book set forth the mental and spiritual condition of Germany at the time. It impressed me very much. I think that is why all the 'isms and New things of our own day weigh in upon me so. I feel that one must be interested in them, and be sympathetic, and understand them if possible—they seem, somehow, a call from Nature, or from God, bidding us—I don't quite know what. At Lady July's the other night I heard a man say 'Art for Art's Sake.' He said the simple words in such a way that I couldn't sleep all night afterwards—I felt that Art for Art's Sake could be nothing less than the true religion, which the world had for centuries sought in vain."

"The scoundrel—to alarm you with his solemnity! What an impostor he was, too! Fit material for another epidemic of St. Vitus' dance. I wish it would come along, and overtake everybody who speaks or writes of Art with a capital *a*, or of Progress with a capital *p*, or wears a soft hat, or makes any allusion to Streams of Tendency, or thinks there's such a thing as Pessimism."

"'Such a thing as Pessimism'! Isn't there?"

"Certainly not. Werter was in love with a lady already wedded. He thought God was unkind to him, or was no God at all, because he couldn't get the husband abolished or explained away. Was all Germany wertering?"

"One would hope not. Nature plays many freaks; but she could hardly give a whole race Werter's special woe."

"What, then, becomes of the beautiful Introduction—the theory, I mean, which inspires it? Every man in the country might have had cause for dissatisfaction—this, like Werter, disappointment in love; that, vanity unable to realize itself; the next, dyspepsia; and so on through the entire range of their massive intellects—without there being anything to justify the existence of this great word Pessimism."

"An 'ism, you mean, cannot have many particular causes: it must have a general cause?"

"Exactly. And there never has been a universal blight. But Werter and his beautiful Introducer—as we see now: think of the Army Bill and what it means—had not even a prevalence of different causes to work with. The man was such a wretched egotist that he imagined the whole tribe of massive intellects to be in the same plight as himself—all sure that there was no God, or that God was a devil, because a woman had preferred another man—like the wise woman that she was."

"I rejoice more than ever in your 'unbelief'! I wish I could explain it to my Aunt. I begin to think that all 'beliefs' are impious."

"A steep proposition for your Aunt, I fear. Too steep for myself, in fact."

"Ah! Then you have a belief?"

"O, yes. But you forbid me to mention it."

"I forbid you!"

"Yes: you did. We were not to flirt with our religion."

"Ah! I forgot. And has that to do with your belief?"

"Much—all, indeed. All this nonsense I have been talking has impressed you, I see. I think it has even soothed your unrest, and made you a little happy, perhaps?"

"It has. Why call it nonsense?"

"Because it would be nonsense if it had not had that result—nonsense as woful as the sorrows of Werter, or Pessimism made in Germany, or the New Humour, or Art for Art's Sake, or Music and Morals, or Ibsenism, or Streams of Tendency, or anything else we have been talking about. Bosh to me at least, and to you. For each of us has only one genuine religion; and that——"

"Yes?"

"—is the one he flirts with. It is the only one which is catholic and enduring. It is the only one which will never be in the mausoleum of systems. It is what persists through all the mutations of the ages. Art? Art crumbles, like its products, and has no constant Sake to live for. Society? A kaleidoscope, in which no two great ladies, even in our time, see the same fleeting show. Philosophy? A nightmare springing from mental indigestion—varied according to the disorganizations which the various dreamers wrestle with. Religion itself—the common kind? The speculations of gentlemen who mistake mice for devils—the warrants at once of the murderous Thug, profligate Popes, Brigham Young, Madame Blavatsky, General Booth, Mr. Lake Harris, and the wide-awaked Low Church curate who won't play tennis. All unstable; all conflicting; all non-catholic."

"Yet some one of them may be true?"

"Any of them is—amid certain circumstances."

"Amid certain circumstances! What circumstances?"

"When it is absorbed by the enduring principle, the principle which enables the world to survive the clash of them—when transfigured, as any one of them you might choose to name would be, if you liked, at this moment."

"I choose to name! I a rival of Luther or the Holy See?"

"Certainly. We've squashed them all—arts and 'isms and 'osophies—because the strife of them troubled you, and I wish nothing to trouble you. They're dust—as they deserve to be. But if there's one which would make you happy——"

What my mother believed?"

"—it is dust no longer. I too believe it in all sincerity."

"But the—the responsibility of the individual soul?"

"Fiddlesticks! There never was such a thing, and never will be. There is no isolation naturally. If there were, there would be no belief. No living belief ever had any other source than—than——"

"Flirting with our religion?"

"That's it—or Throughth, perhaps!"

"Throughth!"

"I think so. You hear the wind whispering in the trees?"

"I had not noticed it."

"And the twitter of the birds?"

"I had not heard it."

"And the hum of the carriages down there in the stagnant sunlight?"

"It had escaped me."

"And me too. Yet it is all beautiful—all part of a beautiful universe?"

"It is. And I see what you mean, now. Something permeates and harmonizes, and makes all things beautiful, while seeming to abolish them—I believe it is Throughth, after all!"

"Yes: if we must not flirt with our religion—if we must not give it the catholic name."

W. Earl Hodgson.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

SIR RICHARD OWEN AND OLD-WORLD MEMORIES.

"————Jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium . . . . Nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem."—JUVENAL.

I CALL my article by this name because I wish to supplement my recollections of Sir Richard Owen with one or two old-world anecdotes, and one or two references to persons, mostly old-fashioned, whom his name calls up. And, in truth, he was himself old-fashioned. If, as a man of science, he was thrown into sympathy with the future, with progress, he was likewise, and he became more and more, a *laudator temporis acti*. Indeed, so divided was he against himself that he somehow makes me think of the man in the parable who brought out of the treasure of his heart things new and old. Or, perhaps, he might be more accurately described as the Erasmus of Science. Such a name is suggestive in many ways: it is suggestive of a brief caution. Let us take heed that his vast attainments and the achievements of his youth be not wholly obscured by any more recent error of his about the hippocampus, by any alleged short-comings of his later years. Let us also bear in mind that for a quarter of a century, or thereabouts, he was practically on the shelf. Has not Shakespeare said, in a passage opening with words continually quoted and continually misapplied —has not Shakespeare said that the "one touch of nature" common to all men is that they prefer new things to old—

"And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted"?

It was in or about 1860 that I made Professor Owen's acquaintance at the house of the late Mr. William Prescott, at Roehampton; and I would fain say a word, in passing, of that urbane and genial host before the rising flood of Lethe has washed away all traces of him and of his hospitality. He was the friend of Grote, and his partner in the bank, and the intimate friend of Thackeray and Tennyson; and when staying with him I met Miss

Thackeray, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Francis Doyle,* Venables, and others of less note. Perhaps it was the pleasant intellectual atmosphere of the place—if not the *religio loci*, at least the *sapientia loci*, and the *amaenitas*—which made the guests show themselves to the best advantage. Nay: even the *religio loci* was not wholly wanting. It was probably a theological bias which made Venables once express a decided repulsion to the idea of our simian descent—express it so strongly that it might have recalled the well-known saying of Luttrell, that what most disgusts us in monkeys is that they remind us of our poor relations.† Alas! did not Ovid long ago complain: *Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis?*

I have referred to this subject because it leads up to Owen's philosophical standpoint. Philosophers may be sharply divided into those who like the notion of our kinship with monkeys and those who do not. It is well known that Owen belonged to the latter class. Not being a scientific expert, I will touch on this subject lightly. On the question of evolution Owen's trumpet appears to have given an uncertain sound. The late Professor Hort once told me that, shortly after the publication of the *Origin of Species*, he discussed evolution with Owen during a walk on the Alps; and (was it the effect of the invigorating air?) he found him in a more evolutionary frame of mind than he expected. Owen seems to have said that he believed that the theory of evolution was not, and never would be, established, but that there was no moral doubt of its truth. He, however, probably held even then that, although the first four acts of the great drama may have followed a natural course, a *Deus ex machinâ* was required in the last act. Let me add that, when he spoke to me about evolution, his attitude towards it seemed to be one of qualified acceptance.

* *Anecdotage*, I have elsewhere said, *is nothing if not desultory.* So I will record a characteristic saying which I heard Sir F. Doyle, in his humourous voice and manner, address to a young clergyman: "I pity you parsons for one thing—*you can't swear.*" This recalls the story of a bishop who was driving to a picnic with a clerical friend and a lay friend, when a bottle of champagne burst in the carriage. "We must call upon our lay brother," said his lordship, "to express the feelings appropriate for the occasion."

† *Habent sua fata faceti.* Must not Luttrell, who ranked next to Sydney Smith as the great wit of his time, be somewhat crestfallen in Hades if he knows that the unpleasant comparison cited in the text is the only thing about him which is now commonly remembered? I sometimes wonder how Gallio—Gallio who is said to have been one of the most accomplished men of his time—feels in Elysium, if he knows that he is almost forgotten save as a sort of *appendage* of St. Paul, whom he doubtless regarded much as we should regard a fanatical revivalist whom we would deprive of the honour of martyrdom; and if he also knows that a single act of toleration, or at least the philosophical ground on which it rested, has made his name a reproach and a byword even in our tolerant age.

He took refuge in the last stronghold of disparagers of a theory—that of denying that the theory is original. Darwin, he said in effect, had spoken of divers of Darwin's own views as startling novelties; but had he forgotten that this and that eminent investigator, including Owen himself, had to some extent forestalled him? I, of course, did not presume to controvert his criticism, and I cannot now recall its details. My general impression was that Owen posed as a candid friend of the Evolutionists.* It is right to add that, for myself, not only do I not echo his or any similar note of disparagement, but I have always regarded Darwin as the Newton of Biology, and would apply to him, with slight verbal changes, the noble eulogy bestowed on Newton by Pope:

> "*Our* Nature and *her* laws lay hid in night;
> God said, 'Let *Darwin* be,' and all was light."

So far is such an application from being hyperbolical that there is a sense in which even the statement contained in Pope's couplet—the statement in reference to "Nature and Nature's laws"—may be more truly predicated of Darwin than of Newton. Long after Newton lived and died, all was *not* light: the whole biological region remained pitch-dark. It was reserved for Darwin—not assuredly as being a greater than Newton, but as being (perhaps) a lesser giant on a greater giant's shoulders—to achieve what Newton did not, and could not, achieve. If Darwin did not actually bring the entire phenomenal world beneath the dominion of unchanging laws, he at least entertained and inspired the belief that it will sooner or later be so brought, and he indicated the method whereby it is to be so brought. If he did not himself conquer the Promised Land, he surveyed it and foresaw its conquest.

Owen's archetypal theory may be said to have died with him. It was little more than a quasi-theological adaptation of Platonism; and it affords a striking confirmation of Comte's hypothesis that every science, between its early and its final condition, has to pass through a chrysalis stage—an unsightly and impotent stage of metaphysical abstractions. But in such a mind as Owen's, even if errors crop up, a fine quality of wheat is sure to be mingled with the tares. Indeed, he seems to have been among the first to anti-

* In *Safe Studies*, p. 179, Professor Huxley is called "the St. Paul of Darwinism." Might not Professor Owen be called its Nicodemus? An able friend, who knew Owen better than I did, writes to me:—"Owen was an Evolutionist, but not a Darwinian. I am afraid he neither loved nor was beloved by his scientific brethren. He looked the philosopher as well as Goethe looked the poet. His eyes were the most remarkable I ever saw in man or woman. Deer and many animals are better endowed in this respect than the superior beings. Owen's eyes were like those of Voltaire and Frederick the Great—large, prominent, lustrous with intellectual vitality."

cipate a modification of Darwinism which is now coming to the front. This modification may be indicated briefly. Some Evolutionists think that Darwin may, in classifying species, have too readily inferred community of descent from structural resemblance. They hold, not merely that often "Nature makes a leap," but that sometimes, if the occasion repeats itself, the leap also will be repeated. We may vary the illustration slightly in giving an example. If the production of wingless birds be regarded as a sport of Nature, she (*ludum insolentem ludere pertinax*) has played the same queer trick in divers places. Likewise, black swans have come into existence, and no link between them and white swans has as yet been discovered. Is it not possible that the white swans and the black may have been independently developed—developed, that is, without any common swan-ancestor, and even without any common bird-ancestor? We know how Nature works in the production of crystals. In that class of phenomena the *vis formatrix naturae* can manifest itself in a great but not infinite variety of patterns. Repeat the same conditions, and she will make the same sort of crystal over again. May not this comparatively simple case furnish a clue to the labyrinth of vital phenomena, and help us to understand how similar variations may have arisen under similar conditions, and parallel evolutions may have occurred independently? It would seem that there is an indefinite but not infinite number of moulds in which Nature can cast the forms of life; and to one or other of those "centres of stability," as they have been called, she somehow manages to converge. If this be so, the Non-Appearance of the Wholly Unfit—the Lucretian *Natura absterruit auctum*—may serve as a supplement and a corollary to the Survival of the Fittest. A German philosopher has declared that the world, although not made with design, is as if it had been made with design. Perhaps it is safer to say that, even as the will, whether free or not, is as if it were free, the world, whether made with design or not, is as if it were made with design. The theory of concurrent evolution, which we are now considering, may serve to illustrate this matter; for it points to a conception of Nature as adjusting means to ends, as grappling with difficulties and stooping to conquer, and, in short, as doing the work of a cunning craftsman. Such a conception, although in no wise opposed to the belief in unchanging laws, has, at least on the surface, an anthropomorphic colour and suggestion; and on that account it was likely to find favour with Owen.

This brings me to Owen's religion, or, rather, to its bearing on his science. I remember talking about him to his intimate friend, the old and old-fashioned Sir Philip Egerton, who was for many years my father's colleague in Parliament, and, exagge-

rating the unconscious incongruity common among men of his time and social position, was at once an accomplished ichthyologist and a foxhunting Protectionist.* Sir Philip startled my youthful mind by telling me that he believed Genesis to have no relation with Geology; and likewise Owen threw overboard the longevity of the patriarchs. Such weighty concessions were then not often made by orthodox champions, and I ventured to cross-question Sir Philip about Owen's theology. His laconic answer was delivered in an authoritative tone: "Owen is a good Churchman"—almost as if no man in his senses could be anything else! The orthodox Addison, in prefixing a motto to his chapter on the religion of the pious Sir Roger de Coverley, has out of all possible mottoes chosen one worthy of a Hobbist:

> "'Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ, ὡς διάκειται,
> Τίμα:"

which may be freely paraphrased:

> "See that thou worship the Gods in the way that the City appointeth."

Does not the choice of this motto suggest the notion that in the Churchmanship of intelligent laymen there often lurks unawares a subtle flavour of Hobbism—a latent tendency to take dogmas in a relative sense and (in Pattison's phrase) "to subordinate religion to morality" and to politics? Certainly the phrase *a good Churchman*, whenever and by whomsoever it is used, seems to imply that amid all ordinary circumstances it is the part of a good citizen to be loyal to his National Religion. And I have sometimes wondered how far Sir Philip and even Owen may have held or unwittingly assumed that we are born Anglicans as we are born Englishmen: and that "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you" is what the Ideal, symbolized in Anglican forms and worshipped with Anglican rites—is what the God of our fathers—says to us.

Far be it from me, however, to apply to Owen's Churchmanship the phrase used by Renan about Liberal Catholicism—the phrase that it was merely *une fidélité traditionelle, au culte établi*. On the contrary, Owen was a deeply religious man. Jeremy Taylor was among his favourite authors; and one of his oldest friends tells me that, when she went to visit him for the last time, he had just been reading "Holy Living and Dying." I draw attention to this because a sort of *worldly otherworldliness* is often laid to his charge; and I think it only fair to point out that to a man of his

* My two earliest reminiscences of him were, first, that he was a most charming and intelligent guide in showing me over his museum at Oulton, said to contain the best private collection of fossil fish in the world; and, secondly, that I heard him in an electioneering speech boast that "he had never immolated himself on the altar of Free Trade." *Quid vult, quidve potest, hominis concordia discors?*

temperament certain aspects of Darwinism must needs have been distasteful. Two of those aspects should be noted. In the first place, Darwin might have taken as his motto the old Greek saying that "Battle is the father of all" (πόλεμος πάντων πατήρ). In a sense all experience tells the same tale: we have but to open our eyes to, see that Nature is red in tooth and claw with ravin. But, according to Darwin, her cruelty is in a manner *érigée en principe:* she is acting typically when she makes bees sting their brothers to death for the common weal: a continuous struggle for existence, and therefore also continuous suffering, form the steps of her onward march. Such a principle suggests the enervating paradox that at all times humanitarians have need to beware lest haply they be found to fight against Providence—the paradox that mankind will degenerate in the millennium; and, in a word, that the Ideal is a sort of rainbow conspicuous for beauty, for brightness, and for the variety of its hues, but *not* for permanence or solidity. On the other hand, there are those to whom a belief in the Ideal is the source of all aspiration, of all spiritual life; so that, in fact, not only *Dum spiro spero,* but *Dum spero spiro,* might serve as the motto of every religious man as such. By such an one the scientific apotheosis of force must be either rejected or, at most, accepted unwillingly. In other words, the evolutionary beatitude *Blessed are the strong, for they shall prey on the weak,* has not a Christian ring about it. No doubt this is the seamy side of the evolutionary canvas. The other side represents sorrow and death as modes of World-discipline, as not fortuitous, not retributive, but educative—in fact, as a *god-send* rather than a *devil-send.** But to a thorough Idealist this would be cold comfort; for he would fain assure himself that suffering makes for the highest good—not of the world only, but—of the sufferer. Thus it is that, to a modern Romney Leigh, the principles of Evolution would appear no less "dismal" than those of Political Economy:

> "It had not much
> Consoled the race of mastodons to know,
> Before they went to fossil, that anon
> Their place would quicken with the elephant:
> They were not elephants but mastodons."

The other proposition of Darwenism that I would note is this. Darwinians assign to Man no higher rank in the Animal Kingdom than that of *facile princeps inter pares.* True it is that all modern science, with its comparative method, docks the human animal of some cherished privileges and pretensions. But the

* Death, says St. Paul, came by sin. Death, says Goethe, came from the need of more life;—he might have added, from the need of a more vigorous life. Better fifty years of Europe than the immortality of the seaweed!

levelling tendency is especially shown by evolution, at least in its Darwinian form. To see Man thus taken down from his pedestal is repulsive to the religious mind. Indeed, it may be said that in general Religion widens, while Science narrows, the gulf between man and brute. That Religion, regarded as a system of theology, widens or at least keeps open the gulf is obvious. The question as to the posthumous condition of men is complicated by the question as to the posthumous condition of animals. Is there to be a heaven for Bushmen and none for Mr. Romanes' chimpanzee? And in any case what is to be the lot of our semi-human ancestors? Indeed, so manifest is this levelling tendency of modern thought that some religious philosophers seek refuge in levelling up as the alternative to levelling down: some of us, I mean, have at times cherished the aspiration, so comforting, yet so overladen with difficulties—the aspiration entertained by Mary Somerville, Agassiz, and Tennyson—that good will be the final goal of ill, not for Man only, but for the entire sentient universe. But Religion should be regarded, not merely as a system of theology, but also as the higher morality; and the higher morality, it might be thought, draws rational and irrational animals together. *Sentio: nihil quod sentit a me alienum puto.* Thus Goethe has well said that Religion, when she reaches a certain point, must take the lower animals into account; and his utterance may be taken as prophetic of all that has since been achieved or attempted in the way of prevention of cruelty. Let us take comfort at this advance; but let us also consider whether Religion, when she rises to a point from which she can cast a watchful and impartial gaze over all creatures, has not need to beware lest she fall. The reason for this caution is plain. The current of wrath and of pity weakens by diffusion. Our minds are diverted from human wrongs if we suffer them to dwell—I will not say on the wrongs, for wrongs presuppose the existence of recognised rights—but on the wholesale outlawry of the lower animals: that is, of the prodigious majority of sentient beings. The valleys cannot be exalted without the mountains being made low. Clough's hexameter, "Nowhere equality reigns in all the world of creation," is meant, not as a protest against animal inequality, but as a plea for human inequality; and I think I have somewhere come across two classical lines defending the monstrous anomalies of the old Roman society on the ground that inequality is the law of things: the beast is under the slave, the slave under his master, the master under Cæsar—*et Cæsar sub Jove summo.** To be brief: Such speculations

* I have often thought that the most suggestive (and in a sense the most modern) passage in the *Republic* is where Socrates, designing to make a *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy, says that in a consistently democratic State slaves

as the above, like all speculations that lower our conception of human nature, tend to make our feeling for human ills dissolve itself into a sense of humorous pathos—that sense which is so readily awakened by every act of the bewildering but fascinating tragi-comedy of life. Likewise, the philosophical Evolutionist is apt to judge his neighbours, not by an ideal standard, but with an indulgent sense of their superiority to their savage and simian forefathers; so that he is content, like Œdipus,

> "To ask from men but little—less obtain,
> Nor of that less than little to complain."*

On the other hand, the saint or the moral reformer makes the utmost possible demands on our poor human nature. Indeed, the opposition between the two points of view can hardly be better shown than by contrasting the "He that transgresses little is not blamed" of Aristotle with the "He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much" of Christ.

Sainte Beuve contrived so to focus his mental vision as to contemplate our human lot as a whole; and, thus regarding it, he asked himself whether it is not, after all, an insignificant fraction of the sum of things (*une quantité négligible par rapport à l'ordre souverain du reste de l'univers*). To the introspective and sensitive philosopher, who is too prone to see everything writ large, it may be helpful sometimes to look, as it were, through concave glasses and to see everything writ small. But to most religious moralists, such a dwarfing of Man and his destiny is unacceptable; and to Owen in particular it was little short of revolting.

Owen proposed at one time to write on heredity, contending that sons inherit the qualities of their fathers less often than those of their mothers; and he designed to illustrate his view from the history of our kings. Whether the design was carried out I do not know; but to an outsider the theory seems open to an obvious objection. Voltaire, or somebody else, has said that ideas are like beards: men acquire both in mature life—women never. Unchivalrous

will be on a level with their masters, and wives with their husbands, "and she-dogs will be as good as their mistresses, and horses and asses will strut about with all the dignity of freemen." The general soundness of this two-edged reasoning seems now to be admitted; but the reasoning is turned the other way. Slavery is abolished. Women claim equality with men. And the disciples of Bentham and Mill seem to hold that, in whatever sense the golden rule should regulate our dealings with each other, it should also regulate our dealings with the lower animals: in fact, that a given amount of human happiness or suffering should weigh no more in the moral scales than an equal amount of animal happiness or suffering. This is certainly a hard saying.

* This rhyming couplet may convey to the non-classical reader a less inadequate impression than either blank verse or prose of the epigrammatic terseness of the lines of Sophocles.

this is, and doubtless unjust; but I quote it as setting in a clear light the presumption that physical and mental qualities will in this respect be subject to the same law. Even as it is very rare for a woman to grow a beard or for a man to be incapable of growing one, we should expect mental and moral qualities to be transmitted (so to speak) along the direct sexual line instead of diagonalizing between the sexes. Bacon has contended that the reason why prophecies appear to be so often fulfilled is that "men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss." In like manner, may not the fact be that we take it as a matter of course for sons to resemble their fathers, and for daughters to resemble their mothers, whereas, when the transmission is (as we say) diagonal, the occurrence is prompt to call forth our attention and surprise? I feel bound to qualify this expression of opinion by subjoining an incident told me, some years ago, by an eminent expert. Curious experiments have been tried in crossing dissimilar breeds of cattle; and it is found that, as a rule, the majority of the bull-calves resemble one parent, and the majority of the cow-calves the other; but it is (or was) held to be impossible to guess whether the transmission will be from the parent of the same sex or from the parent of the opposite sex.

One minor attainment of Owen is worth recording because of what it involves and suggests. The delicacy of his palate seems to have rivalled that of Domitian's courtier who could tell "at the first bite" whether an oyster was a native of some Italian shore, or had been imported from the British Isles.* I am assured that Sir Richard had the art to discriminate between the various wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, and sometimes even to pronounce on the date of the vintage. Only think what this sort of discernment implies in one whose acquisition of it must have been a mere *πάρεργον* or pastime! It was but natural that his *copia non facta inops*—his memory prodigious without being unwieldly—was of signal service to him in his own department. I remember long ago being astonished at an account given by G. H. Lewes of a nondescript fossil, about which he consulted Owen, and of Owen's immediate reply that it was some particular tooth of a rhinoceros of an extinct, unpronounceable species. When one thinks of such abnormal powers as are thus indicated,—thinks of them, too, as being habitually exercised in a special and non-human direction,—one is apt to wonder how they will react on the general character. When Nature and art combine to produce a plant with a superabundance of flowers, the plant tends to become exhausted:

* Juvenal IV., 140-2. One of the most amazing instances of what may be called *the irony of literature* seems to me to be that Richborough (in Kent) is referred to in a familiar passage of a classical poet, is the only British town so distinguished, and owes the distinction to its oysters!

and bees, when they exalt one of their number to be their queen disqualify her for humbler duties and pursuits. In like manner, when Nature, aided by culture, does her utmost to fortify and protect one part of a man's character, is there not a danger that (like the French at Badajoz) she may leave other parts of the stronghold unguarded? For my own part, when severe censure is passed on a man of genius, I bear in mind that the greatest men often have special limitations: *Summi non omnia possunt; De summis nil nisi bonum.* The fact is that, whilst the ordinary "good citizen" goes through a continual process of conscious or unconscious self-discipline and self-repression, the man of genius generally lacks this training: his energy often takes a different and even an opposite course—a course leading to spontaneous development and to masterful irrepressibility.* Something of this sort may have passed through Renan's mind when he wrote the following Renanesque passage:

"On n'est pas homme de lettres sans quelque défaut; ou plutôt la profession même de l'homme de lettres est un défaut. L'homme parfait n'aurait pas de talent; le talent est un léger vice, dont un saint doit avant tout se corriger."

If this be indeed true, then must we perforce say of the saintly character, as of the plate of Queen Anne's reign, that it is too pure and too soft for the rough usage of the world.

Walter Bagehot, in one of his suggestive but sweeping generalizations, says that the characteristic quality of scientific men "results from the absence of an intense and vivid nature. The inclination of mind which abstracts the attention from that in which it can feel sympathy to that in which it cannot seems to arise from a want of sympathy."† At any rate, this could not be

* I have come across a passage in Diderot which indirectly illustrates and confirms the view taken in the text: "J'ai bien peur que l'homme n'aille droit au malheur par la voie qui conduit l'imitateur de la nature au sublime. Se jeter dans les extrêmes, voila la règle du poète. Garder en tout un juste milieu, voila la règle du bonheur." It is obvious to reply that the poet, or indeed any man of genius, has a happiness of his own, just as he has a virtue, and excellence (ἀρετὴν ἀρίστην) of his own. Is it not, however, possible that his temperament and training tend to handicap him in the moral race—to unfit him in some degree for common modes of happiness, if not for common modes of virtue? Let us, then, be indulgent to the faults, even to the grave faults, of such men. A paradoxical editor of Bacon once said to me of that inimitable worldling, "He was a scoundrel, but a scoundrel of whom human nature ought to be proud!"

† Is a like idea imputed to the hero of *Maud* when he represents the man of science as having

"An eye well practised in Nature, *a spirit bounded and poor.*"

My own experience would lead me to say of scientific men, as a class, that for sauntering in the intellectual twilight they have no taste, and seemingly no capacity. Not only is *Truth at any price* their motto, but they will not or cannot play with their imagination. What they see they see clearly; but what they do not see clearly they do not see at all.

affirmed of Owen. He was full of sympathy and enthusiasm. He was at once a philanthropist and a zoophilist—a rarer combination than might have been expected. He was fond of birds, and welcomed them in his garden; they would come at his call, and perch on his head and shoulders. An anecodote illustrative of him is related in the *British Medical Journal.*—

"Walking round the garden," writes Mr. Ernest Hart, "on a pleasant summer day, and showing her (Mrs. Hart) his favourite flowers and fruits, he came to cherry trees, of which some were netted and others left open, from which all the cherries had disappeared. My wife remarked on this; and he answered, with that beaming smile and sympathetic twinkle with which his face often lighted up, 'Ah, those I leave for the birds. I call them the salary of the orchestra.'"*

On his genial philanthropy and courtesy it does not become me to enlarge. They were such that even the apostles of modern thought, who mostly regarded him as a heretic, should nevertheless have been willing to say to him:

> "Some of us love you well; and even those some
> Envy your great deserving, and good name;
> Because you are not of our quality,
> But stand against us as an enemy." †

One useful and rare quality he, like the late historian Green, possessed in an eminent degree. His innate modesty, or his art concealed by art, enabled him, when speaking upon his own subjects, so to let himself down to the level of ordinary listeners that they not only felt quite at their ease with him, but fancied for the moment that they were experts like himself. In fact, he put in practice Pope's maxim: *Men should be taught as though you taught them not.* ‡

From his courtesy and humanity I pass on to his humanism. His *mitis sapientia*, moulded and informed by wide culture and by travel, needs not to be dwelt upon at length. Suffice it to give from my personal recollection an instance of his familiarity—a familiarity especially fascinating in a man of science—with the borderland between science and literature. Ray, the founder of comparative anatomy, writing in 1692, said: "He that uses many words for the explaining any subject, doth, like the cuttlefish, hide himself for the most part in his own ink." This passage Owen

* To a lady-friend of my own he said in the same way, "That is the toll I pay to my private band." In his long retirement he was a sort of Diocletian *qui plantait ses choux*. His enemies regarded him as (almost in a literal sense) rusticated. But let us rather say that, inverting the Horatian motto, he might have claimed to be *E potente humilis*. Is there not, after all, more of *epieikeia*, more of *charity*, in such a claim than in the opposite one?

† *Henry IV.*, Part I.

‡ According to Chamfort, he who would please in society must often seem to learn what he already knows, from one who knows it not!

cited from memory, and he added that the author of the comparison was not always so happy in his scientific metaphors.*

In further illustration of Owen's combination of scientific with general knowledge, I may mention that, when Cuvier visited England in 1830 to examine our Natural History collections, "Owen, then a very young man, and recently appointed Conservator at the College of Surgeons, was the only available person who could speak French fluently: he was, therefore, told off to show Cuvier the objects of interest in the Museum."†

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

The chapter of accidents contains queer sections, and the occasional verisimilitude of fiction is matched by the occasional falsi-similitude of truth. To show that something of real paradox lies hid in this seeming platitude, I will give an authentic version of what has been called Owen's ghost-story. He himself related it to me some thirty years ago, and I have come upon other versions of it. Some of those that have appeared in the newspapers are so pointless, and indeed so inaccurate, that I make no apology for telling the story once more. The version that I select has been furnished by a very distinguished scientific friend who heard it from Owen more than once, and thus obtained an account which, whilst in the main it coincides with my own recollections, is far more complete and circumstantial. It is as follows:—

"When a young man, Owen was surgeon to the gaol at Lancaster, which stands on the top of a steep hill. The road through the town that led to it rose in long paved steps, with low houses on either side. He had become an ardent student of Lawrence, whose works had for the first time shown to him the relations of comparative anatomy; and among other things made it clear that the negro and European were structurally alike, brain and all.

"There was a negro in the gaol dying of consumption; and Owen eagerly craved to obtain possession of his head, after his death, for leisurely dissection. At last the man died. Owen told the porter in charge that he would come in the evening to make the autopsy, and the coffin was not to be closed yet; and in the evening he came, wrapped in a long cloak and with a bag under his arm, such as lawyers carry briefs in. His heart palpitated at the thought of what he was going to do; for there was a great outcry against resurrection-men and others of that sort. He

* The part of the cuttlefish was deliberately played by the teacher of rhetoric, mentioned by Quintilian, whose advice to his pupils was "Darken (σκότισον):" that is, "Be obscure, that men may say, *That must be deep, as even I could not understand it!*" Indirectly this dislike of simplicity, this readiness *dicendi perdere causas*, recalls a whimsical or satirical rejoinder made by Pattison to a lady who had been advocating the utmost simplicity in writing—"You are quite wrong. If you merely study simplicity, people will like your writings, but will forget them. Let your style be showy and wordy, and you will have some chance of being remembered!" Bacon says that a slight ostentation is "like unto varnish, that makes the ceilings not only shine but last."

† This is an extract from the diary of a late eminent medical friend and pupil of Owen, with which I have been favoured. It is there also mentioned, in regard to Cuvier and Owen, that a special bond (a small one, some might say) drew the two great men together—*their interest in the dissection of the nautilus!*

went into the gaol and up to the dead-room, and then and there cut off the negro's head as he lay in his coffin, and put it up into his bag; then he placed the lid on the coffin and screwed it down with the implements left in readiness. Then he descended the stairs, and, passing out, said to the porter at the gate that he had examined the negro, and the coffin was all ready for burial. The man said, 'All right,' and Owen went out with the bag containing the head under his large cloak. The frost was severe, and the paving stones were slippery. It was about nine at night; the streets were deserted; and the lights of the houses were mostly in the upper rooms, showing that the people were going to bed. In front of him was a long stretch of straight road down the steep hill; then it curved out of sight; but just at the curve a single door stood open, and the fire and candle-light shone ruddily and cheerfully through. At this moment Owen slipped and fell head-foremost towards the descent. He wildly grasped the bag as he fell, but somehow grasped it below the head instead of above it. The consequence was that out went the head. As Owen lay sprawling, and before he could get to his feet again, the head was in full roll down the hill, going faster and faster, and bumping down each successive step with increased speed. Owen rushed wildly after it, but was many yards behind. On went the head, and bounded right through the open door. It was a matter of life and death to Owen's career to escape detection in the sacrilege he had committed: so he rushed into the house after it with ghastly face and his long cloak streaming in the wind. He had just time to notice a family gathering who were yelling with terror; and there was the head on the floor! He plunged and seized it, and then rushed out as swiftly as he had rushed in, and got home as fast as he could, finding to his infinite relief that he was not followed. He dissected the head at leisure, but dared not go out of doors, and had not sufficient control of his voice to ask what people said. At length it came out that the house belonged to a woman whose husband had been engaged in the slave traffic, and was believed to be dead. The version she gave was that her own husband's head had rushed into her house for protection; but that the devil, rushing in after, had seized it and borne it away to hell."

To this graphic account I will make one slight addition. Owen told me that the woman confirmed her statement by saying, "If you doubt me, sir, look at that stain of blood on the floor." Observe that the explanation of the woman's myth is strictly rationalistic in the German sense of the word: her account was based on a real event misunderstood and misrepresented. Grote and others have contended that myths are often mere fictions, and that, when they contain a substratum of fact, the substratum is generally irrecoverable. Probably this is so; but, at any rate, the foregoing instance is an exception, and such an exception as would have rejoiced the hearts of a rationalist like Euhemerus, or Paulus, or the commentator who resolved the story of Jonah into a shipwreck of the prophet on an island whose inn bore the sign of the Whale!

A quaint story is told that a strange beast was given to the Zoological Gardens, and that Owen was besought to tell its character and descent. Being himself sorely perplexed, he cast a humorous glance at the captive, as if fain to discover whether it would accept him as its godfather. A cry resembling "Aye, aye," which issued from the cage, was hailed as a response to the unspoken appeal. Thereupon, this latter-day Adam gave the animal

its name; and an "ai-ai" it is called unto this day. Are there not somewhere in Norway sailors who in like fashion have dubbed an Englishman an *I-say ?**

It so happened that a few hours after the foregoing paragraph had been written Mr. Gladstone made a reference to Owen and the ai-ai; and I know that I may without indiscretion incorporate what he then said to me. The first of his recollections had reference to a lecture which Owen gave in the Hunterian Museum. Not only was he then struck with the depth of scientific knowledge which the lecturer evinced, but still more by the peculiar "fascination" of his style and manner. This fascination was even more apparent in a speech delivered by Owen at a Literary Fund dinner. The speech was about Tennyson and poets in general, and contained the remark that the imagination of poets has sometimes anticipated scientific discoveries. The last recollection mentioned was of a visit paid by Owen to Hawarden. It was then that the Professor was so full of information about the ai-ai. The episode in this visit which chiefly struck Mr. Gladstone was a "laughable" one, but worth recording as characteristic of Owen. The host walked about the grounds with his guest, the latter wearing a smart pair of lavender gloves. Full of his favourite subject, Owen suddenly stooped and picked up an unsightly creature (it was either a toad or an uncleanly frog), and the nauseous creature he laid on the palm of his lavender glove ! † Mr. Gladstone summed up by observing that seldom, if ever, had any man of science left on his mind such an impression of genius—"not talent merely, but genius." Darwin had struck him in the same sort of way; but Darwin he had only once met in society. And he went on to explain that on the comparative merits of the two men of science he offered no opinion; but that, so far as his personal observation was concerned, Owen was the one who seemed to him to bear the stamp of genius most unmistakably.

* The naming of the poor ai-ai from a cry which might be taken as a lament for its captivity should remind the classical scholar of Ajax (Aias) declaring that his own name had been, alas (ai-ai) prophetic of his ills:

αἰ αἰ· τίς ἄν ποτ' ᾠεθ' ὧδ' ἐπώνυμον
τοὐμὸν ξυνοίσειν ὄνομα τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς.

† Such a juxtaposition seems hardly less anomalous than "a jewel of gold" with an unmeet and unwonted setting which has become the proverbial comparison for "a fair woman which is without discretion" (Prov. xi. 22).

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

THE CAUSES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

X.

ANY FUTURE INCREASE IN THE REWARD OF LABOUR DEPENDENT ON THE CONTINUED ACTION OF ABILITY.

We may now proceed to the great practical moral to which the foregoing considerations point. Seeing that so large a part of the wealth in which labour is interested is the creation of a minority, it is necessary that labour should, in its own interests, do nothing to check this minority in the continued exertion of its powers. But neither labour nor ability exerts itself without some motive, and the motive is in both cases the same. The labourer exerts himself to produce something, and the man of ability exerts himself to produce something, each with a view to enjoying their respective products; and the latter exerts himself so as to produce more wealth than the former, because he hopes, having produced more, to enjoy more. If, therefore, ability be deprived of the motive of its exertion, its exertion will cease, or become less strenuous, and its products will dwindle or disappear. Accordingly, the first thing against which labour should be on its guard is any interference with the rights of property, which would so diminish the rewards of ability as to diminish its efficacy.

The reader must observe that this is a guarded statement. I do not say it is the interest of the labourer to allow the men of ability to keep everything that their ability produces. On the contrary, it is the interest of the labourers to be constantly taking from ability a certain portion of its product. This is, indeed, the sole process by which, so far as money is concerned, the position of the labourers can be improved. But what I do say is that the portion which labour seeks to appropriate should not be such, nor appropiated in such a way, as to make what remains an object of less desire, and the hope of possessing it less powerful as a stimulus to producing it. A certain diminution in the reward of a given amount of exertion will often make no difference in the efficacy of the reward as a

stimulus. The hope of making nine hundred thousand pounds would probably excite a man as much as the hope of making a million: indeed, the fact that before a man could secure a million pounds for himself he would have to make a hundred thousand for other people, might tend to increase his energy, rather than to relax it. On the other hand, if before he could secure a hundred thousand pounds for himself he had to make a million for other people, it is doubtful whether either sum would ever be made at all. What is the exact amount to which ability can be mulcted of its products, without its efficacy being lessened, is not a question which can be answered by theoretical reasoning; but experience, in a way of which few people are conscious, has afforded a practical answer of a most striking and instructive kind. I shall refer to this presently.

But, first, let us realize the following general truth: that, whatever may be the exact amount left to ability as its reward, it is sure to be a reward quite incommensurate with the reward of labour; for ability has to be stimulated in quite a different way. A labourer can have a definite task set him, for everyone knows what labour is capable of; it has no surprises for us, or at least only unimportant ones. But to ability of a high order no tasks can be set: because none but the able man knows what the able man is capable of. It was easy to order the ships in which Columbus and his companions sailed; but no one could have ordered Columbus to discover a new world; because no one, except for Columbus, believed there was a new world to discover. Accordingly, whilst a man can be compelled to give his labour, he can be only induced to exert his ability; indeed, it is often only the inducement, supplied by the hope of some great reward, that reveals a man's own ability to himself. Or, to put the matter differently, the possibilities of a reward commensurate with the expected product, call forth, strengthen, and ripen ability, as the sun calls a flower from the soil or fruit from the bough of the fruit-tree: and ability can be called forth and ripened in no other way. But a reward of the above kind is possible only when the principle of private property is jealously and carefully guarded. Therefore, the great thing for the mass of the nation to remember is, that on respect for private property all their own hopes of increased riches depend; because the increase, and even the maintenance, of the fund from which the hoped-for riches are to be taken, depends on the few who create the larger part of it being allowed to retain a large proportion of what they create. The labourers, in fact, may look on the men of ability as their servants, who are constantly making wealth for the labourers to appropriate—but servants of a kind that will create nothing, unless they are allowed to retain

more than is taken from them.* Of the total product labour may come to take a larger share than ability; but the share taken by ability, though smaller than that taken by labour, must always be incomparably greater in proportion to the number of the individuals who take it.

Here, however, an objection will probably suggest itself to many, which requires to be discussed and met. It may readily be admitted that a large proportion of the wealth produced should go to those men of ability who are actively engaged in its production; but it will be urged that a large part of the wealthy minority is composed of persons who do not exert themselves at all—or who, at any rate, do not exert themselves in the production of wealth. They live not on the products of ability, but on the interest of capital: and it will be asked on what grounds labour is interested in forbearing to touch the income of those who produce nothing.

To this question there are several answers. One is that a leisured class—a class whose exertions have no commercial value, or no value commensurate with the cost of its maintenance—is essential to the development of culture, of knowledge, of art, and of mental civilization generally. But this is an answer which we need not dwell on here; for, whatever its force, it is foreign to our present purpose. We will confine ourselves solely to the material interests that are involved; and consider solely how the plunder of a class living on the interest of capital would tend to affect the actual production of wealth. It would affect the production of wealth in just the same way as would a similar treatment of the class on whose ability production is directly dependent; and it would do this for the following reasons. The greater part of the capital that has been accumulated in the modern world, is, as I have pointed out, the creation of ability. It has been saved, not from the product of labour, but from the product which ability has added to this. It is ability congealed, or ability stored up. Now, four-fifths of the capital of the United Kingdom have been created within the last eighty years. The total capital in 1812 amounted to about two thousand millions; it now amounts to about ten thousand millions.† Therefore, eight

* The part of the gross product produced and taken by ability may be looked at in various lights. As I hope to point out more fully elsewhere, it may be regarded as the *rent* of ability—that is to say, the difference between the actual product and what the product would be were the action of ability withdrawn or reduced to that minimum which belongs to the labourers themselves. In comparing these two products, what we have to compare principally will not be any difference between the products of contemporaneous human exertion, but the products of exertion at different periods. Ability will be thus presented to us as a soil tilled by labour, the qualities of which vary. Only Ability is a kind of living soil that owns itself, and thus takes its own rent.

† Between 1812 and 1892 the population has about doubled: so that if we accounted for part of the income of capital by the income of labour, this would

hundred thousand millions of the capital of this country have been created by the ability of the parents and of the grandparents of those who now possess it, and lastly, by the ability of those who now possess it themselves:* whilst those persons who own portions of it which they leave others to employ, and which they have had no hand in making, are for the most part the relatives or representatives of the very persons who made it: and one of the principal motives which actuated those who made it, has been the desire of endowing their families with it, as well as the hope of retiring from active life, and living on the interest of it themselves. All history shows us that one of the most important and unalterable factors in human action is a certain solidarity of interest between men—even selfish men—and those nearly connected with them: and just as parents are, by an almost universal instinct, prompted to rear their children, so are they prompted to bequeath to them—or, at all events, to one of them—the greater part of their possessions. We might as well try to legislate against the instincts of maternity, as against the instinct of bequest. Therefore, that the ownership of much of the capital of the country should be separated from the actual employment of it, is a necessary result of the forces by which it was called into existence.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION.

This, however, answers only the part of the question we are considering. It explains why capital is possessed by those who neither use it nor have made it; but it does not explain why capital should bear interest. Many Socialistic writers maintain that if a man is left ten thousand pounds, he has a perfect right to its possession; but no right to any payment for the use made of it by others. They argue that if he puts it into a business, he is simply having it preserved for him; for the larger part of the capital at any time existing, would dwindle or disappear if it were not used, and, by being used, renewed. Let him put it, say the Socialists, into a business, and draw it out as he wants it. But an arrangement of this kind would be altogether impracticable. The only ground on which it is recommended is, that the interest thus saved would be somehow taken by the State, and

account for two thousand millions only, out of an income of eight thousand millions. But the increase in the amount of labour really accounts for but a very small part of the increase of capital, though it accounts for a large part of the actual gross income. For only a small part of capital is saved out of the wages of labour, such wages being for the most part consumed—at all events, till lately. Most of it is saved out of that product which is added by ability to the product of each man's labour.

* The recent rapid increase in the capital of the country took place between 1840 and 1875. If we regard men of fifty as representing the present generation of those actively engaged in business, we may say that their grandfathers made two thousand millions of an existing capital, their parents four thousand millions, and themselves two thousand millions.

distributed amongst the labourers as an addition to their wages. It would be spent in giving them extra comforts; and would thus annually be consumed. But the owners of the capital from which the interest had been taken would be forced to consume annually a certain part of the capital; and accordingly, whereas the interest is all that is consumed now, under the conditions we are supposing capital would be consumed as well; whilst as the capital diminished, the interest would diminish also. In fact, the tendency of this arrangement would be simply as follows—to increase the consumption of the nation at the expense of its savings, until at last all the savings had disappeared. As a matter of fact, however, such an arrangement could not work. If all the shareholders in a business were at liberty to withdraw their money as they wanted it, a large number of businesses could not be carried on at all; and hardly any new businesses could be established. But the final and conclusive objection to any scheme of the kind is the fact that unless business generally came to an absolute standstill, capital, so long as private individuals own it, must of necessity bring interest to its owner; and it is impossible to prevent this. If a man is making £10,000 a year by the employment of £100,000 and could make £20,000 a year if he had the use of another £100,000, no human power could prevent his making a bargain with a man who possessed such a sum, by which the latter would obtain a part of the increased income of the former. The situation could be changed only by the State becoming the capitalist, in which case the employers of capital would have to make their bargains with the State, paying interest to the State instead of to a private person; only in this case nearly every motive to save capital would be gone. But the very idea of the State, as the sole capitalist, when examined, is seen to be an absurdity; and its complete appropriation of capital is seen to be an impossibility. It could not even appropriate the entire rental of the land, unless every man was to be a tenant at will under a corporate despotism. Some sort of tenant right would have to be granted to the occupiers; and so long as such a right existed, it could itself be sold, or leased. If Brown rents a farm from the State at £200 a year, which Smith is very anxious to occupy, no State regulations could possibly prevent Smith paying £50 a year to Brown, to induce him to resign his occupancy for a year or a term of years. Or, again, suppose the State owned all the hackney carriages in the country, the State could never appropriate the increased fares, which would inevitably be offered and taken whenever (as happens at a race-meeting) the demand for carriages happened to exceed the supply. Or, again, if the State owned all the houses in the country, still less could it intercept the enormous rental which would in-

evitably arise from the process of sub-letting. Of course, in certain businesses, the State is the capitalist already. It is the capitalist, for instance, in the business of carrying letters and sending telegrams; but though the operations of the State in this way might be possibly enlarged, they must always be insignificant when compared with private enterprise; and not only that, but they must always be dependent on it. The State owns the telegraph-wires in this country; but the State did not establish telegraphy. The trains and steamships that carry the mails—these belong to private Companies, and were brought to their present perfection by private enterprise. In fact, the State, so far as it acts in the character of a capitalist, has been, is, and always must be, a mere pensioner on private ability.

But though it is impossible to get rid of interest, it is possible to reduce it to such small proportions that, whilst it supports a class which is a valuable element in the State, it will not interfere with the hopes which labour may legitimately entertain of adding to its own rewards out of the proceeds of ability.*

The whole question, however, will be clearer when we turn to actual facts, and see how labour has actually succeeded in doing this during the course of the present century.

XI.

THE INCREASE OF INCOME WHICH ABILITY HAS ALREADY SECURED FOR LABOUR.

Let us turn once more to the fact that has been already dwelt upon —that just before the beginning of the present century the population of Great Britain was about ten millions, and the national income about a hundred and forty millions. It has been shown that to reach and maintain that rate of production required the exertion of an immense amount of ability and the use of an immense capital which ability had recently created. But let me repeat what I have said already, that, for the purpose of the present argument, we will attribute the production of the whole to average human labour. It is obvious that labour did not produce more, for no more was produced; and it is also obvious that if since that time it had never been assisted and never controlled by ability, the same amount of labour would produce no more now. We are therefore plainly understating the case if we say that British labour by itself—that is to say, shut out from, and unassisted by, the industrial ability of the past ninety years—can, at the utmost, produce annually a

* The most obvious answer to those who conceive of interest as a tax on labour is that it is not a tax on labour at all, but on ability; and that profits, not wages, are lowered by its payment. I have, however, preferred to approach this question from another point of view, in order to show that interest, no matter what class pays or receives it, is, in some form or other, inevitable.

hundred and forty million pounds for every ten millions of the population. And now let us turn from what labour produces to what the labouring-classes * receive. At the time we have been speaking of they received but about a half of what we assume their labour to have produced. A population of ten million people received about seventy million pounds.† Two generations later, the same number of people received, in return for their labour, about a hundred and sixty millions. ‡ They were twenty-five per cent. richer than they possibly could have been if in 1795 they had seized on all the property in the kingdom, and divided it amongst themselves. Or, in other words: Labour, in 1866, instead of receiving half of what we assume it to have produced, received twenty-five per cent. more than it produced. If we turn from the year 1866 to the present time we find that the gains of labour have continued to increase, and that each ten million of the labouring population receives in return for its labour two hundred million pounds; or, in other words, labour at the present time receives nearly fifty per cent. more than it produces. And all these calculations are based, the reader must remember, on the ridiculously-exaggerated assumption, which was made for the sake of argument, that in the days of Watt and Arkwright, capital, genius, and ability, had no share in production, and that all the wealth of the country till the beginning of the present century was due to the spontaneous efforts of the labouring population alone.

And now let us make another comparison. Let us again consider not what labour has produced, but what at different periods it actually has received. Let us go back to the period when Queen Victoria had been on the Throne some six or seven years, and see what was the income of the labouring-classes then. It is a period which statisticians have studied with great care, and with regard to which they are practically unanimous in their conclusions. In 1843 the gross income of the nation was, in round numbers, £515,000,000. Of this, £235,000,000 went to the labouring-classes, and the remainder, £280,000,000, to the classes that paid income-tax. Only fifty years have elapsed since that time, and, according

* By the labouring classes is meant all those families having incomes of less than £150 a year.

† This corresponds with Arthur Young's estimate of wages.

‡ Statisticians estimate that in 1866 the working-classes of the United Kingdom received in wages £400,000,000, the population then being about twice what it was at the close of the last century. In order to arrive at the receipts of British labour the receipts of Irish labour must be deducted from this total. The latter are proportionately much lower than the former, and could not have reached the sum of £80,000,000. But assuming them to have reached that, and deducting £80,000,000 from £400,000,000, there is left for British labour £320,000,000, to be divided, roughly speaking, amongst 20,000,000 people; which for each 10,000,000 yields £160,000,000.

to the best authorities, the income of the labouring-classes is at this moment as nearly as possible £660,000,000. That is to say, it exceeds by £145,000,000 the entire income of the nation fifty years ago. An allowance, however, must be made for the increase in the number of labourers. That is, of course, obvious. But when we have made every such allowance the case is hardly less striking and wonderful. The labouring-classes in 1843 numbered 26,000,000; at the present time they number 33,000,000 ;* therefore, the mere growth of labour would account for the £515,000,000, which was the national income fifty years ago, being raised by this time to £653,000,000. It would account, in fact, for an increase of £138,000,000. We must, therefore, to make our comparison accurate, deduct £138,000,000 from the £145,000,000 just mentioned, which will leave us an increase of £7,000,000. And we may now say, without any reservation, that the labouring-classes, in proportion to their number, receive to-day £7,000,000 a year more than the entire income of the country at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria.

To any labourer anxious for his own welfare, to any voter or politician of any kind, who realizes that the welfare of the labourers is the foundation of national stability, and who seeks to discover by what general conditions the welfare of the labourer can be secured and promoted, this fact which I have just stated is one that cannot be considered too constantly or too seriously. Let the reader reflect on what it means. Dreams of some possible social revolution, dreams of some division of property by which much of the riches of the rich should be abstracted from them and divided amongst the poor—these were not wanting fifty years ago. But even the most sanguine of the dreamers hardly ventured to hope that the wealth of the wealthy classes could be completely taken away from them—that a sum equal to the rent of the whole landed aristocracy, all the interest on capital, all the profits of our commerce and our manufactures, could be added to what was then the income of the labouring classes. No forces of revolution were thought equal to such a change as that. But what have facts been? What has happened really? Within fifty years the miracle has taken place, and not that miracle only, but another miracle added to it. The same number of labourers and their families as then formed the whole labouring population of the country, now possess amongst them every penny of the amount that then formed the income of the entire nation. They have gained every penny

* The entire population has risen from about 27,500,000 to 38,000,000. But a large part of this increase has taken place amongst the classes who pay income-tax, and are expressly excluded from the above calculations. These classes have risen from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000.

that they possibly could have gained, if every rich man of that period, if duke, and cotton lord, and railway king, followed by all the host of minor plutocrats, had been forced to cast all they had into the treasury of labour, and give their very last farthing to swell the labourer's wages. The labourers have gained this; but that is not all. They have gained an annual sum of £7,000,000 more. And they have done all this, not only without revolution, but without any attack on the fundamental principles of property. On the contrary, the circumstances which have enabled labour to gain most from the proceeds of ability, have been the circumstances which have enabled ability to gain most for itself.

How this has been brought about we will consider presently. But we will first take up again the question we were just now considering—namely, the question of interest, and the position of those who live on it, as seen from the point of view of the classes who live by labour. I pointed out that so long as a man was allowed to own the capital he created, and as long as capital could be employed, and was required for productive purposes, the payment of interest was a natural and an inevitable result; but I said also that the amount paid might be reduced, and in fact has been reduced, to what is comparatively a very small amount. The rate of interest has sunk during the last forty years from five per cent. to three or three and a half; but though this fact is sufficiently well known, there are other facts, known equally well, which tend to confuse popular thought as to the subject, for it is notorious that new companies, when successful, often pay dividends of from ten to twenty per cent., or even more; and founders' shares are much sought after, which are merely shares in such profits as result over and above a certain percentage of return—usually a very high one—on the capital. But the explanation of this apparent contradiction is simple. Large profits must not be confounded with high interest. Large profits are a mixture of three things, as was pointed out by Mill, though he did not name two of them happily. He said that profits consisted of wages of superintendence, compensation for risk, and interest on capital. If, instead of wages of superintendence, we say the product of ability, and instead of compensation for risk, we say the reward of sagacity, which is itself a form of ability, we shall have an accurate statement of the case. A large amount of the capital in the kingdom is managed by the men who own it, and when they manage it successfully the returns are large. Sometimes a man with a capital of £100,000 will make as much as £15,000 a year; but that does not mean that his capital yields fifteen per cent. in interest. If such a man has a second £100,000, which he is anxious to invest in some business not his own, and if he requires also that this business shall be absolutely safe he will find that in-

terest on capital means less than four per cent. If he is determined to get a larger return for his money, and does so by investing it in some new enterprize, this result, unless it is the mere good luck of a gambler, is altogether the result of his own knowledge and judgment; as may be seen by the fact that in the year 1885 the new capital invested was short of a hundred million pounds, and the failures that year amounted to thirty millions;* or, again, by the following facts, which are still more striking. Between the years 1862 and 1885 there were registered in the United Kingdom about twenty-five thousand Joint Stock Companies, with an aggregate capital of about two thousand nine hundred million pounds. Of these Companies, by the year 1885 more than fifteen thousand had failed, and less than ten thousand were still existing. During the following four years the proportion of failures was smaller; but a return published in 1889 shows that of all the Companies formed during the past twenty-seven years, considerably more than half had been wound up judicially. Therefore, a man who secures a large return for money invested in a business not under his own control, does so by an exercise of sagacity not only beneficial to himself, but in a still higher degree beneficial to the country generally; for he has helped to direct human exertion into a profitable and useful channel, whereas those who are less sagacious only help it to waste itself.† Of large returns on capital, then, only a part is interest. The larger part is due to the ability with which the capital has been employed in directing labour; or the ability with which some new method of employing labour has been selected. There is, therefore, no contradiction in the two statements, that capital may often bring 15 per cent. or more to the investor; and yet that interest on capital in the present day is very little over three and a half per cent. This is the meaning of shares rising in value. A man who at the starting of a business takes a hundred £1 shares in it, and when it is well established, gets £20 as a dividend, will be able to sell his shares for something like £600; which means that three and a half per cent. is the interest that will be received by the purchaser.

And now let us examine the actual facts of the case, and see how much of the income of the wealthier classes consists really

* I propose in another place to show the enormous part played in national progress by the mere business sagacity of large investors, which amounts practically to a constant criticism of inventions, discoveries, and schemes of all kinds, and the selection of what is valuable from amongst a mass of what is valueless and chimerical.

† It will be seen from the amount of capital destroyed in non-successful enterprizes, how entirely the increase of the nation's wealth, and even the maintenance of it, is due to the constant and vigilant ability of those who have directed industry successfully; and how without such direction industry becomes valueless.

of true interest on capital. The gross income of the wealthier classes is at the present time about six hundred millions. But about seventy-five millions of this is interest on capital invested abroad; and if any theorist imagines that it ought to go to labour, it is foreign labour, not British, that would have a claim on it. This sum, therefore, we must put out of the question; further, if the same proportions held good now, that according to Mr. Giffen held good eight years ago, nearly £200,000,000 out of the £600,000,000 is the direct remuneration of what Mr. Giffen calls "work," but of what we had better here continue to call ability. We have thus to subtract from the total we have to deal with, the sum of £275,000,000; which will leave a remainder of £325,000,000: and this again divides itself in the following way. About sixty millions is the rent of land; about a hundred and twenty millions is the rent of houses—these two forms of rent together making £180,000,000. There is thus left for what is commonly called interest, £145,000,000, or about an eighth part of the total income of the nation; and if anyone is inclined to complain of the way in which this amount is appropriated, let him remember that labour, without any added effort on its own part, has gained in fifty years an annual addition to its own income, what exceeds the sum in question by £140,000,000. Mr. Giffen has shown that if rent and interest on capital had increased as fast as the sum taken by labour, the amount assessed to income-tax would be £400,000,000 greater than it is; in which case the wealthier classes would be taking £1,060,000,000, instead of £600,000,000: and the rest of the community would be taking £240,000,000, instead of £660,000,000. In fact, as Mr. Giffen told us ten years ago, "it would not be far short of the mark to say that the whole of the great improvement of the last fifty years has gone to the masses."* And the accuracy of this statement is borne out by the fact that had the whole improvement, according to the contrary hypothesis, gone to the employing classes, the remainder, namely, £240,000,000, would correspond almost exactly, allowing for the increase of population, with what the labouring-classes received at the close of the last century.

What, then, the social reformer, what the labourer and the friend

* See Mr. Giffen's inaugural address, of the 50th Session, of the Statistical Society, Nov. 20, 1883. The gross amount assessed to Income Tax in 1891 was nearly £700,000,000; now more than £100,000,000 was exempt, as belonging to persons with incomes of less than £150 a year. Mr. Giffen maintains (see his evidence given before the Royal Commission on Labour, Dec. 7th, 1892) that there is an immense middle-class income not included amongst the wages of the labour class. This, according to the classification adopted above, which divides the population into those with incomes above and those with incomes below £150, would raise the collective incomes of the latter to over £700,000,000.

of labour, ought to study, with a view to benefiting the great masses of the people, is not the theories and the dreams of those who imagine that the improvement is to be made only by some re-organization of society, but the progress, and the cause of the progress, that the labouring classes actually have been making, not only under existing institutions, but through them, because of them, by means of them.

W. H. Mallock.

THE ARGUMENT FOR BELIEF.

One of the characteristics of the present age is the boldness with which many of its most active minds bring all beliefs, howsoever ancient and sacred, to the test of reason. Although there is a danger that men who too readily change their views will be led into error by specious arguments, and we must all, in many things, be content to accept the general opinions of our ancestors, since life is too short to inquire adequately into all branches of knowledge, there can be no doubt that this habit of mind has tended in modern times to the advancement of truth. This tendency of our age makes it necessary, however, that the logical grounds for a belief in the fundamental truths of religion should be restated in various forms. Otherwise a destructive criticism, which has the charm of novelty, may receive undue weight, and the very love of truth be productive of error.

It is of importance, in the first place, to determine what is the exact position to be assigned to our reasoning faculties. Are they the only source of knowledge, besides our bodily senses, so that we can only be said to know what we have either learnt by our senses or proved by our reason? Or have we other spiritual faculties which may give us even a greater certitude?

Our consciousness is sufficient to teach us that we know things apart from our senses and our reason. Neither sense nor reason can make us sure that the world around us has any objective reality; yet we are sure of our own existence and of that of the world in which we live. Indeed, intuition, although even it may lead us into mistakes, seems to be the surest of all sources of knowledge. The use of reason seems to be, partly, to extend by inference the knowledge which we derive from our intuitions and our senses, and, chiefly, to test the information so derived. It enables us to detect, and entitles us to cast aside, beliefs which can be shown to be false. It may go far, in some cases, to show that particular beliefs are true; but it does not entitle us to reject all knowledge of which we are unable to give logical proof.

If this is the true province of reason, it must be of the greatest importance to determine whether a belief in the usually-received doctrines of Christianity is reasonable.

Is there a God? That is the first question which a serious person will ask himself. Upon the answer to that question his right course of conduct must, in large measure, depend. It has been said that it is impossible for man to know that there is a God. Certainly, it is impossible to know completely any being who has the attributes of a God. Those attributes necessarily involve the idea of infinity, which our minds cannot comprehend. Moreover, no being can expect fully to understand that which is greater than itself. A God who could be fully comprehended by man would be inferior to man himself, and less worthy of worship. It seems, however, equally clear that any being, although infinitely great, can reveal to men His qualities, and enable them to know Him as certainly, although not as completely, as they know the material objects around them. Even matter is itself only imperfectly understood; its real nature is unknown; but we are not therefore ignorant of its qualities. All the material universe is a finite part of that which is infinite, revealed to finite beings; for we cannot but believe that space, although we perceive only the finite part of it, is infinite. Again, we can not only understand the qualities of matter, but we can learn, and that even more perfectly, the effect which material objects have upon ourselves. There is, therefore, nothing contrary to our experience in an infinite Being revealing to us His attributes in a finite form, and teaching us what is His will and what will be His conduct towards us.

If, then, we ask whether there is in fact a Being who has thus revealed Himself, a strong probability that there is arises from the fact that this has been the almost universal belief of mankind. Such a belief can hardly be accidental. It must spring either from the belief being one which commends itself to our nature or from the fact having been at some time made known to men and a tradition of the truth having been handed down. The fact of the existence of God, however, is capable of logical demonstration from our primary intuitions. The belief that all change has a cause is one of our intuitive perceptions. Either, then, the material universe has always existed or there is some other Being that brought it into existence. In either case there must be an existence which has been from everlasting. Moreover, we see around us constant changes; we give the causes of them various names, such as "gravity," "attraction," "vital force"; but the changes show either that matter has in itself powers of activity or that some external Being is daily causing the motions of the universe. In either case there must be an existence which has been from eternity and is still instinct with action and power throughout infinite space. Such an existence may well be denominated God.

The question, Is this God intelligent? immediately arises. The

adaptation of means to an end implies intelligence. If a geologist finds in the ground a stone not only chipped into the shape of an axe, but with a hole for a handle, he instantly assumes that it is the work of a man, not the result of chance. He is obliged to believe that the cause must have had intelligence. The world is full of instances of the adaptation of means to ends. The eye is an elaborate instrument; the insects have special means of concealment from their enemies; the different joints of the body are adapted to the purposes for which they are required. All these are proofs of intelligence. It may be said that Darwin has shown that they are the result of the laws of natural selection. Even if this be so, the argument is not affected. A piece of machine-made lace, although in the actual making of it no thought may have been needed, is no less a proof of intelligence than a piece of lace that is made by hand. The lace is a proof of intelligence either in the making of the fabric itself or in the making of the machines by which it has been woven. Thus, if the instances of adaptation in the world are the results of the laws of nature, the laws are themselves proof that there is an intelligent cause to which they owe their origin, which can only be God.

Two important inquiries remain. (1) Is the material universe God? or is God a spirit who has created and sustains it? (2) If God is a spirit who created and is sustaining the material universe, is He a person in the sense in which we are each conscious of a separate individuality, having feelings, desires, and wills of our own?

The existence of spirit as distinct from matter is known to us by our personal consciousness. Although some scientific men may have reasoned themselves into the belief that their material bodies are the whole of themselves, and are the source of feelings, of will, and of thought, the almost universal belief of men has been to the contrary; and most men have an intuition of the same kind as that by which they recognize the reality of the world around, that they themselves are distinct from their material bodies, although closely connected with and dependent upon them. Scientific men admit that they cannot explain how our bodies should think and feel; nor can they produce from matter any phenomena in any degree resembling those of thought and will. Thus, there is no evidence to contradict that afforded by our own consciousness. If there are spirits distinct from and superior in power to mere matter it is almost certain that God is a spirit. Otherwise, the less would be producing and sustaining the greater. Besides, if the only intelligences we know are spirits, the probability is that God, the infinite mind, also is a spirit.

Similar reasoning leads to the belief that God is a person. Our consciousness tells us that our personality is one of our highest

attributes; and all the spirits that we know are persons. It is reasonable, therefore, to believe that God is an intelligent and personal spirit. The certainty of this can be derived only from individual consciousness, or from a revelation made by Him to mankind.

It should never be forgotten, that although we may be able to show that this view is reasonable, it either is or is not true in fact. Our belief, or non-belief, cannot affect its reality, or lessen the result of our opposing or incurring the anger of God if His existence is real. Further, it must be remembered that it is reasonable to act on probabilities. Only a fool will fail to provide against a probable danger because it is not certain to befall him. In daily life our actions are seldom guided by a certain knowledge of results. It is true that personal intercourse with God needs trust and fixed belief. Probability, however, should suffice to lead a man to follow the moral law, and to seek to know God, opening his heart to receive any teachings that may be given him. To men who do so there comes a certainty from the consciousness of their own spirits holding communion with the Divine Spirit. Such certainty, if above reason, is not contrary to reason. Facts and inferences, as we have seen, are confirmatory.

The next question to be considered is, Has God revealed His will to men? and, if so, in what way?

It would certainly seem probable that a personal God having control over men, and moved by wishes which must necessarily have some relation to their conduct, would make those wishes known to them. This would be the case with the only personal spirits of whom we have distinct knowledge, from whose conduct we may fairly reason by analogy. There are two ways in which it might be supposed that God would thus reveal his will. Either He would so create men that they should have an instinctive knowledge of His will, or He would communicate it to the minds of some men, and lead them, either by speech or by writing, to communicate it to the rest of the race. There is a third possibility. In itself it does not seem probable; but it has been expected by a large part of mankind. God might assume the human form, and make known His will by example as well as by precept. Such a revelation although, like all finite revelations of the infinite, only partial and incomplete, would be more nearly perfect than any other.

In setting out to inquire whether a revelation has been made in one, or in all, of those ways, we must remember that a revelation, as we have seen, is not, as is often assumed, improbable. Whether there has or has not been a revelation is a matter of fact to be inquired into, like any other matter of fact. The evidence for and against it must be weighed and compared.

First, then: Are men possessed of a nature which itself teaches them what is, and what is not, according to the will of God? That a large majority of men are conscious of a feeling of right and wrong no one, probably, will deny. This sense of right and wrong is not the same as the consciousness of what is desirable either for ourselves or for others; nor can it be explained as the result of long experience of what is advantageous to ourselves or to society. That might give rise to a tendency to act in a particular way, but it would hardly create a feeling of duty. On the other hand it is a fact that different races and persons have different feelings as to right and wrong. On most points, however, there is a very general consent. The most reasonable view, therefore, seems to be that the Creator has imbued us with a consciousness of His will, but that this has in some way become imperfect.

Secondly: Has God revealed His will by making certain men speak or write under His influence or teaching? There has been a belief among many nations that He has done so, and many writings are said to have been thus inspired; but the real interest of the question centres round the Bible, which has for centuries been believed by many of the ablest and noblest men to be a revelation from God. The fact of the existence of other sacred books may be used as an argument both for and against the Bible. The general belief in inspired writings seems to imply either that they are probable or that such writings are known to exist. On the other hand, the existence of such other books clearly shows that books may be received as divine which are not really so; and, therefore, the evidence of the inspiration of the Bible should be carefully examined and weighed.

The nature and extent of God's influence in the preparation of the books (or, in other words, the nature of inspiration) may be considered separately. The first and most important question is whether this collection of books, which professes to contain a statement of the character of God, of His will respecting men, of the cause of the imperfections of conscience and the disobedience of men to its dictates, and of a means by which men can be restored to perfect goodness and happiness, is or is not an imposture? It is impossible even to summarize here all the arguments that may be used. The following considerations, however, may show that it is not unreasonable to believe that the Bible is a revelation from God.—

1. As we have shown, there is nothing *à priori* improbable in this. On the contrary, a written revelation is probable; and there is no other book having such evidence of inspiration as the Bible. It is for those who say that the Bible is not inspired to prove their assertion.

2. The teachings of the book are wholly opposed to imposture

and deceit, and leave upon the mind of the reader an impression of truthfulness.

3. The book appeals to our consciences, and generally agrees with them; and so conscience and the Bible may be presumed to be the work of the same Being.

4. The book contains prophecies the fulfilments of which are too remarkable to be the result of accident: prophecies which cannot be explained as the result of human foresight.

5. The effect of the study of the book is to produce, both in nations and in individuals, the highest character and a special love of truth.

6. It contains in its description of the character of Christ the most perfect ideal that has ever been known, even according to the admission of those who disbelieve in its divine authority; and its description of man is entirely consistent with known facts. It can hardly be expected that these would be found in a work of impostors or of fanatics.

There are arguments on the other side; but those arguments rest mainly upon alleged imperfections in the moral teachings of the Bible, or untruth in its statements in matters of history and science. It is improbable that a divine revelation should contain such imperfections and errors; but our experience of the imperfections of conscience, and our knowledge (from observation and the Bible) of the imperfections and sins of man, lessen the improbability; nor can we ever judge with much certainty of the actions of an infinite Being.

Moreover, even those who feel most strongly the imperfections of the Bible would almost always admit that in the character of its ancient history, in the beauty of its morality, and in its effect upon character, it far excels all other ancient writings.

It is often said that any supernatural fact, such as an inspired book, ought only to be accepted on absolutely conclusive proof. This affirmation rests upon a misconception. If the existence of a revelation is probable (although it must from its very nature be supernatural—that is, outside, and apart from, the usual experiences of the natural world), then, if the Bible can be shown to be the only book which fulfils the necessary conditions, it should be accepted until it is disproved. There will be in its very existence a sufficient justification of its claim to guide our actions according to the principles upon which we usually act.

Thirdly, we have to inquire whether there is evidence to show that God has appeared in human form, teaching by example as well as by precept.

That Jesus Christ lived and taught, and died is proved not only by the accounts of His life, the Gospels, which, if not contem-

poraneous, are certainly of an early date, but by references in Josephus and other Jewish and heathen writers. It is proved also by the very existence of the Christian religion, and of the rites of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper, which cannot be explained otherwise. The question of vital importance to man's faith and conduct is, whether He was only a man, or was, in any real sense, an incarnation of the Divine Spirit and a revelation of God.

It may be well at this stage to repeat what has been said with regard to another matter. 1. The divinity of Christ is a matter of fact which cannot be affected by men's opinions respecting it. He either was or was not divine; and facts, whether we believe them or not, have an effect upon our lives. 2. There are means of knowledge other than our senses and our reason; and the chief function of reason is to test knowledge, howsoever derived.

Most Christians assert that they have a present personal relation to Christ which makes them certain of His existence and divinity. Such intuitive knowledge is not impossible; but the force of the statements as evidence to persons who do not share the consciousness is weakened by the fact that similar statements have been made with respect to other divinities, which must be fictitious if Christianity is true. The statements of Christians, however, are specially worthy of credit, because those who make them include many of the wisest and best men of the most enlightened age and country; and because they are usually accompanied by a change of character and life, which can be explained only on the ground that the statements are true. Apart from this direct evidence the proofs of the divinity of Christ are of many kinds. The character of Christ is not consistent with the theory that He was an impostor or a fanatic. Yet He must have been one of these if He made a false claim to be divine. That He did make that claim is certain, unless the Gospels were either written with an intention to deceive or are spurious and were written later than they profess to have been written. The former hypothesis is disproved by the character of the writings themselves; the latter is contrary to the best and most modern critical evidence. The effect of Christianity in changing savage and barbarous men into men of merciful and holy lives, and in raising the nations among whom it spreads to the highest civilization and power, shows that, unless an imposture can have such an effect, to believe which is contrary to our intuitions as well as to our experience, the Gospels are a real revelation. All the evidence for the inspiration of the Bible is evidence of the divinity of Christ, for the divinity of Christ is plainly asserted in the Bible. If that is inspired, Christ must have been divine.

Some of the reasons usually adduced for denying that Christ is divine must be considered.

The fact that a divine person is outside our experience is no evidence against His existence. In the nature of things, He must be unique. If it could be proved that the Bible was of no special authority this would only take away one branch of the argument in favour of the divinity of Christ. It would be no evidence against it. No attempt has been made to show that there is anything in Christ's character or life, as disclosed in the Bible, inconsistent with divinity. It has been said that so great and surprising an event as the Incarnation ought to have the strongest proof before it is believed. The greater the issues at stake, however, the more reasonable it is to act upon the faintest probability. Very slight evidence that the house was on fire would induce a person to escape, or to take steps to extinguish the fire; and the issues dependent upon the divinity of Christ are the greatest that can be conceived. We have already seen that, although the Incarnation is important and unique, there is no inherent improbability in an Incarnation. Any evidence in its favour ought, therefore, to be sufficient to influence our conduct. Other opponents rely on the fact that Christianity has been disbelieved by some of the greatest men of modern times. But the greatest men in the two professions whose training best fits them to judge of evidence and to appreciate mental phenomena, lawyers and politicians, have in our generation accepted Christianity. Lord Cairns, Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne, Lord Herschell, and Lord Halsbury (the last five Lord Chancellors), Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury (the last two Prime Ministers), have been avowed Christians. It is perhaps true that most of the present leaders of physical science do not believe in Christ; but professors of physical science are the persons whose opinion on this question is the least deserving of weight. Our powers and faculties are always dependent upon use. No one would apply to a musician on a question depending on delicate sight; or to a London artificer, instead of to an agricultural labourer, to have omens of the weather interpreted. By the very nature of their pursuits, the professors of physical science are obliged to study only the phenomena of the material universe, and to seek no explanation of that which they observe from spiritual sources; and thus their powers of discerning spiritual facts are necessarily weakened. Some of them, of course, apart from their scientific pursuits, will keep up a relationship with spiritual truth; and men like Stokes and Huggins, of our own day, like Maxwell, and like Faraday and Newton, in former generations, have been among the greatest men of science and yet devout believers in revelation. It must also be remembered that religious questions such as those with which we have been dealing are those in which bias is especially likely to arise and to influence the judgment; and in regard to which, therefore, we have least reason to rely

implicitly on the opinions of persons distinguished only by intellectual eminence.

The evidence in favour of each of the truths which we have been discussing is greatly increased when the truths are viewed as a whole. The chief ground upon which many scientific truths, such as the law of gravitation, are believed is that they afford a reasonable explanation of facts that are known to exist, or, at least, of so many of them that the imperfection of our knowledge may well account for their appearing to be inconsistent with the rest.

The same argument may be used in favour of the existence of God, and the truth of His revelation in the Bible, and in Christ. We find a world marked by intelligence and goodness, yet full of suffering and apparent defects; we find men with consciences, whose moral nature is imperfect. The Bible gives a reasonable explanation of these incongruities. It tells us of a God, perfect in love and in power, but ruling by laws which cannot be broken with impunity; and of a plan adopted by God for saving His creatures from the result of their sin, without lessening the authority of His laws. The difficulties which appear in this explanation have been shown in the famous work of Bishop Butler to be found also in the facts we actually experience in the world. Therefore, they cannot be a well-founded objection to Christianity. The fact that Christianity deals largely with matters that are infinite accounts for its containing much that is incapable of proof, and even some things that are apparently contradictory; and prevents the latter from affording any argument against it. It may at first sight appear that this would afford an answer to the objections to the other schemes which have been put forward by the opponents of Christianity to account for the phenomena around us. Such schemes, however, are founded on material and finite considerations, and we can, therefore, state with certainty that they would not account for the results which we observe.

Although anyone who has admitted the reasonableness of the conclusions at which we have arrived will find in them sufficient to lead him to spend his life in the worship and service of God, there are two further questions upon which he will naturally seek to form an opinion.

First: In what sense is the Bible a revelation? Is it such a direct revelation that we may trust it implicitly? and are bound by its statements and commands? Or is it only a book containing the opinions of wise and holy men, made so by divine influence, from which, by the aid of our own reason and conscience, we are to learn what is God's will concerning us?

It might have at first appeared certain that if God gave a revelation to man it would have been sure to be a perfect one; but the fact that our consciences are imperfect destroys any such presump-

tion. The question, therefore, is one that must be considered upon its own evidence. The only person whose opinion on the subject ought to be conclusive is Jesus Christ. He, if divine, must have known the mode in which the Bible was written, and in what sense it is the Word of God. Whatever He has said upon the subject must be taken in due relation to the knowledge and belief of those who heard Him; but He could not, it would seem, without a failure in truthfulness, have used as conclusive what He knew was not so, or stated the Bible to be infallible, and the Word of God, when He was aware that it was not. There appears to be no doubt that the Jews had the Old Testament, in the days of Jesus Christ, substantially as we have it now, and that it was this Testament that He used. The important question, therefore, is, What did He say regarding it? The four Gospels profess in several passages to give an account of His sayings respecting it. At this stage it cannot be assumed that they are strictly accurate; but as writings by contemporaries, and in some sense a revelation, we may accept them as giving His teachings substantially. What the four Gospels state to be His teachings on this matter each person must decide for himself. The facts are well summarized in a little book by the Swiss Reformer Gaussen, entitled *It is Written*. It can hardly be doubted that Christ everywhere treats the statements of the Old Testament as entirely trustworthy, and its history as true. On several occasions, when quoting passages not differing, apparently, from the rest of the Psalms, or other book that He is quoting, He used the expression, "The Lord said," or "God said." Putting all the passages together, anyone who was merely seeking to ascertain His opinion, as he might seek to ascertain that of any theologian from his writings, would not doubt that he thought the Old Testament was a binding record of the will of God, and that it contained not merely the teachings of holy men, but teachings which God in some way made them put down as His message to men. To adopt the expression which Paul uses of the opinions of the Thessalonians about his own teaching: He accepts it not merely as the word of man, but as the Word of God. If the Old Testament is in this sense a revelation from God, few will doubt that the New Testament is equally so. It has all the same characteristics. It has had the same effect upon men's character. It has been equally accepted by the best men as truly inspired. It is necessary to complete the revelation shadowed forth by the Old Testament, with which it is in accord. If we turn to the writings of the apostles, who were the companions of Christ, and must have known His opinions, and who themselves claim to be under a divine influence, we find them also treating the Bible as a divine revelation. The question then arises: Are there such conclusive reasons for thinking that the Bible is not

in this sense the Word of God, as to outweigh the evidence as to the opinions of Christ and His apostles, or the reliance that we should place in them ?

Before considering some of the arguments that are relied on by the supporters of the opposite view, let us see what is involved in a statement that the Bible is a revelation from God, written directly under His influence, so that it may be truly called His Word.

I. It does not follow that a text taken at random will be true in fact or in its teaching. To write a dialogue in which one person should state false views, and the other should give the answers to them, may be the best way of conveying truth; yet no one would quote a sentence from the former as expressing the writer's own opinions.

II. Physical facts will be spoken of according to their apparent rather than according to their real nature. An astronomer, as well as the most ignorant person, would speak of the sun "rising" and "moving across the heavens"; yet no one would accuse him of untruthfulness.

III. Whatever was the nature of the inspiration under which the books of the Bible were written, it has been left to man to preserve them during a succession of ages, and to make them known, by translations, to the different races of men; and in both processes errors are likely to have found their way into the English Bible. This does not prevent the question whether, as originally written, the Bible was correct from being of importance. We are able, by care and study, to attain more and more closely to the original words; but if these cannot be relied on we have no means of correcting them.

IV. A revelation, intended for all ages, must contain parts specially suited to different nations and times, and should not be judged entirely from one point of view. The lessons which a wise teacher gives to a child are different from the advice which he tenders to the youth going forth into the world, or to the man who is perplexed amid the duties of life; and teaching which is appropriate to Christian civilization would have been useless to the early Jewish nation. The morality, indeed, cannot be inconsistent if the whole Bible is a revelation of the Divine Being, nor the statements of His character or nature contradictory; but different views of duty may be given, and the revelation may be fuller as men are prepared to receive it.

It is impossible here to consider all the arguments that have been adduced to show that the Bible is not a revelation, or that it is, at most, only a book from which, by the aid of our own consciences and intuitions, we are to extract the truth. One or

two of them, however, may be dealt with; and certain general considerations tending to show that the balance of evidence is in favour of the view expressed may be suggested.

It is said that the books of the Bible are clearly composite, and that, in particular, the early chapters of Genesis are formed of parts of two earlier documents. Whether this be so or not, there is no ground for saying that the way in which God influenced the writers to convey His will would be by original composition only, and not by compilation from existing documents. The nature of the action of the Divine Spirit upon the human spirit is outside the range of our reasoning faculties, and the fact that its result is not what we should have expected will not, therefore, render the belief in it unreasonable. It would appear, moreover, both from our personal experience in the present day, and from the fact that the personal characteristics and style of the writers are as marked in those prophetic passages, which must have been the result of verbal guidance, as in any others, that inspiration, whatever its nature may be, does not prevent the personal action of the mind of the writer.

G.W.R. MECHANICS

It is said, also, that the style and the dialect of the earlier books of the Old Testament show that they were written long after their professed dates—probably after the Babylonian captivity. This is not an opinion held by all biblical scholars in the same way as the Copernican system is held true by all scientific men. The dates of the writing of the books of the Bible are not facts which can be proved by experiment like a fact in nature. These late dates only represent the opinion formed by certain scholars. Scholars of as great learning, heretical and orthodox, have, until a late period, held views different from those to which I have adverted, and there has been no discovery of fresh documents or facts which would prevent the opinions of earlier students from being of weight. Similar opinions have from time to time been held respecting other authors; and they have not always, after further inquiry, proved correct. The question appears to be one upon which an ordinary reader may to a great extent use his own judgment. A spurious book can usually be detected by the ordinary reader. It is indeed a grave disadvantage to read only a translation, in which the marks of a late origin may be concealed; but against this we may set the fact that a student whose mind is constantly employed in examining minute matters is apt to exaggerate their importance, and to lose the consciousness of those broad characteristics which are yet the most important marks of genuineness.

It is objected that the Bible contains an account of miraculous events, and vouches their reality. Now, if a miraculous revelation is probable (as has been shown), miracles cannot be improbable.

In all human affairs those who make general laws or rules act apart from them in special circumstances. There seems no ground, therefore, in the fact that the God, who made the universe, governs it by general laws, for supposing that He will not act apart from those laws when occasion arises. A miracle without any reason for it is improbable. A miracle in connection with a divine revelation is not.

Lastly, it is said that the Bible is full of contradictions, of statements which can be shown to be inaccurate, and of doctrines which are contrary to true morality as taught us by our consciences or by other parts of the Bible itself. With regard to the Bible's opposition to our conscience, it must be remembered that the use of a revelation is to correct our consciences, and that it will probably, therefore, differ from them on some points; but if it is otherwise proved to be a revelation it should be used to correct our opinions, and should not be subordinated to them. A revelation which is only to be followed when it agrees with our previous views cannot be of much avail. Of the inaccuracies, some are, doubtless, due to miscopyings and mistranslations. Some statements which seem inaccurate seem so because of our own lack of knowledge.

With regard to the contradictions in doctrine, and in statements, which are to be found in the Bible, it must have been noticed by anyone accustomed to biblical study that many apparent contradictions which have seemed quite insoluble have been shown by some happy suggestion to be no contradictions at all. The question to be settled, therefore, is, whether it is more likely that there are explanations in the other cases, which we have not discovered or heard of, or that the divine revelation should have contained contradictions. On the one hand, the imperfection of our consciences shows that a divine revelation is not necessarily perfect or complete. On the other hand, there are the arguments already brought forward—especially the teaching of Christ and His apostles—to show that the Bible is altogether trustworthy. There is a danger that Christian men, in weighing these arguments, should lean unconsciously to the view of the modern critics. The dread of so-called narrowness (although where the truth is narrow this can be no fault) influences some. The fact that, in some cases, the opinions of Christian men have had to be changed to accord with the discoveries of science leads others to the unscientific view that facts suggested, but not yet proved, may be treated as certain, and that, therefore, Christian belief should be made to accord with them. Many assertions supposed to be statements of facts will in the future be disproved; and, if the preponderance of evidence (taking due account of the Bible and religious probabilities) be against them, it is unreasonable to believe them. It is a tendency too hastily

to accept facts and theories that have not been established, rather than a tendency to narrowness, that is the danger of the present age.

On the whole, the weight of authority and evidence at present constrains us to believe that God influenced the spirits of certain men from time to time in such a way as to lead them to write or to compile books which, with a view to the wants of succeeding ages, were the most fitted to convey His will to men; that those books may be relied on for our guidance in morality and in religion; and that as originally written they contained nothing that could not be fairly put forth by a Being who knew all things and was truthful, and, indeed, Himself the Truth. We are bound to submit our consciences to the teaching of those books. This view of the Bible appears to be strongly confirmed by the influence which the book has, upon those who read it reverently, in producing characters the general excellence of which is acknowledged by all.

It remains to consider the substance of the revelation which is contained in the Bible and in the life and death of Christ, and whether there is anything in it contrary to reason or conscience. It is sometimes asserted that the division of Christians into sects shows that there is no certainty what the revelation is. The fact that Christians do not feel bound to agree on all points gives, on the contrary, additional certainty that the main points, those on which they do agree, are really the substance of the revelation. Their differences in other and minor matters are in accordance with those of other works of God, which are always marked by variety in form and structure. There is a practical unanimity among Christians upon certain points. Christians are unanimous that men are sinners, who have broken the divine law, and are liable to a punishment which is described as death and involves great suffering; that Christ, the divine revelation and incarnation, died to save men from their sin; that, in consequence of His death, some men will escape the punishment of their sins, and will have an everlasting life; and that, at any rate in the case of those who have heard of Christ and His offer of pardon, this requital depends upon their believing in Christ and their acceptance of His offer. Some doubt whether salvation depends upon the death of Christ, and not only on the example and teaching of His life, has been expressed. The sacrifices in the Old Testament which were prophetic of Christ's salvation, and the two memorial rites of the New Testament, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are representative of His death; and it can hardly be denied that, according to the teaching of the apostles (which must be accepted if the Bible is a revelation), we are saved by the death of Christ. Is such a doctrine reasonable? Wherever men are associated together, whether in places of

business or in political states, it is necessary, in order to secure their happiness, that rules should be laid down for their government. This is more necessary as their numbers are larger, and their interests more complicated. It would seem reasonable to suppose the same thing must be of supreme importance in the government of the universe. It is easy to see that in the natural universe it is only the perfect regularity of what we call material laws that makes any provision for the future, or, indeed, any happy existence in the present, at all possible. There can be no reason to doubt that the same is true with respect to moral laws. All such rules and laws necessarily have a sanction. It would be impossible in any human institution to give such effect to the laws as is necessary to the happiness of the community, if those who broke them were left unpunished. Thus, in large establishments the kindest masters often feel bound to prosecute in a case of theft, although the criminal is sincerely repentant. They would gladly overlook the crime if he alone had to be considered. It would seem that if pardon is ever to be given it must be under conditions which would prevent other transgressors expecting to escape, and secure that the guilty persons themselves should not repeat the offence. The Law-giver Himself suffering the penalty, in whole or in part, would seem to afford the necessary assurance of His determination not to treat lightly the transgression of His law, and thus to enable Him justly, and without danger to others, to forgive those for whom He suffered the punishment. It would also seem to give the offenders the strongest motive, the motive of gratitude, not to repeat the offence; but this only if they have accepted the pardon offered and recognized the Law-giver as their Saviour. Moreover, the apostles teach that the acceptance of pardon through Christ is accompanied by a spiritual influence which causes a change of character, and that those who really believe may be known by their holy lives. The experience of actual life confirms this. The apparent exceptions are no more than would be expected to arise from the profession of faith being often hypocritical, and from the defects of human nature rendering all human holiness imperfect. The plan of salvation revealed to us in the Bible, and resting on the life and death of Christ as a divine man, is thus in accordance with human experience and the teachings of reason.

H. M. Bompas.

IN DEFENCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

Mr. Henniker Heaton's article in the June Number of *The Nineteenth Century* has naturally attracted considerable attention. The efficiency of the Postal Service is a matter which appeals to all of us. We reckon upon it as a part of the order of things, and we are somewhat staggered when we read that the every-day arrangements of our business and our pleasure are founded upon maladministration. If it be so, Mr. Heaton plays the part of a public benefactor in dinning his complaints into our ears, and the sooner the Headquarter Staff at St. Martin's-le-Grand can be reformed the better will it be for the country. It is clearly necessary to examine the indictment, and the evidence which can be brought to support the counts thereof; and then either to convict the accused or else to bid the accuser for ever hold his peace.

It must be confessed that the title of the article, "Post Office Plundering and Blundering," is open to criticism. Even though the phrase was coined originally to describe the policy of the Prime Minister of England, it is offensive. There is, however, a literary crime worse than inappropriate citation of an epigram, and that is want of logic and arrangement. Of this Mr. Henniker Heaton—the great teacher of methodical and business-like ways—is unquestionably guilty. One may read and re-read his article, and not be able to set it in order in one's mind. The misdoings of Parliament, the misdoings of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General, and the misdoings of the permanent staff acting in the name of the Secretary to the Post Office, are interlaced in a manner which defies analysis, and almost renders answer impossible. Of course, it is common ground with all writers upon postal reform that the questions at issue are mainly financial. Probably Mr. Heaton would himself admit this, and, if Socratically pressed, admit, further, that some slight understanding of finance was part of the necessary equipment of a *soi-disant* Rowland Hill. What his own economic qualifications may be one can only judge from what one reads.

"We pay handsomely for our Post Office," the critic writes. "We look to have the service made as cheap, efficient, and accessible, as possible." The guileless reader naturally agrees with this very

proper sentiment. Parliament, he thinks, pays handsomely for Post Office buildings, mail trains, postmen's uniforms, wages, &c., and naturally ought to be well served. This, however, is not at all that Mr. Heaton means. On the next page of his article we find the public "paying the Department so lavishly that the latter nets an annual profit of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000." To disentangle and harmonize the two statements as they stand is impossible. Their apparent meaning is that Mr. Heaton and his colleagues in the House of Commons vote to the Post Office for carrying on its business about £3,000,000 a year more than it requires, and that somebody puts this trifle away in a Departmental pocket so that it is lost to the cheated taxpayer. Mr. Heaton, of course, although he cannot explain them, knows the facts of Post Office finance; but, as they may not be so well known to general readers who are not Members of Parliament and do not pose as specialists on the Post Office, an exposition may be useful.

First, the Post Office has not one single penny of its own to play with. When it sells a stamp, or a postal order, or anything else, the proceeds go straight into the national Exchequer to the credit of the taxpayer. Not one single mite may be withheld for working expenses or for anything else. All these working expenses—buildings, plant, mail trains, salaries, &c.—are voted by Parliament year by year—not out of the postal revenue, but—as a part of the general expenditure of the country. What Mr. Heaton really means, then, or ought to mean, when he says that the Department is so lavishly paid that it nets an annual profit of £3,000,000, is that the revenue which it collects for the public exceeds by that nice little sum the amount which the public pays for the service. A notable offence on the part of an inefficient Post Office! Even supposing that, in order to achieve this result, the Post Office, as steward of the public, were guilty of too rigid an enforcement of its master's laws, surely Mr. Heaton is the only man alive who could describe such a policy as "consistent meanness towards the public."

We are endeavouring to explain principles, before going into the details of the "petty tyrannies" of the Post Office. What has been said should make it clear that one of the main questions to be solved when there is a cry for a postal reform which will either cost money or sacrifice revenue is this: How far is it just that the whole community should pay for an advantage which will accrue to a particular locality or to a particular class of persons? This question is one which apparently has no meaning to Mr. Heaton; yet he was one of the Committee on the Estimates of the Revenue Departments in 1888, and presumably agreed to the Report, which, with the evidence, is a perfect mine of information upon the subject.

"It seems," Mr. Heaton says, "to be an established rule, for instance, that remote and sparsely-peopled localities should not be supplied with a telegraph office unless the householders will guarantee the Department a certain sum per annum." He proceeds to quote a letter from the Rector of Avening (misprinted "Avering") complaining that "the Secretary of the General Post Office requires a guarantee of £28 before he will grant us a telegraph office." Wicked Secretary! Yet Mr. Heaton was present in Committee on May 4, 1888, when the late Mr. Patey explained that "the Treasury have laid down the rule, upon which the Postmaster-General has acted, that an extension will not be made to any particular locality unless the amount of business is sufficient to cover the cost, or unless persons interested in the extension are willing to guarantee the cost." It would be interesting to learn from the Rector whether the Secretary took upon himself the responsibility of refusing the application. He probably quoted the Treasury rule. If so, why was not the case truly represented to Mr. Heaton? At any rate, the complaint must be a little out of date; for the Rector says that there is no money-order office and no savings bank at Avening, though there have been both for six months now. This case is a crucial instance of the way in which the Post Office is blamed, by persons who ought to know better, for merely carrying out the instructions of Parliament and the Treasury. Whether these instructions be right or they be wrong, it is the plain duty of the Postmaster-General and his staff carry them out.

While Mr. Heaton is so ignorant of what really is the policy of Parliament, it is idle for him to say that he would "undertake to get through Parliament in a week any amending Bill which would relieve the public from such vexations and disabilities as have been pointed out." Let him obtain from Parliament a mere declaration in favour of extending the telegraph to country villages at a loss. We shall believe in him, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will bless him, and the payers of income-tax will call him a true statesman.

It is really very strange that Mr. Heaton can be so ignorant of the mind of Parliament. "The wiseacres who control" the Post Office, it appears, endeavour to insist upon the names of payees and paying officers being written upon postal orders, in order "to prevent the public from posting or transmitting blank postal orders from hand to hand, instead of buying a fresh postal order for each transaction." This is by no means a generous policy, because "a small paper currency, while not affecting the banks,* is of great ser-

* In the June Number of *The Bankers, Insurance Managers, and Agents' Magazine*, there is an able article on the Savings Banks Bill, in which the writer

vice to the public." It is scarce credible that a man who desires to be taken as an authority upon postal matters can never have read the debates in Parliament when the Money-Order Acts were discussed, and can be wholly ignorant of the opinion that postal orders should not become paper currency, and of the assurance given by Mr. Fawcett that nothing of the sort should be allowed. If Mr. Heaton knows all this, where is his candour? If he does not know it, how can he claim to teach us the wishes of Parliament? Perhaps, however, it is only muddle, of which there is a grand example in the dissertation on post cards. We are told, quite correctly, that a post card is not sold for a halfpenny, there being a charge to cover the cost of material; and then we remember with astonishment how we read, on another page, that "I have long urged the Department to permit the transmission through the post of any card whatever of the regulation size, bearing an adhesive halfpenny stamp. By adopting this plan the Post Office would save many thousands a year, since they would be free from the necessity of providing the material of post cards, the manufacture of which costs £283 per million. The halfpenny stamps only cost £16 a million." Alas for the logic of the Member for Canterbury! the Post Office sells post cards for a halfpenny *plus* the cost of manufacture and a little profit; yet it loses all the cost of manufacture. It would be interesting, moreover, to be informed whether Mr. Heaton remembers the time when post cards actually were sold for a halfpenny each, and the outcry from the stationery trade which brought about the change. Probably he never heard of it.

The reason why ordinary cards bearing letters cannot be allowed to pass by post for a halfpenny is that such a concession would be the thin end of the wedge for the destruction of the penny letter post. If a card of any size and bearing an adhesive stamp were allowed to be sent for a halfpenny with a letter written on it, a demand that a piece of paper of any size bearing a written letter should, if open to inspection, pass for a halfpenny, would instantly arise. This would practically merge the post card into the book post. Letters would be sent in open envelopes by halfpenny post; and the profit derived from the letter post, on which the postal revenue almost entirely depends, would be seriously jeopardized.

Mr. Heaton should refer to the Report of the Committee of 1888. There he will find it stated:—

"Looking at what had previously happened in Parliament, it was expected that Mr. Heaton, as member of this Committee, would cross-examine Sir Arthur Blackwood and Mr. Patey so as to bring the blundering and plundering of the Department into the full light of day. He asked scarcely a question, and brought

characterises the present Postal-Order system as "an extremely unfair thing to the other banks," because Postal Orders are not liable to stamp duty.

out only his own powerlessness. With regard to the general conduct of the great business Department of the General Post Office in all its branches, your Committee desire to make some concluding remarks. The penny letter is the great, if not the exclusive, source of annual profit"; and "there is a loss on all halfpenny business."

We may gather from these sentences that there may possibly be some reason, other than the superfluity of the naughtiness of permanent officials, for the non-adoption of this particular proposal of the great reformer.

Before examining the chief of Mr. Heaton's charges in detail, there are still a few observations on his methods of controversy which must of necessity be made. His usual plan has been to ask a question in the House of Commons, which elicits from the Postmaster-General a reason, or several reasons, why a certain step cannot be taken, or why, at any rate, it should be postponed. The plan which would be pursued by most men in such a contingency would be to endeavour to find a good answer to the objections urged. This is not Mr. Heaton's way. His plan is to "lie low" for a time. After a few months he brings up the same point, in the original form, in a newspaper or in a Review, utterly ignoring the reasons which have been previously advanced against it. A remarkable example of this method occurred last year. On August 25 a letter from him appeared in *The Times* abusing the Post Office for not carrying out nineteen alterations which he named. On September 13 an answer, by "Mastix," challenged him on eight of the most important. On the 26th Mr. Heaton replied in detail as to six of the eight points; but, on the plea of want of time, he said nothing as regards the two others. To this "Mastix" replied on October 1, refuting Mr. Heaton's arguments on the six points, and going fully into the two important points (the cash-on-delivery system, and the agricultural parcel-post) which he had omitted to notice. Then the controversy ceased. Mr. Heaton did not reply. Nine months elapse, however; and Mr. Heaton again brings up most of the eight points as he stated them in his letter of August 25, ignoring the arguments brought against them, the arguments to which he was at the time unable to reply. Mr. Heaton will surely find, by-and-bye, that he cannot afford to let judgment go against him in the columns either of *The Times* or of the Reviews, and that he will either have to sustain his position by argument or retire from his office of Postal Reformer.

I. Mr. Heaton first of all complains of the multiplicity of rules. "If," he says, "a man would travel by railway, he buys his ticket, takes his seat, and is smoothly whirled away to his destination; but if he would have a letter, newspaper, or parcel, transmitted, it must be weighed, classified, inscribed with certain particulars, tied

up or left unfastened,"—&c. This is an obviously false analogy. The proper analogue for the different postal rates is clearly the table of railway rates—not for passengers, but—for merchandize. The Post Office has six classes of inland rates—letters, book-packets, newspapers, post cards, samples, and parcels. If anyone takes the trouble to learn those rates he knows all; but is there any single person alive who knows the millions of different rates in force on our railways? This is not to be taken as an assertion that the six classes of rates are not too many. Indeed, it would be good to see the book rate, the newspaper rate, and the sample rate made identical. The book-post now admits certain written or partly-written documents, and thus it fines off insensibly into the letter-post. Yet a line must be drawn somewhere, and all who find their documents on the wrong side of that line feel aggrieved. In default of any broad distinction, a somewhat artificial line is drawn, and the only plan is to adhere to it strictly.

II. The non-admission of imitation type-written circulars by book-post has undoubtedly been a grievance; but the difficulty of discriminating between a type-written letter and a facsimile reproduction is very real. It has now been met by allowing circulars in imitation of type-writing to pass by book-post when handed in twenty at a time. This is the rule in other countries, and is the only practical one under which the concession could have been made. Mr. Heaton's statement that any intelligent lad can distinguish one from the other is absurd. Facsimiles are now purposely made in such a way as to imitate every peculiarity of the original. As the postal rule in this matter has only just been changed, Mr. Heaton's mistake in supposing that no change in the rule has been made is quite excusable; but when he goes on to speak of the Post Office punishing politeness by refusing to let certain printed words pass by book-post he gives the clearest proof of how little he knows of the great Department which it is the business of his life to criticize. The book-post rules were revised last year, and since June, 1892, any printed words have been admissible. What has been said under head I. applies, however, in this case: the line drawn is, was, and must always be, artificial and irritating. The only thing that can be done is to make the frontier as short and straight as possible.

III. Until recent years, newspapers were carried by post free of charge; but, now they pay a halfpenny each, irrespective of weight. Probably it was never contemplated when this regulation was made that newspapers would attain a weight, as they now sometimes do, of over 3 lbs. While a book-packet of that weight is charged a shilling, a newspaper pays 1-24th of that sum. Under such an extraordinary regulation it is no wonder that newspapers yearly increase in size,

or that all sorts of publications are striving to obtain the newspaper privilege. Here again a frontier has to be drawn—this time between book-post and the newspaper-post. How is it to be drawn? To be on the right side of the line means profit to publishers of hundreds or thousands of pounds; but in order to be on the right side certain conditions must be fulfilled, the chief of which are that the paper shall consist in great part of news and shall appear at least once a week. It must be confessed that it is difficult to see why weekly newspapers should have this enormous advantage over monthly magazines, quarterly reviews, yearly directories, and periodical editions of encyclopædias. Mr. Heaton thinks that religious, scientific, and educational papers should not be handicapped as they are by exclusion from the newspaper privilege. Most people will agree with him; and, as he is so eager to bring in a Bill to remove anomalies, he might well bring in one to abolish the present newspaper rate, and allow all periodicals published at least once in three months to pass at the rate of a halfpenny per 8 oz., the rate charged in the United States. This change could probably be made with little expense; for, whilst books and periodicals would pay less than at present, the larger newspapers would pay more. The gain would balance the loss. Mr. Heaton's statement that "if a letter is sent in a newspaper wrapper the embossed stamp does not count" is absolutely erroneous.

IV. The Agricultural Parcel-Post is one of the points on which Mr. Heaton was challenged by "Mastix." He was asked how he proposed to define agricultural produce, and how it would be possible to prevent tradesmen from using such a post for other than agricultural produce. Shall a grocer, for example, be allowed to send butter by agricultural parcel-post while he is forced to send a cheap mineral commodity like salt at the ordinary parcel rate? Tea, again—is that agricultural produce? How is bacon to be classified? Is catsup an agricultural product? If it is, how about Worcester Sauce? Is it good policy to add one more to the existing classes of postal rates? Mr. Heaton says the "Post Office officials exhaust themselves in finding objections to it." It is, on the contrary, for him to prove its feasibility. It cannot be said that he has exhausted himself in any attempt in that direction.

V. Mr. Heaton gives us another example of Post Office blundering in the form of a letter from a provincial tradesmen whose grievance is that by means of the parcel-post London tradesmen can supply his customers as cheaply and as quickly as he can. The rural postmen, of course, are not allowed to serve two masters by carrying private parcels to compete with postal parcels: in other words, they may not carry private parcels under 11 lbs. This astute tradesman, therefore, when he has a small parcel to send into the

country, makes it up to over 11 lbs. by means of a brick, and the rural postman carries it for him. He now coolly asks why he should be put to the trouble and annoyance of adding a brick! This reminds us of Mr. Barry Lindon, who, when he was forced to cut down the trees in his wife's park to pay his gambling debts, felt he had a legitimate grievance against her ancestors because they had planted elms instead of oaks. Commenting on this tradesman's complaint, Mr. Heaton remarks that, "owing to the excessive charges made for the conveyance of parcels over small distances, trade is diverted from small country towns to the Metropolis." This, if it means anything, means that the Post Office rates for parcels ought to vary with the distance, which, of course, is contrary to the principle of uniform rates, on which the Post Office system is founded. Now, if Mr. Heaton is going to make such a suggestion as this, it should be put forward seriously and with weighty reasons; but that is not his intention at all. Any stick is good enough to beat the Post Office with; and as long as he can do this, and the public will stand it, he is prepared to say anything. It so happens that Mr. Heaton's original answer to this country tradesman's letter appeared in *The Yorkshire Post* of September 27. In it we read: "I am bound to say that I entirely sympathize with your grievance. As to remedying it—that is another matter. As you know, the uniformity of postal rates irrespective of distance is the chief secret of their success." Will Mr. Heaton explain why in nine months he has thus diametrically changed his views on so important a point, and what reasons have led him to change them? It is interesting to observe that Mr. Heaton is in favour of the "cash-on-delivery" system, which would undoubtedly do much to benefit the trade of large towns at the expense of country tradesmen. When Mr. Heaton wrote to *The Times* in August last he abused the Post Office for not introducing this system; but "Mastix" appears to have taught him—what he as an expert on Post Office matters ought to have known—that it is the Exchequer, not the Post Office, which is the real opponent of this charge. Mr. Heaton now actually admits that that is the case.

VI. In no part of his article are Mr. Heaton's peculiar methods and want of knowledge on Post Office matters better exemplified than in his treatment of the Express Delivery services.

"Not only," he says, "are the porterage charges far too high in proportion to the wages paid to the messengers, but the service is hampered with the necessity of filling up a complicated form, writing certain words on a particular part of the cover, and, above all, attending at some Post Office to hand the message over the counter. This last provision is puerile and vexatious. Why cannot an express letter be stamped with a special crimson stamp, or a

stamped crimson envelope used, and posted in the nearest pillar-box overnight, so as to be delivered the first thing in the morning, as in every country where common sense governs the postal administration?" It is open to anyone who wishes to find out the rules to consult the Post Office Guide. Had Mr. Heaton taken the trouble to read and understand the rules of the service as given in that periodical, he would have discovered that there are two classes of express service, the "Local Service, Express Throughout," and "Express Delivery after Transmission by Post." In the Local Service it is necessary that the packet should be handed in at an office where there is a delivery of telegrams. The reason for this regulation, which Mr. Heaton considers "puerile and vexatious," is simply that at those offices, and at those only, there is a staff of telegraph messengers to effect the required delivery. To hand in a packet at any other office or to post it in a pillar-box would simply be to court delay. The particulars on a complicated form which "hampers delivery" are merely the particulars necessary to check the time and the expenditure of the messengers, and are the same as are found necessary in the case of telegrams. As regards the tariff for this service it is to be observed that it is lower than the charge made by the District Messengers' Company, which competes with the Post Office.

In the other service the letter must bear the words "Express Delivery," legibly marked on the address side, together with a broad perpendicular line down the cover (a simpler plan than any special crimson stamp), and should be prepaid. It may then be posted either in a pillar-box or at a post office. On reaching the office of delivery by post, the letter is sent to its destination by special messenger. Thus, it can be "posted in the nearest pillar-box overnight, so as to be delivered the first thing in the morning"; and so, according to Mr. Heaton's own standard, England is one of the countries where "common sense governs the postal administration."

How the public appreciated the express services is shown by the fact that the articles dealt with in 1892 were 45 per cent. more numerous than those of the previous year.

VII. Mr. Heaton has not much to say about Telegraphs. His usual plan in the past has been to quote instances of words which should be regarded as compound words, and are not so regarded by the Post Office. The answer is that there is no recognized standard of compound words, and he will find that as regards most of the doubtful words the dictionaries differ.

He complains of excessive porterage charges. He says it has been proved to him that a boy who is paid five shillings a week earns for the Department sometimes ten shillings in a single morning.

Now, no charge is made for distances under one mile; but beyond that distance the rates are sixpence for over one mile, and one shilling for a distance of between two and three miles. A simple calculation will show that boy must have walked going and returning at the very least forty miles in one morning! Moreover, the question is—not what one boy may earn, but—what is the average earning of all the boys, most of whom would be engaged in delivering within the mile, and therefore would earn no porterage charge? The charge of twopence for a receipt for a telegram is certainly high, and Mr. Heaton would be doing a good work if he could persuade the Treasury to consent to its being reduced to a penny.

Another complaint is that when a telegraphic money-order is sent the payee has to call at the office for the money. The reason is simply that a boy messenger could not be safely trusted with paying a sum of money to a stranger. He would not be likely to exercise proper judgment, and the money might thus be easily paid to the wrong person.

VIII. Mr. Heaton next objects to double postage being charged on unpaid letters. Now, the whole penny-postage system is based on the obligation of prepayment. To collect postage on delivery is very expensive, and tends to delay delivery. It is certain that if no fine was charged the number of unpaid letters would increase enormously, and persons would constantly be annoyed by being called on to pay charges. It is easy to object that the person who ought to be fined is the sender, not the receiver; but this overlooks the fact that the addressee is at liberty to refuse to pay if he likes, and then the sender will be called on to pay. Our practice is that of the civilized world in general.

IX. Next we have a complaint that someone could not obtain reply post cards at a post office on Sunday. Surely Mr. Heaton might be expected to know that post offices are open on Sundays for telegraph business only. The counter clerk is supplied with stamps for telegrams. Sometimes he may have a few post cards in his drawer; but reply cards are little used, and if wanted should be bought on a week-day.

X. There are a few points in the article on which many people will be found to agree with Mr. Heaton. For example, the inland book-post rate and the sample rate are each a halfpenny per 2 oz.: but the minimum in the case of a sample is a penny, while a book can pass for a halfpenny. This needlessly complicates rates, and if Mr. Heaton has any influence with the Treasury he should try and get it changed.

The Post Office Guide—especially the Index, which is meagre to a degree—might be improved. When, however, Mr. Heaton goes on

to say that the United States Postal Guide may be recommended as a model, one wonders whether he has ever seen the book which he commends. The United States Guide contains 934 pages; ours has 454. The American rules, which are not clearly printed, are long and difficult to follow, and the reader is constantly referred to a still larger volume of Postal Laws; our Guide, with all its shortcomings, is, compared with the other, a model of clearness.

XI. As regards Rural Posts, Mr. Heaton says: "There are but one delivery and one collection a day, always at the most inconvenient hours." If Mr. Heaton knows of many such instances, he ought to bring them under notice. Posts should fit in as far as possible with the mail trains. If in some few cases they arrive later or start earlier than appears necessary, the reason is that further facilities would lead to excessive expenditure not warranted by the revenue arising from the post. Mr. Heaton may no doubt know of a case when the out-going post starts twenty minutes before the in-coming post arrives. Such cases are by no means uncommon in the remote parts of Scotland and of Ireland; but has local talent suggested to St. Martin's-le-Grand any possible remedy at a reasonable cost? That is the question.

XII. A system of Postal Orders with the Colonies, Mr. Heaton says, is urgently needed, and there is no great difficulty in the matter. There are very considerable difficulties, some of which have been pointed out to Mr. Heaton in that letter by "Mastix" which he has never yet answered. Forged English postal orders might easily be cashed in a distant colony. In England everyone knows the appearance of an English postal order; but how could a country postmaster in England be expected to discriminate between a genuine and a forged order from New South Wales or from Hong Kong? Anyone who wishes to test such a question has only to present an Irish £1 note at the counter of a London tradesman where he is not known.

It is true that English postal orders are to be obtained at Gibraltar, Malta, and the military stations in India; but a little reflection will show that this is a very simple matter compared with the extension of the system to our large self-governing colonies.

It is worth while to mention that a little farther on in his paper Mr. Heaton condemns postal orders as altogether unsafe, and suggests the adoption of the "mandat-carte" instead.

XIII. One of the trifling points on which Mr. Heaton lays so much stress, a point which he has urged again and again, is that Post Marks should bear the hours of collection in plain figures. This is done it seems in several colonies, and was done many years ago in England. The only reason, according to Mr. Heaton, why the change is not made is that it would enable the public to "trace,

check, and control the movement of correspondence, and bring home the guilt of delay to the right parties." This is precisely the sort of reason which Mr. Heaton might be expected to assign for any action on the part of the Post Office which he did not approve; but the real facts are as follows. The plan was in use in England when the postal system was less complex than at present, and it is still in use in countries where it is less complex than in England. To insert a small die of one letter in a date stamp, as is now done, is a simple matter; but if that letter is to be changed to a combination such as "11 a.m." all the dated stamps in the kingdom would have to be replaced by larger and more cumbersome ones at no small expense. Even this would not fully meet the case. As a glance at p. 131 of the Post Office Guide will show, the hour alone would be insufficient. It would be necessary to add the minutes,—*e.g.*, "11.45 a.m.,"—which would render a still further enlargement necessary. When all this expense had been incurred the result would be merely to mystify the public and lead to endless unfounded complaints. A further glance at the page of the Guide will show that the hours of collection for any given delivery vary at the offices in the same town. At Charing Cross, for example, a letter posted at 1 a.m. is in the same position as a letter posted at the General Post Office at 4.15 a.m.

For nine years Mr. Heaton has written and talked much on postal subjects; yet he has rarely, if ever, offered a practical and useful suggestion. He is quite sure that everyone and everything about the Post Office is wrong; but he has no idea how to set it right. It is time that he began to imitate Rowland Hill and to state his desires systematically. The abuse showered by Mr. Heaton on permanent officials for enforcing laws which they did not make would be scarce worth noticing were it not that the British public has a rooted fear of circumlocution and officialism, and seems sometimes unable to distinguish between the civil servant of to-day and the civil servant of half a century ago. The regularity of the Postal Service is the unwritten postulate that lies at the root of all our arrangements; and how often in a million times are we disappointed?

One Who Knows.

THE "PERSILES" OF CERVANTES.

It has been asserted, by some who are prepared to assert anything, that Goethe preferred the second part of *Faust* to the first, and that Milton thought his *Paradise Lost* inferior to his *Paradise Regained*. The latter assertion seems to be a traditional exaggeration of the witness of Phillips. According to the evidence of Milton's nephew, the mighty bard imagined his later epic at least equal to his former, and could not hear with patience any mention of its inferiority.

Cervantes is said to have shown a remarkable partiality similar to that attributed to Goethe and to Milton. He is said to have preferred his *Persiles* to his *Don Quixote*. The proof on which this statement is supported will be seen immediately. If he really supposed his *Persiles* the best book he had written, the popular verdict has not endorsed his opinion. The *Persiles* is known to only a few even by name; the *Don Quixote* is still (as Sancho said it was in his own time) "pawed by infancy, read by youth, understood by manhood, and praised by old age."

The *Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda: a Northern History* is dedicated by Cervantes to the Conde de Lemos—the patron to whom he dedicated his novels and the second part of *Don Quixote*—in an affecting epistle written on the day after he had received extreme unction. His letter may be compared with that addressed by Addison a fortnight before his death to Mr. Craggs. Both authors died of the same disease, dropsy. Addison says, "I have no time to lay out in forming compliments," and immediately proceeds to lay them on with a trowel. Cervantes writes: "With one foot already in the stirrup," for that long journey from which no traveller returns, "I maintain my life merely by my desire of living to salute you, and would that I might bargain not to dispose of it for any other value. Yesterday they gave me the extreme unction; and to-day I write this. My time is short; my pains grow more; my hope grows less. If my death be decreed, Heaven's will be done! You, at least, will know my desire, will know that I wished to serve you even beyond the grave." Four days after, Cervantes died.

Cervantes' first mention of his great prose serious epic, as Fenelon or Fielding would call it, who agreed with the Canonigo in *Don*

Quixote that an epic can be written also in prose, occurs in his preface to his novels in 1613. There he says, "My *Travails of Persiles* is a book which dares to compete with *Heliodorus*." At the conclusion of the dedication of the second part of *Don Quixote* to the Conde de Lemos, in 1615, he says, "I shall finish my *Travails of Persiles and Sigismunda*, which I here offer to your Excellency, within four months, *Deo volente:* a book which must be either the worst or the best ever composed in our language—that is, of books of entertainment;—and I repent me, I say, of having said the worst, since in the opinion of my friends it must reach the extreme of goodness possible."

If we may infer the goodness of a book from its numerous translations, the opinion of his friends seems not to have been without foundation in the judgment of his contemporaries. Only two years after its publication, it was rendered into French by De Rosset, as a "*Histoire Séptentrionale*, wherein, among the *traverses amoureuses* of the Prince of Thule and the Princess of Friesland, are contained many other adventures of our times, not less rare and memorable than moral and delicious." In the subsequent year there appeared an English translation of the French—the usual method by which Spanish literature was then and later introduced into England. The translator, imitating a fashionable cant now somewhat overworn, declares his work to be the effect of importunity and idleness; and quotes a Latin maxim, "Præstat nugas agere quam nihil agere." Then, fearing lest the reader might take him at his word, he adds, "But it is not altogether so light but that thou maist sometimes play the Bee." About half-a-dozen years later the *Persiles* was translated into Italian by a Milanese. In 1837 a German version was published in Leipzig by Ludwig Tieck, and in 1854 appeared another English version by Louisa Dorothea Stanley. Of all these translations the first and the last in time are perhaps the first and the last in value The later English translator seems, indeed, to have waxed somewhat weary of her "beautiful and almost angelic pilgrims," for towards the conclusion of the book their adventures are barbarously curtailed.

More than one eminent Spanish critic has considered *Persiles* the best of Cervantes' works. The theological dramatist, Valdivieso, a censor of taste and judgment, in his approbation of the book, given at Madrid upon its publication in 1616, says that none of the writings of Cervantes, "that illustrious son of our nation, and illustrious father of so many excellent sons with which he has happily ennobled it," is more ingenious, more cultivated, or more entertaining. As Jerome said of Origen with regard to the latter's commentary on the Canticles, so says Valdivieso of Cervantes, "Cum in omnibus omnes, in hoc se ipsum superavit." The priest is able

to find in the *Persiles* nothing contrary to the holy Catholic faith and good manners, but rather much honest and agreeable amusement. It must not be forgotten, however, that the critic was the author's friend. Mayans of Siscar, comparing it with *Don Quixote*, considers that it possesses greater invention and artifice in the matter and a more sublime style in expression. The carelessness of plan and the faults of construction which occasionally deform the one are corrected in the other with scrupulous vigilance and rigour.

That the *Persiles* is not as popular as *Don Quixote* is scarcely a matter of surprise. The subject of the latter is humorous, and the style easy. The characters are more common, their conduct is more intelligible, their number smaller. The disposition of the *Persiles* is artificial; its ornaments are sown with a more liberal hand. The episodes are entertaining; that of Rutilio is almost as splendid, and quite as disconnected with the action, as the Walpurgis-Nacht in *Faust*; but as in *Gil Blas*, *Wilhelm Meister*, or in the *Galatea*, they almost extinguish the interest of the main story. Had more intercalations like that of the "Captive" or of the "Curious Impertinent" been substituted in *Don Quixote* for such adventures as those of the wind and fulling mills, the Cavalier of the sad countenance had probably never attained his present fame. Thus it has happened that for one who is familiar with Sigismunda (who, even by a company of her own sex, was called Spotless Perfection) twenty thousand at least have learnt by heart the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, who, after all, was but the best hand at salting pork, in La Mancha.

It is time to give the reader some slight outline of the tale. Following the example of Homer, commended to the notice of the sons of Piso, and hurrying his hearer into the midst of matters, as though already known, Cervantes shows us the barbarian Corsicurbo standing at the narrow mouth of a deep pit in the "Barbarian Island," rather the tomb than the prison of the many living people buried therein. The old and wretched Clælia, the guardian of this dire abode, is ordered to bind a particular prisoner to a hempen rope let down for that purpose; and Corsicurbo, with the assistance of other barbarians, draws up into the light of day a young man of about twenty years of age, dressed in coarse linen like a sailor. His head, however, is covered with hair like countless rings of pure gold, and he is generally beautiful beyond all imagination. His cheeks are described in another part of the book as of mingled snow and grain. Such is the reader's introduction to Periander (as he is here called), the hero of the tale. His hands bound behind him, he is set on a raft, which is towed by some barbarians in the direction of an island a little distance off. A

storm breaks up the raft; and Periander is rescued by the captain of a Danish ship, a man named Arnaldo, son and heir of the King of Denmark. Periander is restored from a fainting condition by the aid of jam and scented wine, and is then sent below decks. Here he listens to the lamentation of one Taurisa, a lady who has some reason for regret, inasmuch as she is to be sold to the barbarians from whom he has just escaped, in order to discover whether a slave who has been taken by corsairs from Arnaldo be among the former owners of Periander. The slave about whom the captain is anxious is a lady of royal lineage, with whom he is deeply in love. She is (says Taurisa her waiting maid, who is telling to Periander the first of a long series of tales) the fairest woman in the world. The most fertile fancy could imagine nothing fairer. Her discretion is equal to her beauty, and her misfortunes vie with her discretion. Such is the heroine called for the present Auristela. We learn afterwards that she is seventeen years old, and that her wonderful fairness fetters all who see her, and is the occasion of all their subsequent follies. Periander proposes to the Captain to go, dressed as a woman, instead of Taurisa, to search for Auristela, whom he declares to be his sister. The Captain consents. The hero is sold for a quantity *à discretion* of gold and precious pearls, in which the barbarian isle abounds, by the intervention of a lady interpreter, Transila, who speaks in behalf of the barbarian purchasers to the vendor, in the Polish language, which is happily understood by the Danish Captain.

Now, these barbarians have a curious custom of sacrificing their male prisoners, whose hearts are afterward reduced to powder, and offered in a drink to the chief men of the island. He who drinks the compound without making a wry face becomes their king, and his son is to be the conqueror of the world. Clælia comes with another prisoner, whom the barbarians are about to sacrifice, from the dark pit in which Periander was confined. The shadow of the knife is already on his throat. Clælia declares the victim to be a woman. It is indeed Auristela. Her beauty, *teterrina belli causa*, excites some jealousy; a fight ensues; the island is fired; the barbarians murder one another; Clælia, Transila, Periander, and Auristela look on. Antonio, one of the barbarians bound as to his body by the skins of wild beasts, their single and simple fashion of attire, after speaking to Periander in Spanish, which language the hero happily understands, conveys the little party by a secret passage to a retired cave, where his father, mother, and sister dwell. In this smoky but warm apartment Antonio, the elder, the Spanish father, tells his story. It is somewhat long, like most of the stories in the book; but the chief event is that, having by some quarrel been cast adrift in a boat, he has arrived at the barbarian

island, where he has married, and lives in a cave, like Torquil and Neuha, in Byron's Island, to whose adventures those of Antonio and Ricla bear no little resemblance. The rest of the captives in the pit are saved by an Italian, Rutilio.

Then follows an account of their travels. They wander through many isles, snowy, untilled, unsown, and uninhabited, and in every isle a tale is told by some one of their company. Rutilio, a dancing master, being employed to teach a young lady the movements of the body, taught her also those of the soul, and falling into difficulties in consequence, at last became a hermit. Manuel de Sosa, a Portuguese soldier, has had the misfortune to meet with a sweetheart who, after promising to take no other husband on earth than he, afterwards, in an access of piety, breaks the word of promise to his hope by going into a nunnery. The poor Portuguese tells this tale at some length, and after crying, "*Maria optimam partem elegit*," dies at once, and is buried beneath the snow. It is, we are told afterwards, the custom of this nation thus to die for love. Then the captives arrive at a mystic isle called Golandia, variously interpreted Greenland and Holland, an isle with only one house, so few are its inhabitants. Here Mauricio, astrologer, and father of Transila, a gentleman of sixty years of age, meets them and tells his story. He is dressed in black velvet, with a high conical hat of black plush. He is a native of one of the seven islands near Ireland. Next comes Arnaldo, and, embarking in his ship, they meet with a variety of misadventures. The conclusion of the book leaves Auristela in a state of extreme jealousy from hearing that Periander has been fortunate enough to incur the favour of Sinforosa, the daughter of Polycarp, an elective monarch (the advantages of an elective monarchy, by the way, are insisted on) ruling over another island in the neighbourhood of Ireland, and near the island of Scinta.

The extremity of Auristela's jealousy lays her on a sick bed. An Englishman, Clodio, who has arrived in Mauricio's ship—a man who, surpassing Horace's poet that never spared a friend so long as he could get out of him laughter for himself, would lose not only a friend, but, according to his own confession, a hundred lives, rather than forego his nipping taunt or biting quip—says, apparently with sufficient truth, that the heroine shows herself in this emergency a woman, howsoever she may seem to be an angel. Cervantes himself allows that the passion of jealousy is one of the three things for which it is permitted a wise man to weep. In the third book he makes the possibility of love without it a subject of discussion for the academy of the *Intronati* of Milan. It is one of the stock subjects, not only of the *Persiles*, but of all Cervantes' works, and on one occasion, at least, he appears to think he has said too much about it.

Adopting the fiction of the *Persiles* being a translation, just as he pretends that *Don Quixote* was originally written in Arabic by Cide Hamet Benengeli, Cervantes begins his second book by telling the reader that the author of "this great history" was more of a lover than a historian, since he here inserts a treatise on jealousy, which, says Cervantes, "in this translation has been omitted as prolix." To return to the ailing Auristela. While the immaculate Periander is, like Gyges for Asterie, passing for his mistress's sake cold nights under northern skies without sleep, but not without many tears, she, in her turn, is occupied in urging her companion to pray for his speedy dissolution; evidently, like Lucy Lockit, in the case of Captain Macheath, she loves him so that she would rather see him hanged than in the arms of another. It is in the second book that an unusual event takes place. The ship containing the heroine and her companions is turned topsy-turvy, its keel in the heaven, and its main-top sail in the sand, on the coast of Polycarp's Island—an extraordinary revolution which is said to have actually occurred to a Spanish galley on the coast of Genoa. As soon as the king has seen Auristela, the clock of his understanding goes wrong, and the imbroglio of his love for the heroine is added to that of his daughter for the hero. There is some disparity of age between Polycarp, who is seventy, and the object of his adoration, who is seventeen; but he builds his hope upon an opinion, supported by Cervantes, that riches and honour are seldom despised by women, of whom the majority are naturally covetous as they are naturally proud.

Most of the chapters of this book are taken up by the hero telling his own story. In it stands pre-eminent the boat race at the fishermen's feast, in which the several barks bear the ensigns of Cupid, Interest, Diligence, and Good Fortune. The race is won, after a considerable struggle—in which some of the incidents are imitated from the games of Virgil, more nearly followed in Polycarp's games of running, fencing, wrestling, throwing the bar, and shooting—by Good Fortune, without whom, says the author, Diligence is of little value, Interest of no profit, and Cupid utterly powerless. Another allegory, still less to be expected from a barbarian, is excused by its narrator as the creation of a dream. To all these incidents of Periander's pilgrimage does Sinforosa, like another Desdemona, most seriously incline. She hangs on the hero's words as if, says the author, she were bound by the chains issuing from the mouth of Hercules. This passage which is quoted as an instance of Cervantes' extensive reading is taken from the picture of Ogmius, the Celtic Hercules, or God of Eloquence, as described by Lucian, in which picture he is represented

dragging a number of people after him, all bound by their ears to a chain of gold, or electron, which is fastened to the tip of the tongue of the God.

Not the least extraordinary of the many episodes in the first two books—one which, in its brevity, comes not near the author's own censure of such as, from their display of wealth of wit and elegance of words, are almost as long as the main story itself which they are intended to ornament—is that of those pure and true French lovers, Renato and Eusebia. This pair live contentedly on an island with no other inhabitants, called from their occupation of it "The Island of Hermits." The desert, as Byron wished for himself in *Childe Harold*, is the dwelling-place of Renato, with one fair spirit for his minister, who is described as the ivy of his wall, and the elm of his ivy. Here he all forgets the human race, except those of it who bring him his yearly rations, and occasionally a father confessor. Here, with sufficient apparatus to celebrate divine service, concludes the French hermit, who, of course, tells his tale in its season, "we have lived these ten years, sleeping apart but dining together, discussing heaven and despising earth, trusting in God's mercy, and hoping for life eternal." It is thus that Cervantes pays the necessary dues to the religious Custom-house. He could not afford to run the risk of losing the Approbation. Very early in the volume he secured himself a safe pass by exhibiting at length the creed of Ricla, the barbarian wife of Antonio. "I believe," says that excellent woman, "in the most Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three distinct persons, and but one true God"—and then follows a page copied textually from the Roman Catholic missal. All this is, of course, extremely pious and pleasing; but it rebels against the rule of forbidding an intermixture of the sacred and the profane, and is, perhaps, somewhat out of place in the present romance.

In the third book Periander and Auristela and their suite leave off travelling by sea from isle to isle in the northern archipelago, and, arriving at Lisbon, determine to go thence on foot, after the heroine's vow, to Rome. Lisbon, which they look upon as a second promised land, meets with its share of praise. Its churches, theatres of Catholic ceremony, its hospitals, executioners of disease, and its harbours, moving woods of trees, are particularly noticed. Here Periander, who is pestered by people asking for an account of his adventures, has them painted on a board to avoid entering into minute detail. Considering their number, the picture must have been a marvel of synoptic art. Having changed their barbarian attire into that of pilgrims to avoid attracting public attention, a change which the women of the party could scarce

have brooked patiently, and with staves in which swords are concealed in their hands, they reach Badajoz. Here is told the curious story of Feliciana, the Lady with the Voice, whose father and brother are eagerly desirous, in accordance with the dictates of Spanish honour, to murder her—murder most foul and most unnatural!—because she married without their consent. At Caceres they are seized on a false charge of homicide by the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, familiar to the reader of *Don Quixote*. Ricla, the treasurer of the party, knowing nothing of the condition of scriveners and attorneys, offers one of them money to plead their cause. And these satraps of the pen, having once smelt the pilgrims' wool, would, says the author, have sheared them after their wont to the very bones, had not heaven declared their innocence.

In Talavera is told the tale of the Pole Ortel—which equals the Spanish Martin—Banedre, his adventure to be hereafter related, in the *ruas* or streets of Lisbon; and his sudden and ill-starred love for Luisa, that girl apparently of sixteen years, smelling, as she passed him, like a meadow full of flowers in May; a girl who, at the conclusion of the narrative, thrusts a knife into his kidneys. At Barcelona the pilgrims listen to the story of the fair Ambrosia Agustina, and the mishaps which followed her attempt, in male attire, to find her husband. In Provence something wonderful, and yet again wonderful, occurs. They are sitting at noontide under the shadow of a high tower, about to take their midday meal, when suddenly a dark bulk is seen falling upon them from the tower's top. The bulk, on reaching the ground, is found to be a beautiful woman, who has fortunately sustained no injury from her fall, owing to the bell-like shape of her petticoats, which supported her like wings. This circumstance—possible, says the author, without being miraculous—astonished not only the woman herself, but all who had witnessed the event. Of course, she tells her tale. She is the fair Claricia, Countess of Domicio, with whose husband his cousin Lorena had before his marriage been in love. Lorena, who had a female servant reputed to be a magician, marked her sense of Domicio's bad taste in marrying Claricia thus. Following the example of Deianira, she sent to him, among other marriage presents, a shirt, richly worked, and of fine linen. The luckless donee, putting on this piece of apparel in an evil hour, at once lost his senses, and, although the shirt was soon taken off, remained for the space of two days as one dead. After that he became raving mad, was confined in the tower, broke loose, and threw his wife over the battlements.

A tale, which in its conclusion recalls that of the Matron of Ephesus, is told of Ruperta, wife of Count Lambert of Scotland. All Cervantes' heroines (by the way) are fair, and not a few of his

NEW SWINDON.

heroes counts. This lady, whose husband has been killed by a jealous rival of her affection, has registered a vow to revenge his death, undismayed by any difficulties, and exposing her life if necessary one thousand and one times. Till that day of revenge all her retinue are robed in mourning, her own apparel is black, her apartment murky, her furniture sad, and her society solitude. It is her custom of an afternoon to sit before a table, on which are placed the head of her spouse, by a proper preparation divested of flesh, and enclosed in a silver casket, the sword with which he was slain, and the shirt which he wore on the occasion, both stained with his heart's blood. One day comes Croriano, her enemy's son. As soon as he is sound asleep she steals to his bedside, with a sharp knife and a dark lantern. But, like the head of Medusa, the face of the youth, whom she has never seen, changes her into marble. She considers him a better subject for marriage than for murder. Inadvertently, while admiring his loveliness, she lets the lantern fall on his bosom, as Psyche dropped the burning oil on Cupid. He awakes, some little conversation ensues, and next morning they are found imparadised in each other's arms. The wretched relics of the dead husband are removed into the nearest lumber-room.

Passing through Milan, whose magnificences could not all be seen, says Cervantes, in four years, the pilgrims arrive at Lucca, where happened "one of the strangest adventures which have been related in all the discourse of this history." With this preamble he begins the tale of Isabel Castrucho, which forms the conclusion of the third book. Isabel is introduced to the reader bound to a bedstead, and possessed, as she declares, by an evil spirit. Crucifixes, a couple of priests, holy water, and other pious paraphernalia, have been provided to little purpose. The demoniac refuses nourishment, but yearns after a bite or two out of her own fair arm. At this juncture the author lets us into the secret of her possession. She is about to be married to a man for whom she has no affection. She has seen a Salamanca student at church —that hotbed in all countries of amorous intrigue—with whom she is violently in love. She is, indeed, truly possessed, says Cervantes; for an ounce of love in the soul, when hope allures it at a distance, is equal in its effects to a legion of devils in the body. Eventually the student arrives as an exorcist. To the admiration of the bystanders, he drives the unclean spirit out of the damsel. The lovers are, of course, afterwards married.

In the last book of this eventful history, the hero and the heroine with their caravan arrive at Rome. There she is taught —it is not easy to understand why the hero is not taught them also—the principal mysteries of the Catholic faith, beginning with

the envy and pride of Lucifer and his fall with a third portion of the stars, and ending, after a couple of pages of homogeneous matter, with the declaration of the supreme power of the Pope, the viceroy of God on earth, and the keeper of the keys of heaven. In this book is the first discourse of love between its two chief characters; and in the third chapter from the end is revealed the cause, or one of the causes, of the herione's long pilgrimage—that is to say, her solemn vow to seek Rome for instruction in the truth of that religion which, in those northern parts, was, as the author says, a trifle cracked. It is in this same chapter that the identity of Periander and Auristela with Persiles and Sigismunda is at last openly declared. Some of Cervantes' critics have found fault with the extreme tardiness of this anagnorisis; but the author has given sufficient hints to the ordinary reader in the earlier portion of the romance as to who Periander and Auristela really were. Everything of importance, in fact, about them, except their respective countries, has been already discovered. We already know that their relationship is feigned; that Sigismunda is of blood royal, for the lady's diamond cross and pearls point plainly to a regal estate; and that Persiles is a king's son.

The discovery in the fourth book is made by Persiles' old tutor, Serafido. "In the ultimate part of Norway," says this learned preceptor, "lies, as it were beneath the Arctic Pole, that island which is held to be the last in the world, at least in that direction. Its name is Tile, which Virgil called Thule. Now, Thule in Greek is equivalent to Tile in Latin. This island in size is little less than England, rich, and abounding in all things necessary for human sustenance. Farther in, under the very north itself about three hundred leagues from Tile, is the island called Friesland, a place so large as to have the title of a kingdom." Serafido goes on to say that of Tile the present king is Maximin, whose brother is Persiles, a person in whose praise he cannot speak too highly. The Queen of Friesland is named Eusebia, who has two daughters, Sigismunda and Eusebia, the former of whom was destined for Maximin had not Persiles fallen in love and run away with her, a circumstance which forms the second cause of their continuous travail.

It is well that the patient politeness of Persiles is all that can be desired. He is described as a subject in which the highest courtesy holds its seat, and liberality itself its home. Any ordinary amiability would have surely broken down under the last trial to which his mistress's caprice condemns him. Remembering the righteous example of the wench wooed of the ill-starred Portuguese soldier, it suddenly occurs to Sigismunda, primed as she is with ghostly counsel, that she can get to heaven more quickly

without a husband. The unhappy hero, that commonplace book of sorrows, that

> " di dolore ostello,
> Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,"

as Dante calls Italy in his famous Ghibelline digression in the *Purgatorio*, leaves her on this occasion without a word. Had he left her for ever, it might have been better for him—the travails of their wedded life, however, lie hidden behind the veil. But he leaves her, as every novel reader knows well, only for a little while; he is lured back; Sigismunda kisses the Pope's toe; they are joined together in holy matrimony; and the miserable Arnaldo, who has all the while been borne in hand by the lies of the happy pair, is married in the usual off-hand Oriental fashion to Sigismunda's sister Eusebia, whom he has never seen.

Of the events narrated in this novel, it is as difficult to determine the date as the place. Antonio, in his story, says he was present at the wars of Charles V. of Germany, and another character refers to the death of this Emperor, as he calls him, of Rome and King of Spain. Nay: Mauricio asserts that he saw this bugbear of Musulmans with his own eyes in his cloister. From this the travails of the two lovers might be supposed to have afflicted them about the middle of the sixteenth century. But then we find a lady brought over from England in the ship of Mauricio, who is no less a person than the fair Rosamond, which would antedate the narrative by some four centuries. It is expressly stated that this Rosamond is the concubine of an English king; but instead of being sweet-tempered she is represented as a shrew, and instead of being buried at Godstow Church she is cast into the sea. Cervantes seems in some respects to have confused her with Jane Shore; but this still leaves the discrepancy of dates. "About my time," says another of the characters, "is to be fulfilled a prophecy of the expulsion of the Moriscoes," an impolitic procedure which Cervantes, ever wisely compliant, as a courtier and a subject of the Inquisition, to the fashion and faith of his time, here approves of as the casting out of your bosom the serpent gnawing your entrails, or the separation of the smut from the wheat, and the cockle from the corn. The expulsion of the Moriscoes took place in the beginning of the seventeenth century, a date which hardly agrees with another passage of the *Persiles*, in which Tasso is alluded to as not yet born.

Many passages of interest in the *Persiles* might be quoted. In one Cervantes speaks of poetry as the sun which shines upon impurity without being polluted by it; in another he allows that where there are many poets there is much poverty, a circumstance which may account for the proportion of the verses in his last

work to those in his first. In the *Persiles* there are indeed not more than half-a-dozen poems, of which the song of Feliciana of the Voice is certainly the longest and perhaps the best. Although our own life improve not, yet, Cervantes says, it is satisfactory to see an improvement in the lives of others, unless, indeed, our sauciness is such that we would fain be that deep which calls unto other deeps. Shylock tells us some men are mad if they behold a cat, and mentions an inconvenient effect of the music of bag-pipes on others. Cervantes tells us of a man that would rise from table at the introduction of a dish of olives, of another whose teeth were blunted at seeing a sailor hacking cloth, and yet again another who quivered at the cutting of a radish. When the Pole Banedre desired to recover his wife, who had run away from him, he is compared to the silly countryman who, having carried a viper asleep in his bosom all the winter, when the summer came and it was able to bite, by Heaven's mercy lost it, and yet, instead of being grateful to God for his supreme goodness, went out again and searched diligently for that same viper.

The sentiment of Periander concerning filial and parental affection deserves notice. The act, he says, of a father for his child is an act for himself, for the child is another self, by which the father's being is continued and extended. As it is natural and necessary for every man to act for himself, so is it to act for his children. But it is not necessary and natural for the child to act for its father, because the love of the father towards the child descends, and descent is easy (*facilis descensus*) while the love of the child towards the father ascends, which is going up hill, and is difficult. Whence the proverb, "One father for a hundred children, sooner than a hundred children for one father." The opinion of the old shepherd about the parturition of women as opposed to that of other animals is not destitute of scientific support; and the remarks about the duel in the third book reflect those of Touchstone in the Forest of Arden, and those of Cervantes himself in *Don Quixote* concerning the difference between *agravio* and *afrenta*. One would imagine that both these famous contemporaries, the Englishman and the Spaniard, derived their information from some such common source as the treatise of Vincent Saviolo, or of Caranza.

It is an observation of the hero that the enumeration of particulars increases the gravity of a story. A plate, he says, of fresh, green, savoury salad has no bad appearance set on the dinner-table by the side of a well-cooked pheasant. There is much salad on the table of Periander himself, and it is by no means deficient in the original story of Cervantes. It is compounded occasionally of strange and singular herbs, as, for example, in the isle of Golandia. Here, says the author, was more fish than fowl for food; but of the

latter the generation was most remarkable. The inhabitants fix sticks on the sea-shore and among the crevices of the rocks. Very soon that part of the sticks which is covered by the tide is turned into hard stone; the other part rots, of which rotting is engendered a little bird, which, flying to land, grows larger and withal extremely savoury. There is the greatest abundance of these birds in the province of Ireland. The said bird is called Barnaclas. It is curious that this superstition was at one time believed in by the majority of the learned all over Europe. In the Chronicles of Scotland, compiled by that noble clerk Hector Boece, in the *Universal Cosmography* of Sebastian Munster, in Gerard's *Herball*, very much the same account is given of these barnacle geese. They are located by different authors in Ireland, Scotland, Kent, Lancashire, Flanders, Greenland, and India. They are black, with the head of a peacock; and are about the size of a duck. An obscure and misty and vexatious doubt once arose in the Church concerning them, as to whether they were flesh or fish, and so might be eaten in Lent. They were, however, forbidden at a general Lateran Council by Pope Innocent III., who seems to have held a different opinion from that of Cervantes. There is no lack of allusions in the *Persiles* to the Remora, that little fish which Spenser in common with Cervantes seems to have believed clove to the keels of ships and stopped their course; and in this northern tale is again introduced the story of King Arthur's conversion into a crow, a belief so firmly implanted, says Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, in the minds of Englishmen, that there is no instance on record of a crow ever being killed in that country. It is, however, fair to add that the astrologer Mauricio holds this fable to be a vulgar error.

To the same astrologer the reader is indebted for the information that in the temperate and most fertile isle of England no noxious animals, such as serpents, vipers, toads, spiders, and scorpions, can exist: nay: it is a thing plain and manifest that if any poisonous beast be brought from other parts into England, it dies on arriving there: more: if some of the earth of this island be removed elsewhere, and a viper enclosed in it, it is unable to escape from this circle, but presently gives up the ghost. Much the same story, by the way, is told by Bede, the venerable Anglo-Saxon priest of Ireland; but he goes further than Cervantes in saying that the British serpent is destroyed at a distance by the Irish air, and the poison of a snake-bite is expelled if the patient drink of an infusion of the leaves of an Irish book. Arnaldo then asks how it is generally held for a certainty that people in England became transformed into herds of wolves? Mauricio replies that the belief is absurd, since there are no wolves

in England, but that there is a disease known to the doctors as *mania lupina*, in which the patient imagines himself to be a wolf, and howls, and eats dead bodies as wolves are wont to do. Several Sicilians are affected by it, and are called *lobos menar.* Indeed, the malady is so frequent in that country that an inquiry is always made, before a marriage, whether either of the parties be subject to it, and, if after marriage it appear in either, it is held a valid ground of divorce.

In Antonio's story he narrates that being cast away in a boat he comes to an island peopled by flocks of wolves, one of whom, addressing him in a clear and distinct voice and in the Spanish language, advises him to give the land a wide berth, unless he desires to be torn in pieces, and to thank God for his having found favour even among wild beasts. The Italian dancing master Rutilio receives an offer from a witch of release from prison on condition that he will marry her. She comes to him by night, and bids him follow her, just as the angel commands Peter after his confinement by Herod Agrippa. Then the chains fall off the limbs of Rutilio, as they fell off those of the apostle, and the iron gates open to him of their own accord, what time the keepers are placidly sleeping. After being warned by the witch to leave his devotions for awhile Ritulio is carried on a magic carpet, like that sold for forty purses to Prince Houssain by the merchant in the market-place of Bisnagar, through the air to Norway, a part of the north which abounds in witches. There it is that the witch offers to embrace him in the form of a wolf. "How that could be," adds the conscientious Rutilio—who probably anticipated some incredulity in his audience—"I know not, and though as a Catholic Christian I do not believe it, yet experience has shown me that it is true."

About the time of Cervantes, and indeed much earlier and much later, this superstition touching the conversion by night of human beings into wolves was very common. Of all times, it seems also to have been a delusion of all places. *Lycanthropus*, *versipellio*, are the Greek and Latin representatives of the Low Latin *gerulphus*, with which the Norman *garwall*, the German *währwolf*, the Danish *varulv*, and our own *were-wolf* are probably connected. The French *loup-garou* is evidently pleonastic, insisting twice on the presence of the wolf. The Portuguese word is *lubisómem*, the Breton *bisclaveret*. No inconsiderable treatise might be written on the various circumstances of this popular notion, which is and always has been regarded by all devoutly-disposed persons after St. Augustine in the light in which it appeared to Rutilio, as an illusion of the Devil permitted by the Deity as a punishment for the abominable sins committed by the

cursed race of witches. Voltaire speaks on the subject with his usual indecent levity. It is enough, he thinks, for some young Mæris to have hid himself in a wolf-skin and frightened an old woman to noise abroad the fame of lycanthropy through a whole country. Is it not easier, he says, to see a man turned into a wolf than to see a human soul—and yet we know the monks of Mont-Cassin saw the soul of Saint Bénédict, and those of Saint-Denys that of Charles Martel. Even Pliny, who is scarcely to be considered in the light of a sceptic, laughs to scorn this kind of metamorphosis. After relating a Greek story, in which a man, having hung his clothes on an oak, is transformed into a wolf for nine years, and then recovers his original form and raiment, he adds: "It is wonderful how far Greek credulity goes. No lie is too impudent to want a witness among this people!"

The long and tedious tale told by the hero himself is prefaced by the warning that he will invent false and lying chimeras. So the reader's surprise is somewhat mitigated when he meets with the following adventure. Periander was one day taking a lesson on board ship in the art of navigation, when it suddenly began to rain—not drops, but whole clouds of water—in such sort that it seemed the ocean had mounted into the air, and was pouring down upon the vessel. Meantime the heaven was serene and clear, without any sign of a storm. All were surprised save the instructor in the art of navigation, who explained the matter thus: "This rain doubtless proceeds from some of those monstrous fishes called *naufragos*, or wreckers, thrown out from the windows which they have beneath their eyes. If this be indeed the case we are in imminent danger of destruction." He then orders all the artillery to be fired to frighten the *naufragos*. Meantime Periander sees the neck (as it were) of a terrible serpent lifting itself up into the ship, which, snatching up a sailor, took him into his maw and swallowed him at a single gulp, without being under the necessity of chewing him. The mariners were much disturbed in mind at this mishap, which, concludes the narrator, "was the most mournful we had hitherto experienced."

Another chapter relates the experience of the hero as a horse-tamer. Cratilus, King of Lithuania, whose niece Sulpicia has been nobly delivered by Periander from extreme peril, in return sets free her deliverer when his ship is fixed fast, like a stone in a ring, in the frozen waters of the glacial sea. This Cratilus possesses a most powerful barbarian horse, the colour of a black-pudding, painted all over with white flies, a circumstance, says Cervantes, which made him beautiful beyond all measure. So eager and impetuous was the steed, that a thousand mountains of obstacles were unable to stop him in his wild career. Two lackeys

bring him to Periander, who, having forced him to take a leap from the top of a lofty rock on to the frozen sea, thus converts him uninjured from a lion into a lamb. In the relation of this circumstance, Cervantes seems to have forgotten his own rule concerning extravagant incidents, which he lays down in another part of his story. Such incidents must, he says, be supported by an oath, or at least the good credit of the relater. "My own opinion, however, is that it would be better not to relate them, following the advice of the ancient Castilian verses:

'Las cosas de admiracion
No las digas, ni las cuentes,
Que no saben todas gentes
Como son.'"

There is more than one magician in the story, more than one person, like the damsel at Philippi, possessed with a spirit of divination. Nor is there any dearth of astrologers. Mauricio, the judiciary astrologist, draws horoscopes in important conjunctures; but is, nevertheless, a sincere Christian, and quotes Leviticus on dreams. In astrology, he tells us, men are mere apprentices; but the devil is a past master. Nevertheless, by proper observations of the stars he discovers his daughter Transila, and makes true predictions of mishaps. Another astrologer, Father Soldino, said to be famous through all the earth, meets us in the third book. This old gentleman, who is called a mountain of snow and statue of white marble, prophesies a fire in an inn at which the pilgrims are staying, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. As for magicians and enchanters: There is a Spanish lady called Zenobia, who, having been banished from Spain by the Inquisition, a body of men whom she designates the watchful mastiffs who keep the Catholic flock, has by conjuration grown into the favour of Polycarp. She considers herself unique in the exercises of Zoroaster, and offers the young Antonio, with whom she is in love, to turn, if he desires it, day into night, and restore the confusion of primal chaos. Antonio will have none of her, who in revenge puts certain pieces of witchcraft in the hinges of a door, by which means the health of Antonio is gradually wasted. The lady is ultimately hanged to a yard-arm by the indignant inhabitants of the isle.

This casting of a spell, or "lot," as Bacon, who seems to have believed in it, calls it in his essay on Envy, is carelessly repeated at the conclusion of the last book. There Hipolita, a celebrated courtesan in Rome, one of those tame doves who are never without kites to distress and tear them, the sad condition, as Cervantes says, of this simple and worldly folk, a lady possessing pictures of Parrhasius and Apelles, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, a lady whose appurtenances generally are superior to those

of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, a lady fair, rich, and courteous, with which qualities love can break hearts of bronze, open purses of iron, and demolish walls of marble, a lady, in fine, able to compete in everything with the ancient Flora, sends her servant Zabulon, a Jew, to invite Periander to her house. He, without suspicion of her profession, enters, and, being unwilling to comply with her desires, is accused by her of stealing from her person the diamond cross belonging to Auristela, which he constantly wears. Of course, as is the rule in our own country, he is punished by imprisonment before he is proved guilty of the offence with which he is charged. Afterwards Hipolita repents, and informs the governor, before whom Periander has been haled, that he is innocent. Next, suspecting, like a woman, the lie which Arnaldo so easily swallowed of Auristela's sisterhood, she hires the aid of Zabulon's wife, who is the best witch in Rome. A Jew, says Cervantes, *en parenthèse*, by gifts or threats, may be made to promise, and even perform, impossibilities. The common prejudice of his time prevented him seeing that the remark was, if true at all, equally true of a Christian. In two hours, by the sorceries of the Jewess—who has, doubtless, wrapt up the heroine's life in a bundle of eyeless needles, or pins without heads, or, like Zenobia in a door-hinge—Auristela's personal appearance is considerably deteriorated. The roses of her cheeks become mulberries, the carmine of her lips green, the pearls of her teeth topazes; in a word, from an angel of light she is turned into an angel of darkness. It is not until the sun of her beauty has set in the clouds of this sickness, and death is already treading on her skirts, that Hipolita orders the Jewess, the friend of Him who is the friend of none, to remove the lot, or reverse the charm.

Cervantes' experience of Algerine captivity frequently furnished him with material for his works. In the third book of the *Persiles* he recounts a piece of roguery which he had no doubt frequently observed in the streets of Spain. Two young men, dressed like recently-redeemed captives, with two heavy chains laid beside them, attract the attention of the pilgrims in one of the Spanish towns, the name of which, like Don Quixote's birthplace, the author says he does not remember. These *soi-disant* captives are explaining to a street crowd the circumstances of their captivity, which are marked out in a picture they are exhibiting. Who has not seen something of the same sort in London, Paris, or elsewhere? One of the young men, loudly cracking a whip, harangues the multitude after this fashion: "Here, on the left," pointing to the picture, "is the city of Algiers, that bugbear of all the coasts of the Mediterranean, that universal harbour of corsairs, that robber's refuge and asylum; here, on the right, is Dragut, the captain or

arraez of a Turkish vessel, who, being pursued by four Spanish ships, is whipping his Christian slaves to make them row the faster. But what sort of a whip is he using? He is chastising the living with the dead. Their skipper, famous as cruel, and cruel as Phalaris or Busiris, Sicilian tyrants, is whipping his rowers with the arm of one of their number, which he has just cut off for that purpose. All the while he calls them *Rospin Manahora* and *Denimaniyoc*,* names in the Turkish tongue tending to their dishonour."

Now, among the audience are two Alcaldes, neither of whom, says the author of the *Entremes of The Alcades of Daganza*, is able to read. Cervantes, like Fielding, was no friend to these petty magistrates. The reader will remember the Justice who took Parson Adam's manuscript Æschylus for a book of ciphers. One of these functionaries, who has by chance been for five years himself a prisoner in Algiers, by a few adroit questions finds the whole affair a sham. The captives are discovered to be students of Salamanca, and only avoid punishment by a learned speech, in which they remind the magistrate, who cannot read, of the legal proverb, "*Summum jus summa injuria.*" The end of the whole matter is a little extraordinary. The magistrate invites the beggars to his house, and there gives them so good a lesson in the *cosas de Argel* as to make any subsequent detection of their fraud almost impossible. So, says the caustic Cervantes, in the person of one of them, theft is occasionally committed by the authority and with the approbation of justice—that is, its evil ministers make one with the criminal for their common gain.

As Cervantes ridiculed in his *Don Quixote* pastorals and plays of the same kind as the *Galatea* and the *Numancia*, so, in making the knight promise Sancho, in case of failure of his island, the kingdom of Denmark, which will fit him like a ring, or that of Sobradisa, of which last mystic land Don Galaor, according to the Amadis of Greece, was king, he seems to ridicule the unreality of his posthumous northern history, his serious chivalric romance of *Persiles*. Several times in these four books themselves, crammed, or *touffus*, as the French call it, with marvellous adventure, the attentive reader may detect the signs of secret laughter tickling all the author's soul—laughter which assuredly would not have been lessened, could he have read the lucubrations of his critics. These signs are indeed more frequent in the latter half of the work—"*mit dem Geiste der ersten Hälfte nicht recht harmonirt*," says Bouterwek;—but they are not wanting in those apparently serious descriptions of the hyperborean marvels of his icy and Cimmerian seas.

Some have sought to make a moral hero out of Persiles, like the

* Of these words the author gives no precise translation. The last is evidently one without faith or religion."

Paul of Bernardin de St. Pierre, or the Télémaque of Fenelon; they have looked upon his travails as so many trials, out of which his escape is to be attributed to a certain predominance in him of divine grace and human virtue. In their eyes Cervantes becomes another Bunyan, and the successful horse-tamer a second Christian. Persiles is to them a sort of pious Amadis or Catholic Ulysses. But there is little display of moral or religious character in Persiles. He seems, like most of the other people in the tale, to serve merely as a convenient hook on which to hang such surprising incidents as the imagination of his creator was ever ready to invent, and this imagination Cervantes, in common with all great writers of his kind, declined to limit by any boundary lines of probability or even of possibility. Objections that his countries are not to be found on any geographical chart, that many of his characters were, like Christopher Sly's old friends, such as never were, nor no man ever saw, he would probably have regarded with much the same indifference with which Shakspeare would have listened to strictures on the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, the sea-coast of Bohemia and the lime and palm trees, in the forest of Arden. Aiming, however, as there is more than one reason to suppose he did especially in this work, at regularity of plan and perfection of style, at simplicity of language and precision of thought, he would have paid attention to the critical judgment which deplores the length and frequency of his episodes, distracting the attention, weakening the interest, and, as has been already said, almost obliterating the principal story.

The ten books of the *Æthiopics* of Heliodorus, the Homer of Romance, and the Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, the book with which the *Persiles* of Cervantes "dared to compete," is not too well known to make a synopsis of its plot unnecessary. The story narrates the varied adventures of Chariclea — a white princess of Æthiopia, like the Clorinda of the Gierusalemme Liberata; a lady, to boot, of the family of Andromeda, whom she marvellously resembles—and of her lover Theagenes, a noble Thessalian of the family of Achilles. From the early age of seven, the heroine is exposed to what Heliodorus, in common with Shakspeare, has called a sea of troubles. An Iliad of evils, the effect, according to the author, of a demon, or the eye of Saturn, is her mere history until at the age of seventeen she is married to the companion of most of her misfortunes. Notwithstanding the general chastity of the bishop's novel, the Greek lover enjoys many more advantages than the Prince of Tile. Courtship in the *Æthiopics* is apt very soon to succeed to sorrow, embraces follow hard upon complaints, and on one auspicious occasion Theagenes is kissed ten thousand times. But we must remember that at the lady's command the

gentleman has sworn on the altar to treat her with due respect. The same fiction of relationship which is found in Cervantes is adopted in emergencies by the Christian prelate. "A lie," he says, in the mouth of the heroine, "is a beautiful thing when it is useful to the speaker, and not injurious to the hearer." Doubtless he would have defended Chariclea's falsehood, as the conduct of Sarai has been defended by Chrysostom and St. Ambrose, when that woman fair to look upon, who was, as impolite critics say, at least sixty-five, told Pharaoh that she was the sister of Abram.

Although the *Persiles* bears a likeness to the *Æthiopics*, Cervantes seems to have directly borrowed on one or two occasions only from his predecessor. One of these is the account of the burning barbarian island, which, in the *Æthiopics* as in the opening chapters of the *Persiles*, has been set on fire by one of two contending factions of long-haired pirates—factions arising in a dispute about the heroine's beauty. Another, perhaps, is the story of Arsace, the Persian wife of Oroondates, who, intoxicated with the love of the hero, makes much the same overtures to him as Hipolita to Persiles in the Spanish tale. Arsace, after having attempted to poison Chariclea by means of her attendant Cybele, represented in the *Persiles* by the Jewess, ultimately strangles herself. The character of Thyamis, the pirate captain, will be found to correspond in many respects with that of the beguiled Arnaldo. Much the same distinction between true and false astrology is drawn by the priest Calasiris as afterwards by the aged Mauricio.

Wonderful things as any of those in Cervantes are mentioned by Heliodorus. First of all there is the charadrius, a beast which closes its eyes on meeting a jaundiced person, not indeed from any pride or ill-will, but simply to avoid catching that disease. Then there is the basilisk, to which Shakspeare as well as Heliodorus attributed a deadly glance. Then there are the gryphons, and the fascination of the evil eye. There are, too, certain golden bars which determine the question of chastity, and a stone called Pantarbe, inscribed with sacred characters, an hereditary jewel which, enclosed in a ring, defends the heroine from the flames when she is condemned to be burnt by Arsace for the murder of Cybele, who has drunk by mistake the poison intended for Chariclea. Another ring contains in a circle of amber an Æthiopian amethyst, which, in common with all stones of that country, has the property of keeping men sober. This amethyst is the size of a virgin's eye, and is more sparkling than the stone of Spain or Britain; on it is engraved a shepherd feeding his seely sheep, the fleeces of which appear to be golden from the glow of the amethyst on their backs.

But the most wonderful circumstance in Heliodorus is the

unhallowed conjuration, copied from Lucan, of a defunct body on a battle-field into a very brief paroxysm of life. The mother, who performs this unkind office by means of unholy magic, disregarding the blessed repose of her dead child for the gratification of her own idle curiosity, receives a reward for her efforts which the majority of the consulters of the so-called spirit-rappers were, save for their folly, fairly entitled to share. Was it to such outrages on verisimilitude as these that the author refers when, with naive modesty, he informs the reader, by the mouth of one of the characters, that there is no beast so adamantine or steely as not to be spell-bound, even though listening for a whole year, by the tale of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea? Less unworthy of such panegyric are the representations of the Pythian games, the battle between the Persians and the Æthiopians, the description of the sacred sacrifice at Delphi, and the observations on the real birth-place of Homer. If the Greek and the Spanish romances be contrasted, the latter will be found equal to the former in fecundity of invention and animation of discourse. It is superior to it in the absence of frequent puns, prophetic dreams, and oracles; it is inferior in the conduct of its episodes. In Heliodorus, these are few, and promote the action of the plot; in Cervantes, they are numerous and many of them unnecessary.

The pages of Cervantes are patched here and there with the purple rags of religion; for any internal evidence in his *Æthiopics*, Heliodorus might have been a heathen. The Spaniard is rarely concise, the Syrian seldom prolix. The frequent allusions to jealousy in the former the latter has outweighed by a single line set in the mouth of Theagenes. "It is," says that youth, "an innate disease in a woman, which no amount of travail or discomfort can avail to cure." Both novels, like the classical epics, begin in the middle of events; but there is a unity in the one, wherein the heroine's sufferings begin and end in Æthiopia, which is absent in the other, where Sigismunda enters on her sorrows in the extreme north and concludes them in the southern metropolis of Rome. The sorrows and sufferings of both heroines end with their marriage, for neither of their creators has given us any glimpse of their subsequent fortunes or condition when all the bloomy flush of life has fled, and time has turned into ashes that beauty for which alone they seem to have been loved and married. Such marriages, as Fletcher says in his *Custom of the Country*, now to be considered, must needs be a mad matter, heavier than a pair of shackles, and not so quiet as a quartan fever.

In Fletcher's play *The Custom of the Country*, of which the prologue declares the plot to be new, every chief circumstance, with the exception of the episode of Sulpitia, to which Dryden perhaps

referred when he said this play was more indecent than all his own put together, is taken from some part of the *Persiles*. The custom of the country, which in the play is called indefinitely a town in Italy, is that same custom which the judiciary astrologer, Mauricio, designates as the most barbarous, cursed and worst of all the bad customs of his native land; a custom, nevertheless, afterwards praised by the impudent Rosamund. The devices of the courtesan to obtain the affection of Periander are exactly followed in the play by the wanton Hippolyta to obtain that of Arnoldo; and the underplot of Rutilio, who, having slain in a duel Doña Guiomar's son Duarte, comes to that lady, not knowing her relationship, for refuge, is taken from the story, in the third book, of the Pole Ortel Banedre. The Pole in the novel fights with a Portuguese in the streets of Lisbon. In the fight blind night and blinder fortune direct his sword's point on his enemy's face, who, falling backward, yields up his soul where it pleases God. The survivor, in fear of pursuit, enters a house of quality, and finds a lady in a rich bed, who, after expressing some natural surprise, asks him if he is a Castilian. The Pole replies in the negative. "Alhough you were a Castilian a thousand times," the lady says, "I would save you if I might." She then tells him to lift up the hangings, and enter a hollow place which is there concealed behind her bed. The Pole does so, and soon after a servant enters to inform her of her son Duarte's death by a thrust in his right eye, and that a child saw the murderer enter into her house. She determines not to betray him, and after she has sent away the officers of justice, who have arrived in pursuit of the Pole, raises the tapestry, and putting her hand on his heart, feels it panting in his breast, whereby she knows the fear with which he is environed. She then tells him to cover his face that she may not know him again, and dismisses him with a present of a hundred crowns. These circumstances are almost exactly reproduced in the play, occasionally in the precise words of Cervantes. Where there is any difference it is not for the better. For example, the tender touch of the heart is utterly spoilt by an extravagant transposition. According to Fletcher it occurs before the officers have entered the room, and he introduces it in the following fashion:

> *Guiomar.*—"How he quakes!
> Thus far I feel his heart beat."

The conclusion of Fletcher's play is improbable. He makes Duarte recover; and the Pole, who is in the drama Rutilio, marries Doña Guiomar immediately after that lady, having repented of her former generosity, has done her utmost to forward his execution. It may be added, as farther proof of the Englishman's debt to the

Spaniard, that there is not a name, except that of Jaques Sulpitia's servant, which is not found in the *Persiles*.

The labours of Cervantes have in many instances furnished materials for the dramatists of Spain. Don Francisco de Rojas is the author of the famous comedy *Persiles and Sigismunda*, which, with one important exception at the conclusion, follows the story in its main events, Persiles being the Prince of Transylvania, and Sigismunda the Infanta of Balachia. Anyone unskilled in the craft of dramatic changes would suppose that the countries assigned to his chief characters by Cervantes might well have served the purpose of the stage. There is, of course, a *gracioso* introduced, called Tarimon, which, being interpreted, means a big truckle-bed. He corresponds with the young Antonio of the novel, having in him some traces of the evil-speaking Clodio, and on his first introduction is represented as mute. After the internecine strife of the barbarians caused by the beauty of Sigismunda, the heroine is carried away on board a ship, and the adieus of herself and her lover, who is left lamenting on that barbarian island in the Baltic Sea, conclude the first act. The second act seems founded on that part of the story which treats of Polycarp and Sinforosa. Polycarp becomes Leopold, king of Dalmatia—and Sinforosa is his sister Isabel. As in the romance, Leopold makes love to the heroine, and Isabel to the hero. A night attack is concerted by the king of Poland against Leopold; and Persiles and Sigismunda, who are supposed to be concerned in it, are committed to the Tower. In the third act we find the lovers, each occupying a separate turret, but within speaking distance. It is night: Sigismunda appears on the top of her particular turret with a tallow candle. There is an extremely narrow ledge connecting the two apartments of these unlucky lovers, from whom (to quote an expression of the novel dismally verified in the play) the heavens have caught up with a drag-net all the ways of comfort. Across this ledge Persiles cautiously passes. And now comes the catastrophe, which is as barbarous as unlooked for, as appalling as unexpected. A gust of wind blows out the light. Sigismunda is already stretching out her arms to her adorer, she has already clasped him to her breast, when, owing to a breakage in the stone ledge unperceived in the darkness, both fall to the ground, with no such luck, alas! as attends the lady with the bell-like petticoats in the tale. Their ultimate words are to the effect that they die contented since they die together. Such is the "famous comedy" of De Rojas, reminding the reader in its mournful mirth of Bottom's play in *Misdummer Night's Dream* entitled "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby."

James Mew.

A GREY ROMANCE.

I.

The February day was cold, and Mr. Falkland's chambers were large and desolate-looking. He had carefully read through his brief; and it seemed to him that the result of the case was a foregone conclusion, that it would be mere waste of time to invent farther arguments concerning it. The clerks in the next room were busy with their work. Laughton, the solicitor, was not due till three o'clock. Mr. Falkland had nothing to do for the next hour; so he fell to thinking of his neighbour. If he had been younger he might have fancied himself in love with her; but he was forty-three, and old for his years. His hair had been scanty this long time; he wore pince-nez; and was not over careful about his clothes. Moreover, living alone had made him very silent; and neuralgia, of which he had had many attacks, had given his face the gravity that is born of remembered pain. His manner was a little cold, a little official perhaps; and, though he could warm up on occasions, he was never enthusiastic. His interest in life itself was only lukewarm; for he felt that, though its work was real enough, and occasionally even absorbing, its pleasures were but so-so: they were not keen, or he had outlived their keenness: at best they were merely restful. A leisurely climb up a minor Swiss mountain, or a long walk across a stretching moor, was worth doing if the wind were not too cutting, nor the sky too grey; though greyness was the generic conception he had of most things. A quiet smoke in his own flat was fairly comforting: only it led to nothing, and the drowsy hours infected him with what he almost feared to call stupidity. Sometimes during the last year it had occurred to him that he would move away from the flat, that he had been living there too long, that things had got into too deep a groove, that the atmosphere had become too monotonous. He knew every book on the shelves, and the position to an inch in which every chair should stand; he had noticed a hundred times the faded patches on the Turkey carpet in the dining-room, and the chips—though they were every

one turned out of sight—in the bits of china on the old-fashioned cabinet in the drawing-room, a drawing-room that was study and smoking-room as well, and a cosy den enough for a man living alone —till he tired of it. He had, besides the flat, a couple of rooms at Wargrave. Time was when he used to think it amusing to hang about the river; but all that was over, and the men he had known were married, or had drifted. Jack Barlow had been the last of the set: the Rev. John Barlow he was now, and incumbent of a picturesque parish in Dorsetshire. Poor old Jack! he married such a pretty woman; but there had been something wrong about it, and when she died, five years later, Mr. Falkland had felt that it was not an event to provoke condolences. Jack had been a widower ever since; and each year, when he came up to London, to see the Academy or to hear a little music, he looked more and more contented with his lot. It was long years now since the river days. Mr. Falkland wondered why he had kept on the rooms. He had gone to them only once last summer, and they had depressed him horribly.

He told himself that it would be an excellent thing to make a radical change in his life. He had half a mind to give up both the rooms at Wargrave and the flat at Kensington, and to take a house nearer town and his Club, or one a little farther off—at Richmond, for instance. Then he hesitated. There was his neighbour. If he moved from the flat he might not see her again. He never paid calls, and seldom dined out; but he had got into the habit of seeing her frequently: it was altogether different from going into society. It was quite odd how much he thought of her: he liked to think of her smile, and the two rows of little white teeth she displayed. She must be lonely, too, sometimes, he thought, living by herself in the flat above his, with not another soul save the old Frenchwoman who cooked and did everything for her. He liked the old Frenchwoman, too: she was as lively as her mistress. It often took a great screwing up of his courage to mount the stairs between his flat, on the first floor, and hers, on the second, to knock —the little brass knocker was as bright as gold—and ask if Miss Glenny were at home; but the good soul always beamed all over her wrinkled face while she answered in her queer mixture of French and English: "Oui, Monsieur, Mademoiselle est chez elle. She will be charmed to see Monsieur." Or she would regretfully shake her head, and her voice would become quite sympathetic while she announced, "Ah no, Monsieur, Mademoiselle is gone out: she will be very sorry. Perhaps Monsieur will come some other day, and Mademoiselle will be at home, and then"—and she would stop abruptly.

Still, he thought it would be a good thing to live out of London.

Richmond Hill was high and dry; and sleeping in the fresh air every night might raise his spirits, perhaps even cure his neuralgia. He believed that he should do it if it were not for Miss Glenny: he felt that it would somehow be unkind to go away; he was certain that she would think it so, would count it almost a desertion. And then he wondered how old she was. Her manner was the self-possessed one of a woman halfway through life; but, there were times when she did not look more than eight-and-twenty. He thought she must be five-and-thirty, anyhow; for she had a younger sister who had been on a visit to her lately, looked seven-and-thirty, and was the mother of six children. It took a woman some years to be the mother of six children, especially when the eldest was fifteen. The sister was a widow, and lived in Germany—educating her children with a view to the accomplishments rather than solidity of learning: a course which, he had noticed, very matter-of-fact women often pursued in regard to their children, probably unaware that in doing so they were helping a result that was almost inevitable.

"Mr. Laughton, sir," the clerk said. A well-known solicitor entered and Miss Glenny was forgotten. The winter-day was closing in before he had time to think of her again.

He walked back from Lincoln's Inn to Kensington—a little slowly, for he wanted to think over that brief. After all, there was more in it than he had seen at first. Laughton had put him up to a line of defence for the other side on which he had not reckoned: he wondered that he had not seen the possibility of it.

It was almost dark as he went past the Albert Hall, and Hyde Park Gate, towards Kensington High Street. At the beginning of the line of shops he looked up at the quaint signs that hang out here and there to make-believe that progress has not wholly blotted out the picturesque side of commerce. There was an old furniture shop. He had bought a card-table at it once; but the men who might have played a rubber had vanished from his ken. It perplexed him sometimes when he realized how lonely he was at an age that most men count to be their prime. He literally did not know a dozen people in London in their own homes. There were the Gilbertsons and the Westfields: he dined with them twice a year; and there were some cousins on whom he called now and then, because they were relations, and he felt that relationship involved a certain amount of irksome duty.

A few doors beyond the furniture shop there was a florist's; and outside, on a wooden stool, close up against the doorway, was a bowl of early spring flowers. A woman in a tight-fitting cloth jacket and a wide-brimmed hat stood by it. She was not very tall; but she was slim and graceful. She held a bunch of flowers in her

INSTITUTION,
NEW SWINDON.

hand, and while the boy went to get some change, thinking perhaps that in the twilight no one could see her, she raised them to her lips. He stopped and looked in at the furniture shop till she had gone on again. He did not want to overtake her—he was not in a humour for talk;—but he followed her half-curiously, half-fascinated. Her gait was easy and graceful, like that of a woman who has walked much in early youth; and it had a little swing in it, a rhythm that suggested the impossibility of her clothes being any sort of hindrance to her: though, at least so far as he could judge, she was well dressed. He was quite close behind her for some minutes; but in the darkness she did not notice him. She brought back visions of his youth; a smile came to his lips; and for a little space he walked in a different world.

"She must have been a girl ten—fifteen—years ago. She walks like a girl now, and like one who was brought up in the country to the tune of outdoor games and exercises. I wish I had known her then."

She walked a little faster. He did not quicken his own pace, but watched her as she curved in-and-out among the people she passed, till he lost sight of her. A shadow seemed to follow him as he had followed the woman. By the time he reached the entrance to the flats it had wrapped him round, till all things seemed impossible. He mounted the stairs listlessly; thinking that after dinner he would have one of the long dreamy smokes that brought a welcome indistinctness. Then behind him came footsteps softer and swifter than his own. He knew perfectly whose they were. Probably she had stopped somewhere after he had lost sight of her, and so enabled him to arrive first.

"Have you been taking a walk, Miss Glenny?" As he spoke the gloom vanished from his face, and while he looked at her a quiet satisfaction stole into his heart.

"Yes," she answered, in a cheery voice that had always, somehow, a suggestion of out-of-doorness about it. "I have been a long long way to see some friends; and these flowers are my reward." She held them out for a moment, as if he had not seen them, and stopped for a moment beneath the lamp by his door.

"For what?"

"For bearing the winter patiently, and not hurrying away from the darkness of London to any other in the world that has a little sunshine. But you look so tired, Mr. Falkland. Have you walked far?"

"No: only from Lincoln's Inn Fields." Wild tigers would not have made George Falkland own to a woman that he was tired.

"Come upstairs and have a cup of tea? Marie will have it ready."

"The invaluable Marie," he said with a little smile; and hesi-

tated. "Snoxall—my man—does not indulge me with afternoon tea."

"A Frenchwoman encourages all one's weaknesses."

"I will have one of mine encouraged;" and he walked up beside her.

"Ah!" There was a little triumph in her voice: he felt (and it rested him to feel it) that for the next half-hour at least she had taken possession of him. She entered with a latch-key and he followed her into the drawing-room, a cheery room with a bright fire. A copper kettle gave out a pleasant sound; beside the fire-place was a little tea-table. Marie opened the door and looked in.

"Ah! Mademoiselle and Monsieur Falkland. That is good. Mademoiselle and Monsieur shall have tea instantly." It struck Mr. Falkland that Marie thought it quite natural to see them together, and the idea amused him. Miss Glenny opened a little old-fashioned caddy, and some buttered toast was brought in. He felt rested in five minutes.

"I ought to be very grateful to Mrs. Gilbertson," he said. "If she had not asked me to meet you that night I should have been downstairs now trying to smoke away my loneliness."

"I felt quite excited when I walked into the room and saw you," she answered. "We had passed so many times on the stairs, and I had been grateful to you for raising your hat as you went by: Englishmen are so often afraid or ashamed of being polite. I had known you by sight for three or four months before we met."

"I had known you much longer. I used to look up at your windows last winter, when I came back in the evening, to see if your lamp were lighted, for then I knew that you were at home." He had not meant anything by his words; but he could not help seeing that she poured out the tea a little awkwardly, as though she were a girl, and had become suddenly shy. He looked at her, puzzled; but he saw, even by the white-shaded lamp, that there were lines about her mouth and eyes, and on one side of her dark hair a little tuft of grey. "I remember," he went on, "seeing you arrive one morning last summer as if from a journey. There was a big box with foreign labels upon it on the top of the four-wheeler."

"That was when I came from Normandy. I go abroad every year."

"Alone?"

"Yes." He fancied that there was a little sadness in her voice but her next words belied it. "I always go alone for my holidays. I feel so free alone. And I never worry myself with a circular ticket or a thought-out tour," she went on suddenly, "but start with the remembrances of the places I want to see, and a railway

ticket to one of them: fate and chance do the rest. That very feminine-looking trunk you saw on the cab is designed to hold everything a woman can possibly want; so that if I start for a short journey I can change my mind and go a long one. It is generally shot into space at the end of a week, and picked up after long days, looking very lonely, at some strange railway station. What do you do for a holiday? But a man can go to the far ends of the earth: there is no pleasure like travel."

"You will think my method very tame. I generally take myself and a cartload of books to some lonely country inn, and amuse myself with long walks and the silence."

"And you like that?" A little neuralgia shot through him, and made his voice pathetic, as he answered,

"I have to like it."

She looked at him questioningly for a moment, and then rang the bell. The Frenchwoman entered, beaming on Mr. Falkland, as if to give him courage.

"Marie," Miss Glenny said, "fill the yellow pot with water, and bring it here; I want to put these flowers into it."

She arranged the flowers carefully, and put them on a little square table that was almost covered with silver nick-nacks. Mr. Falkland watched her. He had nothing of that sort in his rooms. How strange it would be to have a home, and a table with silver nick-nacks and flowers and yellow pots on it, and to find a woman, in a soft woollen dress with a silken lining that rustled a little as she walked, waiting for him when he came back from his work. Miss Glenny sat down by the fireplace again, and took up the thread of their talk. "Why do you have to like it?" she asked.

"I have no belongings at all," he answered hurriedly, "and my friends are scattered far and wide ——"

"Like the graves of the children, in the poem," she said, between a smile and a sigh. "Why, we are both orphans and waifs, Mr. Falkland? For I have only a sister—a dear sister," she added affectionately,—"and she is in Germany."

"I have not even a sister," he answered. "But you said you liked a holiday alone: do you like living alone too?"

"Oh, yes: I have the wisdom to like what has to be."

"It must be harder on a woman than on a man."

"Oh, perhaps," she said, abruptly. "Talk to me about your work. Do you remember telling me about that trial a month ago in which you held the junior brief? The next day I felt almost as if I were in court listening to every word you said!"

"Perhaps you would be interested in a case I had to-day; but it is getting late, and Snoxall will think I am not coming home." He got up, and stood half-hesitating. "I wonder," he said, "if you

would let me come up presently for an hour after dinner? Then I might tell you about the case if you would care ——"

"I should," she said, simply. "Come up, after dinner."

II.

He went up many evenings after dinner during the next month, and found it to be a better time than the tea hour. It was very home-like to sit there in his slippers looking at a woman's face on the other side of the fire. Gradually he learnt a good deal about her; and he told her, mostly in stray sentences, a good deal about himself. She always worked while she listened—not that they talked much (hardly at all) concerning general matters. But he disliked very talkative women. He was content to look at her, to make little remarks now and then, and to feel that she liked him to be there, for he did feel that she liked it; even Marie, as she opened the door to him, always put a little sigh of content into her "Ah! it is Monsieur," of greeting. Sometimes he wished he might smoke; but she never proposed it, and a little shyness always hung about him, so that he would not have dared to ask her leave. And sometimes he wished that, after all, she sewed less and sat over the fire oftener in dreamy silence, as he did: it would have been more companionable. But the clicking of her needle was pleasant, and the sight of the various things she made for the nephews and nieces in Germany gave her a womanly touch that sent his thoughts back to the days of his own childhood. It gave him a far-away feeling, too; for there was no part of his life in which children had a share, and he always felt a little contemptuous concerning feminine garments. He would have liked if he and she had had some pursuits in common, though neither of them was made for many pursuits. As it was they sat there apart, a man and woman who looked at each other.

He often wondered how she managed to be so cheerful, for she appeared to have no relations in England, and but few friends. Now and then she went to Mrs. Gilbertson's; but this seemed to be her only dissipation—save when once a year, she broke loose like a bird from its cage and wandered about in foreign parts for two or three of the summer months. Once it occurred to him that she might like to go to a theatre. He disliked plays himself, and most things ostensibly done for amusement; but he thought it might please her, and that it would be pleasant to take her, if she would go with him. He proposed it half-dubiously. She shook her head.

"It's very ungrateful of me; but I would rather stay at home. I am a domesticated creature,"—she laughed, hurrying her stitches, while she spoke,—"and like my nest. And when I do go out I

like it to be for a run in the open: it seems absurd to go from one covered place to another covered place unless the cover is made of green leaves."

"And couldn't we manage that for an hour or two?"

"We should have to go very far," she said, wisely shaking her head, and not raising her eyes from her work. "There are only bare branches and brown twigs in London at this time of year. Stay—have you seen the crocuses and snowdrops in the Park?"

"No: I generally come back by the highroad. I am always alone, and never thought of the Park." They were silent. A quarter of an hour went by before either of them spoke again. Then she looked up, and spoke doubtfully:

"Once or twice lately I have thought that I should like to go and live in the country." He was almost startled. She went on apologetically. "I don't want to leave my little flat, and—and I should miss our evenings; but you can breathe freely when the houses are not crowded up round you, and when the trees stand up straight and tall,—you will think me a romantic old woman."

"Old? You seem to me so young."

"Look at my tuft of grey hair," she laughed, "and at all the crows'-feet on my face. Oh, I am old, very old: only, I have the restless spirit of a bird, that gives me a feeling of youth and longing to break away. But I am old," she repeated, this time with a sigh. "Why, I am thirty-seven. Soon I shall be thirty-eight." She struck her needle in her work, and seemed afraid to pull it out.

"I am nearly forty-four."

"Ah! but you are a man, and may indulge in years with impunity." He deliberated for a minute.

"So may a woman if—if—well, you know, it doesn't make any difference to the people who care about her. Men who are not young themselves never know what to talk about to girls."

"That is what they always say to women of my age." They were silent again for a minute or two; he looking into the fire, and she going on with her sewing. Presently he got up to go, but lingered a moment by the fireplace. The clock struck ten.

"It is getting late," she said.

"I am afraid it is," he answered, with a little regret in his voice. "I wonder," he went on, "if you would show me the crocuses, since you won't go to a theatre? We might meet out in the open, as you call it,—by the Marble Arch, perhaps,—and walk home across the Park together." She sewed industriously, and did not say a word. "We never walked a mile together; yet you never feel you are intimate with another man till you have walked beside him. If you like him at all, your friendship grows insensibly with every yard you go. I don't know how it is with a

woman, of course." He saw the colour come to her face and vanish before he went on, speaking hurriedly: "I followed you one night earlier in the winter—that night you bought the flowers and I came in and had tea with you. I imagined then how you would look in the country: you went along with such a free, quick step."

"For an old woman."

"If you say that you will force me to remember my own years. I don't see why we need chalk them up on the wall before us." He held out his hand. "Are we going to have the walk?"

"Yes: if you like," she said.

When he had gone she sat over the fire, and was content.

They met next day on the left-hand side of Oxford Street, and walked towards the Park together—a sedate-looking couple: they might have been married a good fifteen years. She wore a bonnet and a veil arranged with great precision, and a cloak that made her look fashionable. He realized that she had put on her best garments for him.

It seemed natural, and yet it was strange, to be walking beside her. As usual, they did not talk much, and they almost forgot to look at the crocus beds. The twilight fell softly everywhere. It seemed appropriate.

"It's good not to see too clearly into the distance,—it makes you feel as if you were crossing a great plain that stretched on indefinitely," she said. "The Park is wide enough to suggest one in this light, and we might be going on and on to the sea, or the mountains, or the world's end. Oh, it is lovely, to walk over the green and under the sky and to breathe freely. Don't you often long to be a thousand miles from a town?"

"No," he answered, with a little smile. "You see, I am terribly matter-of-fact. You are romantic."

"I am afraid so"—she gave a little sigh,—"and I am ashamed of it, as one is ashamed of many things after five-and-thirty. Don't you wish our bodies were as good for wear and tear as our souls? Imagine some day not being able to walk, or only to drag yourself round a little garden; imagine being old and wizened, and thought ridiculous for doing the things to which the irresponsible part of you goaded you on. If we had only been like birds, able to fly away into space, and die at last alone on a topmost rock! Oh, don't laugh at me for talking nonsense," she went on. "I am very sorry: perhaps my last body was a bird's, for I resent this cumbersome one so much. And the flat so often feels like a prison, and its little obligations like fetters."

"Are you going to Normandy again this year?"

"I have not thought of it yet. Did you ever go to Eu?" she asked.

"No. Tell me about it."

"I stayed there for a week last summer. The hotel was full of commercial travellers. They joked with the waitresses at dinner, and laughed, and told stories in loud voices. But there is an old château there, and a white and empty church. And there are little fiacres in the market-place: I used to drive Tréport in one of them, and look at the sea, and back again and on into the forest for hours. There were endless roads through the forest. The driver used to turn half-way-round upon his seat, and tell me stories about the king who planted the trees; and how France was republican now, and had no kings at all, but still the forest remained. I remember feeling one day as if the whole place were enchanted and not a soul had walked there for a hundred years at least. And then, suddenly, we came to some cross-roads; and at the corner of one of them was a wooden sign-post on which was written up '*Au bon lait.*' It was quite a shock," she laughed; "but we went on and came to a farm. It had a cherry orchard: the fruit was hanging ripe and red, and a little girl went up a queer wooden ladder and gathered fruit and threw it down: I caught it in my dress. It seemed as if the farm were the only habitation in the world: it was wonderful to be there, to have driven to it, to drive away along the endless forest roads again—only, they were not endless. It was like waking up from a dream to sit at the *table d'hôte* again that night while the commercial travellers told their stories."

"And you were never lonely?"

"A bird on the wing generally flies apart.—How quickly we have come home!"

He went in to tea again. Marie seemed to have expected him, for there were two cups put ready on the little table. Beside Miss Glenny's chair was her work. She took it up when the tea had been carried away, and he felt as if every time she pulled her needle out she drew his life a little closer into hers.

"Do you really think of going to live in the country?"

"I don't know," she answered, dreamily, intent upon her work. "Sometimes I doubt if I have the courage to get up and unmake this home and begin to make another. It is difficult to be much interested in things done only for oneself."

"I wish," he said, slowly, "you would make a home for me."

"For you?" She looked up wonderingly.

"Yes: for me," he answered. "I want to go away too. I am tired of everything—except you. There is no one else in the world for me," he went on, in an odd speculative voice that yet was trembling. "We both of us want to go away into the country, to make a new home—why shouldn't we make it together? I can't see why there should be two homes any longer instead of one."

He stopped. She did not say a word; but her cheeks were burning, and her eyes were full of tears, and the hands she had clasped together over her work trembled. For she had grown fond of the man before her; but he, though he was earnest enough, was not one whit like a lover. She couldn't tell for the life of her whether he was pleading for her love or suggesting that they should keep house together on a strictly platonic basis, without any radical change in their relationship. There had always been something very platonic about him. If she had thought about it, she would never have dreamt of expecting passion from him; but he did not appear to be offering her even its apology, sentiment. "Why should not we be together always, as we are on these quiet evenings?" he went on, "and man and wife, instead of merely friends?"

"I have always been alone," she said in a low voice, looking down at her work: "it would be so strange." He was silent for a moment, as if casting about in his mind what to say.

"Should you mind the strangeness?"

"I don't know. It is so——"

"So what?" He took the work from her lap, and put it on the basket beside her, and pulled her gently towards him till she stood up and faced him. "Of course, you may like somebody else better," he said; "or perhaps I am too dull and quiet, too neuralgic, for you." She looked up quickly. There was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her brown eyes that made her look ten years younger.

"There is no one else; and how could the neuralgia make a difference?" she asked reproachfully.

"And do you think——"

"Oh, I don't know," she cried, almost passionately. He looked at her puzzled.

"I wonder what your name is," he said. "I never called you anything but Miss Glenny." Then she laughed, and pulled her hands away.

"You don't even know my name, and yet you want to—to marry me. It is Margaret."

"That was my mother's name," he said, and went nearer to her—till her face almost touched his shoulder. "It makes me feel as if you would put up with me. Do you think you could?" She hesitated for a moment before she whispered:

"Yes: I think so."

He looked at her in an odd, unbelieving manner; then put his arm round her neck and kissed her cheek.

"I almost think you care for me," he said.

"I do," she cried. "I do! I never cared for anyone else in my

whole life. I didn't believe it was true, or that I could——" She stopped as if unable to go on.

"My dear," he said, slowly, "I don't understand why you should live all this time and then trouble yourself about me. But I am glad you do," he added, with almost a laugh. "Now we will do our moving together."

Miss Glenny sat over the fire for a long time that evening after he had gone downstairs. It was very strange and unbelievable, she thought; but she felt happy, or, at any rate, content; and yet lurking deep down in the bottom of her heart there was just a little disappointment. Perhaps it was only that imagination and reality seldom meet each other with satisfaction.

III.

Two or three months went by. They stared at their new experience of life a little blankly. The new relationship sat upon them awkwardly, though neither would have allowed that it was so. And a sort of re-action seemed to overtake them: as if, after being near together, they had naturally drawn apart. Mr. Falkland evidently felt himself unfitted for the rôle of lover, and essayed it in a very mild degree. He was neuralgic, too, as was usual with him in the spring, and found sleeping difficult without a sedative; and this affected his nerves. He spent three or four evenings in the week upstairs. On the other evenings she sat and listened, and when half-past nine o'clock struck walked up and down to keep off her disappointment. The next morning she knew perfectly that he would send up a letter by Snoxall, enquiring after her health, regretting that he had not been able to appear the night before, and asking her leave to do so that evening. She always sent back a happy little note that was like the chirp of a bird; and went through the day looking forward with quiet pleasure to the evening. Sometimes he dined with her; but not very often, for when he did the time dragged a little, and vaguely they both knew it. Moreover, he was a trifle dyspeptic, and found that some of the dishes Marie prepared with much joy for his delectation did not agree with him so well as the plain roast mutton and milk pudding that Snoxall knew to be the best and safest food for him.

Their manner towards each other did not change much with their relationship. They called each other by their Christian names with a certain embarrassment on her side. When he arrived he held her hand a little more expressively than formerly and occasionally kissed her cheek, though this was by no means a matter of course. It became one on parting, which perhaps showed that in her society he warmed up a little. She sewed as industriously as ever; and, though he sometimes wonderingly called it the

eternal work to himself, he made no objection to it. They agreed not to make definite arrangements for their future till after their marriage, which was, of course, to take place in the long vacation. They would stay at some quiet place in England, and make their plans at leisure. She pleaded for a honeymoon abroad; but he told her that he was a bad sailor, and always avoided a crossing when he could; moreover, that foreign food disagreed with him, and that he required the long monotonous holiday to brace him up for the winter's work. So she cheerfully pulled down the castle in the air she had built with thoughts of a honeymoon up the Rhine, and agreed with Mr. Falkland that the country place in England would be very nice.

He did not tell her much about his position or his affairs—not that he had any wish to conceal them; but it was one of his theories that a man should know everything concerning a woman, but concerning himself be reticent. As time went on he showed himself a little fidgety, though he was always gentle and courteous. And he grew just a shade masterful in his manner, unconsciously perhaps; asking her questions and advising her about the business details of her life; and into his advice and comments he put a little tone of authority that made her feel she was no longer a free woman. It would have been sweet enough if there had been compensations. It was sweet as it was at first; but gradually she learnt, though she did not resent it, to feel just a little impatient; and the sense of disappointment that had dawned on the first night of her engagement came back. Once or twice she felt that he was beginning to regard her as a responsibility: one he had taken upon himself in a friendly fashion, yet accepted rather seriously. She thought it absurd to be so serious. Why couldn't he love her, and laugh sometimes, and be content? She was not old—certainly not old for him. She was at an age at which many women are loved well. Besides, the number of her years would always be less than his, and if she were not very wise or intellectual she was pretty (with pleasant vanity, she knew it), and she was sweet and bright—the sort of woman many a man older than herself might have been foolish about, and for the foolishness she hungered and thirsted. She wanted to be told that he loved her, to be praised, and flattered a little bit, to be called by the names that other men, even middle-aged men, called the women they cared for, though the women too were middle-aged. She wanted to do little services for him—to wait upon him, to make things for him with her hands, to devise little surprises for him in her heart; above all, to castle-build with him about the future. But gradually all these longings and the unconscious hopes of which they were born died away, and there succeeded a restless feeling, an idea that while

they sat between four walls it would always be the same. She thought of far-off places, and wished she could drag him to them —then it would be different. But there he sat—polite, discreet, and rather silent—the man with whom was written the history of her future. A vision of what that future would probably be like grew upon her—its monotony; its lack of freedom, of individuality; and (though she was far too loyal to own it even to herself) its dulness.

He talked to her about his work, sometimes; but his manner of doing so was different from that of the first days. It was done as if to educate her, or reluctantly, as if it bored him. Once or twice he hardly said a word during the whole evening; and she never dreamt that he felt ill and tired, for anything on her part that implied this he treated coldly. She almost learnt to think that he was free from the aches and wearinesses to which all mortal flesh is heir—simply because he so seldom would own to any knowledge of them. Thus it was borne in upon her slowly that there was no romance in this marriage, but that it would be almost of the nature of a business arrangement, a matter of expediency undertaken because it seemed absurd that two lone people should each have a separate home when one would suffice. There were times when she felt that he looked at her a little ruefully: as though he had entered upon the present state of things too precipitately. She would have got up and set him free, but that her courage failed her and her compassion came in—for she felt that he must be more lonely than he realized. She meant to make his life better—he didn't know it; but it was going to be happier and brighter.

The day of the marriage drew near. The wedding was to be a very quiet one. They were to go back to the Gilbertsons to lunch after the ceremony. Mrs. Gilbertson had insisted on this, taking some little credit to herself for having brought them together. The Rev. John Barlow was coming up from his Dorsetshire Vicarage to tie the knot.

"Jack doesn't believe in matrimony, I fear," Mr. Falkland said; "but we are such old friends that I felt he ought to see me through."

"Yes," and Miss Glenny looked up with the smile that had been rather rare lately: "I am glad he is to marry us. It will bind up your past with our future." He put his hand on hers for a moment, and looked at her affectionately. He was fond of her in his quiet way; but excitement was not in him. Moreover, the coming change in his life bothered him a good deal—perplexed and worried him. He did not like changes; he was not used to them; he was shy of attempting new things, of experiments; and sometimes he wondered why he had brought all this upon himself. He had thought of giving up the Wargrave rooms and his flat; but to think about a

thing and to do it were different. He was essentially a contemplative man, and the thought that he was literally bringing about a revolution in his quiet life appalled him.

"I have got some trinkets for you," he said that evening; "but I will give them to you—afterwards. They belonged to my mother. I only thought of them to-day, when I was in Laughton's office looking over the settlement. Would you care to have them?"

"I should care for anything that you gave me," she answered; "and of course I shall value anything that was your mother's." He pushed back her hair when he wished her good-night, and kissed her forehead.

"My poor hair," she said, ruefully; and looked in the glass at the little grey tuft.

"I like it," he said. "It makes me feel that we are a sober, sensible couple. I am afraid it is no use pretending that we are young. Good-night, dear." She was happier after that good-bye than she had been for some time.

Mr. Barlow arrived the morning before the marriage.

"Well, old man, here's the executioner," he said, cheerily, when his friend met him at the station; and then he repented his words, for Mr. Falkland was looking dreadfully ill. He had not slept for two or three nights; and all the previous one he had lain awake realizing with ghastly clearness that for the rest of his days he was going to be bound to a woman who sat on the other side of a fireplace sewing, and that his movements, if they were not to be controlled by her, must, at any rate, be guided by considerations for her. It made his spirits horrible. Nothing did him any good but smoking, and his smoking days were virtually coming to an end. There would be no more long drowsy evenings by the open window, or in the winter, beside the fire, with a lamp on the other side, and a book on his knee, and a pipe in his mouth. Then he discovered that, though she had a delightful smile, there was not much variety in her companionship. She was always and for ever the same. There was no unexpectedness in her except in her longing to start off now and then to foreign lands; and this, he felt, was not a desirable peculiarity, since he preferred staying in his own country. It would all come right, he supposed; but last night, and this last day, the thought of the terrible togetherness of matrimony was like a nightmare to him. Mr. Barlow's talk did not make him feel more lively.

"You don't look very fit, old man," he said. "Why did you do it? You have got on well enough without a wife all these years. What possessed you to tie yourself up to one now? You will never be able to kick off your shoes and leave them on the hearthrug again."

"You have not seen Margaret yet—she is very sensible."

"Sensible! Then your meals will become a mere waste of time: you will have to talk at them, instead of reading. Great mistake to marry a sensible woman. Better break it off while there is yet time, and find a merely pretty one you can snub into your own ways. Well, I am going to leave you now for the rest of the day. What time shall we meet this evening?"

"I thought we would dine together at the Club."

"I would rather come to the flat, and have our bit of food together there for the last time. It will be quieter."

"All right," Mr. Falkland answered. "I will telegraph to Snoxall to be ready for us. Come early if you can. I should like to take you in to see Margaret."

"No: not to-night. I shall only turn up just in time for dinner, and not fit to pay my respects to a lady. Besides, I want you to myself for the last hours of your existence worth mentioning."

"I think she would like to see you."

"Not to-day. She will have plenty to do, and I hope to know her well in the future. Well, good-bye, old man. I wish you had been coming to Switzerland with me this autumn. A little climbing would have done you a world of good."

Mr. Falkland felt as he walked on that never before had there been so dreary a bridegroom. Then it struck him that this depression was all caused by the accursed neuralgia and sleeplessness. A doctor might have put him to rights with a few tonics, sufficiently at any rate, to make him a less dreary companion for the next fortnight. It might not be too late even now. He stopped a hansom and drove to Harley Street.

The doctor was at home. He did not appear to think that much was the matter with Mr. Falkland.

"You want a change," he said. "If you could go abroad for a month or two, with a cheerful companion of your own sex, you would probably find yourself quite well again."

"I have been making arrangements to live in the country and to come up every day."

"A mistake," the doctor answered decisively. "You will find the wear and tear of the daily journey try you a good deal, and the dead leaves and monotony of the country in winter will depress you. London is the best place for a temperament like yours."

"I am going to marry—" Mr. Falkland said, half-hesitating.

"Humph."

"Or I might have gone to Switzerland with an old friend this autumn."

"That would have been excellent—far better than marriage."

"It is too late to put it off," Mr. Falkland said; and felt bewil-

dered as he walked away. For, if he was not to live in the country, why was he doing it at all? It was because Miss Glenny—because they both—had wanted to get away from London that they had agreed to marry. But, if he was forced to stay in London, naturally she must do so too; and she might be sorry. It was very puzzling. He felt as if he were selling his freedom for a mess of pottage: worse—as if, for no reason at all, he were giving himself to a gaoler, a gentle kindly one, but still a gaoler, who would hold the key that made his life a prison. But it was too late to alter things. The marriage must go on. He determined not to tell her what the doctor had said, lest he should make her uncomfortable. But he felt strongly that this was beguiling her into marriage under false pretences, and entering upon it himself under conditions for which he had not bargained.

He went to tea alone with her for the last time. As if fate were determined to pile things up, something had gone wrong of a business nature in the afternoon, and added to his worry. He knew that he ought to be in London for the next day or two, and going away on a honeymoon was inconvenient. It made him quietly impatient even to think of it. But he felt that it would be so discourteous to her to put it off, and he hated discourtesy. So he did not say a word to Miss Glenny about the matters that were troubling him; but his manner was pre-occupied and abrupt, and, though she tried not to show it, she was hurt. It was almost a relief when he rose to go. Then she struggled with the situation.

"George," she said, "my dress came home this afternoon. It looks subdued and proper—a sober grey silk for your spinster of sober years turned bride."

"That's right," he said; and looked at her absently through his pince-nez. There was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"Is Mr. Barlow coming to see me this evening?"

"No: he thought you might like to be left alone." Perhaps his voice betrayed something; for she asked quickly—

"Is he sorry that you are going to be married?"

"He didn't say so," Mr. Falkland answered, cautiously; "but it would be natural, I suppose. He had had an idea that we—he and I—might have gone to Switzerland this autumn and done some climbing."

"You told me you didn't like going abroad," she said, with something like dismay.

"Not your sort of going abroad," he answered. "We should have smoked and walked all day."

"I could walk all day, and should like it."

"Two men get about better." The clock on the mantelpiece struck seven. "Look here: I must be off. That old chap will be

back soon." His face lighted up as he spoke of his friend. "I daresay we shall talk half through the night."

"We never talk very much," she said. He hesitated for a moment, as if puzzled.

"He and I have been friends so long—and—well, I think two men have always more to say to each other than a man and a woman. They have more things in common." He looked at the clock as he spoke, as if anxious to get away. Then suddenly she put out her hands to him.

"George," she said, "are you sure that you want to be married—that you care about me? I am not very happy," she added piteously; and the tears came into her eyes.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, surprised and afraid lest she were going to make a scene.

"Nothing—nothing," she said; and his calmness made her ashamed of her vehemence. "Only, sometimes I think we are making a mistake—that we should have been wiser to have gone on living in our respective flats, or in two cottages in the country a little apart from each other—just seeing each other sometimes, as we did last winter." He looked at her wonderingly. Was she, too, repenting?

"It'll be better to go through with it now," he said, as much to himself as to her. "I daresay it will be all right."

"It would be better to break it off, even now, if——"

"No"—but there was a little hesitation in his voice—"No: we are not children. We shall get along all right, I expect."

"Someone have arrived for Monsieur," Marie said, entering. "Monsieur Snoxall want to tell you——"

"I am coming," he said, quickly. He seemed thankful for the chance given him to escape. He shook hands with Margaret, and then, as if on second thoughts, kissed her hurriedly, and went downstairs.

When he had gone she realized that she had said good-bye to him for the last time—that to-morrow would be their wedding-day. He had forgotten to say anything tender about it. She remembered the night before her sister was married. The bridegroom had to go back to the country inn at which he was staying. Before he started he and her sister had stood in the moonlight for a moment outside the little door that opened on to a short cut across the field. "Good-bye, my darling," that lover had said: "it will never be good-bye any more": and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and did not care one single straw whether Margaret witnessed it or not. And when he had gone a step or two he came back and kissed her again, and called her endearing names, and swore to make her happy all her days, and

told her that he should count the hours till the morning, and then, as if with a mighty effort, drew himself away and disappeared quickly along the pathway.

Her own parting to-night had been different. She felt as if Mr. Falkland had grown tired of the engagement—as if he were carrying it out merely from a sense of duty? "We had better go through with it now," he had said. Perhaps he regarded it as an obligation he could not shirk, an arrangement it would be foolish to alter. And for this she was changing her whole life. She was giving him her freedom; and her freedom had been very precious to her. She had liked the sense of her own irresponsibility so much—the knowledge that no one could question her or call her to task for her goings out and comings in, or ask her to give an account of her time. But this would never be again: her wings were clipped. He had shown her quietly, but quite plainly, that henceforth her life would be shaped by him, and not by her own fancy. Always in future there would be, "Can I do this?" and "I have done so-and-so." She felt a little desperate, and almost frightened at the thought of the fate that to-morrow would overtake her. She had loved George Falkland at the beginning of their engagement; she had been prepared to love him very much, had he expected it; and this would have made the monotony of the life that was coming sweet. She could have delighted in his tyranny had she been sure that he loved her.

"But that is what I do not feel," she said to herself as she sat over the empty fireplace, with the pot of meadow-sweet in front of it. "If I could only think that he cared, I wouldn't mind what he did." She broke down and sobbed, and felt lonely and helpless. It was a nice prelude to a wedding-day. She crept over to the sofa, and put her head down into the pillow and lay very still. Presently she heard the street door below open and shut, and a faint hope took possession of her that he was coming back. But she waited, listening, and dabbing her tears away, while the clock ticked on three minutes. Then Marie came in with a tray on which was a little modest meal—her last one alone.

"Voilà, Madame: votre diner. Monsieur le pasteur has just arrived en bas. Monsieur Snoxall tell me they like each other very, very much, and Monsieur le pasteur is very sorry that Monsieur Falkland should get married. He never believe in marriage. Ah, it is a pity that Monsieur and Madame are going to the country to live; for Monsieur Snoxall say it is never good for Monsieur Falkland, and he get unhappy there. Madame want to be alone? I will go."

Miss Glenny sat looking at her dinner. She did not want to eat it. She got up and walked slowly round the room in which she

had lived so long. Her life in it had come to an end. She stood before the little square table on which the silver ornaments were usually arranged. It was bare now; for they had been packed. There was a door leading from the drawing-room into her bedroom. She opened it and looked in. Over the back of a chair was her wedding dress. She remembered reading somewhere an account, more picturesque than accurate, of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and of how, the night before, the black velvet dress in which she was to be beheaded was laid across a chair, just as this grey wedding dress was now.

Beside the bed there was a large canvas-covered trunk. It was open; and on the end towards her there were still the labels denoting foreign travel. There was one of the hotel at Eu. She thought of the *table d'hôte*. Perhaps the commercial travellers were sitting round it now, telling their stories. In imagination she went along the roads in the forest again, till she came to the sign-post pointing the way to the farm. It was at this time of year that she had gone there: the late cherries in the autumn would be hanging ripe and red. How free she had been—how unfettered. The wide world had been her very own—and she would never know that wonderful feeling again. She had "to go through" with her marriage. She wrenched her thoughts away from it, and looked at the other label on her box. It was one of the hotel at Rouen. She had been very happy there, too, till she went to see the pepper-pot-shaped prison in which poor Joan had been tortured, and the old square in which she had been burnt. She remembered standing in a corner of the square shivering and mechanically stopping her ears as if through all the centuries she could hear a shriek. She hated Rouen after that, and went on by next train to Havre; and there she had stayed in a queer little wooden shanty a mile or two along the coast. It looked across to Trouville; and suddenly one morning she determined to go there. In an hour she had departed on her way; but changed her mind, and went to Honfleur instead.

There would be none of these vagaries in future. Life would be ordered quite differently, and according to the will of a man who had never for a moment let himself go or led her to believe he loved her better than the whole world; and only for the man who did this was her freedom worth giving up. Then a great tenderness came over her, and she understood him. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to go on living the life that for forty-four years has been his, that he had grown used to, that suited him above all others; and he had unwittingly been drawn into this engagement with her, and was too honourable a man to shirk it, and too kind a one to let her know the rebellion in his heart. She thought of his flat and his untidy tobacco-scented sitting-room. She had not seen it many times; but

she felt that it was very precious to him; yet that it would not exist—neither that nor the like of it—in his future. It would have gone against all her instincts to have had a room like that in a well-kept house over which she presided. There swept in upon her like an avalanche a tide of sympathy with him, of understanding of the wrench to-morrow would be to him, the wrench away from his old life, the books and the silence, the comfort and the restful loneliness.

She looked at the trunk again; it was ready packed. All things were in it that she would want if, for instance, she were starting for Normandy. There would be nothing to do but to close and lock it. Her travelling-cloak and hat were on the table at the foot of the bed. How wonderful it would be to dart off into the open once more—free—free. It was just eight o'clock. At 8.50 the train for Dieppe left Victoria. She felt herself tremble from head to foot. Did a bird feel like that before it took wing? She went towards the trunk. There was some muslin on the bed. She put it softly over the wedding dress on the chair——

IV.

Downstairs the two men sat at their dinner. Mr. Barlow's spirits were not as good as in the morning, and his talk was graver. He apologized for his jokes: they had not been in very good taste, he said. "And I'm sure the lady is charming; let's drink her health. I shall miss you, of course. A man is never the same after he is married."

"You were the same."

"Don't let's talk of that," Mr. Barlow said, with a shudder: and he put down his wine untasted. "Those years were an awful mistake: you never knew their history."

"No," Mr. Falkland answered: "I never liked to ask you questions." While he spoke he listened absently to some wheels that had stopped at the house a minute before, and now turned round and went off into the distance.

"I think I should like to tell you about it," Mr. Barlow said; "and I would rather do so now, before you have a wife, to whom you may feel inclined to repeat confidences."

It was late when they had finished their talk, and Mr. Falkland felt no better for it. When his friend had gone to his room he sat by the empty fireplace, as Miss Glenny had done by hers; and then got up and walked round his room, looking longingly at every familiar thing it held; and he felt, as she had known he did, that he was giving away his quiet, his books,—that he was changing his whole life for an idea, a mere speculation. Moreover, he was about to make himself responsible for another's portion of hap-

piness, and he might fail to give her any. He wondered how he could have been so rash. In the past winter, when they were merely friends, they had each been content: why had he altered things? It had been pleasant enough to go upstairs and watch her bending over her work and to think of many things of which it was unnecessary to speak—pleasant to come back to the quiet. To-morrow he was going out of the quiet, and would never come back to it again. For ever in the future there would be a human being with him, tied to him, belonging to him, looking to him, taking her portion of weal or woe, as it was given to him to deal it out. He felt ashamed of having broken in upon her peaceful life. "She is a dear woman," he said to himself, "and enjoyed her life in her own way: what a fool I was to meddle with it. We shall neither of us be the better for what we are going to do—we have been used to freedom too long."

It was past midnight. Mr. Falkland got up desperately and went to his room, but he was staring wide-awake with the knowledge that slowly and surely neuralgia was coming to torment him through the long dark hours. "I must stop this at any price," he thought, "even at the risk of a headache to-morrow." He took a bottle from a shelf, and poured a dose into a glass, thinking, while he did so, of Jack Barlow's story, which flashed back vividly upon him. "It will be all right," he thought as he turned on his pillow and drowsiness overtook him. "At any rate, we shall get a little spell of the country—and afterwards—afterwards——" Then the greyness came and gathered over him.

There was a knock at Miss Glenny's door at eight o'clock next morning. When Marie opened it she found Snoxall trembling and agitated.

"Where is Mademoiselle?" he asked. The old woman put her hands back with a motion of despair.

"Monsieur, I do not know. She is not here."

"Not here! I must find her directly," Snoxall said: and Marie saw that there were tears in his eyes. "Where is she? Something has happened——"

"I do not know," Marie repeated too bewildered to notice his manner. "She went away in a cab last night, with a big box on the top—it is extraordinaire. But of course Monsieur——"

"Marie," said Snoxall, in a scared voice, and touched her arm, "Monsieur is dead."

LUCY CLIFFORD.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

The *Life and Work of John Ruskin* * is a thing of beauty. In this respect it is as becomes a book upon the author of, and by a disciple of the author of, those volumes "bound in moulded slabs of pure chocolate" whose broad margins and noble-looking printed pages have given the first impression of Ruskin to many besides the accomplished daughter of the house in Young Street. Mr. Collingwood's faithfulness and loving care are exhibited at every turn. Whatsoever could be done by industry and mechanical skill to make these two volumes a monument worthy of the man, admiration for whom generally turns to reverence, has been done by Mr. Collingwood and those who have assisted him. There is no perfunctoriness. The frontispiece, a chromo-lithograph facsimile of a water-colour portrait of himself by Mr. Ruskin, is a triumph of that particular process. Other portraits are added, and other drawings, selected as illustrating the development of Mr. Ruskin's artistic style. Then, each volume has appended to it a chronology, an elaborate route-map of the period of which it is the record; each, also, a bibliography, and a catalogue of drawings; and there is an index that happened, it is true, to fail us on the particular trivial point upon which we turned to it, yet is, no doubt, full enough for all practical purposes. We do not expound the excellence of the externals to contrast them with the body of the work. Upon it labour and reverential care have been spent in still greater measure. Any one, especially one intimately acquainted with Mr. Ruskin's writings, will understand that Mr. Collingwood, privileged in a long acquaintance with the man, for twenty years the assistant of his schemes, and already his biographer in little, found, when he came to compile this larger *Life*, that research and added industry and application to new sources of information were the demands of his task. Were it not possible to say that Mr. Collingwood has done more than fulfil these demands, it would be no little triumph with which to credit him.

The most has not been said of this *Life*, however, when we

* *The Life and Work of John Ruskin.* By W. G. Collingwood. Two volumes. Methuen & Co.

have admired the elegance of its "get-up," and have acknowledged our indebtedness to its author for recruiting and marshalling "facts" where previously there was only a phantom array. The thing is done with a skill which, if one measures it, as one should, with the line of the difficulties, will be seen to be very great. The less complicated period which ended with the conclusion of *Modern Painters* is kept well in hand. If the volume which treats of Mr. Ruskin as what his biographer calls Hermit and Heretic, and Professor and Prophet, is more "spotty" and "all-over-ish" (to apply to literary treatment the effective jargon of the studio), the most thorough-going disciple of the Master—Ruskin called Carlyle "Master," one is sorry to hear—must confess that the heretical and prophetic period itself was a little "all-over-ish." Certainly it presents, and, indeed the whole subject presents, dangers for the unwary. Mr. Collingwood's taste is unerring, and his judgment almost as unerring as his taste. He champions the Prophet loyally, without inviting any trampling on the tail of his mantle. In a case such as this, to hold a brief temperately is wiser than to affect a judicial calm. "You cannot judge with judgment if you have not the sun in your spirit and passion in your heart," is a saying of Mr. Ruskin. Without a very passion of admiration, or love, or observation, or condemnation, you can never reach to great biography. Mr. Collingwood, however, makes no attempt to be a great biographer. His book is strictly what it professes to be—a record of the life and work of Ruskin. It is no portrait wherein the imagination of the artist working upon the personality of his subject has produced a great and enduring picture. Mrs. Ritchie's charming impressionist sketch is a more warm and palpitating and rounded and living thing than this laborious biography. Nevertheless, this had to be done sooner or later—perhaps later had been better—; and the wise reticence and the care with which Mr. Collingwood has accomplished his work as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water are deserving of our gratitude and praise.

Mr. Ruskin is an influence, and you cannot write the life of an influence. To dot the i's and stroke the t's of his teaching is to rob it at once of its charm and its value. His father—a shrewd man—said that he should have been a bishop, meaning that for him there lay a moral in everything. He did not mean—at any rate, we who repeat the saying do not mean—that his teaching is systematic. Mr. Ruskin is an idealist; not less so because his roots are struck in common sense. The opposition to him comes—not from a sense in us of the impossibility of that which he preaches: that could be forgiven; but—because of the impractibility of it, or, rather, the impractibility of it unless through a sacrifice, absurd and unthinkable, for which, nevertheless, he makes a successful appeal

to conscience. It is usual to say that Mr. Ruskin is discredited as an art-critic—and no doubt he is inasmuch as other art-critics agree in condemning him. These other art-critics, however, learned and elegant and delightfully cocksure, and by no means mealy-mouthed many of them, are not so very amicable among themselves that any one of them should lay great stress upon discredit on these terms. One thing happily realized now is that the critic of painting must have some acquaintance with the practice; and this *Life* proves, if proof were needed, that Mr. Ruskin's practice is not mean. He was only nineteen—to give an example of the practical side of a man to whom what might be called the rhetoric of ethics in his blood was a temptation to write in the air—when he was given the last word in the old discussion on the perspective of verticals. Where he foreshadowed reputations he was not less successful than art-critics are generally. If he fail us in his principles of art, it is because he has made them coincide with his principles of life. Pictures and buildings, no less than all things else in the world, have ministered to his instinct to teach. Even as a novelist gilds the world with romance, Mr. Ruskin, by a glorious alchemy, turns all things in it to moral significance.

Somewhere or other in his book—we forget in what connection—Mr. Collingwood says that Mr. Ruskin ought to have written novels. To our minds there never was a great author less fitted than he to be a novelist. One can imagine how eloquently he would have taught that he who ruled his spirit is greater than he who took a city. "He is certainly not so interesting to his fellow creatures, especially to women," says Elsinora, in *The Marplot*. "And so many of the people who do succeed in ruling their spirits are disappointing because their kingdoms are so small." Yet Elsinora, in the story, died of the ruling of her spirit. Elsinora, in Mr. Ruskin's story, would have mortified herself of it daily. To him the shame, the greatness, all the possibilities of life, appeal; the irony of life, never; and appreciation of the irony of it is the breath of fiction. It is the breath of the novel* from which we have quoted. *The Marplot* has been published for some months now; and we should like to pick a bone with the critics who have reviewed it for leaving it to happy accident to put it in our way. Its merits ought to be proclaimed from the house-tops. Certainly, there is scarce a novel come into our hands for long that we should not as readily have missed. Mr. Lysaght begins baldly, almost amateurishly; but he comes up to high level hand over hand. He makes hair-breadth 'scapes, 'tis true. There are times when Melodrama seems about to take him for her own. Some readers of novels are for ever seeking that the characters

* *The Marplot*. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. Three volumes. Macmillan & Co.

should justify their conduct. That is nothing. That the author should justify himself in making his characters act as they do is all-important; and Mr. Lysaght is often in hard case to justify himself. Nor does he make the most of his characters and situations always. In that fault, however, is the secret of his success. The careless ease and seeming unconsciousness in the telling of the story give it its flavour. The author keeps a cool head and eludes melodrama. Tragedy is the end of it all; the spirit of comedy is present throughout. Life may not look back or forwards. It is enough that we are. To-morrow we may die, heroically or shamefully; most likely we shall not. Sometimes the comedy will be spoiled, as was Humphry Wrixon's. As a rule it will work out well enough. Whether it does or not, it is strange and comical; never so comical as in the light of the tragedy. Elsinora fired Dick Malory, boyishly enthusiastic for the heroic, with thoughts of finding the subject for his first great work in sculpture in the cause of her country. It was to represent Erin parting with her children, who were about to be driven into exile, or England, nobly generous, giving her back her children.

"He subsequently mentioned the subject casually in one of his letters to Humphry, and Humphry approved it, with the comment that a work which claimed to represent the national sentiment would be incomplete without the presence of the domestic pet of the national hearth; he thought that if the statue of Erin should be equestrian or rather pig-mounted it might take rank as a companion work of art with Europa and the Bull, or Una and the Lion."

Yet in the end Humphry's old eyes are filled with tears for the collapse of his comedy in the tragedy that arose out of these heroics. Humour, some wit, a strong, reserved sentiment, a very straight outlook and speech upon life, and over all the scintillation of this fine appreciation of the irony of things;—all these qualities are to be found in this very distinguished novel. We are tempted to quote a rather long passage in support of the praise we have lavished upon it. Let it be understood that poor Mr. Clovis Cloudesley Shovel has returned from being rejected by Margaret Longfield ignominiously. To him Humphry:—

"'You have been walking early, Mr. Shovel. You look extremely well this morning. I hope you have enjoyed yourself.'

'Oh yes, extremely,' answered Clovis, nervously. 'It is indeed a beautiful morning; the birds have been singing very sweetly.'

'Very. You sing yourself, do you not, Mr. Shovel? We have enjoyed your playing; but you have not yet sung to us.'

'No, indeed,' said Clovis, earnestly, 'I do not sing at all. My poor father, it is true, used to sing—he was a very successful singer of comic songs. But I have none of his talent.'

'It has found expression in another form, sir.' Humphry chuckled inwardly;

this information had suddenly given him the secret of the humour of the son's countenance. 'By the way, do you happen to know where Dick has gone?'

'No, indeed,' replied Clovis.

'Mr. Shovel!' said Humphry, solemnly, 'you are a young man with talent, and therefore likely to be attractive to the other sex. Let me, as a friend, give you a word of warning: do not suffer yourself to be entangled with women.' Clovis blushed crimson; he fancied Humphry must have some suspicion of his love for Margaret.

'Indeed, I have no hope—no intention,' he stammered.

'They lay snares for you, sir, when you least suspect them.' Clovis felt that he was being lectured; but Humphry was thinking of Dick, and seeking solace in expressing his views.

'And be very careful, Mr. Shovel, about falling in love. Above all, do not idealise women. The ideal of woman is the blossom of the tree; the realisation is its fruit. The lovely wild-apple blossom turns to a fruit which sets the teeth on edge; the fruit of the may-flower is a husk. Let your expectation be humble, and you will be pleasantly rewarded. Nature again gives us an illustration. Your trivial vine-blossom turns to the cluster which yields you wine; the poor flower of the vegetable-marrow is converted to a noble companion for the autumnal joint. The only part we can play properly in life is comedy. The vegetable-marrow is a comedian; it has no desire to be heroic; there is no striving for romance in its flower; but look at the fruit! and think of the dignity it achieves in the third act. Your crab-tree, on the other hand, is a worthless actor which essays the romantic and ends in anti-climax.'

'But some women, sir,' said Clovis, more boldly, and thinking of Margaret, 'excel any ideal we can form—they are angels.'

'Angels! yes, one in a thousand; and then you have to wrestle with her like Jacob, and the chances are that you will be thrown.'

'Indeed, I have no intention of marrying, sir,' said Clovis.

'You are wise; for if you idealise the wrong woman, you have disappointment, and if the right one, disappointment also, for she will probably be out of reach.'

Clovis sighed. 'He need not marry; but the ideal is his own,' he said.

'Certainly, let him keep his ideal if he likes. The blossom belongs to him who loves it best; the fruit is his who happens to own the garden.' Talking had relieved Humphry, and the sound of the breakfast-bell almost restored his equanimity. 'I have been much interested in your views,' he said. 'Come, let us go to breakfast. I have just received some very choice Norwegian anchovies in juniper, and I have instructed Mrs. Collop in the serving of lax, which is to accompany them, and which I think you will find to your taste. A rasher of Westphalian bacon will follow."

Professor Wintersea joined them as they entered. 'Mr. Shovel has just been giving me his views about women and love, Professor,' said Humphry. 'I am reminded by them of an opinion I once heard expressed by a peasant lad in Wales—the sharpest boy I ever met; he was about fourteen years of age, but a philosopher. Amongst other things, he said that it was not his intention to marry. "Not marry," we asked him: "pray why?" "No," he replied: "women are painful things."'

'A very just remark,' said the Professor."

If, as would appear to be the case, this is Mr. Lysaght's first work, he has had the good fortune, unusual in these days, to come to the front with a three-volume novel. At present the road to success lies through the short story; so markedly, that one is tempted to consider how far the persistence of a man's name before the eyes of the public makes him a popular author. The short story, there-

fore, is the vogue, and it is the very last literary product that should be a vogue. It requires a very rare and separate gift. Even where a man has succeeded in the genuine short story there may be no proof that it is his right medium. Take, as an example, the work of Mr. Gilbert Parker, who has firmly established a claim to stand in the front line of the body of young novelists. Certain numbers of *Pierre and His People* showed Mr. Parker in full command of the methods of the short story. Others, again, showed the methods of the short story unmistakably in command of him. And now *Mrs. Falchion*,* a larger and more ambitious book entirely, leaves us in a quandary. It is not certain that it has not suffered as much as it has gained from its author's practice in *Pierre and His People.*

We cannot consider that point, however, until we have expressed our admiration for this new novel. The plot is so exceedingly complicated that we could not sketch it here even if we would. Boiled down to the uttermost we have this: A woman who has rejected a man's love coming to beg for it after it has vanished. Around that *motif* Mr. Parker has gathered a variety of incidents sufficient to stock half-a-dozen novels. Consequently he fulfils the first duty of the story-teller: he arouses our interest. Further, he takes our interest in hand and leads it by logical and pertinent ways to satisfaction. His touch in portraiture, especially in the case of Mrs. Falchion, is broad, and yet as subtle as may be. Sometimes, indeed, the subtlety is the result of generalization rather than of direct observation; and, at others, subtlety of any kind is discarded for a strong point. Mrs. Falchion's appearing at the fancy-dress ball as Helen of Troy is one such strong point; but, knowing Mrs. Falchion only from the author's description of her, we should doubt if she ever would have appeared in that character. Mr. Parker is a little apt, for the sake of effect, to sacrifice with one hand the subtlety which the other has bestowed. Nevertheless, his character-drawing is firm and fine. The dialogue, too, is excellent, showing an advance on his previous work—not, indeed, in emotional directness; but, certainly—in "fundamental brain work." Above all, the thing is done with a style. It has distinction.

For that very reason, the point suggested a little way back should be interesting. The particular qualities which practice in the short story ought to engender are purity of outline and fixedness of design. Now the former of these, at any rate, is not exhibited in *Mrs. Falchion.* The novel shows a fine feeling for form; but, as well, a sense of the obligation to form, with a consequent laboured-ness, and lack of spontaneity. And that is exactly the danger of the short story methods when they are assumed deliberately, and

* *Mrs. Falchion.* By Gilbert Parker. Two volumes. Methuen & Co.

are not found instinctively by the man who has a short story to tell. Either the subject will be sought for, or evolved, or manufactured, in accordance with the rules of the game: in which case the work becomes artificial; or, as is the case with *Mrs. Falchion*, the story is forced to take a pre-arranged mould, with the result that the work becomes what the painters call "tight." The worst of it is that co-incident with that very often is the flight of humour, or, rather, of gaiety; and gaiety ought to be encouraged by one who writes in the singularly grave manner of Mr. Parker.

Perhaps we are wrong in associating the gravity of the modern novel with anything so professional as the vogue of the short story. Taking oneself seriously, like democratic sentiment, is a disease, not an aberration; a misfortune, not a back-sliding. It is in the air. Art spells its name with a capital A, and then falls down and worships. Society laces itself socially as tightly as may be, and defends itself in the public prints. If we have one prevailing creed it is that there is no One to whom to be responsible; yet the sense of responsibility has increased in us tenfold. Or if we admit One, it is Humanity, writ large; wherefore, being bits of Humanity, we strut about, like a peacock that has a personal dislike of fine feathers, but a deep recognition of what is due in fine feathers to the peacock tribe. When we were very young we could easily comprehend that a row of cyphers came to nothing; but not so easily that if the row were multiplied by six, say, the quotient was nothing still. We expected it to be six, at the least. Nowadays, however, we are convinced that a few million naughts are naught; whereupon, every naught becomes a mighty sum with the thought of it. We are "poor crocks," we say, and straightway there is nothing in the world so important as our "poor crockishness." It is this, very likely, that we find reflected in many novels. *Jaco Treloar*,* for example, is written by far too clever a man not to be entertaining. Mr. Pearce looks at life from an independent standpoint, and observes things that we would not miss. But you should not infer from reading *Jaco Treloar* that the end of a novel is to give pleasure. Cornwall is to Mr. Pearce what Thrums is to Mr. Barrie. Well, we are glad to have glimpses of a new life, and the ways of Cornish men and women have a distinct flavour which Mr. Pearce is keen to catch for us. Only, let the reader take it or want it as he pleases. He is under no obligation to study Cornwall, such as is laid upon the north country youth—or used to be—to wrestle with the doctrine of election. Our novelists adopt the scientific method with an almost religious fervour. In this novel—to the great merit of which we are quite alive—the scientific method is applied in par-

* *Jaco Treloar*. By J. H. Pearce. Two Volumes. Methuen and Co.

ticular to the character of Jaco Treloar. The result is a subtle study of character. Jaco, of the earth, earthy, with her mother in her blood and a passion of luscious quality in her breast, arriving "along lines simple and sensuous," at the philosophic conclusion which is prepared to hold the good things she had with both her hands, is admirably drawn. Equally well-drawn are Sil, and the Curate, and Sil's sister, and Justin. Yet "Tuts! I've no patience with these people," was the exclamation of a friend who reads for the story only, and threw down *Jaco Treloar*—to take up the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, if we mistake not. Such an attitude is not critical; but it is natural and common. Analysis bores one, and we have no patience with the victims of it. The finest character in the world would become unbearable if scraped to the bone.

The detective story and the novel of sensation and of adventure, then, are likely to last as long as the studies of men and women, howsoever subtle, and the art stories, howsoever brilliant technically, which are so plentiful nowadays. To many readers, at any rate, Mr. Conan Doyle's *The Refugees** will give a livelier pleasure than *The Marplot* or *Jaco Treloar* or *Mrs. Falchion*. Mr. Conan Doyle has put into his work a great deal of downright hard work. It has stuffing of a solid kind, and it has the "carrying-on' quality. In it, also, we detect a slight lowering of the system, a touch of the "taking-one-self-seriously" mood. Only in small degree, however: *The Refugees* is a wonderfully racy, bright, enthralling story; for which let us be thankful. What proportion of those who read it with delight will grumble at, or observe even, its faults? Its composition is deplorable. Up to the end of the second volume, who cares a rush for Adèle? Two-thirds of the book are concerned with places and persons whose names are not so much as mentioned in the last third. Our interest, at any rate, is greatest in those whose affairs are left to take care of themselves at the end of the second volume. Further, the diction, although never worse than inelegant, is sufficiently ordinary throughout to justify us in saying that a little more care—a hundredth part of that spent on "getting up" the subject matter—would have given it a value as literature which at present it lacks.

The space at our command for the notices of fiction is too short to allow of our saying more here of *Many Inventions* than that Mr. Kipling shows in it the bestowal of that care in the writing which we miss in *The Refugees*. His style has become much more chaste without having lost any of its vigour. We must find room, however, to commend Mr. Haddon's *What Ails the House?*† to all

* *The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents.* By A. Conan Doyle. Three vols. Longmans.

† *What Ails the House?* By A. L. Haddon. Three vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

who wish a good story. As its title tells, *What Ails the House?* is a tale of mystery, and Mr. Haddon does not produce the key to it until the last page. That is much; but it is not all. The machinery of the story is extremely original, and the parts are made to dovetail with great skill. We should hope that, like all the novels in its class, Mr. Haddon's story will have success. Unlike many in its class, it will have deserved it.

As a usual thing the "mere man" does not take pleasure in a purely scientific book. Mr. Saville-Kent's *The Great Barrier Reef of Australia** is such a book, but not of the usual kind; and to no one, we should think, could it be anything else than enchanting. It is a large quarto, amply fulfilling its claim "to place the reading public generally, and the scientific world in particular, in possession of more extensive and accurate information than has hitherto been at their disposal, concerning the external features and the detailed composition of coral-reefs, as represented by that largest existing coral structure, the Great Barrier Reef of Australia; also to bring forward evidence bearing upon the opposing theories concerning the telluric conditions under which that vast reef originated." It also directs attention "to the harvest-field, rich from both a commercial and a scientific standpoint, that this Queensland possession constitutes." The linear measurement of the Great Barrier Reef is no less than 1,250 miles, its whole area lying within the territorial jurisdiction of Queensland, which exports annually of the raw material from the reefs to the value of over £100,000. This sum is derived chiefly from the pearl and pearl-shell and bêche-de-mer fisheries, which are capable of an enormous development; and Mr. Saville-Kent's book is enhanced in value greatly by the addition to the natural-history chapters of those dealing with marine industries. What makes this book specially notable, however, is its demonstration of the capabilities of photography, and photographic processes, for the illustration of the work of biologists. Forty-eight of the plates are phototypes, called here photo-mezzotypes, and known generally as collotypes. The author does well to call attention to the skill with which the London Stereoscopic Company has reproduced his photographs; and he himself deserves some credit in the matter, inasmuch as it is evident that he has supplied excellent negatives for the purposes of the process. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of these illustrations; such as, for example, The Crescent Reef and Stags'-Horn Reef. Mr. Saville-Kent's book is not within the power of every pocket; but there can be few libraries that will not possess a copy of it. That being so, everyone can take our advice and make a point of seeing it.

* *The Great Barrier Reef of Australia: its Products and Potentialities.* By W. Saville-Kent. W. H. Allen & Co.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

A Word with Mr. Huxley.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In his recent lecture on Evolution and Ethics, Professor Huxley writes: "The propounders of . . . the 'ethics of evolution' . . . adduce a number of more or less interesting facts and more or less sound arguments in favour of the origin of the moral sentiments, in the same way as other natural phenomena, by a process of evolution. I have little doubt, for my own part, that they are on the right track; but, as the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is, so far, as much natural sanction for the one as the other. The thief and the murderer follow nature just as much as the philanthropist. Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and evil tendencies of man may have come about; but in itself it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before."

Surely there is some contradiction in this. If a study of cosmic evolution can explain, to the satisfaction of Mr. Huxley, the "origin" of "other natural phenomena," and if, as he admits, the "propounders of ethics of evolution" are on the right track, may they not find in the very circumstances which have brought about the good and the evil tendencies of man a sufficiently cogent reason why we prefer, or are learning to prefer, good to evil? What further transcendental reason does Mr. Huxley look for? The mere fact that we do prefer, and call good, the rules of social life which make for peace and a quiet enjoyment of those goods which the laws of society allow us to call ours is a result of the cosmic evolution. This moral sentiment has in nature a higher cogency than the immoral sentiment of the thief and the murderer. Both sentiments are natural; but the cosmic evolution has given to one a superior claim on the allegi-

ance of civilized mankind, which they freely recognize. If we know how good tendencies and evil tendencies come about, is there much more to be known of them?

Certain Evolutionist philosophers have been teaching us that the cosmos is a "pedagogue to virtue"—to use Mr. Huxley's admirable phrase. This, however, is by no means Mr. Huxley's opinion. "Cosmic nature," he says, "is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature." This he explains further on: "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution of it for another, which may be called the ethical process." Again: "The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence." Mr. Huxley denounces as a fanatical fallacy the opinion "that, because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest, therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection." With all respect to the high authority whom I am venturing to criticize, I beg to point out that this sentence seems to me to make a vast, and by no means a universally-admitted, assumption. Has the perfection of organization of plants and animals been brought about solely "by the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest"? This, I understand, is not admitted; and, as is well known, it was certainly not the opinion of Mr. Darwin himself. However, leaving the biological aspects of the question to those more competent to deal with them, I may be permitted to doubt whether the habits and ethical character of civilized man have ever been influenced by the "survival of the fittest." The language used by Mr. Huxley himself seems to admit this. The weak, he says, are not to be "thrust aside" or "trodden down"; but to be "thrust aside" or to be "trodden down" is not equivalent to annihilation. There are, without doubt, penalties following on "unfit" conduct in social life; but they rarely amount to a deprivation of survival. Indeed, there is a good deal of survival due to the endowments which philanthropy has prepared for the "unfit."

Mr. Huxley is justified in ridiculing the opinion of those (if there be any such) who look for an improvement in society from a cause which does not exist. In civilized human society the action of natural selection (if the term is simply synonymous with progress by reason of the survival of the fittest) is set at defiance and is in abeyance.

Those of us who are interested in the question have read the recent controversy between Mr. Spencer and the adherents of Weissman. The dilemma seems to us to be that, if change in human habit and character is due to natural selection alone, and if, as is obvious, survival is rarely, if ever, a result of change in habit or in character, a permanent change of human character and habit is impossible: a conclusion so opposed to facts that it seems to show either that the opinion is erroneous or that some other interpretation must be given to the term "natural selection by the survival of the fittest." This last attempt to escape from the horns of the

dilemma will not help us much. If natural selection does not work by means of the survival of the fittest, it ceases to be a cause of development. Obviously the theory of natural selection, as this term is usually interpreted, is inadequate as an explanation of the formation of human habits and sentiments.

Mr. Huxley may be right in saying that the evolution of ethical sentiment is due to something altogether at variance with the principle of natural selection and survival of the fittest; but he is hardly fair to some of his scientific colleagues in silently identifying natural selection with the "cosmic process." There are other agencies at work. There is in the province of human society, at all events, some power capable of building up permanent habit and sentiment on actions which are merely profitable or pleasant and not conducive either to survival or to non-survival. It is not for a layman to say whether that power is heredity. It may well be that this is only part of the explanation; but there is surely some working principle, part of the cosmic process, of which Mr. Huxley has taken no account.

If Mr. Huxley's view is correct, does it not require us to introduce some supernatural act of creation? If not, on what grounds does he wish to describe the influences which are making for an ordered and moralized organization of society, as something apart from, independent of, and even hostile to, the cosmic process which he has himself done so much to explain?

It is a matter of some congratulation to the unscientific world that Mr. Darwin should have acknowledged his indebtedness to a mere political essayist, Mr. Malthus, for an idea which in his hands proved to be a master-key to the secrets of nature. The foundation of the great work of Adam Smith consists in his conception of the sub-division of labour and the organization of mankind in a vast and all-embracing system of free exchange of service and of commodities. It is in the free experience of this interchange that man is learning to "repudiate the gladiatorial theory of existence." Is not this a part of the cosmic process to which we must look as to "a pedagogue to virtue"? Does the analogy cast no reflex light on the biological problems over which the contentions of the learned seem at present somewhat bewildering?

Mr. Huxley has the rare art of lucidity even when dealing with the abstruse. Otherwise I should have attributed my difficulty in understanding him to my poverty of wit. I seem to myself at all events to have made out that in the view which he presents to us he is not altogether consistent either with himself or with the "inexorable sequences" in which he as much as any other has trained us to believe.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

A Layman.

London, June 8, 1893.

"Boom Cities."

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Walcot Balestier have familiarized English readers with the railway "boomer"; but no writer of note has done anything towards exploiting the Pacific Coast "boomer."

From Tacoma to Sumas the coast of the State of Washington is lined with "boom" cities. In Oregon there is a similar state of affairs. There is certainly no place in the world more given over to the "boomer" than these two States.

Ever since Horace Greeley uttered his famous aphorism, adventurous men have been industrious on the western seaboard of the United States. Town-sites were surveyed, and advertised as great railroad termini, that had no more excuse for living than an Indian has in the opinion of an Arizona cow-boy. Thousands of people flocked in; the prices of town-lots and real-estate advanced to extravagantly high rates; buildings were erected by hundreds of otherwise sane men; money flowed in plenty for a time; and then came a collapse. Some other location was fixed on by rumour as the great "terminal city," and the population moved on. The deserted town was given over to the few unfortunates who could not get away.

This state of affairs has been going on for three years, is still going on, and is likely to go on. There are at present twelve towns on the Puget Sound country that are almost entirely deserted. They possess fine harbours, fine streets, handsome buildings, and no population worth speaking of. A stroll through them gives a traveller a feeling of sadness almost akin to despair. Millions of dollars are lying around, utterly wasted by their conversion into bricks, mortar, and timber.

The game is played in this way: Five or six men, with a few thousand dollars apiece, form themselves into a Land and Investment Company. Then they select a plot of land on the sea-coast, buy it, and get to work in earnest. The land is cleared of all its timber; the surveyors lay it out into town lots, streets, and wharves; streets are graded, and planked side-walks laid down. Mysterious rumours in the newspapers hint that the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific is resolved to reach salt-water at the new point. The public "catches on," and the "boom" begins. The old method of swindling the public by maps showing imaginary buildings is a thing of the past. The latter-day "boomers" are 'cuter than their predecesors. A saw-mill-and-shingle-mill is erected and run; small manufacturers are induced to "locate;" and the promoters of the town stoutly disavow all intention of "booming" the place. The rush comes all the same. Many of the incomers are aware of the true nature of the proposition. They know that the town will not stay; but they hope to be able to make their little pile before the "boom" "busts up." They are not there to stay. Those who get out in time are "shrewd, real-estate men"; those who stay too long are "suckers." Bit by bit the promoting Company un-

loads its lots, and quietly prepares to flit. The small real-estate agents keep up the price of land; some of the "suckers" show their faith in the town by starting industries; the people begin to ask for incorporation as a city, and the "Company" passes on to new fields. In a few months the town is deserted.

At this moment four cities are claiming to be the "terminal city" of the Great Northern Road. Apart from Tacoma, Seattle, and Whatcom, there are no cities that have any justification for calling themselves seaports; yet there are a dozen cities that are doing so, and they are mightily offended if anyone talks facts to them. It is a curious characteristic of American life—this wilful blindness to reason. Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia have, beyond doubt, magnificent futures; but this building of cities is a weak and puerile proceeding for a new country. British Columbia, with incalculable mineral wealth, is content with one city on the coast, and has, in consequence, solid and wealthy Vancouver. Washington, with equal wealth and greater area, aspires to have a dozen, and, in consequence, has become the home of deserted towns. Oregon is as bad. Still these two great States offer genuine investments. I have commended British Columbia as a field for the investment of English capital. Despite what I have written in this letter, I now commend Washington and Oregon also. The English speculator, however, must bear in mind that he is in the "land of the boom." He must be extremely cautious how he handles city property. Tacoma, Portland, Seattle, New Whatcom, and Vancouver are solid cities; but no reliance should be placed in real-estate agents of the "boom" order. This Pacific Coast must and will be a great country, and investors will reap golden harvests ere long; but I earnestly caution all readers of *The National Review* to keep away from the "boom cities."

Gentlemen, I remain,
Yours faithfully,
LOCKSLEY LUCAS.

Washington, May 24, 1893.

Modern Criticism.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Mr. Leslie Stephen, when speaking at the Royal Academy Banquet about two months ago, asked the question, "What is a critic?" He proceeded to solve the problem somewhat after this fashion: A critic is a person who provides rules for the artist. The old school of critics has disappeared, and the famous "This will never do" is now only a curious

relic of an obsolete method of reviewing. The modern critic (Mr. Stephen thinks) is too tolerant. He confounds the proper function of criticism with the work of establishing a new religious sect, and, having made an idol of his author, burns "good, strong, stupefying incense." The contrast which Mr. Stephen points out between the intolerance of the old critics and the exceeding tolerance of their modern brethren is, I think, fairly obvious. Whether the change is for the better is a question I do not propose to enter upon in this letter; but it does not seem to me that the difference is at all fundamental, as Mr. Stephen infers; and I venture to submit that it is one of degree rather than of kind.

Modern criticism resolves itself into three broad divisions. First, there is the subjective method, where personal appreciation forms the nucleus of the criticism; secondly, the objective method, consisting chiefly of literary analysis and synthesis; and, thirdly, a method which combines both the subjective and the objective processes. Of the three, the first is by far the most prevalent to-day. "The interest of criticism here," says Mr. Jacobs in his essay on "In Memoriam," "is in the views given out by the critic more than in the results reached about the work criticised. We are more interested in Matthew Arnold's view that poetry is the criticism of life than the particular author who forms the occasion of the remark."

True; and was not the criticism of the *Quarterly* Reviewer also subjective? Was it not essentially a personal appreciation, in antithesis to the scientific spirit of objective criticism?

Although the modern critic falls down and worships, delighting to honour his author with adoration and praise, whilst the critic in the early years of the century more often regarded his duties as an intellectual game of Aunt Sally, both proceed from the same method. Allow, if you like, that the sympathies of the modern critic are wider—that he can appreciate many divergent schools of thought and style—it remains true that the criticism in both cases is subjective. It is "impressionism"—if you prefer that term. Whether the author be regarded as an idol to be enshrined, or an Aunt Sally to be shied at, depends entirely on the temperament and the mental idiosyncracies of the critic.

The disadvantages of this æsthetic criticism are obvious. If the critic is an intellectual giant, and thoroughly *en rapport* with his author, then, of course, we often gain fresh insight into, and fuller appreciation of, the author's own ideas as seen through the illuminating medium of the critic's mind. Intellectual giants, however, like their physical counterparts, do not abound. The personal "appreciations" of the average writer are not remarkable for profound observations, and generally add nothing to our knowledge of the author written about. Literary impressionism is too often only a fine name which covers a multitude of sins—*e.g.*, a smart superficiality of treatment and a straining after cheap paradox. There will possibly in a few years' time be a re-action in favour of the objective and scientific school of criticism; but may I suggest that a compromise between the two schools, such as the critics whom I relegated to the third division observe, appears to insure the most serviceable method?

The optimism of some of the subjective critics is noteworthy. Take for example that able critic Mr. Birrell. He will be found to illustrate some of the defects of his school. A broad and generous sympathy is an invaluable gift; but Mr. Birrell's sympathy is of rather a Pickwickian kind. The smile is so very persistent, the geniality so unflagging, that it threatens not unfrequently to blunt the critical acumen. Mr. Birrell's attitude towards a favourite author (and he has many) is somewhat like this: So-and-so "is such a good fellow that we won't pay any attention to his faults. We enjoy his company too much to bother about his weak points." This may be very commendable from an ethical standpoint; from a critical standpoint it is feeble.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours obediently,

ARTHUR RICKETT.

11, Parker Street, Cambridge, June 4, 1893.

Capital as Mental and Moral Energy.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

The letter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, criticising Mr. Mallock's definition of capital, is a remarkable instance of the economic blindness of an ordinarily sensible person. We are all ready to acknowledge Mr. Jones's capacity in the art of illustrating the spurious ethics of the gods upon the stage; and when his pictures are interesting and well represented in other respects we accept them as illustrative of the common errors of pseudo politicians and moralists. We have none of us until now supposed that Mr. Jones took himself seriously as an economist, even in his drama of *The Middleman;* but, after his letter in *The National Review*, discoursing on Mr. Mallock's saying that capital "is mental and moral energy as applied to muscular energy," we must regard him as pretending to the office of an economic teacher, and he must not blame us if we treat him accordingly.

He will probably be surprised to learn that people who have given some attention to the study of economic laws regard his letter as proving in every line and every word Mr. Mallock's definition. Mr. Jones might have gone further and taken an example from his own personal experience that would have still more completely proved the accuracy of Mr. Mallock's definition. Mr. Jones, by the exercise of a considerable amount of mental and moral energy, expended in the writing of plays setting forth, with more or less accuracy and error, certain moral truths, and, by combining this result with the physical energy of scene-shifters' muscles and actors'

lungs—with a certain proportion of mental and moral energy on the part of the actors and the manager thrown in—had accumulated a considerable sum of money. This accumulation may be regarded as a mass of accumulated mental and moral energy. Taking this in his hand, and adding to it other mental and moral energy as exhibited in a play designed to correct what, in Mr. Jones's estimation, are certain social vices, he again applies his capital to the utilization of the physical energy of the scene-shifters and the actors, together with the mental and moral energy of the actor thrown in as before; but, inasmuch as the mental and moral energy displayed by Mr. Jones was in this instance combined with another kind of mental and moral energy in the form of an assumption by him of managerial responsibility, his previously accumulated mental and moral energy was, to a considerable extent, dissipated. It was not so bad a case as that described in his illustration of giving way to a passion for letting off fire-balls; but a study of his own case should enable him to see that the error in his argument lies in the failure on his part to understand that mental and moral energy does not cease to be mental and moral energy merely because the practical result tends towards insanity and immorality. Capital used improperly does not therefore cease to be capital. A hundred thousand pounds dissipated on bookmakers does not cease to be a hundred thousand pounds; nor would it be more than a hundred thousand pounds if it were devoted to the propogation of the ethics of Mr. Jones, howsoever admirable they may be from a play-going point of view. Mr. Jones's mental and moral energy does not cease to be his capital because he at times may misdirect it; nor did it cease to be capital because he made an error of judgment on the occasion referred to. It was as much capital although he wasted it, as a scene-shifter's muscle would still be muscle even although he might put up the wrong scene at a critical moment through alcoholic obscuration.

Mr. Jones should pay attention to the last sentence in the paragraph he quotes from Mr. Mallock; and, particularly, before attacking the definition he disapproves, he should give us what he conceives to be a more accurate one.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK WICKS.

The Garrick Club, June 14, 1893.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 126.—AUGUST, 1893.

OLD AND NEW IDYLLISTS.

I.

In the golden Grecian ages Nature sympathized with Man,
Say the poets who were present when the waters and the woods
And the hills and dales responded, with the universal Pan,
To his moods.

II.

For 'twas Man that set the signal for the laughters and the tears
Of the Naïads, and the Dryads, and the Oreads, and the Fawns,
Who then humanized the forests, and the mountains, and the meres,
And the lawns.

III.

So, when Bion died, for sorrow of his death the flowers he cherish'd
Droop'd and wither'd, and the woods wail'd. Moschus saw and heard it all.
And the waters, when Hyppolitus thro' Phædra's falsehood perish'd,
Moan'd his fall.

IV.

What has happen'd since, that Nature to Man's pleasures and his pains
Now vouchsafes not either smiles or sighs responsive as at first?
Now 'tis she, whose moods he studies; he, whose passions she disdains.
All's reversed!

V.

For to signals set by Nature, now, the sentiments of Man
Are in Song and Art responsive as they never were before;
But his dominant relation with the universal Pan
Is no more.

VI.

Of his destinies unheedful, wood and stream and hill and dale
Have assumed an independent vast significance, apart
From his loves and hates, diminish'd to a lower lesser scale,
Like his art.

VII.

And the poets spend their songs in praising fields, and
flowers, and trees,
With a wistful adoration that holds human life's whole
range,
Both of feeling and of action, as subordinate to these.
Whence the change?

VIII.

Has the Universe grown vaster and Man smaller than they
were?
Ah, whate'er the cause, from both has gone the oneness of
the two!
And the Idyllists attest it when the old ones we compare
With the new.

LYTTON.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE festivities at the Royal Wedding, which took place in splendid weather, showed how easily London adapts itself to gala ways. The decorations and illuminations along the lines of route followed by the Royal Processions were magnificent. St. James's Street in particular, afforded as beautiful an example of street-decoration as can be imagined. The crowd was as huge as the Jubilee crowd, and quite as orderly, and once again everyone was impressed by the good temper and good sense of the people, and by the forbearance of the police, who, in spite of every sort of provocacation, never run "amok" with their batons. Why a London crowd should be so well-behaved and so reasonable no one seems quite to know; but we presume it is because a London crowd is an institution with good traditions—traditions against panic, and in favour of obeying the police, and helping the women and children. The Royal Family were everywhere enthusiastically received, the Queen being accompanied by the tremendous thunder of applause that is peculiarly her own; and the public was delighted with the signs of strong family feeling shown at various points of the ceremony. The strongly English character of both bride and bridegroom was also a source of satisfaction to the public mind. Somehow or other superstition is never absent from a marriage (perhaps because it is the oldest and most primitive of institutions). On this occasion it took the form of tales of a Buddhist priest given to prophecy, who had foretold, when the Prince was a midshipman, that he should die just before his marriage. Happily the prophecy came to nothing; but it was curious to notice an undertone of nervousness till the marriage ceremony was actually over. It is the heartfelt hope of every loyal subject that the union which was inaugurated so splendidly may result in unclouded joy.

PARLIAMENTARY EPISODES.

The chief Parliamentary episodes of the month—and they are episodes happily without parallel in the history of the House of Commons—have been the substitution of legislation by ministerial decree, for legislation by public discussion; the negation of the root principle of representative

government; and the endowment of Ireland with funds that do not belong to her but are raised from taxes paid by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Each of these episodes deserves the most careful and earnest attention of the people of the United Kingdom.

THE WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS.

Never since the subservient Parliament of Henry VIII. gave the proclamations of the Tudor tyrant the force and validity of Acts of Parliament has the Legislature at Westminster sunk so low as it sank when on the last day of June it resolved by a majority of 32 (299 to 267) to give the Ministry power, on every Thursday at ten o'clock till the end of July, to add blocks of clauses to the Home Rule Bill without debate of any sort or kind. To understand the full effect of Mr. Gladstone's policy it is necessary to examine what took place on the first application of the guillotine resolution. On Thursday, July 6, Lord Wolmer, at about nine o'clock, moved one of the most important amendments proposed to the House in the whole course of the Debates. It was an amendment intended to incorporate with the Bill the machinery for exercising the right of veto which the Government of the Dominion of Canada possesses in respect of Provincial Legislation. We have there a form of veto which is a reality and not a sham, and a form that has borne the test of practice. What then could be more reasonable than to propose that the machinery which experience has proved effective in Canada should be applied to Ireland? Mr. Balfour was in the middle of speaking on this most important amendment when the fatal hour was reached. The hands of the clock pointed to ten. "The rest is silence." At once the House divided on the Clause to which the amendment had been moved. Then ensued the first of a series of scenes, which even after a month's familiarity have not grown less humiliating or disgraceful. The motion that Clause 6, establishing the Legislative Council, not one line of which had ever been considered, "stand part of the Bill," was next put to the House. It was carried, but only by 15 (315 to 300). Clause 7, establishing the Irish House of Commons, also never discussed, and containing "blanks," was next passed by 36 (325 to 289); and then Clause 8 (settlement of disagreements between the two Houses) by 32 (323 to 291). The House of Commons thus created the two Houses of the Irish Parliament without explanation or deliberation, note or comment. Yet these clauses raise such momentous problems as the proper duration of Parliaments; the question whether Second Chambers are or are not of use, and if they are of use, what is the best form in which they should be established; and lastly that subtle and complex constitutional crux, the best method of settling disputes between Houses of co-

ordinate authority. On Thursday, July 13, and Thursday, July 20, similar scenes were enacted, and clauses of the utmost importance were added to the Bill in batches of a dozen, and without a word of discussion. Remember, that these clauses are finally added to the Bill, and cannot be discussed either on Report or on the Third Reading. If then the Bill passes the Commons, that House will, as regards those clauses, and they are no less than three-fourths of the Bill, have sunk to the level of a Napoleonic *corps législatif*—a body empowered to register but not to debate Ministerial decrees. The Bill if it were to become law would not be an Act of Parliament but an Act of Gladstone.

THE CHARGE OF *tu quoque*

A word may be said on the charge of *tu quoque*, though the fallacious impertinence of that argument is really obvious enough. The Unionists unquestionably passed a resolution insisting that the Crimes Act should be reported by a certain day. That Act, however, was one for which there was an imperative and immediate administrative need. Law and order were at stake in Ireland, and unless it had passed, and passed quickly, civil society in the disturbed districts would have been at an end. Again it was being deliberately, openly, and persistently obstructed by a small section of the House. Lastly, it was not a great constitutional measure, but merely a reform of criminal procedure mainly in the shape of an extension of the Summary Jurisdiction Acts. It was, too, amply and fully debated both in principle and detail, and the peremptory report to the House did not leave any matter of vital importance unconsidered. Quite different is the case of the Home Rule Bill. No reasonable Gladstonian can say that there is an immediate need for the Bill. If the House of Commons were to devote a whole Parliamentary year and a half to its discussion, uninterrupted by other Bills, no one could affirm that the time would be too long, or that Ireland would suffer materially from the delay. The American Constitution, though a far less complicated matter and discussed by a body which was small in numbers, took far more time to make than is allowed by Mr. Gladstone for the construction of two new constitutions, one for Great Britain and one for Ireland. Again, there has been no real obstruction to the progress of the Home Rule Bill,—*i.e.*, talking, not to convince, to enlighten or to explain, but to waste time. Finally the operation of the guillotine has been, both in theory and in practice, to prevent debate on matters of prime importance not debated or debateable at other stages. The *tu quoque* argument then utterly breaks down. We do not say that under no circumstances must a majority in Parliament put an end to debate. That would be to talk sheer nonsense. The will of the majority

must of course prevail in the ultimate resort. What we do say is that the circumstances of the present case cannot be held to justify the course pursued. The Clauses of the Crimes Act were not passed without a fair and sufficient amount of discussion. The Clauses of the Home Rule Bill have been. That is the long and short of the question, and put like that, no man, not blinded by party feeling, will, we believe, be found to express an opposite opinion.

G.W.R. MECHANICS

OMNES OMNIA. A still more momentous event is the change in the Constitution proposed by Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday, 12th July, and carried on Thursday, 13th July, after only five and a half hours had been allowed for debate. Under this eighty Irish members, that is, five more than the full number to which Ireland is entitled in respect of her population, will sit in the Imperial Parliament, able to vote on all questions. In other words "after the appointed day" Parliament will be as much precluded from voting on the "purely domestic affairs" of Ireland as it is from voting on those of New South Wales, but eighty Irish members, representing places over whose internal concerns the Imperial Parliament will have no control, will have power to vote on the "purely domestic affairs" of England and Scotland. It is the doctrine of "*what's yours is mine, but what's mine's my own*" applied to practical politics. This unjust and preposterous scheme strikes at the very root principle of representative government. That principle can be best illustrated and understood by examining the skeleton of representative institutions. In effect, the representatives from the localities which constitute the State meet together, and as it were throw into a common fund the powers, rights, and duties with which they are endowed by their constituents. Each representative may be considered to resign the exclusive rights of his locality into the hands of the whole body, and to receive in exchange a share of the power to control the affairs of all the other localities. Representative government may thus be said to rest on an equality of sacrifices made, and an equality of rights acquired, by all the constituent parts of the repository of power—the representative assembly. But Mr. Gladstone proposes that in the Parliament at Westminster there shall be present eighty persons who will not make any sacrifice, who will bring, that is, nothing into the common fund, but who will, nevertheless, receive as full authority to deal with that fund as if they had been contributories. Ireland will give the representatives of Great Britain no right to control her domestic affairs, but will obtain the right to control the domestic affairs of Great Britain. Thus the Irish members will obtain the maximum of power without the slight-

est compensating sacrifice. They will possess authority without responsibility, and will control without being themselves controlled.

THE TRIUMPH OF *The Westminster Gazette.*

It may be said that this is a mere theory, and that what Englishmen have to deal with is practice. Let us then test the scheme by a concrete instance. Suppose that a Liberal Government urged on by the temperance party and in deference a series of log-rolling intrigues determines to carry a stringent prohibition Bill. Suppose also that there is a majority of sixty against this Bill, if only the Representatives of Great Britain are considered, but that the Government can carry their measure if they obtain the solid Irish vote. Now, if the Irish members would have to face constituents forbidden after an appointed day to drink beer or whisky, or deprived of their property by the compulsory closing of distilleries, breweries, and public-houses, it is certain that many of them, perhaps a majority, would refuse their support. Since, however, the Bill can only be made to apply to England and Scotland, they will argue "Our constituents, since it cannot touch them, will not trouble us about the matter, especially too, if we extort a good thumping concession for Ireland as the price of our vote." The bargain will therefore be struck with the greatest ease and the irresponsible eighty will smilingly force upon the people of Great Britain a measure which they would never dare to propose to their own electorate, but which they will be quite willing to impose upon their natural enemies. It is cases of this kind, and they could be multiplied a hundredfold, which are ignored by those who put their faith in the ingenious fallacy propounded by *The Westminster Gazette.* This is, that the Irish members govern us already, and that therefore when we protest against the presence of eighty Irish members at Westminster we are only protesting against the Unionist *status quo.* Those who argue thus ignore, as we have shown, the vital principle of representative government. They ignore also what must in the long run be the practical working of a system under which eighty members of the ruling Assembly will be responsible, not to constituents over whom the House has power in what most concerns the average elector—the domestic laws which touch his life and property—but to constituents whose lives are regulated by a virtually independent body. Say what you will, we are placing the balance of power in the hands of men who are in effect the representatives of eighty rotten boroughs held by foreigners. On this point Mr. Balfour spoke with extraordinary force and brilliancy in his speech on Thursday, 13th July :—

"Does he, who has studied the theory and the growth of the English Constitution, mean to tell us that a plan under which those are called upon to vote on

questions who do not represent any part of the kingdom which is in organic unity with the part with which these questions deal can be called representative government? Why should it be? Suppose we were to introduce for Canada, or for the United States of America—why not?—a set of gentlemen, very competent politicians, very honest men, and say "We do not pretend to interfere with your affairs, but we feel we require assistance in managing ours; be good enough to give us that assistance; come and join in our deliberations, give us the benefit of your eloquence, vote in our lobbies." The man who proposed that, if he was not promptly shut up in a lunatic asylum, at all events would not be allowed to claim the title of a constitutional authority.

It only remains to be said that this revolution not merely in our constitution, but in the whole theory of representative institutions, was passed by a majority of twenty-seven. But five Gladstonians: Mr. Wallace, Mr. Atherley Jones, Mr. Bolton, Dr. Clark, Mr. Rathbone, plucked up courage to vote against their chief. Two Gladstonians, however, abstained: Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Shaw. These last-named gentlemen did not, that is, care to express an opinion on the question whether the House of Commons ought only to consist of persons representing places over which Parliament can effectively legislate—we do not have members from Jamaica, though we can theoretically legislate for it—or whether localities outside the legislative purview of Parliament should send members to regulate the internal affairs of England and Scotland.

A Lowland Fling.

The speaking during the past month has been extraordinarily good; and if Parliament as we have known it, is doomed to destruction, at least, it has died game. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, each in their own special way, have night after night made speeches equal to anything which the annals of Parliament can show. Nor have the rank and file been far behind. Taken as a whole, the speaking has on both sides been far above the average. Though Mr. Gladstone has been unable by the nature of the case to defend his position by argument, his speeches, from an oratorical point of view, have been very remarkable efforts. A word must be said of Mr. Wallace's speech against the *omnes omnia* proposal. It was brimming over with cleverness. Here is what he had to say of Mr. Labouchere:

"He"—*i.e.*, Mr. Labouchere—"was so devoted a follower of the right hon. gentleman, that, according to his own account, it required the special intervention of the Sovereign to keep him from following the Prime Minister on to the Treasury Bench. (Prolonged laughter and ironical cheers.) Although frustrated in that demonstration of affection, the hon. member still sat as near the Prime Minister as possible, being separated only by a narrow but unnavigable strait. The hon. member, though not allowed to be the rose, was as near the rose as he could get."

As good was his chaff of Mr. Gladstone.

"He felt somewhat like a disciple of a venerated master who had been guided by him over a famous historical bridge crowded by numerous but disappointed

transmigrants, to acquire at the end of their journey an enlightened hold of the priceless principle that the angles at the base of a notorious geometrical figure were equal. Of course, he was overjoyed, he shouted 'Eureka,' and vowed eternal gratitude to his venerated master. But when he found in a few days that master came along and said to him that he had been around and about among their friends, and found that there was a general feeling among them that those angles ought not to be equal; and accordingly he was going to bow to the general feeling, and henceforth to maintain the inequality of those angles rather than their equality, he asked what was he to do."

Another good point was his reference to the first and greatest of old Parliamentary hands.

"When Home Rule was established there would be no check upon the Irish members such as there was now, and there was, they should bear in mind, a very old Parliamentary hand of even longer standing in that House than the right hon. gentleman at the head of the Government, who, after Home Rule was granted, would still find some mischief for idle folk to do?"

MR. CONYBEARE'S REPENTANCE.

Another House of Commons episode was that caused by the penitence of Mr. Conybeare. Mr. Conybeare, at the end of June, wrote a rude and ridiculous letter to *The Daily Chronicle*, we presume "in a moment of forgetfulness" —this admirable phrase is the property of Mr. John Burns, and was applied by him to explain how it came about that Mr. Tims of the London County Council picked up an unused return-ticket, and tried by its means to get 14s. 6d. out of the London and North-Western Railway Company. On the 8th July Mr. Conybeare gave a personal explanation to the House which made matters worse. This, naturally enough, annoyed the Speaker, and with considerable warmth he pointed out that Mr. Conybeare could only properly take the line he was taking by moving a vote of censure on the Chair. "All I can say," said the Speaker, "is that if the doctrine he (Mr. Conybeare) has laid down—[practically, the doctrine that anyone might censure the Speaker's action as much as he chose]—is accepted by this House, I would not consent to occupy this chair for twenty-four hours." In the end Mr. Conybeare apologized for having "published," not written, the words complained of, and was let off without the fortnight's suspension which he richly deserved.

"IMPECUNIOUS AND GARRULOUS."

A more unpleasant occurrence took place on 11th July, when Mr. Brodrick, including himself in the category, said that the Celtic race were "impecunious and garrulous." Mr. Sexton called this "grossly impertinent language." On this there were appeals and counter-appeals to the Chair. Ultimately Mr. Mellor decided that Mr. Brodrick's remark was in order and need not be withdrawn, but that Mr. Sexton's remark was out of order and must be withdrawn. Mr. Sexton refused to withdraw, and waxed hotter than ever in speech. It then be-

came necessary for Mr. Mellor to act, and to name the disorderly member. As is usual under such circumstances, the Chairman consulted one of the clerks who had seen members named before, and who knew the exact machinery of the standing orders. On this the Irish members broke out into a shameful attack on Mr. Milman, the clerk in question. "Am I to swallow an insult to my countrymen at the dictation of an English clerk?" yelled Mr. Sexton. "I move that Milman take the chair," screamed another Irish member. "He's chairman; he's always giving advice!" bellowed Mr. Healy. It might have been supposed that Mr. Gladstone or his lieutenant, as Leader of the House, would at once have risen; would have denounced the want of chivalry of those who attacked a man whose mouth was closed, and who could not, therefore, defend himself; and would further have pointed out that Mr. Mellor was in no sort of way obliged to take the clerk's advice, and that if he did take it the responsibility could rest on no one but himself. Not a word of this kind was said by the Leader of the House. Instead, the servant of the House, whom etiquette kept tongue-tied, was abandoned under fire, and left absolutely without defence. It was a scene in every way disgraceful, and one which bodes little good for the future of government by public discussion in Ireland.

THE FINANCIAL CLAUSES.

What is the final shape which the Financial Clauses of the Home Rule Bill will take cannot be known before these pages are in our readers' hands, for though Mr. Gladstone appears to have "nailed his weather-cock to the mast" he may quite well have altered his whole policy in the interval of going to press. "His moods, good lack, they pass like showers." If he revolutionized the whole principles of representation at a day's notice, he may easily adopt a dozen new "quotas," and "while you wait." All we shall do, then, is to give the facts of the financial situation as stated by the Gladstonians themselves. According to Sir William Harcourt, things stand thus:—

Revenue Derived from Ireland.		Expenditure on Irish Objects.	
Customs	£2,402,000	Civil Government charges	£3,123,000
Spirits	2,240,000	Constabulary	1,459,000
Beer	624,000	Estimated deficit on the postal account	52,000
Licence duties	194,000		
Stamp duties	707,000		
Income-tax	552,000		
Crown lands	65,000		
Miscellaneous Irish receipts	138,000		
Total	£6,922,000	Total	£4,634,000

The difference between the totals is nearly £2,300,000, and this sum, according to Sir W. Harcourt, ought to be Ireland's contribution to the Imperial expenditure.

"The Government," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer on July 14, "proposed to give to Ireland two-thirds of the Irish revenue derived from the taxes and Crown lands, which amounted to £4,522,000, and the whole of the miscellaneous receipts, which stood at £138,000. That would be giving to Ireland £4,660,000. That sum would exceed the actual expenditure upon Ireland, as estimated for the year 1892-93, by a sum of £26,000. They also proposed to give to Ireland an allowance of one-third of the cost of the constabulary,"—or about £500,000. Therefore, on the Government's own showing, Ireland will pay £526,000 a year too little. But in this calculation nothing is allowed for the collection of the Irish revenue,—an item of £227,000. Therefore, Ireland's contribution will in reality be nearly £800,000 per annum short.

This is a plain statement of the Government's own facts, and no jugglery about one-third of Ireland's total revenue must be allowed to obscure the true meaning of the figures. They mean, at the very least, that we are to give Ireland £800,000 a year as the price of Home Rule. The case, however, is really far stronger than this. Mr. Chamberlain showed that on a sound basis of calculation Ireland will pay under the new scheme £550,000 less than she does now, and £1,800,000 less than she ought to pay "according to her taxable capacity under the Death duties." No wonder that there will be a "chronic plethora of money" in Ireland.

MR. GLADSTONE ON CHANGES.

The passage in which Mr. Gladstone some twenty-five years ago dealt with political changes has often been quoted, but in view of his recent backslidings it is worth quoting again :—

"Changes which are sudden and precipitate ; changes accompanied with a light and contemptuous repudiation of the former self ; changes which are systematically timed and tuned to the interest of personal advancement ; changes which are hooded, slurred over, or denied—for these changes, and such as these, I have not one word to say ; and if they can be justly charged upon me I can no longer desire that any portion, however small, of the concerns or interests of my countrymen should be lodged in my hands."—See Mr. Gladstone, "Chapter of Autobiography," page 13.

AN INJURED INNOCENT.

A political episode of the month of no ordinary interest is Mr. Gladstone's controversy with the Duke of Devonshire in regard to what Mr. Gladstone said in 1885 as to the danger of introducing a Home Rule Bill when the Irish members were holding the balance between the two great parties in the State. Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Edinburgh (*Times*, Nov. 10, 1885), said :—

"Let me now suppose—for argument's sake, I may suppose it possible—that the Liberal Party might be returned to the coming Parliament—that is rather a staggering supposition—(laughter)—but I beg you to indulge me for an instant (laugh-

ter)—might be returned to the coming Parliament in a minority, but in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote ; and I will suppose that owing to some cause the present Government has disappeared, and a Liberal Party was called to deal with this great constitutional question of the government of Ireland in a position where it was a minority dependent on the Irish vote for converting it into a majority. Now, gentlemen, I tell you seriously and solemnly, that though I believe the Liberal Party to be honourable, patriotic, and trustworthy, in such a position as that it would not be safe for it to enter on the consideration of a measure in respect to which, at the first step of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say, 'Unless you do this and unless you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow.'

* * * * * *

Come with me to the supposition that the Tory Party, the party of the present Government, is returned to the House of Commons in a minority, but in a minority which may be turned into a majority by the aid of these eighty Irish gentlemen. . . . . Now, gentlemen, what I wish to know is whether that will be a safe or satisfactory position for the country ? . . . I tell you, gentlemen, that not only the Tory Party, and not only the Liberal Party, but the Empire will be in danger, because questions of the gravest moment and the most imperial weight and vast consequence may come forward, and will in all likelihood come forward, and there will be no party qualified to deal with them in that independence, which alone can insure a satisfactory and an honourable issue.

The Duke of Devonshire referring to this passage declared that Mr. Gladstone had said that the Liberal Party could not be trusted to settle the Home Rule question if they were dependent on the Irish Party. Can any honest man say that this was not only a fair but the necessary and inevitable interpretation of the words ? Yet Mr. Gladstone waxed virtuously indignant at this description, and with all the unction of injured innocence declared the description was quite inaccurate. The Duke of Devonshire replied by putting the passage quoted above before Mr. Gladstone. What did Mr. Gladstone do ? Make the best apologies he could for a slip ? Not a bit of it. He wrote a passage containing sentences some twelve lines long—it is curious to note how the length a man's sentences always varies inversely with the amount of common-sense to be found in what he says—in which he tried to show that what he said at Edinburgh meant the exact opposite of the thought conveyed by his words. Here is the passage—one destined, we believe, to be immortal in the history of verbal jugglery.

"I am sorry to be in correspondence with you on a personal matter, but I considered my statement to Mr. Wilkins to be required, because I conceive that in your speech you converted a statement growing out of a particular position of parties and affairs, under my view at the time, into a general principle applicable to all positions of parties and affairs. At that period the anticipations of Home Rule held out by the Tory Government had, naturally enough, placed them in alliance with the Irish Party, while they were in sharp hostility to us. I therefore thought that, in the event of the disappearance of that Government, and of our being called to deal with the Irish question, we should have no security against combinations strong enough to carry inadmissible amendments, and that it would be perilous to place ourselves in such a position. But now the Tories, held fast in their position by the Liberal Unionists, are in the strongest opposition to Irish claims, while four-fifths of the representatives of the Irish people seven

and a half years ago publically and formally accepted what we consider the fundamental principles of a safe and Constitutional plan, and have ever since that time, almost to a man, steadily co-operated with us for the advancement of such a plan, it would be strange, indeed, after such proofs of loyalty and moderation, were we now to admit of any of those arguments for mistrust which they themselves, I think, would admit to have been natural on our part when we had no assurances as to their views, and when they were in co-operation with our opponents. I think, therefore, that your application to the present situation of an opinion based upon circumstances directly opposite could not be described by me more fairly or more mildly than as an inaccurate representation, while I harboured no idea of imputing to you anything more than a casual inadvertence."

This needs no comment. Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards his past language is exactly that attributed to Lord Sherborne in the Rolliad.

> "The noble Lord says I approve his plan.
> My Lords, I never did, I never can.
> Plain words, thank Heaven, are always understood;
> I said I *could* approve, and not I *would*."

THE REFERENDUM.

On July 7th Lord Salisbury, speaking at a dinner of the Junior Constitutional Club, made one of those speeches "shot" with humour and irony, point and phrase, which make his public addresses the delight of those who like, whenever possible, to take their politics sparkling. Quite excellent was his declaration that "the object of the Constitution is that there should be no despotism on the part of those who are despositories of power, whether they derive this title from any definite right or from a majority." What has made order and liberty so strong and so lasting in this country is the idea that "whoever holds the reins of supreme power is not absolute, but that there stands before him the rights of the community, the rights of the minority the rights of individuals." Admirable was also the passage in which Lord Salisbury pointed out that the House of Commons owes its moral force to free speech.

> "Free speech is the talisman which, in fighting against Sovereigns and against oligarchies, has made the House of Commons powerful. Free speech is that which has distinguished its force from that of every similar assembly in the world, and so long as it is true to the principle of its existence, to that law from which all its powers have flowed, so long its moral authority will be as extensive as its legal power and it will be respected in every community of Englishmen."

In referring to Second Chambers Lord Salisbury insisted once more upon the necessity for introducing the Referendum into the Constitution of the United Kingdom. A second chamber, though useful, may not always be strong enough to stop unwise changes. "I think we ought to have some power of appealing to a far mightier tribunal—namely to the opinion of the nation itself." That thought is now in many men's minds, and, if we mistake not, it will before long fructify in a definite scheme for adding the Referendum to our institutions.

INDIGNATION BY ANTICIPATION.

The most dramatic Parliamentary event of the month was the disappearance of Mr. Dillon under the heel of Mr. Chamberlain—that is the only figure that will fit the facts. Mr. Chamberlain apropos of the proposal to put the police under the control of the Nationalists very pertinently called the attention of the House to the fact that Mr. Dillon had said, that when the Irish Members had an Irish Parliament they would have the Constabulary under their control, and would remember who had been their friends and who their foes. Mr. Dillon, as usual, denied the accuracy of the charge, and demanded chapter and verse. On a subsequent evening—the 3rd July—Mr. Chamberlain gave it him. Mr. Dillon thereon left the House, presumably to prepare his defence and look up his facts. When he returned he admitted the speech, but said in mitigation that it was made under great provocation, his mind being agitated by the recollection of the Mitchelstown Massacre, where he had himself seen three innocent men shot down in cold blood. That was an excellent defence, as any fair-minded man must acknowledge, and both Mr. Dillon and the House were pleased and impressed by it It had, however, one fault. It was totally and absolutely untrue. As Mr. Chamberlain, the most prompt of Parliamentary speakers at once pointed out, that the Mitchelstown Massacre did not occur till some nine months after the speech threatening the Constabulary. It followed, therefore, that Mr. Dillon's agitation of mind must have been prophetic, or else that in Ireland the genius of the people is so quick and sensitive that they can be indignant about things before they happen. An Irishman of metaphysical tendencies once laid it down that "the only way to prevent what's past is to stop it before it happens." Perhaps Mr. Dillon was trying the converse of this proposition, and thought that by being indignant about Mitchelstown before it happened he could prevent it happening. That, we admit, is not a very good explanation, but it is difficult to find any other. The notion that it was all due to "a moment of forgetfulness" is one which somehow seems cold, prosaic, and unworthy of Mr. Dillon's genius.

GLADSTONIAN CONVERTS.

Mr. Duffin, one of the able Liberal-Unionist merchants from Belfast who "tackled" Mr. Gladstone in the spring, gives, in a letter to the *Times* (July 10), a curious account of the effect produced upon the Gladstonian working-men from Newcastle who visited Ulster in order to investigate the Home Rule question. Of the 94 delegates, out of 200, who alone as yet have stated their views, 52 hold to their old opinions, 15 have modified them, and 27 have changed them. Mr. Duffin quotes from letters published in the Newcastle

G.W.R.

press by some of the converted delegates. Four delegates sign a letter in which they say that "both workmen and employers" are "unanimous that Home Rule will mean their social ruin." Mr. R. Patterson also wrote: "From what I heard from those I mixed with—and they seemed terribly in earnest—the feeling and sentiment are more commercial than religious, and nearly all expressed them in the same terms,—namely, that they had built up a city second to none in the three Kingdoms, solely by their own enterprise, industry, and perseverance; and all this had been accomplished under the ægis of the British Government." He added that this sentiment was to be found as much among "the humbler people" as the moneyed classes. These statements destroy the usual arguments on Ulster addressed to English working-men. They are—(1) that the working-men don't mind Home Rule, and that it is only the rich who are Unionists; (2) that it is all religious bigotry. Another delegate remarked, "We were blinded over here." The experiment has obviously been most sucessful. The Belfast merchants should this summer give a trip in Ulster to a delegation from every Gladstonian constituency in England and Scotland.

THE *Victoria* COURT MARTIAL.

The terrible loss sustained in the sinking of the *Victoria* has been brought vividly home to the public mind by the evidence given before the Court Martial which has been sitting at Malta during the past month. It is clear that the rough-and-ready notion that all would have been well if only Admiral Markham had not obeyed orders will not stand in face of the following pieces of evidence. This is what was said by Captain Johnstone, of the *Camperdown*:—

"Were you aware of the existence of Admiral Tryon's Memorandum on the subject of discretion in obeying orders?—Yes; but I do not consider it has any bearing on a case such as the one in question.—How do you account for that answer, bearing in mind the directions contained in the Act of Discipline?—I consider, on the one hand, that when an order is delivered by an officer in command—naturally a competent officer—an order which he has probably carefully thought out, perhaps worked out mathematically, there is extreme danger in anyone on the spur of the moment presuming to act contrary to the literal directions given. Had the Commander-in-Chief circled round the second division, which seemed the only reasonable interpretation of his signal, the power of avoiding the danger rested entirely with him, and not with the second division. In that case had any other movement been made than the one carried out by the *Camperdown* the Commander-in-Chief's intentions must have been entirely frustrated, and perhaps great danger of a collision incurred."

As strong was Admiral Markham's statement:—

"Do you not think you would have been justified in expecting some intimation from the Commander-in-Chief if he intended circling round you?—No, I did not expect it. There have been many evolutions in the Mediterranean Squadron of which at the time I must acknowledge I hardly knew the object. They were only afterwards fully explained to us by the Commander-in-Chief in his cabin. It has not infrequently occurred to me that when I have gone aboard the flagship after anchoring the Squadron, the Commander-in-Chief has said, 'Do you know

why I did so-and-so?' and I have said, 'No, sir. Why?' Then it has been explained to me. I had some sort of idea in my mind at the time I ordered the signal to be answered that he was going to wheel round me, come out on the other side, and re-form the Squadron.—Has a signal ever before been made to you which, as in this case, caused doubt in your mind as to the possibility of executing it with due safety to your division?—Never, in my recollection.—Did you not feel in this case, as you were acting on an assumption of what the Commander-in-Chief was going to do, that you ran a very great risk?—No; I felt no anxiety, having the fullest confidence in the Commander-in-Chief."

People forget in one disaster caused by obedience to orders, the frightful risks that are daily avoided by strict discipline in matters of command.

ADMIRAL TRYON'S MEMORANDUM.

The substance of Admiral Tryon's Memorandum on the limits of obedience, written only last May, is as follows: The Admiral states that "orders directing the movement of ships, either collectively or singly, are invariably accompanied, as a matter of course, with the paramount understood condition,—With due regard to the safety of Her Majesty's ships." He further lays it down that "when the literal obedience to any order, however given, would entail a collision with a friend, or endanger a ship by running on shore, or in any other way, paramount orders direct that the danger is to be avoided, while the object of the order should be attained if possible." In spite, however, of this, it is not fair to blame Admiral Markham for executing an order which he was twice called on to obey. He had a right to consider that the Commander-in-Chief was not giving an order for the ships to collide, and would so manœuvre his own vessel as to avoid a catastrophe.

GERMANY, FRANCE, AND THE KHEDIVE.

The chief events of the month in Foreign affairs have been the passage of the German Army Bill by sixteen votes; the intervention, or alleged intervention, of M. Carnot to prevent the Ministry of M. Dupuy continuing in power by leaning upon "the Rallied" rather than by making concessions to the Extremists, and so securing Republican concentration; and the visit of the Khedive to Constantinople. This latter is a matter of no little importance both to England and the Continent. Nothing is of course known as to the details of what has passed between the Sultan and his nominal feudatory; but it seems probable that Abbas Pascha has been trying to persuade the Sultan to start some form of diplomatic action in regard to our occupation of Egypt. Finding that impossible, the Khedive is said to have declared himself exceedingly anxious to take back a body-guard of Turkish soldiers to protect him from the risk of enforced abdication. The Sultan was, no doubt, somewhat puzzled how to put off this ardent young man and his exuberant professions of loyalty to the head of the faithful; but so shrewd a politician and diplomatist is not likely to have committed himself to any-

thing very dangerous. The Turkish diplomatists have "the back trick" more perfect than any negotiators in the world, and can say "Yes" while meaning and acting "No" with a naturalness beyond the wildest dreams of Western professors of the art of evasion and mental tergiversation.

PRINCE BISMARCK ON BUREAUCRACY.

On July 8 Prince Bismarck addressed a speech to a complimentary deputation from the tiny Principality of Lippe-Detmold, one of the Federal States of the Empire. The ex-Chancellor is now all for States' rights, and against "the boa-constrictor of Bureaucracy." It was Bureaucracy, in reality, against which Arminius was fighting when he overthrew the Romans. The small States hold the balance in the Federal Council, said Prince Bismarck, and he added: "I can only wonder that as yet no statesman has been found among them all to realize and to apply the enormous influence which they could thus be made to wield." Prince Bismarck then sketched a plan of campaign, but added that he himself was too old and worn-out to descend into the arena. "But assume that I were to appear in Berlin as the representative of one of the German Princes in the Federal Council, and that I were to be the spokesman of the minority, not only there, but also in the Imperial Diet, could my voice fail to carry weight, if only in virtue of my personality and of my known antecedents?" Everything must be done to prevent the German Empire from degenerating into a big Prussia.—Prince Bismarck, the enemy of Bureaucracy and "big Prussianism!" Mr. Gladstone must look to his laurels as the "quick-change artiste" of modern politics.

SIAM.

The crisis in Siam caused by the action of the French is not in a stage at which it can be profitably discussed in these pages. Our rights there are governed by agreements and understandings which have not as yet been made public and until fuller information has been received it would be beating the air to attempt anything like a final pronouncement. It is to be noted, however, that the point really at stake is not the merits of the French claims against Siam, but the existence of the Buffer on the Eastern frontier of our Indian Empire. Our policy, rightly or wrongly, is to draw a cordon of independent native States round India, and so to prevent direct contact in the East either with Russia or France. Anything which tends to destroy the independence of Siam is thus a blow at this policy. Hence it is impossible for us to allow of the overthrow of Siam. The French, in theory at any rate, admit the reasonableness of this view. It is our duty to see that they admit it also in practice. Siam seems inclined to meet their aggressive demands in a manner which must deprive them of all pretext for picking a quarrel.

THE PERSONAL GRATIFICATION BILL.

In the days of my youth I knew a country gentleman who, like many others, was expected to take an interest in public affairs without having the least concern about them, or the faintest knowledge of how they are or should be conducted. A man of family, the owner of a pretty estate, deputy-lieutenant of his county, and a man who never dined alone three days in a week, he was constantly thrown into company where politics were discussed, or where he knew it became him to have an opinion like the rest. But he neither held nor even dared to feign anything of the kind; for feigning might lead to interrogation, and interrogation would instantly reveal that his opinion had no more root than the branch which itinerant flower-sellers tear from a blooming plant, stick into a pot, and offer as a good merchantable article. In this situation he adopted the simplest expedient at his command. Listening attentively, but with no appearance of coldness, he seized a moment when the name of the great opponent of his Party was mentioned, and then exclaimed, "Hang him! Hang him, I say!" in a tone which instantly brought before the mind's eye a rope and an overhanging bough. When conviction demands such forcible expression it is needless to inquire into the grounds of it; and this was the only argument that was ever heard from the mouth of a good-natured creature, who could not have killed a mad dog without sickness of heart for the rest of the day. And the statesman who was to be hanged was no other than the sane, the mild, the perfectly constitutional Lord John Russell!

This orator was brought to my mind the other day while listening to another with about the same amount of political incapacity, but with a different formula to cover deficiencies: one that is more accordant with the taste in language at the present day. This gentleman settles everything with the remark that, in his judgment, "affairs are in a most abnormal condition." Thrown in upon a heated discussion, this remark has an excellent use beyond all that is intended by it. It falls like a dash of cold water in a boiling pot, quieting its ebullitions and arresting overflow. Having marked this effect on previous occasions, with a determination to turn it to

future account, I appealed to R——n for his opinion the other evening when the conversation was becoming dangerously warm and got my answer. "All I have to say is this, and I think most gentlemen will agree with me: in my view, affairs are in a most abnormal condition." Every eye fell: the light of battle died out of every countenance, and not a word was uttered till a naturally impetuous young man broke silence fifty seconds afterward in the voice of one who speaks to a friend at a funeral.

But as for me, I was silenced for the rest of the evening. Through some association of ideas which, if inquired into, would probably seem reasonable enough, I first thought of my old Staffordshire friend and his "Hang him!" and then, as the words drawn from R——n repeated themselves over and over again in my mind, fell to thinking of a dozen old saws with the same general meaning,—namely, that there is nothing so poor but that time and circumstance may give value to it. We had been discussing the present aspect of political affairs from the newest points of view—more especially overhauling the Home Rule Bill, its debates and no-debates, with all our eloquence, and with an ingenuity, a handling of detail, and detection and vaticination of particular consequences which would have done credit to any assembly in the world; and the effect of this interjection was as if we had been dragged in a moment from the empyrean of intellectual expansion to grub amongst the stalest and stupidest of vestry-room platitudes. But there have been times in various countries—to be sure, a long while ago—when the utmost serenity of wisdom could not have delivered a more fortunate word than "Hang him!" and there have been subsequent times, in the same countries, when millions of distressed creatures found reason to mourn that the word was not given and the thing done. And while the impetuous young professor and the Ulster M.P. were up in the air again, fighting like eagles over some disembowelled rabbit of a clause in the Home Rule Bill, I found more fruitfulness at every moment in the despised saying of Mr. R——n.

"Affairs are in a most abnormal condition." This wretched phrase, hackneyed out of all significance by the mouthers of every party, every cause, every profession, has now become the only one worth considering and acting on. The Home Rule Bill, about which there is such an immensity of debate, is merely a symptom of disorder working in the vitals of social and national life. From no other point of view is it worth the attention of any man with a good novel at hand or a bit of garden to cultivate. The serious discussion of it—the discussion of it, at any rate, by men who, unlike the Opposition leaders in the House of Commons, are under no compulsion to treat it as a substantiality—is itself a sign of political disease. We should say the doctor's wits were gone who thought it his first

and most urgent duty to make out the several degrees of sense and nonsense in his patient's delirium, or who gave heed to it at all except as it helped him to understand the nature and extent of the mischief going on within. And we are no wiser who sit gravely down to discuss this so-called Bill, as if it were a real measure to start with, and as if the craziness betrayed in its composition, the wickedness as well as the madness (though perhaps they are the same things) that designed it, the unspeakable fatuity that argues for it, the corrupt sense of citizenship which supports it, had all to be accepted as in a natural new order of things to which we must needs accommodate ourselves. It is there that the mistake lies and the danger of the mistake. Amidst the general disgust of political affairs which is never found in a healthy nation, there are still a great many Englishmen too proud of their country to be indifferent to its future. Every one of these may depend upon it that until he goes the whole length of his belief, denying to Mr. Gladstone and his legislative potions the right to be treated with complacency—as long as he sees in them and the endurance of them anything but agents and evidences of political dissolution—he himself will be contributory to "a most abnormal state of things."

Nothing will go well with us again till we have found sense enough to fling off some at least of the illusions which the prophets of Advancement have imposed on us, and courage enough to deny that tergiversations, mendacities, treacheries, have any right to shelter themselves under forms of courtesy. Though a good deal of whitewashing has been done here and there by historical students since Lewes made out that Nero has been sadly misunderstood, nobody doubts that in past ages, and even very near to our own time, men of extremely bad character have been allowed to flourish where they have done enormous harm. Whether they meant to be wicked or not—whether in the recesses of their own bosoms they may not have felt justified in gratifying the most ignoble of their passions on the Throne, in the Legislature, in the judgment-seat—these are modern questions of the sort that we bemuse ourselves with a vast deal too much at the bidding of Culture. Nevertheless, the mildest historians still declare in so many words that there *have been* men in high position who played the part of tyrant, hypocrite, deceiver, madman, traitor; and, in fact, that in one country or another almost every century has been illustrated by some distinguished personage of this kind. And does the mild historian ever tell us that the breed has now become extinct? Have we any authority for believing that human nature has so much changed, in individuals and in bulk, that we shall never again see a bad man of genius playing havoc with the world's affairs for his pleasure? To the conviction of every Whig, Tory,

Radical, and Revolutionist in the kingdom, a general belief to that effect would be the stupidest and most unfortunate error conceivable; and yet (relying on the wonderfully persuasive results of the introduction of steam and the diffusion of refinement) more than half of us seem to be under the impression that though leprosy is reviving, statesmen of perverted mind are possible no longer. Of this superstition—as ludicrous as dangerous—it behoves every man who shares it to get rid. Though he tear it away it will leave his mind none the less clear to perceive merit where it exists, none the less ready to acknowledge it; and meanwhile he will be rescued from fatal hesitations in condemning guilt in one of its most perilous and destructive forms.

But yet not quite rescued from them. It is not enough to detect the perversions of mind (to speak prettily) which may make the statesman of to-day as pestilent as the worst of his predecessors. They must be publicly named, openly ticketed with their true descriptions. But here the courtesy fallacy comes in. A Minister being dead and gone, and therefore unable to do any more mischief, the student of his conduct is quite free to say that the detestable character of the extraordinary man was detestable; and that some of the mistakes by which his country suffered are clearly due to the indulgence of base and ignoble motives. But a similar kind of statesman being alive, still at his work, and likely to do more of it, we may think what we please; but courtesy forbids any public announcement of our conclusions. We may say that in our opinion he makes tremendous mistakes; we may say that we entirely fail to reconcile the right honourable gentleman's conduct on the present occasion with the sagacity for which he is so justly celebrated; we may declare that if he succeeds in carrying out the designs he has entered upon he will bring nothing but trouble upon his country: but with all this and more, we must not say that he knows what he is about, that he is making no mistake, that his sagacity is not a matter in question, or that his motives, being what they are, render him absolutely indifferent to the consequences presented to his view. To do this would be a flagrant violation of courtesy as by rule established: the same that in the House of Commons obliges honourable gentlemen to "accept the explanation" whenever an honourable gentleman declares that he did not say what his language makes out that he did say.

Courtesy is an emollient of inestimable worth, on no account to be disparaged or diminished in its proper application. Whatever his front-rank men might have thought on the subject, it was truly beautiful when it inspired the commander of one army to invite the commander of the other to "fire first." But there are

places and conditions where the courtesies may be carried too far: as in the police, for example; or on the judical bench, when the magistrate cannot sufficiently express the pain he feels in sending a singularly accomplished and gentlemanly person to jail as the common swindler he unfortunately is. And unless the democratic temper has been entirely mistaken, there can be no danger in asserting that the courtesy which defers the true account of an outrageously sinister spirit till he has done his worst and can do no more is an error of excess.

These remarks will be recognized as a necessary addendum to the advice that preceded them—the advice, namely, to leave the details of the Home Rule Bill to those who are compelled by our forms of government to take that simulacrum of a measure gravely, and look with all eyes to the "most abnormal state of things" which can alone account for its production. And yet the Bill must not be disregarded either. Though it is out of all reasonable debate as a legislative scheme, viewed in another aspect it challenges very serious consideration. It is an insult to the majesty of Democracy. Bills framed to embody unwise or partisan legislation have not unfrequently been presented to Parliament by Ministers of either party; but till now there has been nothing against them but their unwisdom or their partisan character. They were at any rate carefully and intelligibly framed. In form, at least, they were respectful to the House of Commons and the nation; coming before them habited in all the appearance of thought, consideration, circumspection, calculation, completeness. Can this be said of the Home Rule Bill? Wrong or right in the main, inspired by bad motive or by good, it hasn't the decency of affecting to be a complete or a considered measure. It is flung before the House of Commons in a merely abortional state, unfurnished, unfinished; nor does Mr. Gladstone pretend, when the absence of this or the absurdity of that is pointed out to him, that it is anything better than it is in form—an insolently slip-slop piece of work. But what gave Mr. Gladstone confidence enough to chuck—(the word is a vulgar one; but it serves to express the contemptuousness of the deed)—what gave Mr. Gladstone confidence enough to chuck such a piece of work before the country, and why is it that the insult is endured? Is it no longer the care of the House of Commons to see that Ministers treat it with respect? And has the time come when a Minister may fling any sort of unlicked measure before the nation's representatives without offending the nation?

But this is only as to the form, or rather the negligent insolent formlessness of the Bill. It has to be looked at in another charac-

ter, which also is entirely new, has nothing to do with the wisdom or the unwisdom of it, nor (this is its novelty) with any question of Party purpose. This may be asserted most positively: the Home Rule Bill is not a Party measure. It might be that, and either good or bad; but it is not a Party measure.

There are people who say that it is, but they know they only say so "in a manner of speaking," and never to themselves. Before it first took shape, the idea of it was scouted by Mr. Gladstone's Party. When it did take shape it astounded that Party: who rose and drove it out as mad dogs are driven. But here it is again, not as one mad dog of definite and palpable proportions, but as if its interior disorders had given the animal the actual hazy duality which intoxication in the observer confers on simple and substantial things. And is it now a Party measure—desired by the Party, a pleasure to the Party, or one from which it anticipates future honour and advantage? Nothing of the kind. Quite the reverse in every particular. The Home Rule Bill is a William Ewart Gladstone Bill and nothing else. Incidently, it is agreeable to certain Irishmen in Ireland, and yet more to the greater number of Irishmen in the United States; but not for their satisfaction has Mr. Gladstone taken these measures. It is for his own satisfaction and for the following purposes: to relieve himself of a fretting sense of personal defeat; to enable William Ewart Gladstone to turn upon his political opponents with "Aha! who is underfoot now?"—above all, to revenge himself on the England which found him out in 1874 and has steadily rejected him ever since. A personal Bill totally and entirely. A Bill framed against the desires of his Party; a weariness to the general mass of the Party, and loathing to very many in it; a Bill from which the Party anticipates, not honour and advantage, but disgrace and turn-out, as its direct consequence; but yet a Bill which, if it can only be got to pass, will be extremely gratifying to the individual who framed it for his own splenetic pleasure.

Of things that are very extraordinary we are accustomed to say, "I cannot and will not believe it!" The will-not is always untoward—a blinding resolution, though meant for a virtue and certainly creditable by intention. We are here in the midst of extraordinary circumstances indeed; but what in this statement of them will anyone say that he cannot and will not believe? Perhaps it is that a political personage not yet in the history-books can possibly harbour such feelings as are set to Mr. Gladstone's account. Let us put them aside, then; and now what is left for denial or doubt? Take Mr. Gladstone's resentments out of the story, and what remains in the statement is, that a legislative scheme which one great Party detests, and the other wishes had never been heard

of, absorbs the time of Parliament and vexes the whole current of public affairs at the will of an individual Minister! Nothing *there* can be denied; and being true, what evidence it is that England has sunk into "a most abnormal condition!"

But the lesson has not been fully learned till we look further. If the Bill were one to convert Hampstead Heath into oyster-beds, or any such costly ridiculous toy of a scheme, that it should "hold the field" for the individual's pleasure would be a pretty strong proof of national imbecility. But the general dislike of the individual's Bill goes far beyond any possible repugnance to wasting a few millions in an absurd attempt to cheapen oysters and ozone for an overworked metropolis. It is a much more serious affair than that. Of all who ever thought about the matter, four-fifths are either convinced or fear that the scheme in which Mr. Gladstone is so deeply interested would weaken the ties of Empire, burden the people of Great Britain with excessive and unfair imposts, establish intimidation and corruption in our system of government as necessary or unavoidable elements, encourage the enemies of England abroad, organize for their use a powerful body of sympathizers in time of war, and, before long, make of Ireland itself a scene of ruin and bloodshed. The apprehensions to which the Minister's personal plan give rise are of that character and that magnitude; and yet he is allowed to go on with it—some Englishmen who are *known* to be profoundly afraid of the measure giving it the aid of their countenance, while thousands and tens of thousands of other Englishmen trouble themselves with it and with him not at all!

Perhaps, however, this amazing spectacle is to be accounted for by the proved wisdom of the Minister in bygone times. It is always to be hoped that when a nation has found a wise guide, and proved his sagacity, it will never be in haste to set up its *vox populi* against his counsels. Before he was born, there was nothing in nature against Mr. Gladstone turning out to be a man of this rare character; and if in the course of his long career he has many times shown himself a deeper calculator, a truer seer, a luckier prophet and legislator than most statesmen have been, the mystery lessens at once. In some part, the country would be disposed to stifle its opinions in deference to a judgment of often-proved superiority, and for the rest, might be disposed to say, "Well, he is a very old gentleman now; he has set his heart on this scheme, the child of his declining years; he has blessed us with many wise schemes of legislation in the past; by his courage and loftiness of spirit he has at various times exalted our dear country yet higher amongst the nations of the earth; and therefore, owing him so much, what if we risk a little rather than

thwart and disappoint him at the last?" That would be a natural feeling, and (though doubtfully judicious) thoughtful, and with a claim to be considered worthy.

But does any part of this hypothesis rest on a basis of reality? Has it as much as the fourth part of a three-legged stool to stand upon? No. There was a time when the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone was heard in the wind at public meetings and the like; but it has never been heard of in any other way. Sagacity?—sagacity of the sort which, when there is a little of it, is a necessity; when there is more, a meanness; when it abounds and takes command, a detestable thing, the temptation and instrument of every great man renowned for self-worship and treachery—that is another thing. We are talking of a wisdom that gains and deserves the gratitude of mankind; wisdom in public affairs, prevision for the public good; the harvested triumphs of skill and care in the Legislature or at the helm of government. Now it is no mere matter of opinion—it is a matter of open and easy ascertainment—that the Minister who is allowed such astounding liberties at present has been all his life a signal failure in statesmanship. Opportunity for sixty years; immense power and all but boundless opportunity for thirty years; and can anybody point to a single original or successful piece of work during the whole of that time? Is there one stroke of statesmanship in the whole record of his career that can be called good and successful? Not one: which also is amongst the things that many people cannot and will not believe. Barren of any great measure that ever came to good, his industry has been prodigal of enormous failures, the consequence of illusions the most dreamy (if not affected—it isn't much of a dreamy brain), and calculations with nothing in them but disappointment. The whole mass of Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation, for example, has been of that character: arrogant in its confidence, profuse in the assurance of splendid and final success, and all as happy in the out-turn as the labour and promise of a bubble mining company. A master of Parliamentary management, he is called, while his main achievements in that line are the smashing of his Party in 1874, the smashing of it a second time in 1886, and the instant preparation of another smash for the present year or the year to come.

But what of his Party management if his political morality be sound? And is it? Has it ever been sound? Was it not his political immorality—as displayed in a certain Collier case, an Ewelme Rectory incident, an Odo Russell business (all now forgotten)—which so worked upon the honest men of his Party that they rose up and drove him out of it in 1874? But—now we have the secret, perhaps. It lies in the loftiness and courage with which

at various times he has sustained the honour of our dear country abroad, exalting England yet higher amongst the nations of the earth. And here Mr. Gladstone is all right;—if we will but share his own content with the memory of Majuba Hill, the starvation of Sinkat (for less than which, however, Dante put other good men into the "Inferno"), and the abandonment of Gordon to his murderers! If more need be added, there is the illustration of Mr. Gladstone as a great English Minister which his Russian friends accorded him in the celebrated but insufficiently-known "Penj-deh incident."

The wonder grows. It now appears that the individual Minister who is allowed to monopolize the time of the country with a slip-slop Personal Gratification Bill, portentous of disaster for every soul in the three kingdoms, has not the faintest claim to any such indulgences. So far from being able to pretend that he has a superior judgment on Irish affairs and success in handling them, he stands convicted of possessing *no* judgment. He is never so well seen as amidst the wreck of half-a-dozen Bills for the union of hearts, and all the arguments and computations that proved them sublimely wise. So far from having earned in other ways the indulgence due to a long career of beneficent statesmanship, no achievement that counts for anything great stands out in a uniform course of destructiveness, darkened here and there with what must needs bear the name of dishonour, and that dishonours us all. Yet there is Mr. Gladstone with his Personal Gratification Bill; and here go we about our business as if he had a divine right to please himself and take his chance of ruining the Empire. No hospital and no madhouse in Great Britain can match the island in its entirety if we look for the monstrous abnormal.

And the worst has not been brought out yet; though it must be admitted that what follows, unlike the rest of this article, is matter of deduction and opinion. Every Englishman should ask himself what are the gratifications which this Personal Gratification Bill is intended to supply? An old student of Mr. Gladstone's character, an early prophet of developments therein which have come about in staggering opulency and profusion, I have no doubt at all about the proposed gratifications. But then—it must be confessed for weal or woe—I am of those who do not believe that the last gibbet has been raised in history for the last wicked statesman. I not only think that there may be one or two more in future centuries —I open my mind to the possibility that there may be one in this. With the burden of that avowal upon me, I say that all that is known of a character so strangely consistent that we may believe it came into the world full-formed; all that Mr. Gladstone's conduct

has been at every turn and phase of his career; all the known and palpable effects of circumstance upon that extraordinary machine, his mind; above all, the effect of opposition to his desires or insufficient acknowledgment of his importance, point to one conclusion as explaining the Home Rule Bill. Its explanation is vanity in exasperation, vindictiveness at the utmost stretch of comprehension.

His speeches, his arguments, and the sincerity of them——! Let us remember two things: first, that even in the days of his youth (or what corresponded to them in the lives of his contemporaries), it was said that Gladstone's intellect could persuade his conscience to anything: an observation which has been continuous from that day to this. Next, let us remember that all the wicked statesmen that ever lived are accounted for by the possession of similar mental facilities. Without them they could not have been wicked. These gentlemen, too, had consciences which could always be persuaded by their intellects, and therefore they could frame their arguments and make their speeches, or otherwise work out their desires, with an ease of mind which no doubt was taken as evidence of "sincerity at least." No matter what they contain Mr. Gladstone's speeches on behalf of his Bill are speeches in furtherance of his desire to pass it; and his desire to pass it is in part an unquenchable longing to put his foot on the necks of his political opponents, and in part to involve in a sweeping revenge the England which found him out long ago and has persistently rejected him ever since. "Ireland? Ireland?" said the late Mr. Parnell to one of the few with whom he spoke open-heartedly, "if anyone supposes that my coat is off for love of Ireland he is mistaken; hatred of England is my motive!" It is another man's motive also. The desire to "discipline" and punish England for her distrust of him has mastered the mind of a vindictive statesman. It was under their rebuff that he felt compelled to throw up the leadership of the Liberal Party, Lord Hartington being appointed in his stead. The excitements of the Midlothian campaign left English Liberalism still cold to him—so cold that, as the 1880 elections approached, the greater Liberal newspapers found it expedient to argue that the Party could not in decency displace Lord Hartington for Mr. Gladstone, and that, therefore, no Liberal need fear to go to the poll against the Conservatives! But for that humiliating *ruse* the 1880 elections would have turned out very differently. From 1880—Majuba Hill and Gordon's abandonment assisting—all that is best in England turned from the great word-juggler in deepening disgust; and if at this moment he has a wretched little majority of promise-bought votes from a people which conceives itself alien from England, the

author of the Personal Gratification Bill knows why England still turns its back on him, wherefore he must live by those promise bought-votes or perish.

This double humiliation—all of his own contriving—he burns to revenge. In his immense vanity, a people that prefers to do without him is a people to be punished; and already he tastes the pleasure he designed for himself when he first took up the cause of Britain's enemies in Ireland and America. It is no news to him that his plans insure the degradation of England; and when his English opponents in the House of Commons bring that consequence before him as a reproach their fears amuse him, for what they dread is precisely what he hopes and intends. The English have wounded his pride, and they must be taken down; as (for one thing) by turning the mighty source and centre of the British Empire, their country, into an item in a list of half-a-dozen provinces. There is not a soul in the world who believes that when the squid—a creature in a very low order of intelligence—is about to eject his ink, he is unaware that the water around him will be darkened. There have been men and women who believed that Mr. Gladstone playing with words never had any idea that the truth would be obfuscated as a consequence. But, surely, if there is one thing more incredible than another it is that, with the squid's additional gift, Mr. Gladstone has less than that creature's good sense. He knows what he does, and what he does he means. When he arms Irish hate—the hate which he finds so natural (who more?) after "centuries of wrong" long since ended; the hate which he sees working in the men with the votes; the hate that comes out more plainly still in America amongst Irishmen who cannot and do not pretend that it is anything but a vengeful sentiment longing for gratification—he knows what he arms and intends the equipment of course. No cephalopod in his position could be ignorant of the effect of such work, though it might instruct its intellect to persuade its conscience that it meant no harm. If harm comes, why then it will come in the justice of things; and in the justice of things—but only as an incident—Mr. Gladstone's own prodigious vindictiveness will be gratified.

There may be seen the second purpose of the Personal Gratification Bill, and it *is* seen, not by a few but by many: which is the point I am coming to. Not only the effect, but the intention of this measure is believed by tens of thousands of Englishmen to be sinister, and suspected by scores of thousands more. And what an intention! Nevertheless, the whole political sense of the country—its English feeling, even—has become so paralytic that the exasperated politician goes on with his design, amidst grave discussion of its little details!

Yet it is not real paralysis, perhaps—only a ridiculous and dangerous extreme of politeness. That question will soon be decided; but as matters stand, "abnormal" is no sufficient description of the view they present to any pair of eyes undimmed and undeceived.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

While the Norwegian Ibsen has occupied so large a place in the esteem of the dramatic critic that he has ultimately exercised an influence—suffered, perhaps, unconsciously—upon the dramatic author, an influence which threatens to revolutionize the English stage and to open areas undreamt of in the days of Tom Taylor, Palgrave Simpson, Stirling Coyne, and their bowdlerized adaptations of Scribe or Charles de Bernard—Sudermann, the Berlin playwright, remains unknown to the untravelled Englishman, and unheralded by the critical Press, whose gaze is so steadily directed Northward as to overlook that large tract of country to the East which has furnished the English stage with not a few successes—chiefly of the farcical order.

There is nothing farcical about Sudermann. He is pure *fin de siècle* in his pessimism, and in his willingness to grapple with some of the ugliest problems in social life; but his method is nearer the school of Sardou and Dumas than the stern simplicity of Ibsen. Nor has he the Norwegian playwright's love of the eccentric and the uncanny. He has given us no incarnation of life-weariness and disappointment, like Hedda; no impish death-bringing syren like Hilda. The uncanny, the semi-supernatural, the morbid, and the mystic are as yet untouched by him. His meaning is as crystal-clear as Pinero's; his style as natural; but the scope and construction of his plays are after the Gallic manner, with an added poignancy, a bitter flavour that has more of stern reality than is to be found in the comedies of Augier, Sardou, or Dumas.

But, howsoever Sudermann may differ from Ibsen, he does not yield to the Norwegian in the depth of his shadows. His sauce to meat is sorrow. He has published two novels and several shorter stories, and the *leit-motiv* in all is human suffering. He allows no mitigation of sorrow—save in *Frau Sorge*, where, after steeping his hero in misery from infancy to manhood, he permits him to emerge at last from shadow into sunshine. The two stories called *Geschwister* are tragedies of misplaced love—one begins, the other ends, with suicide. In *Der Katzensteg* unmitigated gloom prevails from start to finish.

Of his three plays, *Die Ehre* only ends with some show of poetical justice, and even in that powerful and realistic drama—far stronger in irony than *Sodom's Doom*—the minor characters are left to wallow in the mire of their own infamy, while the hero turns his back upon home and kindred, stung by the utter failure of his endeavour to save his sister's honour or to arouse one worthy feeling in the minds of his parents.

Sodom's Ende, described on the title-page as a tragedy, is the story of a young painter—a beautiful youth who has won the highest honours and made a *succes de scandale* with his picture of Sodom's Doom — a picture from which his fellow-student and friend—older and graver than himself—turns with a long sigh of admiration.

"My God!—what a dauber I am, compared with that!" he says, "and yet I shouldn't like to have painted it!"

The beautiful youth, Willy Janikow, has found himself suddenly famous, and has been "taken up" by the fantastical affected wife of a wealthy financier—the typical stockjobber, but not a Jew—a gentleman who is carefully indicated as of no account in his own house, and of whom the audience see very little.

In this lady's drawing-room two of the five acts take place. Here Willy has been spending the greater part of his life since he won those too-early laurels; and in this hot-house atmosphere his whole being, moral and intellectual, has deteriorated, and his capacity for patient, conscientious work has utterly left him. He can paint a pot-boiler in water colours for the dealers when his pockets are empty; but the painter of Sodom's Doom is dead.

The play begins in the stockbroker's drawing-room, while a picturesque quadrille is being rehearsed by Adah and her friends in an adjoining room, a dance which is to be the feature of the lady's next party. Here Willy is surprised by the appearance of his old friend and fellow-student, Professor Riemann, who has been newly introduced to the house by the cynical Weisse, and is shocked at the young man's discourtesy to his host's niece.

Riemann. You don't pay much respect to the house in which you are such a frequent visitor.

Willy. Respect? Does anybody in this house respect anyone else? To do that one must have some respect for oneself.

Riemann. And have you none?

Willy. None. What ground have I for self-respect?

Riemann. That's an appalling confession, Willy.

Willy. My good friend, let every pessimist sweep first before his own door. We are all brutes. All that society requires of us is that our coats should be beautifully marked. And a superfinely-striped beast we call a personage.

Riemann. And in such a temper as this do you hope to do good work?

Willy (*with a discordant laugh*). Work? What? To what end? There are daubers enough in the world. But who achieves anything? Our heaven is empty. The great Pan is dead. Give me a fetish in which I can believe, and I will work.

Riemann. Believe at least in yourself.

Willy. Ha! ha! ha! In myself?

Riemann. You are ill, my lad.

Willy. I? Not to my knowledge. Look into my eyes. Is there any lack of fire? True, that old Drobisch tells me I have a consumptive tendency. But that's rank nonsense. Feel this biceps. I can still promise a sound thrashing to anyone who comes across my path . . . Ah, if one could only be satisfied! If one could only be content!

He compares himself with Faust; but Riemann, with open scorn, tells him there is very little of Göethe's hero about him—he is only *verbummelt*. He has become a worthless loafer; and Riemann suspects that the fantastical Frau Adah is the cause of his deterioration.

Willy. Has anyone told you I am her lover?

Riemann. No one.

Willy. Because, don't you know, there has been gossip, idle, motiveless gossip—slanders that I suspect, but cannot trace home yet. But you are wrong, my friend. This woman is my good genius. If she were not——! I turn to her for refuge. And when my distress is unbearable——

Riemann. What distress?

Willy. I don't know. I have asked the doctor. It is a feeling of unrest. I can say no more. She suffers the same kind of thing—and others too. One wakes in agony—God knows why. One tries to work; but this nervous dread drives one out into the streets. One flies from one to another; but this nameless dread does not abate. Dancing, card-playing, drinking, love-making. Ah, in that last distraction one must needs forget But next morning it is there again—like a ghost. My last hope is in my new studio. In my home there are too many people—continual going in and out. No repose.

Riemann. Tell me, my lad, has no drop of the tainted scum from your life here spurted over into your life there—in the home?

Willy. No, no. I have held the home-nest holy.

Riemann. Woe be to you if ever you befoul it!

The glimpse which Sudermann gives us of *la Societé de Berlin* in the house of a wealthy stockbroker, and his idle, extravagant wife, does not offer an alluring aspect to the foreigner. One recalls the elegance, the sparkle, the conversational touch-and-go, the grace, the wit, the courtesy, and the chic, in the *salons* of Dumas, Sardou, or Pailleron, whether in the Quartier St. Germain or in the Quartier Bréda; and one can but pity Frau Adah, who thinks herself a genius, and is fain to consort with a cynical literary man, a youth who has been christened Siegfried, and whose only notion of wit is to

burst into snatches of Wagnerian song without the faintest provocation, and with two or three boisterous young ladies who beg to be told improper anecdotes. Indeed, Kitty Tattenberg, Frau Adah's niece, appears to have ripened into young womanhood in an atmosphere of *double entendres*. Dr. Weisse, the author, openly reproves her, and she retorts with more than transatlantic freedom.

This girl's admiration for Willy, her resentment at his neglect of her, and her jealousy of her aunt, are distinctly marked in the opening scene of this tragic story, in which she is the most human and the most lovable character. A *tête-à-tête* between the painter and his patroness in the first act shows the mode of feeling at which each has arrived.

The guests, who have been rehearsing their quadrille, are dispersed. Kitty has been dismissed to prepare for a walk with her aunt; and Frau Adah flings herself wearily on a sofa, and orders her slave to throw a rug over her feet and light a cigarette for her.

Willy. You had something to say to me?

Adah. Yes: I had to say, *mon ami*, that you have become very insolent.

Willy. Nothing more?

Adah. Nothing.

Willy. Then I may go.

Adah. Willy.

Willy. What are your commands, *meine Herrin?*

Adah. Willy, what does this tone mean? Have you given me no occasion for reproach? You are making me wretched! You irritate my nerves; you send me farewell letters; you break appointments. Yesterday I was standing for five-and-twenty minutes in the snow——

Willy. Ah!—forgive me—I—I——

Adah. Yes: try now to find some excuse. So far let us keep up the conventional form. But, if you are tired of me say so; and then, according to the good old recipe, we can become—friends.

Willy. What I am tired of is the false position which I occupy in your house. Your husband——

Adah (*shrugging her shoulders*). My husband! You have only to say that you are afraid he will call you out, and the height of absurdity will be reached.

Willy. Let us leave him out of the question. I cannot endure that the world should point a scornful finger at us.

Adah. Let it point. We free souls can afford to endure that.

Willy. We free souls! That's your old song. And yet I feel less free from day to day. We live in a world where nothing is sacred.

Adah (*with an ironical smile*). Not even sin?

Willy. Think how many malicious insinuations I have to swallow without a murmur rather than risk an open scandal.

Adah. Anything rather than a scandal.

Willy. And so expires my last spark of self-respect in this pitiful pre-

tence of not understanding even the most insolent innuendo which any vulgar buffoon may please to throw in my face.

Here he angrily recalls the false position he has been placed in earlier in the scene, when the Kammergerichts-referendar, Dr. Bruno Süfskind, who has come by chance upon the installation of the new studio, has expatiated on the eloquence of Willy's bachelor den and the blind confidence of his upholsterer. And thus the audience learn that Frau Adah persuaded him to establish this atelier in a quiet quarter by the canal—useful as a possible *rendez-vous*—that it has been furnished under her superintendence, and, as Willy now discovers, at her cost.

"If you really loved me,"—she remonstrates, seeing his disgust.

Willy. And if I loved you to distraction, under such conditions the strongest and the purest sentiment must come to an end.

Adah. What, then, do you wish?

Willy. I wish to know once again how an honest man feels.

Adah. What foolish self-torture!

Willy. I want again to be able to work and earn my little bit of sunshine. As it is, I envy the day labourer his wretched toil, if he can trudge homeward at sundown in his clay-stained smock-frock, and can take his honestly-won rest with his wife and child. Why can I not work like that man?

It may be that he is lacking in the right kind of power, she tells him; or it may be that he has need of *her*.

Of her?

Why, has she not been his? Has she not poured all her gifts of imagination and intellect into his lap? And the result has been moral deterioration. Yes, she tells him; but it may be their alliance was on a false basis, and it may henceforth be established upon the right ground.

Willy. How do you mean?

Adah. You have outgrown youth's fervid romance. You yearn for something—we won't even call it happiness—which you can enjoy in dressing-gown and slippers.

Willy. I long for peace.

Adah. Precisely; and to satisfy that longing we must get you married.

Willy. *You* make such a suggestion, Adah,—and so calmly!

Adah. Can you not at last understand that I have no other ambition than to be now and always your unobtrusive and disinterested friend? Nothing more do I desire than to be near enough to you to look on your happiness and to rejoice in it. That must be the sum of my future life; and my renunciation need not cost me overmuch, for, you see, I know already that you are false to me. Not a word. I know it! Such a spoilt child of nature as you cannot be expected to neglect all the opportunities fortune flings in his way. You see, it is policy on my part to release you. What I have suffered in arriving at this determination is another question.

Willy. You are a large-minded woman.

Adah. I am a woman—nothing more. And may I not choose a wife for you?

Willy. You know I am in your hands.

Adah. Above all, we must find a rich wife; for in your position there must be no folly. Next, a wife who would be in sympathy with me. (*He looks at her mistrustfully.*) What's the matter?

Willy. Nothing.

Adah (*thoughtfully*). I already know of someone.

Willy. Whom?

Adah. It's a pity that she is impossible. She can't endure you.

Willy. You mean—— ?

Adah. Yes: I mean Kitty.

Willy. Kitty, who flirts with everybody: who takes delight in the most hazardous jokes——

Adah. Only because she doesn't understand them.

Willy. And then I believe she watches us—suspects——

Adah. You see ghosts. Ah! it would have been such a charming alliance. You might have taken the flat above this. I should have been able to be with you both whenever I liked. But what's the use of talking about it? Here your fascinations have utterly failed. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, *mein Herr.*

Willy. I have never given myself the trouble.

Adah. Ah, but you must give yourself trouble (*passionately*), my dearest: you must.

Willy (*sullenly*). I'll try.

Kitty re-enters at this moment, and Willy is ruder to her than ever, refuses when she asks him to accompany her and her aunt in their walk, and hurries away, leaving the girl deeply wounded.

Kitty. Aunt Adah, I must say something; but you mustn't think I mean any harm. No, no: I have no such wicked thoughts; but it is not right—that you should keep him here when the others have gone. Oh, for my part, you can be alone with him as much as you like. You must not think I am jealous—or that I dislike him. Oh, I like him well enough. But why does he treat me so? (*sobbing passionately*). I have never been rude to him.

"This simplifies matters," says Frau Adah.

And so ends the first act.

If Act One is modelled after Sardou, Act Two is intensely German. It introduces us to Willy's home-life, and furnishes a cogent excuse for his being very seldom at home. Evil days have fallen on the Janikow family. The father has thankfully accepted the post of overseer at a Dairy Company, has to go to his work at unearthly hours, sleeps in the daytime, dreams of cows and milk-pails. The mother keeps a day-school in the family sitting-room. There are two other occupants of the house—a girl who has been

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION.

left as a sacred charge to Willy by the dying supplication of the master who taught him to paint, and one Kramer, an old school-companion and admiring friend of Willy's.

So mixed a household can hardly be made altogether delightful by the flower-pots and bird-cages indicated in the stage directions; or even by the seraphic presence of the painter's nameless orphan, daughter of a Swedish model, a nineteenth-century Gretchen, but without that straightness of intellect, that clear apprehension of right and wrong, which mark Gretchen as one of God's elect, and render the agony of her fall so much the deeper—so much the more sublimely tragic. Clärchen's innocence touches the border-line of imbecility, and with all her sweetness she is more stagey and less human than Kitty. For these poor people, the well-educated, long-suffering house-mother, the dairy overseer, the young school-master, the gentle girl earning her poor little weekly wage by teaching in a kindergarten, the painter of the prize picture is a demi-god. Each and all bring him incense of praise and tribute of self-sacrifice; and he is the unhappiest of the family group. "What have I if I have not all?" says the youth. Willy begins to feel that the success of *Sodom's Ende* was a flash in the pan. It has left him an elegant ineptitude—idle, uncreative—the spoilt darling of a financial demi-monde. His best friend shakes his head at him. He has felt the rapture of going up like a rocket; he is feeling the anguish of coming down like a stick. Kramer, that mild Tom Pinch-like creature, is devoting all his leisure moments to preparing a lecture which he is to deliver at the District Association, and which he is using as a vehicle for the praise of his hero, at whose shrine he has already sacrificed the modest capital that would have enabled him to start a private school, and to help whom he has drudged as a teacher.

Clärchen wonders that he should have the courage to speak in public. "Oh, it is only for Willy's sake—just for this once a poor devil like me can do something for him. When they invited me I chose the following subject, 'The Development of German Art, with Particular Reference to Painting during the Penultimate Decade of the Nineteenth Century.' A beautiful title, eh?"

"A little long," says Clärchen, eating her modest supper at a corner of the table, while Kramer—who loves her better than anything on earth except his demi-god—learns his oration by rote.

"New paths, gentlemen, will be opened for German art by a young painter who, in his powerful creative force, combines the fire of romantic colouring with the depth of the German school. This youthful genius, gentlemen, who, in the prize picture, *Sodom's Ende*, spread his eagle wings, is called Willy Janikow."

Clärchen is charmed, and these amiable simpletons talk of their

idol, and Clärchen learns that he is to leave them to-morrow for his bachelor quarters. Why? Has he not everything he can desire here?

Kramer. That's more than we can understand, Fraulein Clärchen: that is the penalty of genius: always restless—driven hither and thither—always—as I said before—(*flourishing his arms*)—restless—driven hither and thither. Lord Byron was like that.

Clärchen notices a letter lying on the table addressed to the painter, odorous with a perfume they know of old. Willy comes in quietly while they are talking of him, and lays a caressing hand on the girl's hair. "Ah, that is Willy," she cries; and her adoration of Willy breathes in every word she speaks. He opens the letter with a vexed air, and throws the envelope into a waste-paper basket. It is an appointment for that evening. "Meet me at eight o'clock in front of your new home."

"She won't give me an hour's peace," he mutters, as he tears the note into atoms, and drops them into the basket.

When Clärchen has left them, Kramer tells how one of Willy's gay young friends, a man he has brought casually to the house, has followed her in the street.

Willy laughs at his tragic vehemence, reads his secret as easily as a book, and offers to plead for him with Clärchen, since he is too shy to tell his own story. "Will you—will you really do this for me?" cries the Innocent. "Such a kindness will more than cancel any poor service I have ever done for you."

Willy has just referred to his humble friend's sacrifices. Kramer asks for so little—if she will but allow him to hope.

Willy pushes him out of the room. "Go for a stroll, and come back in half-an-hour to hear my news."

Clärchen returns, and there follows a scene in which her love for the painter breathes in every word, in every faltering broken speech. He plays upon this timid, sensitive nature, knowing every touch of this delicate human instrument. He knows too well that it is he, Willy, whom she loves, and he alone; and it is not without a struggle that he is true to his honourable purpose—not without one last kiss upon forehead and lips, one tender moment in which the golden head lies upon his breast, and the violet eyes look up at him. It is Kramer for whom he pleads, he tells her. She recoils, shuddering. But she will do anything Willy bids her. She need not engage herself irrevocably, he tells her, if she will give him leave to hope. "Yes," she falters, "he may hope." And Kramer reappears, and Willy thanks God that he has resisted temptation. Kramer is overcome by his happiness—can hardly believe in it. "I—I who have nothing—am nothing! Now, let anyone come too near you!" he exclaims, thinking of the young reprobate who has followed her in the street, "and I will strangle the hound!"

Clärchen starts back, scared at his vehemence, and makes as if at the same time to protect Willy, and fly to him for protection. "I—I was joking, only joking," apologizes Kramer.

Willy is going, pauses at the door, and looks back at them.

"It's a mad world!" he exclaims; and they hear his wild laughter echoing along the corridor.

The Third Act begins at sunset in the same place. Willy is sitting by the window, watching the sinking sun. His mother has laid out his dress clothes, bids him dress in good time, and goes out. Riemann comes and talks to him, with grave common sense, reproaches and encourages him, laughs at his rhodomontade, his scorn of the common-place and respectable. "I have lived through all that," says the Professor: "it is the folly of youth: that is all: you talk as if you were seventeen, instead of seven-and-twenty."

"You speak with the voice of the work-a-day world," remonstrates Willy.

"Yes; and you are a Sunday child. You may laugh: I have been creeping close to the ground all my life, under the burden of my conscience. I am a plebeian, for I am a moral man. You are an aristocrat, a descendant of the ancient Greeks, in whose mind the beautiful and the good were fused into one. But *noblesse oblige*, my lad. A man of your type is either a king or a scoundrel. If you have been given the power to understand the song of the birds, you should at least take the trouble to interpret it."

"Do what you like with me; but don't remind me of my incapacity. That troubles me already to the point of desperation. I can do nothing, nothing. I am a dead man. And yet I may be able to work, look you, in the new studio. But I want something, someone that would be to me as my destiny, who would teach me to take life from its loftier side again."

"What you want," answers Riemann, "is purity, nothing more; purity in you and about you. You have made too close a study of women; for once seek happiness with one woman. But she must be pure—pure as light. Try only as an honest man and an honest worker to find rest within two gentle arms, and see what a stream of purity and strength will rush into your life."

Willy. That sounds like music (*looking towards Clärchen's door*). If that were possible, close at hand? No: even that would turn to pollution with me. It is as if my breath were poison, tainting all that comes near me.

He declares that he is free: he is to make an end of his entanglement this very day.

"But let there be no half measures," urges Riemann. "I ask no questions; but do you promise me that?" Willy promises, and his

friend leaves him; and, after a little emotional scene with Clärchen, Adah and Kitty appear—unlooked-for visitors in that house which they enter to-day for the first time. Willy is vexed beyond measure, and does not disguise his feelings. "I am in your house: you have only to show me the door," Adah says, when they are left *tête-à-tête*; and then follows a scene of bitterest upbraiding. "See how I struggle with myself not to wound you," he protests! "But my whole existence is at stake. Tell me at once that you want me to remain your slave; for then I shall have strength enough to break my fetters. But this miserable giving way paralyses me—makes me helpless."

No: she wants only to take counsel with him—truly and honestly as becomes two good comrades. "And if we are convinced," she says, "that total severance from me can conduce to your happiness, I will vanish out of the circle of your life as utterly as if the breath of your hatred had blown me into space."

Willy. What are you contemplating?

Adah. Do not be frightened. I shall not court death. That would be to pay life too much honour. And you, my dear foolish boy! Alas, you have no idea how young you are still, and what an honest, well-conducted citizen you may become when you have done with me and sin. Six pictures and a baby every year.

The duologue is too long to quote. The lady has the upper hand, and seems to have the stronger sense upon her side. She offers him the key of the studio she has furnished. He tries to reject this gift of hers—the temple she has made for his art;—but she tells him that to alter her arrangements would be to advertise their quarrel, and to create a scandal which would ruin them both.

Adah. One doesn't easily dissolve such a partnership as ours. There is one item that no divine Power can erase, that rivets you and me to each other with brazen chains; and that is mutual guilt. We may hate each other, and fly from each other with all the strength we have; but I belong to you, and you to me. That is our curse; or our blessing—as we choose.

Willy. Our curse, Adah—you will find that out. . . . I feel I shall never get free from you. I have learnt to see with your eyes, to think with your mind. Your talk of mutual guilt and brazen chains was either play-acting, in which you yourself did not believe, or a hideous reality. I am still too young to decide that point, and too weary besides. I suffer here and here (*pointing to the back of his head and his chest*). I want rest. Bring me the woman with whom you wish to yoke me. I will not murmur. I will go into the yoke (*passionately*); but woe to you if you cheat me out of my little bit of future. I give you my happiness into the bargain! What need have I of happiness? But my creative power—do you hear me!—(*seizing her by the shoulders*)—the great, the burning power!—I want that back again.

Later in the same scene Adah and Frau Janikow are face to

face, the mother seeing only in this fine lady her son's powerful friend, and the purchaser of his prize picture, *Sodom's Ende;* his benefactress, as she calls her.

Kitty is introduced to this worthy person as a possible wife for her son—Kitty, young, charming, rich; a golden prize in the marriage lottery. But the worthy person confesses that there is an objection to her son; he is not all his benefactress believes him to be; it is her duty to tell Frau Adah that he has a sweetheart. The benefactress is startled, but quickly recovers. "We must leave her to her fate," she replies. "There is so much the more reason for getting him married." Frau Adah plans a Utopian future for him, and the worthy mother is all melting gratitude. She invites Willy's parents to the impending dinner and dance—an invitation which savours more of impulse than of society tact.

Nor does this feminine diplomate act in harmony with her worldly-wise speech when she sits down of her own accord, like Jim the Penman writing the fatal cheque, to scribble a letter to the dairy overseer, whose pride would reject a verbal invitation.

And then comes one of those dramatic intervals of dumb show and hard staring—as in Sir Charles Young's masterpiece—which require the highest qualities in actor or actress, and can too easily be made ridiculous by inferior acting. Frau Janikow reads the letter, recognizes the handwriting, and gazes at the paper with speechless horror.

"I hope the Herr, your husband, will be satisfied," says Adah. Frau Janikow looks at her and then at the letter, strikes her forehead, looks feverishly for the previous letter that lay on the table earlier in the scene, searches the whole room, and then swoops down upon the waste-paper basket, unfolds several crumpled envelopes, which she throws away till she finds one, which she holds side by side with Adah's note. "Did you—write—that?"

Adah tries to deny, but cannot, and with a sudden resolve answers "Yes."

And then she tries to justify herself. What does the housemother know of such an existence as hers? Her husband leaves her for disreputable women. She has sent her children away so that they may see and hear nothing of their father's life.

Her children! She has children. That makes her conduct seem impossible to Frau Janikow.

Into her barren life this young man has come. Gifted, handsome, warm-hearted. Yes, she pleads her right to be happy—only to be happy. But that is all over and done with, she says, after a fit of hysterical sobbing; he escapes me—I can hold him no longer. There is nothing left for me to do but to see him happy with another. That shall be my atonement.

She entreats Frau Janikow to help her in this task, threatens her with her son's ruin if she refuses—kneels at her feet, calls her "mother," and leaves the worthy person bewildered, overborne by this emotional whirlwind, standing dumb and scared, as Willy re-enters in evening dress, careless and light of speech. "Frau Adah gone? How did you like her? A magnificent woman, eh? But too clever—much too clever."

A brief dialogue follows between Clärchen and Frau Janikow, in which the girl betrays her passion for the painter in a burst of tears, and the tableau curtain falls to mark a lapse of time. It rises upon a scene—one of the most impressive—quite the most poignant in this tragedy of ruined lives; but a scene which could not be acted upon the English stage. The profligate descends to a lower depth in sin, and drags an innocent victim with him. On all around him his influence is fatal: most fatal to her who loves him most.

Act Four shows the Barczinowski mansion in full fête. A dinner party is followed by a dance, and sounds of music and laughter are heard from an adjoining salon, while such incongruous figures as old Janikow, much the worse for wine, and his anxious, apprehensive wife, appear in the foreground. Here Kitty's admirers discuss her in a fatuous tone. One of them owns to having kissed her during a game of billiards. That was a part of the game. "And if she boxed your ears?" insinuates his friend. "That also belongs to the game."

Old Janikow enters on the arm of the stockbroker, who makes here his second and last appearance in the play, and whose tranquil pessimism leaves nothing to be desired. "Are you amusing yourselves?" he asks a group of friends, who answer, simultaneously, "No!" "In confidence, no more am I," he replies. He hands over the tipsy dairyman to one of them. "But, between ourselves," looking back at them as he goes away, "the dinner was good." "Oh, yes!" they answer, languidly. "What one may call a solid, middle-class dinner," adds Barczinowski.

The comic relief for this act is provided by the drunken Janikow, who is loquacious in his cups, babbling of his dairy and his cows, and is finally led away by his victim Siegfried to take a hand at piquet, to appear no more.

Then comes a scene between the well-meaning didactic Riemann and the mournful Frau Janikow, ashamed of her faded silk gown and her old-fashioned headdress, and asking herself why she consented to cross that threshold. Willy enters presently with Drobisch, the physician, who invites his confidence, holds out the hand of friendship, feeling his pulse as they clasp hands.

"A hundred and sixteen," mutters the doctor. "Look here, my dear fellow: rest is the quintessence of life. What you have there under your waistcoat is not of the strongest—it needs rest—rest. I want to advise you—as your friend naturally—as doctor, no, no. Avoid every emotion for some time to come. Why don't you stay snugly at home? Look now: it is so delightfully quiet yonder by the canal—no noise of carriage-wheels. So now go home, like a good fellow. I'll write you a prescription; and I'll drop in upon you early to-morrow morning to look at your studio."

No: he will not be warned: he is full of fever and unrest. He goes away; and there is a short scene between Adah and Weisse, the man of letters, who talks to her plainly, tells her that her passions and emotions are all nerves, nothing but nerves; what she calls Fate is merely nerves. He urges her to make her separation from Willy absolute—hints at the unworthy motives that are being ascribed to her.

The opportunity has occurred. A New York *parvenu* wishes to decorate his dining-room with frescoes.

"No, no," she cries. "Why do you want to ruin two lives?" he asks. She answers with hysterical sobs.

"Nerves, all nerves," says Weisse. "Come: what is it you want? I'll solve that riddle for you. You don't know yourself what you want."

He tells her that this is her opportunity—her one chance of setting things right,—and she is in danger of losing the chance for ever.

Adah. What can happen to me if I do?

Weisse. Not much—no! Tragedy is not invented for natures like yours and mine. Not much—no. A shoulder-shrug, a smile, here and there a hand drawn back, when you want to grasp it; at night a little more sulfonal; in the day a few more hours spent in listless lying down upon the sofa.

And then with a gallant little speech he leaves her.

"I have not the courage," she says to herself, as Kitty comes running in, deeply moved, and falls on her aunt's neck, whispering, "He has asked me for an interview—he is coming here. Heavens! how I tremble." "Are you so frightened?" "No: I am so happy." "Be calm, my child." Adah kisses her, and goes away, murmuring, "Too late."

Enter *Willy, breathless, with faltering steps, muttering to himself.* Now, straight into the yoke. (*He struggles for words.*)

Kitty (*anxious to break the silence*). You wanted to see me. Good heavens! how ill you are looking.

Willy. It is nothing—nothing. If you will allow me, I'll sit down. We have still the quadrille to dance. (*She runs to assist him.*) Thank you. I —yes. Do you know what I have to say to you?

Kitty (*kindly*). Aunt Adah allowed me to guess.

Willy. Yes. So much the better. Then I may be brief. Expect no impassioned declaration of love from me. I have told too many lies in my so-called youth. No, no, no: I didn't mean to say that. I mean—if one—yes—I love you. That is certain. And I offer you my hand. There is not much left in this hand (*turning his hand about and contemplating it*). It is yellow and shrunken, and has forgotten how to work. But I am told you set some value on it. There is no accounting for taste.

Kitty. You should not speak to me like this.

Willy. Why not?

Kitty. Do you know what I think about this hand?

Willy. H'm!

Kitty. You won't be angry if it isn't quite the thing (*offering him her hand*).

Willy. Well?

Kitty takes his hand suddenly and kisses it.

Willy (*confused*). My dear young lady, you put me to shame.

Kitty. Is not that the hand which painted *Sodom's Ende?*

Willy (*much perplexed*). Why do you remind me of that?

Kitty. Does that put you to shame?

Willy. More than all. (*To himself*) One thing excepted. (*Resuming his ironical tone*) Ah! child, you could never understand that.

Kitty. Not even if I were to try very hard?

Willy. Ha! ha! ha! How would you explain that to yourself?

Kitty. I think that it wounds you to remember that you have achieved nothing of equal merit since, and I think that you look back with longing and with envy—one can say envy: can't one?—to the bygone time when you were working at that picture, full of joyous hope.

Willy (*startled*). Ah! your aunt has told you all this.

Kitty. Oh, no: my aunt sees things from a different standpoint. She is always trying to be brilliant, to pose as a beautiful, unhappy being; to sit in a circle of admirers, and say unheard-of things—half-poetical and half-improper.

Willy. Professor Riemann, perhaps, has told you a great deal about me.

Kitty. No, no. I found out that for myself long ago. When you used to come in smiling, and yet looking bored, and looked round—so—I used always to think, "It would be better for him to be standing before his easel than trifling here."

Willy. Ah! child, child! why have you never spoken to me like that?

Kitty. What? Didn't you always treat me as a weak, thoughtless, silly creature? And in the end I thought myself nothing better. And who can venture to say anything where Aunt Adah is? I am thoughtless—yes!

And then she tells him how evil-minded people are in that house—of the dark hints she had heard about his relations with her aunt.

Kitty. Is not that horrid?

Willy. Horrid? Yes, yes!

Kitty. Oh, I have often almost believed them—when you have sent me away. Don't be angry: I am ashamed to think of myself. I am jealous little toad. Only think, I was jealous even of that sweet girl, your foster-sister; and yet I loved her at first sight. We are orphans, too, both of us.

Willy. Oh, this is maddening!

Kitty. Why isn't she here to-night? I wrote to ask her. I begged her to come.

Willy. I don't know: I was not at home.

Kitty. Ah, if I could only be like her: so quiet and so—— But that is all over. I am a bad lot. If I once begin to confess—but yes: I must tell you all. There is an atmosphere in this house—one must be foolish and frivolous whether one will or not.

She makes the confession of her own coquetries with the utmost *naïveté*. Five of her admirers have written to her, and to two of them she has replied. Three have kissed her, and one she kissed again. And he was the worst of them all. She shudders still at the thought, for then she was in great danger. "Who was he?" Willy asks. "He is gone now: the handsome *attaché* from the Greek Embassy."

Willy makes a contemptuous exclamation.

Kitty. Why do you speak so scornfully of him? You and he were always spoken about in the same manner.

Willy. Yes, yes. You are right.

Kitty. But worse than that is what I have heard, and what I have talked about. Until now I have been made up of sheer frivolity. It has saddened me often to think of all that I know of life; and often have I said to myself, "Better so, for so much more steadfast will you stand when you have released yourself." And so I will. But I have a great favour to ask you. When we are married—you do wish to marry me: don't you? (*He nods Yes.*) Then there is no harm if I talk about it: is there? (*He shakes his head laughingly.*) And you mustn't think that I am ungrateful to Aunt Adah. Only, pray, pray let us go out of this house, away from all these people.

Willy (*with hysterical joy*). Kitty, you say that?

Kitty. Ah, please, please! And now it is all clear to me. Only for your sake have I stayed here, and joined in all their folly, at the risk of being jeered at by them all. And do you know how I think of us both, you and me? As two weak, wandering souls, who cannot find their way to Heaven alone—only together—only together!

Willy (*deeply moved*). This is like a dream.

Kitty. And then, you know, if we are brave and resolute, and try to reach a higher life, that is nobody's business.

Willy. No, no: that is nobody's —— (*Sinks back giddily.*)

Kitty. What's the matter?

Willy. Nothing. I am all right again.

Kitty. If you were to be ill! No, no: that's nothing—I would soon make you well again with good nursing. But you must not believe that my love cherishes only the handsome Willy Janikow—every woman's idol—the famous painter. I shall be awfully proud of you, of course; but if you were a stonebreaker by the wayside, and I were your wife, I should know no higher ambition than to place the stones for you so that your work might be easiest.

Willy. Gracious God! why dost thou show me this Paradise, when I have lost it?

Kitty (*anxiously*). Dear Herr Willy.

Willy (*starting to his feet*). No: nothing is yet lost. I can still—ah, I will not think of that. I will—give me your hands—so—the impulse which draws me to you—whether it is love or—(*looks nervously right and left*)—or—agony—I do not know. But it seems to me that it is you who have been lacking in my life. I need you—I cling to you. But will not you, too, forsake me? (*She shakes her head, smiling at him.*) Do not do that. You see, I have lost all—even my home. Don't ask me why . . . Think nothing, nothing, nothing of that. You must give me back all—all I have lost—even conscience—for mine is of no more use. Yes: you are right: we are two poor erring souls. But you shall see. I am strong. I will carry you through the world. I—ah, I am so miserable! I am so happy!

He sinks at her feet, sobbing, and hides his face in the folds of her gown. To them, at this passionate moment, enters the mother. Willy shows her his bride, appeals to her for loving appreciation, and rushes away; and then that familiar demon of the tragic stage which puts it into the minds of well-meaning people to make the ghastliest revelations obliges Mrs. Janikow to open poor Kitty's eyes as to her aunt's conduct, and so drives the distracted girl into the wintry streets in her ball-dress and satin slippers—a despairing fugitive. Willy returns to find her that moment gone, and is hindered in his instant pursuit of her by his mother and Riemann. "Let me go. What do you know of the happiness that I need?" he cries to the mother; and then to Riemann, who bars the way, "And you, doleful moralist, let me go!"

Riemann. Don't rave: only say where you want to go.

Willy. I want to follow her—to speak to her. I will fasten myself to her heels. If she enters a house I will lie on the threshold, and wait for her like a dog. They have said I had a magic with women. This time I will put it to the test. Out of my way!

Scarcely has he gone when Kramer forces his way into the room in quest of Clärchen. She has left the house, dressed in the white gown she wore at her confirmation. "She is not here?" "No." "Then God have mercy upon us!"

The portière of the drawing-room is drawn aside, and Adah shows herself, amidst sounds of music and laughter from within.

"Change costumes for the quadrilles," she cries, clapping her hands.

The final Act is brief. Fast move the footsteps of Nemesis. The curtain rises on Willy's studio in all its splendour of artistic properties—tiger-skins, Oriental carpets, antique armoury arranged as trophies, and lying about in confusion. In the background, through the half-drawn *portière*, is seen the luxurious bedchamber by the glimmer of a coloured lamp. Hither the painter brings Kitty, almost unconscious, wrapped in the folds of his capacious coat. He has found her, and brought her through the night and the storm; breathless and exhausted himself, he carries her to a sofa, where she sinks down helpless. He kneels by her, entreats her to come back to life, to speak to him. All shall yet be well. But her first feeling on recovering her senses is of repulsion—of fear. He pleads with her, reminds her of all that he has said to her yonder in the street, while the storm was raging round them. Yes, she remembers: he followed her. "I drove you from me ten times over; but you always came back; and then I was so tired, and I was borne along as in a dream, and said 'Yes' to everything; and you took advantage of my senseless state, and brought me here like a wild beast with his prey. And now let me go!" she cries, starting to her feet. He pleads; he wins her confidence. His charm does not fail him now. He makes her understand that she is safe with him—sacred and safe—his wife to-morrow: the good angel who is to redeem him and purify his life. She is shivering with cold, and he lights a fire and wraps her in a fur mantle, and they two sit by the hearth together.

"That is a noteworthy thing, this bit of fire," he says, "for it is the first hearth-fire in our united lives. Ah, how pure and sacred will I hold it all my life long! Humph! yes: Riemann is a fool with his purity. What should I have to do with you if you looked up at me like an unsuspecting lamb, armed with a little bit of maidenly pride, and nothing more. No, no, no, no: I need understanding, you see. I need a being who has just escaped being lost, as I lost myself: one who will understand me as I understand her. Her do I need, and her I have. God be praised! I have her: and now, say, do you still want to go?"

Kitty. No, Willy: I will stay with you now and always.

Willy. Now, then, we are all in order. (*He clasps her hand, and they are silent.*) Now we are sitting here like the King's two children in the long-ago fairy-world, on a barren rock in the sea, and we mean to build our house in spite of the world—in spite of all that law and morality, and, worse still, the healthy feeling of mankind can oppose to us.

He tells her that he will go early next morning to Weisse, who has made him an offer—a splendid offer. "Directly we are married we will go across the sea." "Ah, yes, yes: far away." "Don't believe that this is to be our home. We only take shelter here for

a single night." "Ah, that is well. There is something stifling in this darkness." She listens apprehensively to a noise in the street. He reassures her. A drunken man, perhaps, being hauled away by the police. Nothing more. He lights the lamp, and she looks round shudderingly. Oh, what odious splendour! He asks, does she really believe that he may achieve something even yet? "Yes: I can conquer a world: yes, yes, thank God! I feel it. I have it in this wrist. It has become supple again." He stops in the midst of exulting laughter, and says to himself, "*That* must not be thought of." Presently the sound of voices and the tumult in the street grow louder. "What is that noise again?" asks Willy. Kitty clings to him. At last someone has come to take her away. "Let them try," cries her lover: "you shall take a spear, I a battle-axe, and we'll build a barricade with my worthless pictures. (*He draws her to the window.*) "Why, it is an uproar!"

Kitty. Look there! They are coming to this house. (*The house-bell rings loudly. She screams, and clings faster to him.*) They have come for me! They have come for me!

Willy. Have no fear. (*He opens the window and calls to those below.*) What's the matter?

Kramer's voice. Willy, open the door.

Willy (*speaking to Kitty*). Keep still. (*He shuts the window.*) Hide yourself. It is a friend. He brings me news from home. (*Kitty conceals herself behind the draperies. Willy goes out.*)

A pause, during which Kitty comes forward, listening breathlessly. A shrill shriek from Willy rings in the distance—then again a pause, and staggering footsteps are heard. Kitty draws back into the corner.

Willy rushes in, with distorted features, looking backward, horror-stricken, to the door, beckoning—

"In there, in there! Not here!"

He shuts the door, and rushes backwards across the whole width of the stage in a slanting line to the fire-place, where he remains standing, with his face hidden, as if seeking shelter. Muffled voices and heavy footsteps are heard outside. They go into the inner room. The voices are heard for some moments from within, near the bed, and then they gradually cease, and the footsteps retire.

Kitty (*coming forward with clasped hands*). Willy, what is it? What?

He does not answer, and she totters fearfully towards the curtain that screens the inner room.

Kramer appears, pale, broken, his clothes mud-stained.

Kitty pushes past him, lifts the curtain a little way, and gives a scream, then turns to Kramer, and asks in a faint voice, "Is she dead?"

Kramer (*startled*). What—what? Who are you?

Kitty. What does that matter? Is she dead?

Kramer. It may be.

Kitty. How did you find her?

Kramer. I wanted to get at Willy—that he might help to search for her—and just then they dragged her out of the water.

Kitty. Have they sent for a doctor?

Kramer. They'll bring one with them from the Watch-house. It is too late. (*Sinks upon the sofa.*)

Willy (*pulling himself together*). Kitty, my mother is waiting at home in anguish about this child. Will you undertake, now in the middle of the night, to find your way to her, so that she may know the worst?

Kramer. She will know soon enough.

Willy (*aside to him*). Can't you see that I want to get her out of the way? What we two have to settle with each other——!

Kramer. What then?

Willy. Wait. (*To Kitty*) Go, my child; let the porter's wife go with you; and she will lend you a cloak too, perhaps. Go, go, and stop with my mother. She needs you (*smiling at her.*) To-morrow, early, we shall see each other again.

Kitty. Ah, Willy! (*going to him*).

Willy. Don't worry me.

Kitty (*scared and anxious*). Willy! (*She goes out slowly, looking back at him*).

Kramer sits brooding, lost in thought.

Willy. There—there goes my last hope,—so, so. What now! (*Sinking down in front of the curtain and pressing the folds of it against his face.*) Pity me, Clärchen: I was a scoundrel. Yes! yes! but I did not know what I was doing. . . . Clärchen, I did not want to be your murderer.

Kramer (*as if to a madman*). Willy!

Willy. You there, man? You have done a great deal for me: you have worked for me day and night; you have gone about the town to borrow money for me; you have been hungry and cold; you have spoilt your life for my sake. Now do me only one more favour, and strike me dead.

Kramer. What has come to you, Willy?

Willy. Yes, yes—I will tell no more lies. I am again an honest man. There!—there! (*He drags back the curtain. The lamp is extinguished. Clärchen is seen lying dead upon the bed by the light of a candle.*) That is my work! That is what I have done!

Kramer (*who begins to understand his meaning*). You—you—have destroyed—my——

Willy. Yes: I betrayed your sweetheart—yes—yes!—and she came here before my house—and drowned herself. Do you understand now?

Kramer. You!—you!—you! (*He seizes him by the collar and shakes him.*) You miserable hound!—you hound! (*He releases him and rushes about in search of a weapon.*) A weapon! a weapon! (*He snatches an iron club from the wall.*)

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION.

(*Willy puts his hand to his mouth, drops on the edge of a chair, and then, unable to steady himself, falls to the ground with his face downwards.*)

Kramer (*staring at him as he lies on the ground*). Blood! blood! I did not strike him. I meant—at first—to strike him. Willy, no! I will not be your murderer. Willy, rouse yourself! Look up!—Willy—my dear boy. Look now—if you were to die! My God! where does the doctor live? If the doctor doesn't come all will be over with him. And I—! (*On his knees, listening.*) He breathes—yes: he breathes! Willy, hold on for just five minutes, and the doctor will be here. Hold on just as long as that, my boy! (*Rushes out*).

(*Willy raises himself painfully on one knee, pointing with his right hand into empty space.*) That is a burning forest. . . . Ah, madness! Ha! I am quite—yah! (*He draws his hand across his lips and then looks at the hand.*) Aha! Then, that is the end! Is there no one? No, no! in life I had too much love around and about me: therefore, must I die utterly alone. If there were not so much that I want to paint? I must paint—at once! (*Lifts himself to his feet with an effort, and in looking round sees the dead Clärchen.*) Ah! how lovely she is as she lies there and sleeps. The angle that the arm makes with the bosom! I must sketch that—at once—at once—quick—so! (*He totters to the easel and seizes the charcoal pencil, pressing his handkerchief to his mouth from time to time.* So! Ah! the line there! How lovely (*with intensifying anguish.*) Not yet—not yet death! I want to work—I want to—work.

He falls backwards, dragging the easel, to which he has been clinging, over with him

And so the curtain falls upon this tragedy of wasted lives. So ends *Sodom's Doom.*

M. E. Braddon.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

"Ces souvenirs seront un délassement de mon esprit et non point une œuvre de littérature. Ils ne sont retracés que pour moi seul. Cet écrit sera un miroir dans lequel je m'amuserai à regarder mes contemporains et moi-même, et non point un tableau que je destine au public. Mes meilleurs amis n'en auront point connaissance, car je veux conserver la liberté de peindre sans flatterie et moi et eux-mêmes. *Je veux rechercher sincèrement quels sont les motifs secrets qui nous ont fait agir, eux et moi aussi bien que les autres hommes, et, les ayant compris, les dire.* En un mot, je veux que l'expression de mes souvenirs soit sincère et, pour cela, il est nécessaire qu'elle reste entièrement secréte."

This passage from the *Souvenirs de Alexis de Tocqueville* paints the character of the book with far more accuracy than could any criticism. It is a fragment of autobiography written with absolute sincerity by a thinker who made it his sole aim to discover and to express the truth. The perfection of Tocqueville's style and the pungency of his epigrams suggest to English readers that the Recollections were intended for publication. The idea is natural, but mistaken. It is of the very essence of Tocqueville's character, it is part of his aristocratic turn of mind, that he never wrote a sentence which was not a model of expression. Moreover, careful students will discover that his last-published work is composed with what Tocqueville would have considered a certain laxity and freedom of language. The book gains thereby in interest. In his well-known writings Tocqueville was too careful about his style; for the sake of succinctness and correctness he sometimes sacrificed force. It would have been well had *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* been written off with the same recklessness as the *Souvenirs*. More of the treatise would have been completed, and what was completed would have gained in interest. We may take it, then, as certain that the Recollections give us Tocqueville's true impressions of '48. But they give us something which is much more important than any addition to our knowledge of French

* *Souvenirs de Alexis de Tocqueville, publiés par Le Compte de Tocqueville.* Paris: Calmann Lèvy, 1893. V. and 427 pp.

history. They present such a portrait of Tocqueville as could have been drawn by no one but himself. They set before us his whole way of thinking and feeling. They enable us to perceive the nature and the limits of his genius; they tell us the secrets of his character. Every page of them must be studied by anyone who wishes to understand an extraordinary crisis in the revolutionary movement of France and Europe. But in this article it is not my purpose to deal with the Recollections as historical documents. My whole aim is to consider them as a portrait of Tocqueville.

The words I have underlined might be placed as a motto at the head of Tocqueville's works; they contain the secret of his genius. His whole life was a ceaseless and successful effort to understand and explain the motives which govern the action of men as members of a civilized society. It is a mistake to consider him as, in the ordinary sense, an historian, though the error is one into which readers may not unreasonably fall. For *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* does in fact throw a flood of light on the annals of France, and, if it had been completed, would have been an historical account of the revolutionary movement. *L'Ancien Régime*, moreover, will be the permanent monument of Tocqueville's reputation. *La Démocratie en Amérique* is the achievement—the marvellous achievement—of youthful originality and vigour; but it displays the faults of youth; it is marked by immaturity. A critic of the treatise must never forget that it is not an account of American democracy, but a very different thing, though the distinction has been often overlooked—a picture, or rather an analysis, of democracy in America. Still, Tocqueville's most ardent admirers must admit that his acquaintance with the United States was imperfect, and that his speculations on the intellectual and social conditions and results of democracy, especially those contained in his third volume, are as rash as they are brilliant. *L'Ancien Régime*, on the other hand, was produced in the full maturity of his powers. It cast a perfectly new light on the development of French institutions; it established past contradiction that the old France of the Bourbons lived on in many ways into the new France of the Revolution of Napoleon and of the Republic. It has influenced every book which since its appearance has dealt with the French Revolution. *L'Ancien Régime*, nevertheless, is not in reality a history; it is an historical essay on the nature and tendencies of modern democracy; it constitutes, paradoxical though the assertion sound, the complement to the *Democracy in America* The earlier in date of the two books is an attempt, and not always a satisfactory one, to explain the characteristics of democratic society in France by a comparison with the fully-developed democracy of the United States. The later work approaches the same subject from another side: it

explains the democratic society of France by tracing out the true relation between the *ancien régime* and the institutions which are the offspring of monarchical despotism, and bear, as Tocqueville proves, the marks of their lineage. And as *L'Ancien Régime* is a treatise and not a history, so Tocqueville is in reality not an historian but a master in political philosophy. If this be not realized, he is certain to be misunderstood, and in the end to be underrated. He lacks several of the gifts necessary to place a man in the first rank of historical writers. He was not a great narrator. He could depict, or rather analyze, with unrivalled skill, scenes and events which passed before his eyes. The description, for example, of the attack on the National Assembly on the 15th of May, 1848, is in its way an unequalled account of a revolutionary crisis. But there is nothing in his works to show that he could have told the great tale of the past with the lucidity and the splendour with which Macaulay narrates the annals of England. Nor was he possessed by that passion for research which (whether rightly or not) is now regarded as the chief among the virtues of an historian. He shows a competent knowledge of French history; towards the end of his life he was on the way to acquiring a mastery of that multitude of details which must be studied by any investigator who tries to explain the condition of France under the ancient monarchy. But erudition was never his strong point. His reputation does not rest upon his learning. Of the United States he knew more than one could have believed it possible for a young Frenchman to learn in not much more than two years. But his acquaintance with American institutions when he wrote the book which gave him a European reputation was superficial, and (what is characteristic) he does not seem to have increased his knowledge of America in later life. As a repertory of information about the United States *La Démocratie en Amérique* cannot stand comparison for a moment with Bryce's *American Commonwealth.* In mere knowledge, again, of France before the Revolution he has been surpassed by men of far less intellectual power. Taine has accumulated a far greater number of facts about the *ancien régime* than were known to Tocqueville. Even then, when dealing with his own subjects, Tocqueville was not a great historian. This consideration does not detract from his fame; it only shows that he must be judged not as a narrator, but as a critic. His aim was to discover the tendencies which guide the destinies of modern society. For any ready-made scheme of historical philosophy he entertained a well-merited contempt.

"Je hais, pour ma part, ces systèmes absolus, qui font dépendre tous les événements de l'histoire de grandes causes premières se liant les unes aux autres par une chaîne fatale, et qui suppriment, pour

ainsi dire, les hommes de l'histoire du genre humain. Je les trouve étroits dans leur prétendue grandeur, et faux sous leur air de vérité mathématique." Never was Frenchman less infected by (to use the words of a thinker as acute and original as Tocqueville himself) the "morbid appetite for exhaustive and original theories." * Slight, we may be sure, was his respect for systematizers such as Buckle and Comte. His method was the analysis of human nature as he observed it around him. His fame rests on his unrivalled gift for this kind of criticism. The interest of the Recollections is mainly this: They show that Tocqueville's critical faculty was always and in all circumstances at work. The past and the present, things small no less than things great, present themselves to him as problems. Why Dufaure's manner changed the moment he came within reach of office? Why Louis Philippe gave up the throne in '48, when he might have retained it by using half the vigour he displayed in 1832? Why the mob could in May '48 make no use of their triumph over the Assembly? How it was that many of Tocqueville's friends welcomed the Revolution of February? Why he himself, while deploring the triumph of the mob, felt a personal relief at the fall of the Orleanist monarchy? Why the demagogues of 48 could not, with all their violence and recklessness, gain the support of the French people? What was the course of policy by which the democratic leaders might have attained their end? What was likely to be the future of Socialism? These questions, and a hundred more, occupied the thoughts and received an answer from the genius of Tocqueville. He was possessed, one might almost say haunted, by the desire to know the causes of events and the sources of human action. In society, in the Assembly, in his study, he was in reality one and the same man. His genius was all of a piece; his superiority lay in the truthfulness no less than in the acuteness which he brought to the analysis of human nature.

This genius for analysis appears in every one of the reflections scattered profusely up and down the first two parts of the *Souvenirs*. Take, as an example, his remarks on the Revolution of '48, both before and after its accomplishment.

On the 29th of January, 1848, Tocqueville foretold the approach of revolution. The 24th of February justified his prediction. His prophecy was no hap-hazard guess; but, on the other hand, it was not like some of the denunciatory warnings of Burke, the result of foresight inspired by moral passion. It was the product of calm judgment, not of heated imagination; it depended upon an analysis of the present exactly similar in character to an analysis of the past. Tocqueville examined the tendencies which ruled society in the

* Bagehot, *Literary Studies*, p. 337.

days of Louis Philippe with the same subtle penetration which some years later he applied to the examination of the social state of France under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. His prophecy has long been known; but his Recollections add a characteristic touch. He was not deceived by his own prophetic success. His intelligence remained untroubled by the verification of his words; he confesses that he himself was surprised at the event, and failed, in reality, to foresee the future. He calmly reveals the true source of his power. "J'apercevais, je crois, plus clairement qu'un autre les causes générales, qui préparaient l'événement; mais je ne voyais pas les accidents qui allaient le précipiter."

On the very evening of the 24th of February he perceived at once that the violent overthrow of lawful authority was a hopeless catastrophe. Ampère and others, in France, Clough and Carlyle, in England, and hundreds of thinking men throughout Europe, saw in the fall of Louis Philippe the overthrow of cant and corruption, and fancied the triumph of the Paris mob was the victory of righteousness. Tocqueville was not deceived for a moment. He felt no love for Orleanism; he contemned a system of government carried on in the spirit of a joint-stock company *(société industrielle)* for the private benefit of a limited number of shareholders; the rule of the middle classes untempered by the influence either of the people or of the aristocracy could, he held, produce neither greatness nor virtue; he breathed more freely after the destruction of a sham parliamentary government, and felt far more at home in the National Assembly of the Republic than in the monarchical Chamber of Deputies. But, for all this, he would not yield to the enthusiasm of the hour; he would not let himself be deceived. He at once made his diagnosis of the state of society, and announced to his friends who were carried away by the excitement of the moment that the triumph of popular impatience and contempt for law could lead to nothing but evil. On the 24th of February, and indeed long before it, he had learnt the lesson, which was forced on all friends of freedom by the insurrection of June '48, and the *coup d'état* of December '51. Though again he noted the incapacity of the popular leaders he perceived a truth which escaped both the democrats and the reactionists of the day. He saw that in all countries there exist means which have not as yet been tried, for the excitement of revolutionary enthusiasm, and that the demagogues of '48 might have gained popular support if, instead of attacking the rights of landowners and thereby terrifying the French peasant proprietors, they had conciliated farmers oppressed with mortgages by demanding an abolition of debts. The suggestion, it is to be feared, may attract the attention of future agitators; it is applicable to other

countries than France; usurers, or even fundholders, may turn out to be not more popular than landlords.

The greatest proof, however, of Tocqueville's sagacity is his attitude towards Socialism. No man ever existed who entertained less sympathy with communistic ideals. In common with the best men of his age, he adored personal freedom; so keen was his abhorrence of tyranny that in the very midst of an insurrection he refused to vote in favour of proclaiming a state of siege. Yet he noted the true character of the Revolution of February. "Le socialisme," he writes, "restera le caractère essentiel et le souvenir le plus redoutable de la révolution de Février. La république n'y apparaîtra de loin que comme un moyen mais non un but." Nor does he stop here. It was not in his nature to observe a fact without seeking to understand it. He asks at once whether Socialism may not have a future before it.

"Le socialisme restera-t-il enseveli dans le mépris qui couvre si justement les socialistes de 1848? Je fais cette question sans y répondre. Je ne doute pas que les lois constitutives de notre société moderne ne soient fort modifiées à la longue: elles l'ont déjà été dans beaucoup de leurs parties principales, mais arriverat-on jamais à les détruire et à en mettre d'autres à la place? Cela me parait impraticable. Je ne dis rien de plus, car, à mesure que j'étudie davantage l'état ancien du monde, et que je vois plus en détail le monde même de nos jours; quand je considère la diversité prodigieuse, qui s'y rencontre, non seulement parmi les lois, mais parmi les principes des lois, et les différentes formes qu'a prises et que retient, même aujourd'hui, quoi qu'on en dise, le droit de propriété sur la terre, je suis tenté de croire que ce qu'on appelle les institutions nécessaires ne sont souvent que les institutions auxquelles on est accoutumé, et qu'en matière de constitution sociale, le champ du possible est bien plus vaste que les hommes qui vivent dans chaque société ne se l'imaginent."*

Readers of to-day may fail to appreciate the impressiveness of these words, for in 1893 socialistic sentiment, if not doctrine, has passed from workshops into drawing-rooms, and from the mouths of men on the pavement to the speeches of Members of Parliament; and Conservative statesmen advocate schemes of social innovation at which, forty-five years ago, the most violent Radicals would have stood aghast. But to persons old enough to remember the movements of '48 and the reaction of 1850 Tocqueville's language is startling in its boldness. At the date when he wrote down his thoughts Socialism was hated for its wickedness and derided for its absurdity. In England anyone who recognized any

* *Souvenirs*, pp. 111, 112.

good in communistic ideals was deemed almost too manifest a fool to be denounced as a knave: the Christian Socialism of Maurice and a few disciples was just tolerated because the manifest zeal of their Christian philanthropy earned contemptuous forgiveness for their very moderate amount of economical heterodoxy. The foresight of a thinker who, without any sympathy with the end of Socialism, saw that the ridiculous *fiasco* of 1848 did not forbid the future triumph of socialistic ideas cannot be overrated. One wonders, in passing, whether Tocqueville ever whispered his speculations as to the mutability of our social arrangements to Senior or to Macaulay, or to any other of the respectable Whigs whom he numbered among his friends.

The subtlety and wisdom of Tocqueville's reflections or maxims is known to all readers of his works. But the Recollections place him in a new light. In them we see that his habitual mode of thought and feeling was characterized by a touch of irony. Criticism, when he can express himself freely, passes into satire. In virtue, further, of his supreme analytical power, he becomes more than a humourist; he turns into an historic painter of unrivalled brilliancy, and exhibits himself as the satirist of every man, friend or foe, who for a moment plays his part in the shifting scenes of the revolutionary drama. Consider Tocqueville for a moment as an historic painter. There are few things in literature which can rival his sketch of Louis Philippe's Parliament when it unexpectedly reached its last day. The rage of the Conservatives deserted by Guizot, the temporary exultation of Liberals who thought they were destined to become Ministers, the dramatic effect of the appearance of the Duchess of Orleans and her children on the benches of the Chamber, the one moment at which it was possible that a happy *mot*, or a telling action, might have saved the crown for the Count of Paris, the effective silence and the effective rhetoric of Lamartine, all are placed before our eyes as they have never before been brought before the world. Note, too, that the humour of the scene is never absent from Tocqueville's mind. The last President of the Orleanist House of Commons, with his pompous dignity, reminding one of the verger of a cathedral (*une dignité de suisse de cathédrale*) with his utter incapacity, with his absurd habit of showing his fears by flapping his hands, would have delighted Carlyle, who would have roared over the final blunder by which Sauzet deprived his last official act of all dignity: he adjourned the sitting by putting on a hat too big for him and then letting it fall over his face. Take, again, the picture of the National Assembly when invaded by the mob of Paris. The stolid endurance of the representatives, the shouts of the populace, the stifling heat of the room, the cracking of the benches as one ruffian after another leaped

upon them, the intense anxiety with which the victims of the mob listened, and during three hours listened in vain, for the drums of the National Guard, the mixed horror and grotesqueness of the situation, are absolutely forced upon the imagination of the reader. But to a student of human nature the strangest part of the whole scene is the attitude of the observer who reports it. Any chance might have caused the massacre of Tocqueville and his friends; but he is perfectly calm, he is absolutely himself: he criticizes, he reflects, he explains how the violence of the mob overreached itself, how the populace failed to triumph because they could not for a moment keep silence; above all, he never loses sight of the absurdities of the scene. He remembers that it is, after all, a piece of acting, and reflects that the men of '48 were, in everything they did, second-rate actors bent on imitating the tragedies of the great Revolution; as for the scene of May 15, "c'était la parodie du 24 février, comme le 24 février avait été lui-même la parodie d'autres scènes révolutionnaires." At the very moment when men were trembling for their lives he hears one of the crowd call Lacordaire a "vulture," and express a wish to wring the dominican's neck. Tocqueville at once makes his reflections; he condemns the wickedness of the sentiment, but dwells with admiring appreciativeness on the happiness of the comparison.

Whoever wishes for another specimen of Tocqueville's satiric rendering of historic events should read his account of the Feast of Concord which men expected to turn into a massacre; the representatives of the people attended with pistols and life-preservers in their pockets. Never were pages written which so completely unveiled the hollowness of revolutionary pageants. Tocqueville, even here, whilst impressed with the absurdity, does not fail to analyze the situation; he does not for a moment let us forget that the Feast of Concord had its serious side. While we smile at Lamartine, compelled by the shouts of the mob to embrace the young washerwoman who presents him with a garland and a poem, we are made to realize that at the Feast of Concord all Paris appeared in arms: it was the review of hostile forces preparatory to the death-struggle of June.

Tocqueville's genius for the description or analysis of historic scenes, remarkable though it be, sinks into nothing when compared with his power as a painter of character. In the Recollections are to be found at least a score of portraits. Louis Philippe, Derfaure, General Bedeau, Cremieux, Ampere, Ledru-Rollin, Lamartine, and many others, are described in words which it is not easy to forget. It is here that Tocqueville's full satirical force comes into play. His portraits are excellent; but they are few or none of them flattering, whilst some are more remarkable by their severity than, it may be, by their justice.

Ledru-Rollin, it will perhaps be remembered, though his name is now forgotten in England, was the member of the Provisional Government in whom the "Mountain" placed their hopes. He was expected by his friends to be a second Danton. To the mass of the nation he appeared a terrorist. Here is his picture by Tocqueville. "Ledru-Rollin n'était qu'un gros garçon très sensuel et très sanguin, dépourvu de principes et à peu près d'idées, sans véritable audace d'esprit ni de cœur, et même sans méchanceté, car il voulait naturellement du bien à tout le monde et était incapable de faire couper le cou à aucun de ses adversaires, si ce n'est peut-être par réminiscence historique ou par condescendance pour ses amis."

Lamartine, on the other hand, was adored for a month or two as the saviour of society. There is no man whom Tocqueville paints with more care, there is no man whom he paints in darker colours. Lamartine is to Tocqueville the type of political egotism.

"Je ne sais si j'ai recontré, dans ce monde d'ambitions égoïstes, au milieu duquel j'ai vécu, un esprit plus vide de la pensée du bien public que le sien. J'y ai vu une foule d'hommes troubler le pays pour se grandir: c'est la perversité courante; mais il est le seul, je crois, qui m'ait semblé toujours prêt à bouleverser le monde pour se distraire. Je n'ai jamais connu non plus d'esprit moins sincère, ni qui eût un mépris plus complet pour la vérité. Quand je dis qu'il la méprisait, je me trompe; il ne l'honorait point assez pour s'occuper d'elle d'aucune manière. En parlant ou en écrivant, il sort du vrai et y rentre sans y prendre garde; uniquement préoccupé d'un certain effet qu'il veut produire à ce moment-là."

To this add Tocqueville's summary of Lamartine's character: "Je le tenais pour capable de tout, excepté d'agir lâchement et de parler d'une façon vulgaire."

That Tocqueville should judge Lamartine sternly is not wonderful. His faults were exactly the faults certain to offend Tocqueville's taste and shock his conscience. What has excited surprise is that all Tocqueville's judgments are marked by severity. He spares his friends no more than his opponents. The references even to Gustave de Beaumont do not raise our opinion of the man who (we had hitherto supposed) shared all Tocqueville's thoughts and commanded his warmest affection. The surprise felt at Tocqueville's tone is natural. Everyone knows that Tocqueville was the most devoted of friends, no less than one of the most lovable and beloved of men; and severity of judgment seems at first sight inconsistent with a lovable character. Tocqueville, again, is a philosophic thinker, and there is a commonly-received, though absurd, opinion that a philosopher's judgments ought to be marked not only by calmness but

by leniency. Yet astonishment at Tocqueville's sarcastic sternness is, after all, unreasonable. It overlooks the private character of the Recollections: they were written for Tocqueville alone; his language must be compared not with the words but with the thoughts of other men. Whoever will reflect upon the way in which we all think about the faults of the persons we love best will conclude that we all of us judge our neighbours as severely, and few of us as justly, as Tocqueville. Surprise, again, at the pungency of Tocqueville's humour implies ignorance of his character; it ignores the vein of satire which is almost inseparable from a genius for the analysis of motives. It is, of course, a fair question whether this gift for satirical portraiture is not of itself inconsistent with sound judgment of men. But in truth every page of the Recollections raises curious questions of the very kind which Tocqueville himself would have delighted to examine. Let us glance at two, which are well worth consideration.

What were the causes of Tocqueville's failure as a politician?

Some of them are patent. He lacked the toughness and callousness needed by an athlete who is to fight his way to the front in the political arena. In France, at any rate, the present is the day of little men; at the head of her Government we see a series of constantly-changing Premiers, whose chief characteristic is personal insignificance. We, therefore, look back upon the times of Guizot, of Thiers, of Molé, of Tocqueville himself, as to an age when there were political giants in the land. But this was not the light in which the public men of France struck their critic. "In France," he writes, "all the party leaders whom I have met with in my time have struck me as almost equally unworthy to lead. Some were unworthy because they lacked either character or real intelligence: the most part were unworthy because they possessed no virtues whatever." This language savours of exaggeration. Still, French political history from 1832 to 1851 shows that Tocqueville's words contain a large element of truth; the Parliamentary world of France was a mean world; it was not a society in which nobility of character was a passport to leadership. It would, however, be unjust to Tocqueville's contemporaries to suppose that his failure arose either from their vices or from his virtues. After all, to an Englishman accustomed to English institutions, the strange thing is that Tocqueville rose as high as as he did. During the nineteen years which elapsed between the accession of Louis Philippe and the *coup d'etat* of December France was the only country where the field of statesmanship was open to a man of letters. Tocqueville, who had no claim to a seat either in Parliament or in the Cabinet, except his reputation as a thinker and as a writer, stood high in the esteem both of the country and of the Parliament. If he did not become a leader

of men, the main cause of his want of success was to be found in his own nature. His Recollections prove that Tocqueville understood Man better than men. The constant analysis of motives may reveal to us the principles of human nature; it does not make us understand the feelings of the human beings among whom we live. "Men may be read, as well as books, too much." The knowledge of mankind depends far more upon acute observation than upon critical reflection. Tocqueville had the gifts and the defects of a satirist. He saw with painful clearness the difference between men's actual motives of action and the moral ideals or principles which we all profess to pursue. Hence a certain unsoundness in his judgments of individuals. That French politicians were not all as wanting in virtue as Tocqueville imagines is really proved, if proof were needed, by the respect commanded by Tocqueville himself. We may admit, again, the general truth of Tocqueville's censures on Lamartine; but it is impossible to believe that intellectual inanity and moral egotism were the sole characteristics of the poet and statesman who for a time was the hero of France. Tocqueville himself admits, though grudgingly, that his estimate of Lamartine's policy needs modification. Lamartine's course of action may have been marked by selfishness or vacillation; yet Lamartine's trimming between the Right and the Left of the Assembly saved France. It gave the country time to rally against the party of violence, and when the foreseen day of deadly conflict arrived, reduced the forces of the insurgents to an army without officers. Is it not possible that Lamartine in part foresaw the results of his action and understood the crisis better than than his censor? For, in spite of his rare intelligence, Tocqueville hardly entered into the spirit of his age. A certain aloofness of mind kept him apart from his contemporaries; it made him an excellent critic of the facts which he perceived; but it hid from him many facts which are grasped only by sympathy. In a conversation with Senior, he describes the Triumvirs, of whom Mazzini was the chief, as "the head of a horde of foreign ruffians driven into Rome by the disgust and indignation of all other countries" as "the oppressors of the Roman people." These words tell us how entirely Tocqueville failed to understand the Nationalist movement which in 1848 convulsed Europe. They explain, further, how a statesman who hated lawless violence yet, more or less, sanctioned that overthrow of the Roman Republic which shocked the moral sense of Europe and dishonoured Republican France. To all these considerations let it be added that the essential qualification for political leadership is not capacity for reflection on events, but quickness of insight into the needs and possibilities of a given moment. Tocqueville was no Hamlet; thought did not in his case produce hesitation: at more than one

crisis he acted with decision and firmness. Still, a turn for meditation on the general causes of events is not easily allied with the reckless activity demanded by political crises. It is just possible that if on February 24 Tocqueville had meditated less profoundly he might have acted with more energy, and we may suspect that French politicians felt that a man who was always thinking about the causes of events was not the kind of person to deal with events as they occurred. In the particular instance, at any rate, the world must rejoice that Tocqueville followed the bent of his nature. Hardly by possibility could vigour on his part have averted the fall of the Monarchy; and if Tocqueville had been occupied in the strenuous defence of the throne future times would have lost an inestimable picture and criticism of a revolutionary catastrophe.

Will Alexis de Tocqueville take his place among the writers whose works are true classics. Will he stand in the records of French literature near, or by the side of, Montesquieu?

Some thirty or thirty-five years ago even to ask this question would have savoured of intellectual blasphemy. Tocqueville's rank among French thinkers and men of letters had before 1860 obtained general recognition. Mill, Grote, Senior, Greg, all the men, in short, who then guided the educated opinion of England, had proclaimed Tocqueville's eminence. He was canonized in his lifetime. Unfortunately, the fame of the thinkers to whom Tocqueville was an oracle is itself for the moment under a kind of cloud. The reputation of some of them is dead. Mill himself, whose writings in 1860 formed the intellectual food of the ablest young men of the day, is not a power among the youth of 1893. Many estimable young gentlemen who get classes and Fellowships know no more of Mill on Liberty than of Locke on Toleration; they can write smart criticisms, I doubt not, on each of these works: but of neither book have they read as much as a chapter. The fame of Tocqueville himself suffers under an eclipse like that which dims the reputation of his friends. There is no reason to wonder at this decrease in an author's influence; it does not imply any defect either on his part or on the part of the public. It means simply that every leader of opinion owes some part of his power to the coincidence of his teaching with the sentiment of a particular time. As opinion and feeling change, so that portion of an author's authority which depends on his being the representative of a particular condition of belief or feeling vanishes. The dictatorship of Johnson did not long survive his life. A sceptic may doubt whether the great lexicographer's name would be remembered if it had not been given immortality by Boswell. Montesquieu, with whom Tocqueville has so many affinities, exercised in 1750 a kind of

intellectual supremacy which had passed away by the end of the 18th century. Where are now the avowed disciples of Voltaire or Rousseau? Tocqueville in 1860 was the spokesman of educated thought; in 1893 he represents a past state of opinion. What, therefore, we may ask, will be his permanent repute? In such matters nothing is decisive but the judgment of time. What that judgment will be no one dare dogmatically predict. Among the disciples of Godwin were some of the ablest men of their time; they believed him to be the greatest of political philosophers. If any of them could return to the world he would be surprised to discover that Godwin's *Political Justice*, which in 1793 aroused the opposition or admiration of thousands, is in 1893 read by no one. We must bear in mind then, that the fortune of books is as unpredictable as the fortune of men. Still, it is possible to give reasons for the belief that Tocqueville's fame will be permanent. No recent writer on the philosophy of politics who is read by Englishmen can stand comparison with him for a moment. *La Démocratie en Amérique*, as a picture of modern America, would in any case be out of date; Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is now the only book worth consulting as a source of information about American institutions. But Tocqueville's work, as I have intimated, was in reality a treatise, not on the government of the United States, but on the characteristics of modern democracy. Looked at in this light, it contains stores of wisdom which even yet the world has not fully appropriated. Taine's knowledge, again, of the *ancien régime* exceeds that of his master; but Taine's writings, as regards France before the Revolution, are nothing but studies in the school of Tocqueville. They are admirable studies; they abound in information confirmatory of Tocqueville's speculations; but Tocqueville, after all, is the teacher. Taine supplies an inventory (so to speak) of the facts which, taken together, make up the *ancien régime*. Tocqueville shows what the facts mean. There is not a thought in Taine's account of society before the outbreak of the Revolution which is not suggested by Tocqueville. When, of necessity, Taine in his later volumes parts from his teacher, he has visibly lost his intellectual guide. The number of the facts collected by the industry of Taine impresses the imagination; but, for want of Tocqueville's lucid criticism, we do not feel assured that we understand their true significance.

With each of two distinguished English writers Tocqueville has some points in common. In dignity and lucidity of style there is a marked resemblance between Tocqueville and Maine. Maine's *Popular Government* reproduces something of the literary effect of Tocqueville's writings. No fair critic, however, can assert that Maine's political generalizations have anything like the merit of

the reflections to be found in every page of Tocqueville. The plain truth is that with Maine, as with most Englishmen, political theories were too closely connected with the controversies which divide English parties. It would be unjust to say that *Popular Government* was a party pamphlet. But we may fairly assert that the speculative theories maintained in *Popular Government* are deeply influenced by the author's hostility to the recent developments of English Liberalism. The English thinker with whom Tocqueville can be most profitably compared is Bagehot. They have much in common. Both are born critics; both are supremely interested in political speculations; each by force of a genius for analysis could attain, at moments, to a sort of prophetic foresight; Bagehot's letters on the *coup d'etat* are quite as astonishing for extraordinary discernment as is Tocqueville's anticipation of revolution in the early days of '48. Both writers are governed by that passionate love for truth which makes prejudice almost impossible. But their differences are as marked as the similarities. Bagehot, with all his gift for drawing inferences, dreads generalizations with a fear which could hardly be known to a Frenchman. He is always trying to place his foot (so to speak), upon some small, common, undoubted fact. He is apt, indeed, to make single facts tell for too much. Tocqueville, though fearing systems, certainly likes general statements. Part of the difference between the men at once resulted from and led to a difference of style. Bagehot always seems to be saying to himself, "Though I admire literary grace, though I am an accomplished man of letters, I will never let myself be the slave of style. I will use any word or expression which comes handiest, and which most exactly drives home the point I want to enforce." Tocqueville, even in the privacy of his journal, never forgets the grand style. There is nothing pompous or affected in his language any more than in his thought; but he never lays aside his air of distinction; Lamartine's avoidance of vulgarity was the only point, except his personal courage, which enlisted Tocqueville's sympathy. Tocqueville was in one sense the advocate of democracy: he bid statesmen accept it as a providential fact. But he was at bottom a scion of the old *magistrature* of France; he was the last of the aristocratic writers: and this, though it may for a time deprive him of one kind of popularity, is a literary virtue. With him fine thoughts are expressed in the best language; the style, no less than the profundity, of his Reflections will make them live; he will always remain the writer who, with more success than any other man of his time, has known how to investigate, with perfect sincerity, what are the motives which have governed the actions both of himself and of his neighbours, and, having understood them, to explain them to others.

A. V. Dicey.

G.W.R. MECHANICS

FIN DE SIÈCLE MEDICINE.

If there is one feature more than another which may be fairly regarded as characteristic of the world we live in to-day, it is the development of combinations among individuals interested in the same objects, engaged in like pursuits, or eager for the attainment of a common desire. This tendency to unite their forces on the part of those who already possess community of thought or action has very naturally begotten the desire to endow the bodies so formed with functions which shall demonstrate their vitality; and one of the most remarkable evidences of the birth, growth, and development of great associations, is afforded by the multiplication of Congresses engaged in the discussion of subjects as varied as the hues of the rainbow, ranging from biology to bi-metallism, and fraught with more or less interest to the community in general, as well as to the particular society which meets to promulgate the views entertained by its members.

Of the meeting of Congresses there is no end, and perhaps there are some persons who are beginning to doubt the utility of such meetings, and to regard their increased frequency merely as a means to the somewhat dubious end of affording a pious excuse for indulging in a holiday under the cloak of pseudo-laborious discussions which gather an assumption of gravity from the portentous titles affixed to the contributions offered by those who take part in the proceedings. But, in spite of the fair criticism to which some Congresses have been exposed, there are certain meetings whose utility cannot be gainsaid, and whose influence on the welfare of mankind is not altogether unfelt.

Among these may be included two which which will shortly take place in the field of medicine. The British Medical Association meets in Newcastle on August 1, and at the end of September the International Medical Congress will be sitting in Rome. A glance at the programme of the former suffices to indicate the direction in which medical practice is running; and it may not be altogether uninteresting to the non-professional reader if the progress of medical thought and action since the meeting of the

International Congress of Medicine three years ago in Berlin is briefly considered. It will be remembered that the curiosity of the medical world was stimulated on that occasion by the announcement of a great German bacteriologist that he would shortly place at the disposal of his colleagues a remedy which should prove potent against one of the most terrible and widespread diseases afflicting the human race. Hopes were raised in the breasts of those who hitherto had been condemned to death. Berlin was besieged by sufferers from consumption, and the reservations of the scientist, who claimed neither omnipotence nor infallibility, were rendered null and void by the almost hysterical advertisement of the lay press. Doctors and patients alike strove to be possessed of the miraculous liquid which, when injected in doses of a few milligrammes, was to drive out the demon bacillus of phthisis.

> "I will cleanse the foul body of th' infected world
> If they will patiently receive my medicine"*

was the fiat which had gone forth from the savant of Imperial Germany according to the exaggerated telegrams encumbering the wires of the whole world for a short space. In vain the modest investigator, who was hailed as the saviour of consumptives, sought to stem the tide of turbulent credulity which overwhelmed him and his disciples; and it was not until practice and experience had tried and found wanting the promised prophylactic that the injection of tuberculin was undeservedly relegated to the realms of failure, when the few who had carefully noted its effects and gauged its limitations, following the indications of the inventor, employed it with success, and continue to do so, for the arrest of superficial manifestations of tuberculosis.

The alleged mode of action of the much-vaunted remedy for consumption was exceedingly fascinating to those who looked for the brilliant results prophesied. The organism recognized as the cause of consumption (and of other forms of tuberculosis affecting tissues apart from the lungs, which from the prevalence of phthisis are commonly associated with the popular term consumption), having invaded the organ affording a congenial resting-place, colonizes the affected tissue, and multiplies, rapidly surrounding itself the while with its own off-scourings. The active ingredient of tuberculin is the waste product or off-scouring of the tubercle bacillus, and the ingenious idea of its adaption to the cure of consumption resembled very closely the historical episode of the horrible Black Hole of Calcutta. The wretched prisoners were destroyed by the accumulation of their own exhalations in the confined space into which they were huddled by the vindicative ferocity of Surajah Dowlah: but the German professor was more

* *As You Like It.* Act ii., Sc. 1.

merciless to the bacillary invaders of human lungs than the Eastern miscreant proved to be to the victims of the Black Hole, though the results of his behaviour to human prisoners were more effectively fatal than the treatment meted out to intrusive microbes in the cases of pulmonary tuberculosis injected by the Koch method.

The prisoners of Calcutta were left to die by the poisons generated by their own respirations; the organisms infesting consumptive lungs were poisoned by the deliberate addition made to their own off-scourings of the waste products from the cultivated members of their own race, bred in captivity on purpose to supply sufficient material to render the situation of any vigorous bacillus untenable within the precincts of the home made in the organs of the host so invaded. But here the comparison ceases to be parallel: for whereas the Indian provided against the escape of his prisoners, the German could not take similar precautions, so that the tubercle bacillus, being compelled to quit its nest by the obnoxious addition to its midden-heap, sought for more pleasant surroundings, and, frustrating the hopes of the bacteriologist that it would be expectorated, roamed to other parts of the lung previously uninvaded. Thus the effect of the hoped-for cure in some cases resulted in an extension of the disease, and the injection of tuberculin as a remedy for consumption has been abandoned, though its value and unquestionable usefulness in certain affections of the skin has been proved and recorded.

Meanwhile the researches of an eminent French physiologist, undertaken some years ago, proved that the dictum of St. Paul in his exhortations to the Corinthians was very remarkably fraught with truth in regard to certain glands whose function even now is not fully understood: "Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary."* And in pursuing his investigations he was able to show that the healthy condition of organs whose precise use may not be demonstrable was necessary to the well-being of the individual and the proper elaboration of the blood circulating through the body for the nutrition of the tissues. The fact that all the various organs which together make up the whole body are necessary to each other has long been recognized; but the due exercise of all the various functions of the different tissues has not been sufficiently insisted on, with the result that many maladies of the present day are probably attributable, not so much in the first instance to disease in the sense of an alteration in structure, as to disuse of certain organs which have been suffered to remain idle, or whose easily-recognizable use has been minimized because the conditions of civilization tend to foster disuse rather

* I. Corinthians, xii., 22.

than activity. Probably the most potent factor of present-day ailments is the abeyance into which the muscular system is permitted to fall by dwellers in cities, who are daily becoming more and more dependent on artificial means of locomotion and on labour-saving apparatus, until disorders of digestion and nervous maladies are now as common among the comparatively poor members of the community as they are among those who are wealthy; indeed, while the rich man endeavours to overcome the mischief wrought by his sedentary life by riding in the Park or playing golf, the poorer man, who is unable to afford these pleasurable exercises, neglects his muscular development, and invariably mounts his omnibus or tumbles into his train rather than waste the time necessary for a brisk walk or a half-hour in the gymnasium. The Volunteer movement and the popularity of the bicycle have tended to counteract the disuse of muscles engendered in a large proportion of town residents; but there are still numbers of persons of both sexes who require vigorous muscular exercise in order to maintain health. The centralization of many domestic industries may have improved the character of the products thus manufactured or of the work performed; but when bread was made, and washing was done, at home, the female members of many families fairly well off, but not too richly endowed with this world's goods, were profitably employed in kneading the dough and ironing the linen. Healthy exercise of the muscles being in many cases no longer regarded as a necessity for the maintenance of well-being, the latter end of this century has produced the revival of a practice which is recorded in the earliest medical papyrus in the British Museum, verifying the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. But just as the multiplication of Congresses may be in a measure due to the increased facilities now afforded by rapid means of locomotion, so the introduction of massage may be regarded as evidence of the tendency in these latter days to the neglect of muscular exercise; and if it be true that the abeyance of function in certain glands is productive of diseases which can be cured by the injection of organic liquids derived from a similar source, much more is it evidently true that the failure to employ the great bulk of muscular tissue, which is so large a portion of the human frame, will and invariably does give rise to disordered function and altered structure in the other organs and tissues of the body which are interdependent on the activity of the muscles and each other. Mental and nervous over-strain are rarely dissociated from muscular disuse and flaccidity.

The interchange between the blood and the various tissues of the body is necessary to the healthy vitality of the human being;

but, in order to facilitate such mutual exchange, there must be activity on the part of every organ, and in view of the fact that the muscles are greatly in excess in bulk and weight of any other organs, it follows that their activity is essential to the well-being of the whole body. Muscular exercises induce acceleration of the blood stream and serve to pump effete material out of their interstices so as to make room for fresh supplies brought by the blood-vessels ramifying through and around them. *Fin de siècle* medicine, recognizing the deficiency of muscular activity as a fruitful source of maladies resulting from the want of combustion and elimination of material used up or vitiated by the disproportionate action of other organs and tissues, has been compelled to revive the ancient practises pursued by the Egyptians, and later by Hippocrates and his successors in the earlier ages of the world's history, which thus repeats itself in these latter days.

Reverting to the imitation of methods which are gravely proposed by the pioneers of these therapeutic means, even to the extent of supplying defective organs by the injection of materials derived from the same sources in animals,—*e.g.*, extracts of bone marrow, spinal marrow, sweetbread, &c.,—it is interesting to note that, according to French authorities, and in some instances with the verification of observers in this country also, distinct benefit has been derived from these new methods of treating disease: notably in the employment of the juice of the thyroid gland in cases of a disease in which this organ is found to be atrophied, and again in the employment of other organic liquids for the cure of neurasthenia, a term, which being translated into the vulgar tongue simply means nervous weakness or exhaustion. Sleeplessness is a very common and distressing symptom of neurasthenia. But here again we are confronted by what appears to be the cause or one of the causes of sleeplessness. A well-known French scientist has shown that certain matters which are formed during sleep are stimulants to the nervous system, and as the tide of their production rises they finally wake the sleeping brain cells, and stimulate them into activity. On the other hand, the matters formed while the individual is active and awake, when sufficiently accumulated in the body, tend to produce sleep. But it is more than probable that inactivity, especially muscular disuse, interferes with the due production of the soporific matters in the blood and tissues, so that insomnia often results from the want of a fair amount of muscular exercise. Perhaps the most remarkable advance in the investigation of the action of organic liquids, as means for the cure or modification of disease, is the alleged discovery, by a Russian savant, that all the organic liquids derived from different sources, and whose use has been advocated by his French colleagues, depend for their efficiency on a constituent

which is common to them all; and it is maintained that all the beneficial effects produced by the injection of diverse organic extracts may be equally derived from a much smaller quantity of a solution containing the active ingredient which is stated may be found in every tissue of the body, but is more easily isolated from some than from others. The theory that functional disorders of the nervous system depend in great part on errors of digestion and on the accumulation of waste products and effete matters acting as poisons on the nerve cells, which the writer has frequently had reason to believe is abundantly proved to be unquestionably correct, would appear to be supported by the experimental evidence afforded by the discoverer of the substance which is asserted to be the active principle and essential ingredient of the older preparations. The matters which are formed in the digestion of food-stuffs escape the protective function of the liver, whose duty it is to mount guard over the entrance of the products of digestion into the general circulation, to turn back such as would prove deleterious, to alter and elaborate those which in a crude state might be obnoxious, and to regulate the admission of fit and proper materials; and when the function of the liver is not sufficiently active, or is overtaxed by the excessive duty imposed on it under the circumstances of over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table, or a vitiation of the digestive processes not so immediately under the control of the individual, it follows that the blood becomes overcharged with matters which are not nutritive as they should be, but poisonous, so that the body, instead of being refreshed and invigorated, is impoverished and weakened, all the organs and functions being upset in consequence. Headaches, lassitude, nervous irritability, all the thousand-and-one ills of which the so called nervous invalid complains, may be directly traceable to the ingestion of poisonous materials replacing the properly elaborated nutritious matter which should serve to build up the organism. Now, it is suggested that the elimination of these poisonous substances may be greatly facilitated by the injection of a ferment which shall so alter their chemical composition as to render them easy of excretion by the organs whose particular function is to get rid of matters for which the body has no further use. That the substance introduced by the Russian scientist is endowed with properties which effect certain well recognized chemical changes under certain conditions outside the body has been demonstrated. Experience of the remedy in the native country of its inventor has led to its employment in disorders of the nervous system, believed to be dependent on poisonous conditions of the blood, with alleged beneficial results. It is on trial in this country, and hopes are expressed that a good record of utility may follow its employment, for it appears

to rest upon an intelligible basis. French advocates of these remedies have endeavoured to claim for them some vital properties, and the use of such suggestions has been regarded with eyes askance by the majority of practitioners of medicine in this country, who are inclined to place them in the same category with certain remedies of mediæval medicine-mongers savouring of the witches broth in Macbeth,*

> Eye of newt and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
> For a charm of powerful trouble,
> Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

But the Northern chemist places the use of organic liquid injections outside the pale of "A New Phase of Suggestive Therapeutics" which an Italian critic has insisted is the only virtue to be discovered in the use of these remedies. If the material prepared in the Muscovite laboratory behaves with the same vigorous chemical action within the human body as it possesses when brought in contact with certain oxidizable substances outside it, considerable results may be anticipated.

The elimination of waste products, the chasing away of poisonous matters, in other words, the cleansing of the intoxicated nervous system, is a process in treatment which must result in benefit to the sufferer from the many evils consequent on the toil and trouble, hurry and scurry, of these closing years of the nineteenth century. Be the means what they may, mechanical, chemical, or some other agencies not yet within our grasp, those who are in constant attendance on the sick and sorry, who are sometimes oppressed with the sense of shortcoming and futility which ordinary methods too often engender, may be forgiven if in their anxiety to relieve pain, to modify suffering, or to lift the cloud of mental depression, they seek the aid of "*fin de siècle* medicine" which may not lie strictly within the limits of ancient orthodoxy, but which, if haply the results are curative or even alleviative, may be used judiciously and temperately for the reason that the end justifies the means.

A. Symons Eccles.

* *Macbeth.* Act iv., Sc. 1.

THE CAUSES OF THE NATIONAL INCOME.

XII.

THE CAUSES THAT GIVE TO LABOUR A SHARE IN THE PRODUCT OF ABILITY.

Let us now go on to consider the principal question that was suggested by my last paper—namely, by what means the class representing labour has managed to secure so large a part of that growing wealth which has been created not by it, but by the classes that represent ability. It will be found that labour has achieved this result owing to the operation of three powerful causes. The first cause is the fact that when the increasing riches of a rich class are principally due, as they are in our own country,—and, indeed, in most modern countries of the western world,— to the increased productivity of human exertion, the expenditure of the rich, no matter how selfish or foolish, must, to a certain degree, enrich all other classes; and must, under certain conditions, enrich them to a very great, and to a constantly-increasing, degree. The second cause is that labour, owing to a variety of circumstances, has been learning the art of combined action, and has by means of it already done much, and may be able in the future to do more, towards securing the conditions in question. The third cause, which, logically, should perhaps have been put second, is a fact on which the second may be said principally to depend—namely, that, though ability is, as I have said, the natural monopoly of a comparatively small class, yet a certain part of its conquests, when once made, inevitably becomes the common property of labour. We will consider these causes in order. A minority may become rich in two ways. Let us suppose a community of eight labouring men, who make annually by their labour £50 each. A ninth man might, if he were strong enough, rob each of these men of £25, compelling them each to live on £25 instead of £50, and appropriate himself £200. Or he might reach the same result in a totally different manner. He might so direct the labour of the eight men that, without any extra effort to themselves, they each, instead of £50, produced £75, and he would gain the same sum—£200—out of

the amounts he had added to their production, not out of the amounts he had taken from it. Whatever may be true of certain rich societies at other times, or in other countries, the riches at present enjoyed by the rich class in this country represent the latter of these two methods, and not the former. This is abundantly clear from what has been said already; but it is necessary in this place to bear the fact specially in mind.

Let us, then, take the community of eight labourers, I have just spoken of, and suppose them to represent the producing power of this country a hundred years ago, which we agreed, for argument's sake, to treat as if it were merely labour; and let us further suppose that these labourers themselves keep and consume everything that they produce. Now, if a ninth man—the man of ability—by adding his ability to these men's labour, merely multiplies the actual products which he finds them engaged in producing, and appropriates the increased quantity, he will find himself possessed of things for which he has no possible use. We will suppose the quantity to be doubled. In that case he will have eight times as many boots as he can wear, eight times as much beans and bacon as he can eat, and so on. He can neither enjoy these things himself, nor could the labourers enjoy them. He does not, therefore, employ his ability thus. He does not increase the quantity of those products that have been produced hitherto; but he enables four men to produce that quantity, instead of eight. The products which have been produced hitherto are the necessaries and comforts of life, the total being worth £400, and each man's share being worth £50. Whatever he adds by his ability to the products of each man's labour, that he takes; and thus, having enabled four men to produce four hundred pounds' worth of comforts and necessaries instead of two hundred pounds' worth, he takes two hundred pounds' worth of these things himself.

Meanwhile, four men are left producing, as formerly, only £50 each, and the man of ability makes the following bargain with them: Instead of leaving them to produce what they require for their own consumption, he engages, out of the two hundred pounds' worth of products he has taken, to give them the very things they would have produced themselves, on condition that they will produce other things for him, or put their time at his disposal. They thus manufacture luxuries for him, or act as his personal servants. For the two hundred pounds he pays them they return him another two hundred, either in the shape of commodities or of service.

Such, reduced to its simplest elements, is the process by which the aggregate riches of the rich in the modern world are made. They are made by a constant reduction in the number of men re-

quired for the production of a given amount of necessaries, and the consequent setting free of an increasing number of men who may devote themselves to producing luxuries.

Now, in the case we have just supposed, the labourers do not suffer. The eight men get as much as they did before, and work no harder; we may, indeed, suppose them to be somewhat better off. We may suppose that, though their necessaries and comforts are not more in quantity than before, they are somewhat better in quality; and this will account for their submitting themselves to the authority of the able man. But they have gained nothing more. They each made £50 a year originally; they now receive the same sum in wages. But meanwhile the income of the community has been increased by £200; and it cannot be said that of this they have any share whatever. Indeed, whenever the new method and the new division of labour were well established, it might be possible for the able man to make their position worse. He might force them to subsist on £25 instead of £50; for the means of production are now entirely in his power, and it is consequently not open to them to return to their old methods, and for each man to make £50 a year for himself. This point, however, we need not discuss at present. All that I am now anxious to dwell upon is the fact that, though the wealth of our supposed community has increased, the whole increase has gone to the able man, and the labourers have had no share in it. Nor, if they are inexperienced in the art of combination, is there any means by which they could acquire a share. Let us suppose that the able man makes some further invention, by means of which the quantity of necessaries and comforts which is consumed at present by the labourers can be produced by one man instead of, as at present, by four. This quantity has a value of £400, of which £50, as before, is given to the labourers; whilst the man of ability takes £350, instead of £200 as before. Meanwhile three men have been thrown out of their former employment; and then with his extra income of £150 the man of ability sets them to make yet more luxuries for himself.* He has seven men who are working for his own pleasure; and who, in return for the subsistence he dispenses to them, give him all that they themselves make—cigars, wine, butter, or whatever we like to imagine. But the case of the labourers still remains unaltered. There is no force or principle at work anywhere, which might tend to make them sharers of any portion of this increment. And if our supposed community were a complete representation of reality, the same would be the case with the labourers in real life.

* The increase of wealth in a community may be said to depend on the constant throwing men out of employment, and the constant finding for them of a new employment.

But it must now be pointed out that our community, though it represents the main process by which the riches of the rich are produced, offers no parallel to one fact of real life, owing to which the labourer inevitably acquires a share in them. In that community the rich classes are represented by a single person, who has no conflicting interests, analogous to his own, to contend against. But in actual life, so far as this point is concerned, the condition of the rich is something altogether different. Looked at from without, they are a single body, which might be represented as one man; but looked at from within they are a multitude of different bodies, whose interests, within certain limits, are diametrically opposed to each other. In order, therefore, to make our illustration complete, instead of one man of ability we must imagine two. The first—whom we will call John—has already brought production to the state that has been just described. He has managed to get seven men out of eight to work exclusively for himself, for which he pays them with the surplus necessaries made by the eighth man. But of what they themselves make—the cigars, the wine, the butter—they are allowed to keep none; nor can they give any of them to the eighth man, their fellow. John takes all. But now a second man of ability, James, appears upon the scene, anxious, as John was, to apply his ability to the control of labour, and equally capable of making labour productive. But all the labourers are at present in the pay of John. James, therefore, must set himself to detach them from John's service; and he accordingly engages that, if they will work for him, they shall not only each receive the necessaries that John gives them, but a share of the other things that they produce—of the butter, of the cigars, and of the wine—as well. The moment this occurs John has to make a similar offer; and thus the wages of labour at once begin to rise. When they have been forced up to a certain point, James and John cease to bid against one another, and each employs a certain number of labourers, till one or other of them makes some new discovery which enables the same amount of some commodity—we will say cigars—as has hitherto been produced by two men, to be produced by one; and thus a new labourer is set free and is available for some new employment. We must assume that James and John could both employ this man profitably—that is, that they could set him to produce some new object of desire—let us say strawberries;—and, this being so, there is again a competition for his labour. He is offered by both employers as much as he has received hitherto and as the other labourers receive; and he is offered also a certain number of strawberries. Whichever employer ultimately secures his services, the man has secured some further addition to his income. He has some share in the increasing wealth of the community; and, as John and James continue to compete in

increasing the production of all other commodities, some share of each increase will in time go to all the labourers.

One thing only could interfere with this process; and that has been excluded from our supposed community: namely, an increase in its numbers. And a mere increase in the numbers would in itself not be enough. It must be an increase which outstrips the discovery of new ways in which labour may be employed profitably. Let us suppose that to our original eight labourers, eight new labourers are added, who if left to themselves could do just what the first eight could do: namely, produce annual subsistence for themselves to the value of £50 each. If, under the management of James or John the productivity of these men could be multiplied eight-fold, as was the case with the first eight, James and John would be soon competing for their services, and the second eight, like the first eight, would share in the increased product. But if owing to all the best land being occupied, and few improvements having been discovered in the methods of any new industries, the productivity of the new men could be increased not eight-fold, but only by one-eighth—that is to say, if what each man produces could be raised from £50 to no more than £56 10s.,—£56 10s. would be the utmost these men would get, even if the ability of James or John got no remuneration whatever. The first set of workmen, however, are receiving much more than this. They are receiving each, we will say, £100. The second set, therefore, naturally envy their situations, and endeavour to secure these for themselves by offering their labour at a much lower price. They offer it at £90, at £70, or even at £60; for they would be bettering their present situation by accepting even this last sum. This being the case, the original eight labourers have necessarily to offer their labour at reduced terms also; and thus the wages of labour are diminished all round. Such is the inevitable result under such circumstances, if each man—employer and employed—follows his own natural interest. One man is not more selfish than another, and for the result nobody is to blame. The average wages of labour are diminished, because the average product is diminished which each labourer assists in producing. The community is richer absolutely; but it is poorer in proportion to its numbers.* The original product of the first eight labourers was £50 a head, or £400 in the aggregate. This was raised by the co-operation of ability to £400 a head, or £3,200 in the aggregate. But the second set of labourers, whatever ability may do for them, cannot be made to produce more than £56 10s. a head, or an aggregate of £425; and thus, whereas eight labourers produced £3,200,

* If the number of employers does not increase, it is true that they, unlike the employed, will be richer in proportion to their numbers; but they will be poorer in proportion to the number of men employed by them.

sixteen labourers produce only £3,652, and the average product is lowered from £400 to £228.

What, therefore, we may say as a general truth is this: That wages only decline, owing to increase of population, when, relatively to the population, wealth declines also; and farther—and this is the important point to insist on—so long as a country, under the existing conditions of production, continues to grow richer in proportion to the number of labourers employed, of every fresh increase in riches a part will go to the labourers. They will not have to struggle for it. Competition will force it on them. Thus the old theory of a wage-fund,* which has of late been attacked so constantly, has, after all, this great residuary truth—namely, that the amount of wealth that is spent and taken in wages is limited by the total amount of wealth produced in proportion to the number of the labourers who assist in its production. If the proportion decreases, wages must necessarily decrease. If it increases, they must necessarily increase—not owing to any combination amongst the labourers, or any far-seeing or preconcerted scheme of action, but simply by the natural working of inevitable and elementary instincts. The increase, however, of wages which results thus naturally and automatically, may be increased yet further by deliberate combination on the part of the labourers; and we will now consider that.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

XIII.

THE NATURAL LIMITS TO THE POWER OF ORGANIZED LABOUR.

As my whole object in dealing with the subjects before us is to indicate what may be possible in the future, and as it is only for the sake of that object that I am referring to the past, it is more important to consider the combination of labour as a general force than to examine particular ways in which, as a matter of history, it has been introduced into the industrial world, and used; though to the broad facts of its history some reference will be necessary. For

* The theory of a wage-fund as commonly understood means this—that if there were eight labourers and a capital of £400, which would be spent in wages and replaced within a year, and if this were distributed in equal shares of £50, it would be impossible to increase the share of one labourer without diminishing that of the others; or to employ more labourers without doing the same thing. But the truth is that if means were discovered by which the productivity of any one labourer could be doubled during the first six months, the whole £50, destined for his whole year's subsistence, might be paid to him during the first six months, and the fund would meanwhile have been created with which to pay him a similar sum for the next six months—the employer gaining in the same proportion as the labourer. So, too, with regard to an additional number of labourers—if ability could employ their labour to sufficient advantage, part of the sum destined to support the original labourer for the second six months of the year might be advanced to them, and before the second six months' wages became due there might be enough to pay an increased wage to all.

our present purpose, then, we shall approach this subject best by again referring to the simple and imaginary community which was dealt with in the last chapter.

We saw that when there was only one employer of the eight labourers—labourers whom the employer found making £50 a year apiece, and whom by his ability he enabled to produce £400,—the whole of the increased product would, in the natural course of things, go to the man by whose ability it was practically created; for he could himself have no interest in parting with it; and the labourers, unless they made common cause together, would have no means of extorting any of it from him; for if only one of them at a time struck for higher wages, and was unsupported by his fellows, the employer would lose but an eighth part of his income, whilst the labourer would lose the whole of his, and could hardly for a day maintain such an unequal struggle. But if the whole of the eight labourers combined together, and all of them struck for higher wages simultaneously, the loss that must result from a struggle to both parties becomes equal. The employer, like the labourers, would for a time lose all his income. If, however, the employer had a fund to fall back upon on which he could support himself whilst production was suspended, and if the labourers had no such fund, the employer still would be sure of an early victory, supposing he were determined at all costs to resist the labourers' demand. In any case, however, the cost of resisting it would be considerable; with every fresh strike he would incur it over again; and, putting out of the question the trouble that would be thus caused him, it is quite possible that the labourers might make him lose more by their striking than he would lose by assenting to their demands, or, at all events, by making some concession to them. It is therefore obvious that in such a case the labourers would be able to extort an amount of extra wages proportionate to the amount of loss they could inflict on their employer if he refused them. The labourers themselves during the first struggle would, it is true, suffer even more than the employer; but it would be better worth their while to undergo this extra suffering, because, until their demands reached a certain point, the percentage on their income which the labourers would stand to gain would be greater than the percentage on his income which the employer would stand to lose.* And further, with each fresh increase

* In our imaginary community we have at first 8 labourers, who produce £50 a year apiece=£400. Then we have 8 labourers+one able man, who produce £400 a year for each labourer=£3,200. Of this the able man takes £2,800. Now, suppose the labourers strike for double wages, and succeed in getting them, their total wages are £800 a year instead of £400; and the employer's income is £2,400 instead of £800. The labourer gains 100 per cent.; the employer loses little more than 14 per cent. But if the labourer's demands grow faster than the gross receipts of the employer, a time would come when the case was reversed, and the employer stood to lose a larger percentage than the labourer stood to gain.

of their wages, the labourers would be better equipping themselves for any fresh struggle in the future, for they would be able to accumulate a fund on which to subsist without working, and would so be enabled to prolong the struggle—or, in other words, to inflict a still greater injury on the employer.*

We have thus far assumed that there was one employer only. If there were two, and those two were rivals, whilst the labourers were united, the power of the latter would be still greater, though there would be less occasion to use it; for, as we saw, the competition of rival employers will itself raise wages, without effort on the part of the labourers. But the natural rise in wages due to such competition might obviously be increased or accelerated by the labourers' combined action. It could, however, be increased up to a certain point only. If the demands of the labourers were to rise beyond a certain point, their combination would be met by a combination of the employers, or the action of all the employers would inevitably become similar, and any further concession would be refused.

A situation like this, though in practice it could never be entirely realized, is still the situation which all industrial combination tends to bring about, which has for its object the increase of the labourer's wages. It tends, by turning labourers into a single body on the one hand, and the employers into a single body on the other, to make the dispute like one between two individuals, and the ultimate adjustment of the dispute between them will be of the nature of an ordinary bargain, arrived at by what Adam Smith calls "the higgling of the market." But when such a bargain is being made there will be a limit on both sides—a limit to what the employers will consent to give, and a limit to what the labourers will consent to accept. The former is what most concerns us here. The limit to the amount to which the labourers can raise their wages is the point at which any further rise would so diminish the profits of the employers as to make the stimulus to ability appreciably less in power, and thus, by lessening the amount of ability exerted, to decrease the aggregate product, out of which alone wages can come.

The above argument, however, depends upon two assumptions, which are not in accordance with reality, and for which allowance must now be made. It is based upon the assumption that the labouring population is stationary, and also that ability can increase the productivity of labour equally in all industries. In reality,

* It was pointed out, with admirable force, by Mr. Henry Gourlay, in a paper in *The National Review*, that when a Trade-Union wins after a prolonged struggle with an employer, the victory is not one of labour over capital, but of capital over capital.

however, as was noticed in the last chapter, the number of labourers increases constantly, and the improvements in different industries are very unequal; and, owing to these two causes, it often happens that the total value produced in some industries by labour and ability together, is not so great as is the share that is taken by labour in others. Thus, the labourers employed in the inferior industries could by no possibility raise their wages to the amount received by the labourers employed in the superior ones. Their effort accordingly, would be, to obtain employment in the latter, and to do so by accepting wages higher indeed than what they receive at present, but lower than those received by the men whose positions they wish to take. Thus, under such circumstances, a union of industrial interests ceases to be any longer possible. By an irresistible and automatic process there is produced an antagonism between them, and the labourers who enjoy the higher wages will do what is actually done by our Trades-Unions—they will form a separate combination to protect their own interests, not only against the employers, but even more directly against other labourers. They will indeed threaten and prepare to make the position of the employer intolerable, in case he does a certain thing; and the certain thing in question is to give their fellow labourers employment at a reduced scale of wages.

It will be seen, therefore, that in actual life combination can never reach what would seem to be its logical end. The interests of labour and the interests of ability can never be respectively so united as to make the struggle between them like a struggle between two individuals. At a certain stage of their demands the labourers may be able to combine more readily and more closely than the employers; but, when a certain stage has been passed, the case will be the reverse. The employers will be forced more and more into unanimous action, whilst the labourers, by their diverging interests, are divided into groups whose action is mutually hostile.

Thus, the extent to which combination amongst the labourers can assist in raising wages is more limited than appearances might lead us to suppose. That this is true, as regards the past, is the opinion of those who have studied the question most carefully. Professor Marshall speaks of trade combinations thus: "Their importance is certainly great, and grows rapidly. But it is apt to be exaggerated; for, indeed, many of them are little more than eddies, such as have always fluttered over the surface of progress. And though they are now on a larger and more imposing scale in this modern age than before, yet much as ever the main body of the movement depends on the deep, silent, strong stream of the tendencies of Normal Distribution and Exchange."

Professor Marshall is speaking of what trade combination has effected in the past. The general illustrations and arguments I have just been bringing forward show that the limitation of its results is no mere historical accident, due to the principles of combination having been not yet perfectly realized, but that it inheres in the principle itself, no matter how complete its development.

I have said that appearances are perhaps against this conclusion. But they are only so to the superficial observer. Combinations of labourers, both in this country and in America, have on certain occasions shown what enormous strength labour — or rather labourers—may acquire. The gas-strikes and the dock-strikes in London, the great railway-strikes, and the strike at Homestead in America, are cases in point. But about all these labour movements there is one feature which never seems to be realized either by observers or by those who take part in them, but on which really their entire character depends, and which makes their real character entirely different from what it seems to be. They are not movements which in any accurate sense represent labour. All that in themselves they represent is an organized resistance to labour. The growing command of the labourers over the machinery of organization represents no increased command over the smallest of industrial processes, nor puts them in a better position to maintain without assistance—still less to increase by the smallest fraction—the output of that wealth in which they are anxious to share further. From the ranks of the labourers there are constantly men rising with great abilities for organizing resistance; but it is probably not too much to say that no leader of any movement of the kind in question has ever been a man capable of assisting labour by making it more productive. The men who urge their fellows to *ask* for more have never been competent to help them to *make* more.* Thus, what are often taken to be the greater signs of the power of organized labour are not signs of the power of labour at all. They are no more signs of the power of labour than Byron's swimming across the Hellespont was a sign of the power of poetry, or than Burns's poetry was a sign of the power of ploughing. They are simply signs that the labourer, if ill-advised, may acquire, under certain circumstances, the power to paralyze labour; or, in other words, to interfere with the production of wealth. That,

* In saying this no disparagement is meant to the many men of strong character who are spoken of as Labour-leaders. There are many men of the highest ability of certain kinds who have no industrial ability. Shakespeare, probably, would have made a very bad organizer of labour. So, too, probably, would the Duke of Wellington. And all that is asserted above is that the men who have done most to organize the labourers into a claiming body, and a resisting body, have given no proof of the smallest capacity for organizing the labourers into a producing body.

however, is plainly not to their advantage in the long-run, and their advantage in the long-run is all we are here concerned with. We are not concerned to speculate on all that the labourers *could* do, but merely on all that they could do to their own advantage. And thus, as in the past so in the future, we may say that the power of combination to raise wages is limited. Within limits it may assist the operation of other causes—of which the chief is natural competition;—but beyond these limits it defeats its own ends. The salutary effects of combination, however, are not confined to the mere raising of wages. They extend, and may be extended still further, to other conditions of industrial welfare, of which it is not possible to treat here.

There is, however, a third cause of the growing wealth of the labourer, to which I have already alluded, and which still remains to be discussed. It need not detain us long. It consists of those increased facilities for travelling and communication, and also of the improvements made in the machinery of printing, without which the formation of a common opinion, and the prompt concerting of combined action amongst the labourers, would be impossible. These things form the objective foundation of Trade-Unionism. Nor is it only in this way that they improve the position of the labourers. They improve it also—and perhaps to an even greater degree—by enabling labour to move itself to the best market, and thus to meet the demand of the employers who are competing for it.

This is, perhaps, the most obvious of all the ways in which ability, whether it will or no, improves the position of the labourers, and makes them partners in the increasing wealth created by it. The problem may be further elucidated by the following considerations, which I propose, on another occasion, to set forth more fully. I have already pointed out the defective analysis of economists, who have all hitherto treated Ability as a form or branch of skilled labour; but even such economists have frequently used a phrase which is far more significant than they themselves seem to realize—*the rent of ability*. They mean by it the extra profits secured by exceptionally able management. But the meaning may be extended in quite opposite directions.

In the first place, it may be extended to wages as well as to profits. When labourers in any highly-paid industry succeed, by means of combination or otherwise, in securing a kind of tenant-right in their situations, to the exclusion of those who would supplant them by accepting lower wages, the extra wage which these men secure for themselves is the rent of the ability of their employer, or of his predecessors who have bequeathed him the result of it. These men, we will say, are paid 35s. a week, whilst other men,

equally efficient, are paid 25s. The extra 10s. is due to the superior development, and the superior prosperity, of the industry in which they work—a prosperity and development caused not by themselves, but by those who have improved its methods and piloted its fortunes. In other words, the superiority of the employer is to such labourers what a superiority of soil is to the agriculturist; and so long as they can be said to own their situations under him, they are practically owners of a share in his superior ability, and take the rent of it in just the same way as the peasant proprietor takes the rent of his soil.

But the rent of ability may be given an even wider meaning than this. Every increase in the wealth of any given nation—allowance being made for any increase in the number of the labourers—may be also called the rent of ability; a richer epoch being held to differ from a poorer epoch, as a more fertile field differs from a more barren one.

The practical conclusion of the whole of the foregoing arguments, which I have been urging in the present and previous Numbers of this *Review*, is to show how equally in theory and in practice the fortunes of Labour depend on the fortunes of Ability; and that the rise of a new millionaire in the industrial world should not be regarded by the labourers with jealousy and hostility, but should be welcomed as the sign of an addition to that volume of wealth of which a proportion will, sooner or later, reach themselves. And I have endeavoured to make this clear by appeals to fact, and by reasonings, which may commend themselves equally, and be equally convincing to all classes, whatever may be their views and prejudices. I have, however, spoken of the increase of wealth and wages, as if that were the sole object on which the labourers should concentrate their attention; but it may well happen that crises may arrive when not the increase of these, but their maintenance, will be the thing we have to struggle for. I pointed out in an earlier Number that, out of a population of 38,000,000, as many as 26,000,000 live on imported corn. In fact, this country, more than any country in the world, is an artificial fabric that has been built up by ability, half of its present wealth being the produce of the last fifty years; and should the action of ability, by internal or external causes, be interfered with, it is certain that this increment would at once begin to disappear. And what would be the result in that case to the population of these islands? The result would be suffering and disaster of a kind to which history can afford no parallel.

I began these papers with insisting on the great truth, so often, forgotten by a certain school of politicians, that the ultimate aim of all government was to secure the maximum of domestic prosperity

for the greatest possible number of the governed. It will have been seen, from the various facts and considerations I have brought forward, that the source of such prosperity consists of that stream of wealth of which the larger part is due to the action, not of labour, but of ability; and, therefore, the immediate, though not the ultimate, end of government, is to secure those national and international conditions which enable ability to exert itself to the best advantage.

And this brings us to that class of questions which, in ordinary language, are called questions of policy, and amongst which foreign policy holds a chief place. Successful foreign policy means the maintainance or the achievement of those conditions that are most favourable to the industries of our own nation; and this means the conditions that are most favourable to the homes of our own people. It is too commonly supposed that the greatness and the ascendency of our Empire minister to nothing but a certain natural pride; and natural pride, in its turn, is supposed by some to be an immoral and inhuman sentiment peculiar to the upper-classes. No one will be quicker to resent this last ludicrous supposition than the great masses of the British people; but, all the same, they are apt to think the former supposition correct—to regard the mere glory of the country as the principal result of our Empire,—and such being the case, they are, on occasion, apt to be persuaded that glory can be bought at too dear a price in money, struggle, or merely international friction. At all events, they are constantly tempted to regard foreign politics as something entirely disconnected with their own immediate, their domestic, their personal, their daily, interests.

What is wanted is the elucidation of that great fundamental truth, the method of teaching which I have been trying in these papers to indicate, and to which all the preceding arguments have been leading up—that on the political fortunes of this country depends the magnitude of its income, and on the magnitude of its income depends the income of the working-classes—the warmth of the hearth, the supply of food on the breakfast table of every labourer's home;—and that when popular support is asked for some foreign war, the sole immediate aim of which seems the defence of some remote frontier, our soldiers may be really fighting for the safety of their families at home—fighting to keep away from British and Irish doors not the foreign plunderer and the ravisher, but enemies still more pitiless—the want, the hunger, and the cold that spare neither age nor sex, and against which all prayers are unavailing.

W. H. Mallock.

CLOSING OF THE INDIAN MINTS.

It may be conceded that, in view of the condition of Indian finance and the violent disturbances to trade consequent upon the fluctuations and fall in the gold price of silver, the Government were fully justified in doing something; but it was not necessary for them to do the wrong thing.

Ever since 1873 the relation between the gold money of England and the silver money of India has been subject to a series of dislocations. In other words, the relative value of the sovereign and the rupee has been seriously disturbed. More than this: Owing to the enormous fall in the gold price of silver, the rupee, which used to be worth from 1s. 10d. to 2s. in English money, has gradually declined in value, till it lately became worth only 1s. 2½d.

The consequence has been that the finances of India and the trade between England and India have both, for the last twenty years, been thrown out of gear. Many new conditions have arisen, some tending in one direction, some in another, but all abnormal and unsettling. So far back as 1876, when the gold equivalent of the rupee had fallen to nearly 1s. 6d., the Indian Government took the matter into their serious consideration. But a slight, and, as it turned out, a temporary recovery at the end of that year, relieved the Government of their immediate anxieties, and the subject was dismissed. Even Sir Louis Mallet, in December, 1866, though he was far-seeing enough to express the fear that "the future course of silver is very uncertain, and thus all foundation for our financial calculations is wanting," had not at that time grasped the situation as he afterwards did. He spoke of "the utter collapse of the Silver Question" as if a settlement had been arrived at.

It was not till the Report of the Gold and Silver Commission was issued that the fundamental cause of the disturbance was thoroughly understood and explained to the people of this country. The origin of the evil was then ascertained to be the break-up of the Bimetallic System in Europe and in the United States. That system had, up to 1873, maintained "a link between silver and gold which had kept the price of the former, as measured by the latter, constant, at about the legal ratio; and when this link was broken the silver market

was open to the influence of all the factors which go to effect the price of a commodity." Such was the unanimous finding of the twelve Royal Commissioners appointed "to inquire into the recent changes in the relative values of the precious metals." This discovery at once let in a flood of light on the Indian Currency Question, which, so far from being disposed of, as the Indian Government thought in 1876, had reappeared between that year and 1888 in an aggravated and more acute form.

Most people would have supposed that after this revelation the natural course for the British Government to pursue would have been to take steps, or, at any rate, to encourage steps being taken, to re-establish the "link between gold and silver" which had been broken, and so rehabilitate the finances and place the trade of India upon a sound and permanent foundation. Successive Indian Governments had urged this even before the authoritative deliverance of the Royal Commission had been pronounced.

In 1881, while the Monetary Conference was sitting in Paris, the Government of India took up definite ground. Referring to a proposal, which was actually made to the Conference, that if a Bimetallic Union were formed, India should engage to keep her mints open to silver so long as the convention of other nations remained in force, the Indian Government proceeded to say in a despatch, dated June 10 in that year: "Should, however, no alternative present itself between allowing any international arrangement to break down, and pledging India to join the Bimetallic Union, we are of opinion that we should be justified in going a step further. Under these circumstances we should be prepared to recommend that India should join the Bimetallic Union if a sufficiently large number of other Governments were prepared to join." This proposal was not laid before the Conference.

Again, in 1886, this subject was brought before the Home Government by Lord Dufferin and his colleagues. In a despatch, dated Calcutta, February 2, 1886, they say: "The establishment of a fixed ratio between gold and silver is not beyond the possibility of human control, and ordinary prudence requires that steps should be taken to remove every preventible cause of future financial embarrassment." They urge upon the Home Government the duty of "taking the initiative in promoting a Conference for the consideration of remedial measures." They add: "Recent events have brought into greater prominence the evils with which the world is threatened by the state of the currency in the United States of America and in the countries comprised in the Latin Union, and the present time would appear to be a favourable one for re-opening the whole question. Even if your Lordship" (this was addressed to Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then Secretary of State for

India) "see no prospect of immediate success, we should still recommend that the question be raised again. The evils connected with the present state of affairs are so serious that the adoption, sooner or later, by international agreement, of measures which will bring about a stable ratio between gold and silver, appears to us to be only a question of time. A wide and general discussion of the question is essential to the formation of a body of public opinion sufficient to enforce a final settlement, and the sooner a final settlement is taken in hand the easier it will be to carry out, and the more satisfactory to all concerned will be the result."

In September, 1886, the Government of the day appointed the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver. That Commission endorsed most of the views which had been put forward by the Government of India, though in the end one section of the Commission hesitated to recommend that this country should join a Bimetallic Union. Since the date of that Report (1888), however, Mr. Leonard Courtney, one member of that section, has severed himself from his colleagues on this point, and, impressed by what has since occurred, has publicly given his support to the desirability of an international agreement. In the April Number of *The Nineteenth Century* this year he wrote: "Five years ago I joined with my friends in deprecating any attempt to establish an international agreement for the free coinage of both gold and silver as standard money. I have advanced with further experience and reflection to the belief that such an agreement is to be desired."

Thus a majority of the Royal Commissioners are now in favour of an International Bimetallic Agreement for the establishment of a Joint Standard.

This solution of the Indian difficulty has since 1881 been the one advocated by the Government of India. In 1892, in a despatch, dated March 23, they say: "We are desirous, as we have always been, of aiding in the settlement of the Silver Question by international agreement."

Sir David Barbour, Finance Minister of India, in his Minute attached to the Correspondence, and which contains the proposal for a gold standard for India, laid before Lord Herschell's Committee, says in unmistakable terms, "I have no hesitation in saying that an international agreement for the free coinage of both silver and gold, and for the making of them full legal tender at a fixed ratio, would be far better for India and all other countries than the establishment of the single gold standard, even if the latter course be possible."

"With regard to the question of the expediency of attempting to introduce a gold standard into India, I do not go further than

saying that if a general agreement for the free coinage of both silver and gold at a ratio cannot be obtained, and if the United States does not adopt free coinage of silver, I think an attempt should be made to establish a gold standard in this country."

It is well-known that the Indian Currency Association likewise supports an International Bimetallic Agreement as the best solution of the question, if the Home Government could be induced to sanction it.

From this review it is manifest that the closing of the Mints to silver in India, or the establishment of a gold standard, either with or without a gold currency in that country, so far as these measures have been at any time suggested by the Indian authorities, must be regarded as desperate alternatives, only justifiable if the Home Government obstinately refused to adopt the only safe and sound remedy of international agreement.

It is but fair to the Indian Government that their position in this matter should be clearly understood. The responsibility of the step which has just been taken does not rest with them. Whatever difficulties or dangers, either in India or in this country, come in its train, the blame must rest entirely with the Government at home, which has persistently ignored the primary recommendation of its responsible advisers in India.

No one who reads the Report of "The Committee appointed to enquire into the Indian Currency" can fail to see that they were deliberately placed by the British Government in such a position that they could only register and endorse one conclusion.

In the first place, the question submitted to them was of a most limited character. A Correspondence between the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India in Council was laid before the Committee. In the forefront of that Correspondence was placed, in the strongest language, the recommendation that the settlement of the Silver Question should be attained by international agreement. Yet that proposal is not referred to the Committee at all by the Secretary of State. Their attention is confined entirely to the alternative and subsidiary "proposal for stopping the free coinage of silver in India, with a view to the introduction of a gold standard." It is admitted by Lord Kimberley, in his communication to Lord Herschell, that the effect of this measure, if adopted, "will by no means be confined to India." Yet the Government deliberately ignore and forbid all consideration by the Committee of other proposals which the Government of India had been repeatedly urging upon England for ten or twelve years, as the only safe and rational method of relieving India from the grave difficulties in her finance and her trade, with which she had been forced to struggle in consequence of the heavy fall in the gold price

of silver. Lord Kimberley suggests that the question before the Committee will be whether there is sufficient ground for "overruling" the Government of India in the second and alternative proposal which the pressing conditions of Indian finance compelled them to submit, but which they did not like. He does not allow Lord Herschell and his colleagues to consider the more important and primary question whether there is sufficient ground for "overruling" the Government of India on the main proposal which they did like, and they had for years recommended.

This proceeding of itself shows the limited duty which the Committee was summoned to perform.

Again, the composition of the Committee was unfortunate. It is true that, of the men chosen, some were able and experienced in official life, while others were learned in economic science. But there was an entire absence of any representation of Eastern Banking, or of Commerce or Industry, either Indian or British. These interests were quite as much at stake in the decision to which the Committees should come, and were at least quite as important, as the financial position of the Government of India, or the pecuniary difficulties of the civil and military services in that country. No doubt evidence was accepted from merchants and others engaged in Indian trade. But it will be found, when the details of the Report are examined, that little weight was given by the Committee to this evidence, which was almost unanimous in condemning the action which was contemplated, and which was subsequently adopted.

The Report itself is an interesting, and in many ways an instructive, document. But it is unsatisfactory for two reasons. In the first place, because its scope is so narrow; and, in the second place, because a foregone conclusion manifestly dominates all the arguments and examination of facts which it contains.

The great object to be attained was the restoration of a par of exchange between the Standard money of India and the Standard money of England: in other words, between silver and gold. But this broad, paramount issue, was not submitted to the Committee at all. On the contrary, its attention was confined to one narrow, subsidiary proposal, which had practically been decided upon, unless the Committee absolutely rejected it,—viz., "stopping the free coinage of silver in India with a view to the introduction of a gold standard." This fact, no doubt, to a great extent explains the meagre and incomplete character of the Report, and so far as their hands were tied, the Committee cannot be held responsible.

But we now come to the work of the Committee within the limits assigned to them. The plan which they have approved is "The closing of the Mints against the free coinage of silver, accompanied

by an announcement that, though closed to the public, they will be used by Government for the coinage of rupees in exchange for gold at a ratio to be then fixed (say) 1s. 4d. per rupee; and that at the Government treasuries gold will be received in satisfaction of public dues at the same ratio."

The immediate effect of this plan (now carried out) is that India at the present moment has no Standard Money at all. It possesses only an inconvertible token coinage,—nothing better in fact than a system of inconvertible paper. On the one hand the rupee is divorced from the silver which it contains; and on the other it cannot be regarded as a fraction of the gold sovereign, for it lacks convertibility.

But it may be said this is only an intermediate step. The ultimate intention is "the introduction of a gold standard." The question then arises, How is a gold standard to be introduced, and when? This final step seems left altogether to chance. Sir David Barbour, in his able Minute, lays down the principle that, "In order that the gold standard may be effective," not only must a limit be placed upon the number of the silver coins, but also "they must be convertible into gold coins whenever any person wishes for gold coins in exchange for silver coins."

The Committee do not appear to have attached the slightest weight to this fundamental condition. The only attempt at justification for ignoring this great principle in the science of money is to be found in the following sentence: "It must, however, be remembered that, although a nation possessed of a fairly-satisfactory monetary system might well hesitate to exchange it, even temporarily for an inconvertible currency, yet India already labours under difficulties the gravity of which is admitted."

The recommendation of the Committee, in fact, is that India should "walk out of the frying-pan into the fire."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Lord Farrer and Sir Reginald Welby should protest against this happy-go-lucky monetary system, and recommend in a note that the Government of India should at once take definite steps to "accumulate a sufficient reserve of gold to secure the convertibility of their token silver currency." How and when this is to be achieved these authorities do not state.

Sir David Barbour says: "The accumulation of a sufficient store of gold would be a measure too expensive for a country situated as India is, and when it had been accumulated and the exchangeability of the silver coins for gold coins had been guaranteed by means of it, there would be a very great risk of the whole stock of gold being drawn away in exchange for silver rupees. If this should happen,—and I think it would happen unles our stock of gold was very

large indeed,—the gold standard would cease to exist, and we should find ourselves exactly where we started."

But the Committee, from the nature of the case, could scarcely be expected to deal with inconvenient questions of this kind on broad lines. They had a mandate to sanction, if possible, the closing of the Mints to silver, unless they were convinced that such a measure would produce an immediate catastrophe.

Mr. Leonard Courtney plaintively regrets that he was not allowed to raise "previous questions," though he held there were preliminary questions which ought "first to be determined." Under these circumstances the Committee boldly set themselves to minimize all the objections to the limited and indefinite proposal which had been submitted for their consideration.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION,

Out of twenty-seven witnesses who were examined none appear to have advocated the measure on the ground of its own intrinsic merits. Objection after objection was raised by experienced Indian authorities, by bankers, by merchants, and by economists. But these objections are as a rule dealt with in a most perfunctory manner in the Report. The future of silver is left out of account altogether. On this point the Report states that "all the factors of the problem are so uncertain that it is impossible to predict with any confidence, or in numerical terms, what the effect of closing the Mints would be on the value of uncoined silver." As to "the future value or gold price of the rupee" the Committee are equally vague. "There might be some time to wait before there was any increase in its value. . . Neither could we trace the progress of the enhancement of the value of the rupee in respect of time or place which we should expect to follow the closings of the Mints."

The Report contains an elaborate and most interesting statement of the "Different Currency Systems of different nations." But when the Committee give the "general conclusion" at which they arrive, after a careful examination of these systems, it is most disappointing. They merely say: "On the whole it seems to us that, whilst the differences we have pointed out prevent the cases of the countries referred to from being applicable in all respects as precedents to the case of India, and the circumstances of each particular country must be studied, yet the experience derived from the currencies of those countries is not without value as bearing on the questions which we have to consider, and is important as showing under what various conditions the exchange value of a currency may be maintained."

The only real "general conclusion" which it is possible to draw from that part of the Report which deals with the "Effect of the Proposals," is that in the opinion of the Committee it is "a leap

in the dark," and that none of its results can possibly be estimated till the experiment has been made.

The way in which the Committee deal with the objections urged by the witnesses whom they examined is more curious still. Most of these objections are admitted to be of great weight. All that the Committee venture to say, in reply to them, is that possibly they are not entitled to so much weight as the objectors think.

It may be useful to give a short synopsis of the answers of the Committee to the most important of these objections.

1. "SPURIOUS COINAGE."—"It is difficult to estimate with precision the real extent of the alleged danger; but when it is borne in mind that in order to carry out operations on an extended scale expensive and specially-constructed machinery would be requisite, we doubt whether the danger of India being flooded with a large amount of spurious coin would really be a grave one."

2. "EFFECT ON HOARDS OF SILVER."—"It cannot, we think, be doubted that the closing of the Mints would in this case depreciate the silver ornaments and the uncoined silver hoarded by the people of India. Such a use of ornaments is, however, said to be rare."

3. "BURDEN OF TAXATION WOULD BE INCREASED."—"The argument is no doubt sound; but there are answers to this objection which have no little weight."

The "answers" are not given!

4. "ALTERNATIVE OF INCREASED TAXATION."—"Supposing the choice to be between an indirect increase of taxation arising from arrest of the fall in the value of the rupee, or even from a considerable increase in its value on the one hand, and the imposition of new taxation on the other, the latter of these courses would be far more likely to lead to popular discontent and political difficulty than the former."

If this argument is worth anything, it means that the people of India are in the future to have increased taxation imposed upon them in an insidious form, in the hope that they may not discover it. Hitherto they have enjoyed a stable standard of value, of which they are now to be deprived, under which prices have remained practically stable, while gold prices have seriously fallen.

5. "TRADE WITH SILVER-USING COUNTRIES."—"The proposal of the Government of India, in so far as it rendered the exchange between India and gold-using countries stable, would introduce into the trade of India with silver-using countries the same disquieting influences which it is alleged at present hamper the trade of India with gold-using countries. It must, however, be observed that the trade of India with silver-using countries only amounts to about half of her trade with gold-using countries."

One-third of the trade of India evidently is of no consequence! But a more definite answer to the objection is attempted,—viz., "That the Indian produce imported into China is paid for ultimately by goods exported by China to other countries, and that, *if* the gold prices of these commodities does not fall owing to a fall in the gold value of silver, they would realize a higher silver price, and that China would thus be able to pay a higher price for the Indian imports. We have already given our reasons for doubting whether the fall in the gold price of silver does operate to any considerable extent in reducing the gold price of commodities exported from silver-using countries."

It will be observed that the validity of this answer depends entirely upon an "if," and a very doubtful "if" too!

6. "TRADE OF INDIA IN COMPETITION WITH SILVER-USING COUNTRIES."—"Another objection strongly urged is that, if the proposal of the Government were carried out, and there should arise a great divergence between the ratio borne to gold by the rupee and by silver respectively, this would seriously affect the trade of India with silver-using countries, and stimulate in those countries the production of commodities which compete with Indian commodities in the markets of the world, and that the effect of such increased competition would be seriously felt by India." The answer of the Committee to this argument is that "China is slow to move."

If the Consular reports are to be trusted, China has already moved. But, whatever may be said of China, the people of Japan, at any rate, are sure to be on the alert, and will move rapidly.

7. "OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA."—"The amount imported from India forms only a small portion of the total consumption. Indian opium is in truth a luxury; its use in preference to Chinese opium is a matter of taste, and depends on its real or assumed superior qualities. Under these circumstances, it may be doubted whether any considerable diminution in the rupee value of opium exports to China would be likely to result from the adoption of the proposals of the Indian Government."

8. "COMPETITION OF SILVER-USING COUNTRIES WITH INDIA IN OTHER MARKETS."—"But, allowing that the argument of those who raise the objection with which we have been dealing is not without foundation, consideration of the experience derived from a study of the history of Indian exports during the period characterized by a fall in the gold value of silver, as noticed in paragraph 27, leads us to doubt whether the suggested advantage is not much less than those who urge the argument suppose."

9. "TEA PLANTATIONS."—"It cannot be denied that if the proposed currency change were adopted in India alone its tendency

might be for a time to benefit the producer in Ceylon, and, perhaps, the Chinese in his competition with the Indian. To what extent this tendency would prejudice the Indian producer it is impossible to forecast, and, even so far as it did so, it must be remembered that it would not necessarily entail disadvantage on the country as a whole; and having regard to the history of the Indian tea trade, and to its great progress in recent years under existing conditions, we cannot think it likely that any very serious prejudice would result."

10. "China might Produce what She now Imports from India."—"To this it is replied, and we think with force, that the want of railways and other means of communication in China, the heavy and arbitrary imposts to which production is thus subjected, and other causes, deprive these apprehensions of any very serious foundation."

Thus, it will be seen that the Committee do not deny the cogency of most of these objections. They content themselves, however, with vague answers, taking an optimist view of results, and attaching no real weight to the opinions and arguments of the witnesses whom they themselves had selected as experts.

There are, moreover, two obvious fallacies which they adopt, and which vitiate their reasoning in several portions of the Report.

The first of these is the assumption that the Indian producer has received a higher silver price for his produce, so that the fall in exchange has benefited him. This is (to say the least of it) very disputable. Indeed, though they proceed on this theory in more than one of their arguments, they themselves are obliged to admit that, even if true at all, it is only lately, and partially, that silver prices in India have risen. In paragraph 31 they say: "Down to a comparatively late date it was generally believed that, notwithstanding a fall in the gold value of silver, prices in India had been practically unaltered; but the evidence before us points to the conclusion that during recent years the silver price of Indian produce has risen." The evidence referred to in this paragraph is not given, so there is no opportunity afforded for testing it. But, even if it be a fact that prices have risen recently, the causes of that rise would have to be examined before any conclusions could be based upon the statement. In any case, the broad fact remains, even in the view of the Committee, that for nearly twenty years, while gold prices have fallen as much as thirty per cent., silver prices have practically remained unaltered, showing that silver is a more stable standard of value than gold.

The second fallacy is that the fall in the gold price of silver has had no effect in reducing the gold price of commodities. It is to be noticed that, though the Committee use this assumption in reply to

the objections that the manufacturer in India will suffer serious loss in his trade with China and other silver-using countries, if the rupee is kept artificially at a higher value than the market value of the silver contained in it, and argue that the rupee price of manufactures in India will be maintained, they do not undertake to deny that the gold prices of manufactures in this country have been driven down by the fall in exchange. They simply say "the allegation is strongly controverted," and then they proceed to argue as if it had been disproved.

But a still more unfortunate feature in the Committee's Report is the absence of any apparent realization on the part of Lord Herschell and his colleagues (except, perhaps, Mr. Courtney) of the revolution outside India which a decision in favour of closing the Indian Mints would create. Though warned by Lord Kimberley that the effect of this measure, if adopted, would "by no means be confined to India," there is no reference in the Report to its probable consequences to the investing, trading, or industrial classes in England, much less to other consequences which might flow from it in America or on the Continent of Europe.

Yet these consequences must ultimately be very grave. Already in the City it is said that there has been a shrinkage in the value of securities of no less than £28,000,000, accompanied by many failures. It is pointed out in a carefully reasoned article in *The Statist*, of July 15, that, though so far as the India Council succeeds in fixing the value of the rupee, exports from England to India may be temporarily stimulated, the probability is that ultimately the effect will be that India's power to buy will be greatly reduced, and that Lancashire and other industrial centres will in the end lose considerably more than they are likely to gain.

What the effect in the United States and on the Continent may be it is difficult to forecast. But, at any rate, this is certain: The closing of the Mints in India is a deliberate blow to silver, and will discourage its use as a standard of value, or even as a monetary metal. Moreover, it indicates a policy in direct opposition to the united opinion of the nations lately assembled in Conference at Brussels, and is in direct violation of the principles laid down in the instructions given to the British delegates appointed to attend that Conference.

No reference is made to these important matters in the Report of Lord Herschell's Committee. The omission is remarkable, and it shows the "parochial spirit" in which the investigation of this grave subject of world-wide interest has been conducted.

More remarkable still is the complete silence of the Committee on the appreciation of gold, and the bearing which the establishment of a gold standard in India may have upon this vital question.

It may be that a majority of the members of the Committee disbelieve in the possibility of gold appreciation, and therefore they may have closured any reference to so pestilent a "heresy." But, unless this is the case, it seems extraordinary that in sanctioning a policy and a plan which, if it is to be successful at all, must sooner or later entail a new demand for gold as a reserve to secure the convertibility of the token rupee, not the slightest consideration, or, at any rate, not the slightest expression of opinion, should have been given as to the effect of this new demand upon the value of the Standard metal in gold-using countries, or upon gold prices. This aspect of the question is indeed important as regards India herself; for, if a gold standard is to be forced upon her, she will become vitally concerned in any variations in her new measure of value. If henceforth both her internal and external trade is to be based upon gold prices, instead of, as hitherto, upon silver prices, any appreciation of gold will have a meaning for her and an influence on her future condition which the Committee were bound to take into their consideration. But they do not seem to have done so, or if they have, they have not allowed the world to know what was the result of their deliberations.

The Report as a whole is scarcely worthy of the eminent men who framed it. No doubt they were placed in a false position. The task imposed upon them was a difficult one, and the conditions under which they were called upon to undertake it made it more difficult still. They were not allowed to choose the gap in the hedge, which the Indian Government had pointed out as the safest course. They were compelled to take the fence at the point where it was the "blindest." No wonder they floundered.

The future of this question is still as uncertain as ever. No settlement has been arrived at. Those who objected most to "tampering with the currency" have been the first to tamper with it. But, unfortunately, they have only been able so far to abolish one system, without establishing any other in its place. What that other system is to be no one knows. The hope is that, now that Monometallists have done their worst in destroying the old house, scientific builders may, before it is too late, be called in to construct a durable edifice on a sound foundation.

William H. Houldsworth.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

THIRTEEN years ago the Editor of a London paper put into my hands a copy of a just-issued volume of French verse, which had been specially sent to him by his Paris correspondent in a fit of moral indignation. It was entitled *Des Vers*, and the author of it was a certain Guy de Maupassant, of whom I knew nothing. The correspondent had seen in it a good opportunity for a denunciation of French wickedness; and my Editor handed it over to me to see what was to be done with it. I saw no exceptional wickedness, and a very great deal of power; indeed, though I was tolerably familiar with French verse and prose of the day, it seemed to me that I had not seen so much promise in any new writer since Baudelaire's death; and I informed my Editor that, though I had not the slightest objection to blessing Maupassant, I certainly would not curse him. He thought the blessing not likely to please his public, while it would annoy his correspondent, and on my representation declined to have anything to do with the cursing; so *nous passasmes oultre.*

I forget how long afterwards it was that the *Soirées de Médan* appeared, and in them this very remarkable person in a new character. Certainly no one can ever have shown to better advantage in company than M. de Maupassant did on this occassion. *L'Attaque du Moulin*, which opened the volume, has always seemed to me (with passages of *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*, the first hundred pages of *L'œuvre*, and one or two other things) the best of all M. Zola's voluminous work. But *L'Attaque du Moulin* itself has upon it the naturalist-impressionist curse of being not a finished work of art, not a drawing or a picture, but a "page," a study, a sort of *remarque*. As for the works of the young men, other than M. de Maupassant, they had this defect in even greater measure, unredeemed by their master's massive, if vulgar, vigour, and his desperate intensity. The contribution of M. Huysmans, in particular, has always appeared to me one of those voluntary or involuntary caricatures of the writer's own style and school which are well-known at all times, and have never been more frequent than at the present day. But *Boule de Suif?* Among the others that pleasant and pathetic person was not a *boule;* she was a pyramid, a Colossus, a spire of Cologne Cathe-

dral. Putting the unconventionality of its subject aside, there is absolutely no fault to be found with the story. It is as round and smooth as "Boule de Suif" herself.

It was natural to make some inquiry about this very bright new light in French verse and prose; and it was, I think, then that I received from a French friend the erroneous information that Maupassant was Flaubert's nephew, with which, I am afraid, I deceived others. As a matter of fact, he was, it seems, his godson, though the slimier gossip which has unfortunately gathered round his name and life insists on a nearer relation still. But of this and of all the rest of the said gossip it cannot be necessary to take much or any notice here. The miserable death which has, as in hardly any other case of our time, "cut the branch that might have grown full straight," has provoked comment enough; and almost everybody who reads these pages with any interest in their subject will know that Maupassant belonged to a good Norman family, that he had some experience of the *rond de cuir*—the desk-and-stool purgatory which Frenchmen theoretically hate so much, but to which they take rather readily in practice—that he received a severe literary schooling from Flaubert himself, and after Flaubert's death "broke out ten thousand strong," in the old phrase, flourished for a decade or more, wrote many books with some scandal, more profit, and most fame, broke down with some form or other of paralytic dementia, and died the other day after many months of irresponsibility.

It would be quite impossible in the space here at command to go through the immense number of Maupassant's minor stories, or even to analyze at length all his larger books. The former are as the sands of the sea, comparatively brief as was the life of the producer. As for the latter, I do not know that the analysis of any one—*Une Vie*, *Bel-Ami*, *Mont-Oriol*, *Fort comme la Mort*, *Notre Cœur*, or even, to mention it out of the regular order, *Pierre et Jean* itself,—would be of much service. Such abstracts and analyses may not be out of place when the work of their writers is very various, or when it has frequently taken the form of elaborate and intricate artistic creation. But Maupassant's work deserves neither of these descriptions. Despite its bulk, its minute subdivision, and its remarkable merit, it has a certain monotony—it is even somewhat of its strength to be monotonous. And it cannot pretend, or can only do so in the case of *Pierre et Jean*, to furnish an addition to the list of great artistic creations. When I see critics (chiefly of the younger sort) assume complacently, or assert pugnaciously, that Maupassant made an advance upon Flaubert, I cannot help smiling a little. He made, indeed, the advance, which is so common in literature, of perfection in *technique* and sureness in touch;

but, far more than is usual in such cases, he paid the price of contracted range, scale, scheme, genius. I find it impossible to construct or to comprehend any system of literary appreciation which can rank any work of his, or all his work together, otherwise than far below *Madame Bovary*, which can rank it even on a level with *Salammbô*, with the *Tentation*, with the *Trois Contes*.

To talk thus is indeed to diverge into the wrong form of comparison, and to value this person against that, instead of simply contrasting them so as to discern the separate characters of each. Maupassant's own work is of very substantial bulk, despite the tragic earliness of the application of the "abhorred shears," and despite the fact of the long and apparently fruitless apprenticeship which preceded his actual public appearance. The volumes of verse and of prose fiction already referred to, two or three (chiefly of his later years) giving impressions of travel, a "villainous play," as he calls it, which I have never seen, and a little criticism, make a very respectable total. Of the verse enough has been or will be said indirectly, though I should like to repeat that I put it much higher than do most of Maupassant's admirers. The volumes of travel sketches do not appear to me particularly successful, despite the almost unequalled faculty of their writer for sober yet vivid description. They have the air of being written to order, and they do not seem, as a rule, to arrive at artistic completeness either objectively or subjectively. Of the criticism, by far the most remarkable piece is the famous Preface to *Pierre et Jean*, which contains the author's literary creed, refined and castigated by years of practice from the cruder form which he had already promulgated in the Preface to Flaubert's *Correspondence with George Sand*. It extols the "objective" as against the psychological method of novel-writing, but directs itself most strongly against the older romance of plot, and places the excellence of the novelist in the complete and vivid projection of the novelist's own particular "illusion" of the world, yet so as to present events and characters in the most actual manner.

The vividness and actuality of Maupassant's presentation are unquestioned, and there has been complaint rather of the character of his illusions than of his failure to convey them to others. On the first point there is absolutely no dispute among persons of any competence. It is not merely that nature, helped by the discipline of practice, under the severest of masters, had given Maupassant a style of the most extraordinary sobriety and accuracy—the style of a more scholarly, reticent, and tightly-girt Defoe. It is not merely that his vision and his capacity of reproducing that vision were unsurpassed and, except in the very greatest, unequalled for sharpness of outline and perfection of disengagement. He had something

else which it is much less easy to put into words—the power of treating an incident or a character (character, it is true, less often and less fully than incident) as if it were a phrase or a landscape, of separating it, carving it out (so to speak), and presenting it isolated and framed for survey. His performances in these tracks are so numerous that it is difficult to single out any. But I do not know that finer examples of his power of thus isolating and projecting a scene are to be found than two of the passages in *Pierre et Jean*, the prawn-catching party and Pierre's meditation at the jetty-head. Of his similar but greater faculty of treating incident and character *Monsieur Parent* is perhaps the very finest example (for *Boule de Suif* is something greater than a mere slice), though *Promenade*, *Les Sœurs Rondoli*, *Boitelle*, *Deux Amis*, and others are almost as good. But this very excellence of Maupassant's carries with it a danger which most of his readers have recognized. His definition and vignetting of separate scenes, incidents, and characters is so sharp and complete that he finds a difficulty in combining them. The attempt to disdain and depreciate plot which the above-mentioned Preface contains is, I suspect, as our disdains and depreciations so often are, a confession. At any rate, it is allowed that the longer books, with the exception of *Pierre et Jean* (which is for that very reason, and perhaps for others, disdained by the youngest and most impressionist school of critics), are deficient in beginning, middle, and end. *Une Vie* and *Bel-Ami* are surveys or chronicles, not dramas or histories. *Mont-Oriol*, open enough to objection in some ways, is rather better in this point. *Fort Comme la Mort* relapses under the old curse of the situation of teasing unhappiness from which there is no outlet, and in which there is little action. *Notre Cœur* should perhaps escape criticism, as the shadow of the author's fate was already heavy on him. Even *Pierre et Jean*, by far the greatest of all, if scale and artistic perfection be taken together, falls short in the latter respect of *Boule de Suif*, which, small as it is, is a complete tragi-comedy in little, furnished with beginning, middle, and end, complying fully with those older exigences which its author affected to despise, and really as great as anything of Mérimée's—greater it could not be.

There is no doubt that the theory which Maupassant says he learnt from Flaubert (in whose own hands it was always subordinated to an effort at larger completeness) does lead to the composition rather of a series or flock of isolated vignettes or scenes than to that of a great picture or drama. For it comes perilously close—though perhaps in Maupassant's own case it never actually reached—the barest and boldest (or baldest) individualizing of impressions, and leaving them as they are without an attempt at architectonic. For instance, a day or two ago I was passing

down the Euston Road. There passed me a fellow dragging a truck, on which truck there were three barrels with the heads knocked out, so that each barrel ensheathed to a certain extent the one in front of it. Astride of the centre barrel, his arms folded and a pipe in his mouth, there sat a man in a sort of sailor-costume—trousers, guernsey, and night-cap—surveying the world, and his fellow who dragged him, with an air of placid *goguenarderie*. It was really a striking impression, and absorbed me, I should think, for five or six seconds. I can conceive its coming into a story very well. But Maupassant's theories would have led to his making a whole story out of it, and his followers have already done things quite as bad, while he has himself come near to it more than once. In other words, the method tends to the presentations of scraps, orts, fragments, instead of complete wholes. And Art should always seek the whole.

As for the character of Maupassant's "illusions," there could never be much doubt about them. *Boule de Suif* itself pretty clearly indicated, and *La Maison Tellier* shortly after showed, at the very opening of his literary career, the scenes, the society, and the solaces which he most affected: while it was impossible to read even two or three of his stories without discovering that to M. de Maupassant the world was most emphatically *not* the best of all possible worlds. This was by no means principally shown in a class of stories of which I have said nothing yet, but to which his melancholy end has naturally drawn attention—the stories of supernatural terror to which, with an inconsistency very pleasing and by no means uncommon in declared materialists, he was much given. The chief of these, *Le Horla*, has not been much of a favourite with the lovers of "ghost-stories" in general. I think they are rather unjust to it. But if it has a fault that fault lies (and, to avoid the charge of being wise after the event, I may observe that I thought so at the time) in too much conviction. The darkness is darkness which has been felt, and felt so much by the artist that he has lost his artistic grasp and command.

But it is not in these stories of doubt and dread, or in the ostensible and rather shallow philosophizings of the travel-books, that Maupassant's pessimism is most obvious. His preference for the unhappy ending amounts almost to a *tic*, and would amount wholly to a bore —for *toujours* unhappy-ending is just as bad as *toujours* marriage-bells—if it were not relieved and lightened by a real presence of humour. With this sovereign preservative for self, and more sovereign charm for others, Guy de Maupassant was more richly provided than any of his French contemporaries, and more than any but a very few of his countrymen at any time. And as humour without tenderness is an impossibility, so too he could be and was tender. Yet it was

seldom and *malgré lui*, while he allowed the mere exercise of his humour itself too scantily for his own safety and his readers' pleasure. That there was any *fanfaronnade* either of vice or of misanthropy about Maupassant, I do not believe. An unfortunate conformity of innate temperament and acquired theory made such a *fanfaronnade* as unnecessary as it would have been repugnant to him. But illusion in such cases is more dangerous, if less disgusting, than imposture. And so it happened that Maupassant, with the rare and vast faculties just allowed him, was constantly found applying them to subjects distasteful if not disgraceful, and allowing the results to be sicklied over with a persistent "soot-wash" of pessimism which was always rather monotonous, and not always very impressive.

It was, of course, inevitable that, on this side of the Channel at least, strictures should be passed—and appealed against—on a writer of this kind. The "impropriety" of M. de Maupassant's subjects, the "cruelty," the "brutality," the "pessimism," and what not, of his handling, were sure to be denounced or defended, as the case may be. Although the merely "shoking" tone (as the spelling dear to Frenchman has it) has not been taken quite so loudly as it might have been a few years ago, expressions in it have not been wanting; while, on the other hand, newer-fashioned and probably younger critics have scornfully waved aside the very consideration of this part of the subject. Further, no less a critic than my friend Mr. Traill has entered a protest against the admission of Maupassant's pessimism as a drawback. "He did not," says Mr. Traill (I quote from memory), "*pose* as a pessimist; he was perfectly sincere, and an artist's sincere life-philosophy, whatever it is, is not to be urged against the products of his art."

I think that these matters require a little discussion: nay, perhaps, that the discussion of them has greater interest and importance —not for the moment merely—than the analytical exposition of the characteristics of such a writer as Maupassant, which are in the main very simple and obvious, sure to appeal at once to those who are predisposed to like them, and never very likely to be capable of recommendation by argument to those who are not predisposed to like them.

With reference to the impropriety matter, I have myself, after nearly twenty years' fighting against the *hérésie de l'enseignement*, not the very slightest intention of deserting to or transacting with it. I do most heartily agree and affirm that the subject of a work of art is not as such the better or the worse, the more or the less legitimate, because of its tastefulness or distastefulness on moral considerations. But there is a perpetual danger, when we are clearing our minds of one cant, of allowing them to be invaded by

another; and I think I have seen cases where the determination not to be be moral of malice prepense has been so great that it has toppled over into a determination to be immoral of malice prepense. Now, the question is, whether Maupassant and some of Maupassant's admirers are not somewhat in this case? It is surely impossible for any impartial critic to contend that the unlucky novelist's devotion to the class of subjects referred to, and his manner of handling them, did not amount to what has been pedantically termed an "obsession of the *lupanar*." Now, it seems to me that all obsession, no matter of what class or kind, is fatal, or, at least, injurious, to the artist. It is almost impossible that he should keep his judgment and his taste cool and clear under it; it is almost impossible that his poring shall not turn into preaching. And I think it not much less hard to defend Maupassant from the charge of having become a kind of preacher in this way, and so a heretic of instruction, just as much as if he had taken to theology dogmatic or undogmatic. Perpetual representation amounts to inculcation.

So, again, in reference to the apologies for Maupassant's pessimism. I cannot see how it can be contended that the perpetual obtrusion of a life-philosophy of any special kind is other than a fault in art. I have no particular objection to pessimism as such; I suppose most people who have thought and felt a good deal are nearer to it than to its opposite; and, though both opposites bore me when they are obtruded, I think rose-pink and sky-blue bore me rather more than the various shades of grey and brown and black. But it seems to me that the creative artist, as such, and as distinguished from the critical, has no more business to display—to *arborer*—a life-philosophy than he has to display a philosophy of any other kind. Signs of it may escape him at times; but they should be escapes, not deliberate exhibitions. He is to see life whole as far as he can; and it is impossible that he should see it whole if he is under the domination of any 'ism to the extent that Maupassant was under the domination of this. In the one supreme artist (I am talking, of course, throughout of the art of letters only) whom we know, there is, perhaps, no more distinctive peculiarity than his elusion of all attempts to class him as "Thissist" or "Thattist." And in those who come nearest to him, though they may have strong beliefs and strong proclivities, we always see the capacity of taking the other side. The fervent theologian of the *Paradiso* treats hardly any of his victims with more consideration than the inhabitants of the City of Dis: the prophet and poet of his own Uranian love for Beatrice swoons at the sight of Francesca's punishment, and feels "so that boiling glass were coolness," the very penalty of the Seventh Circle of Purgatory. But Maupassant's materialism and his pessimism combined shut out from him vast

parts and regions of life and thought and feeling as it were with the blank wall of his very earliest poem. The fantastic shadows of his peculiar imagination play on that wall fascinatingly enough; and the region of passion and of gloom within is not without a charm, if a somewhat unholy and unhealthy one. But beyond the wall there is a whole universe which Maupassant does not merely neglect, but of which he seems to be blankly ignorant and unconscious, except in flashes of ignorant disdain. That the infinite province of religious emotion and reflection is shut out is a matter of course; but most of the other regions in which those who decline religion take refuge are equally closed. I can remember in Maupassant hardly the slightest sign of interest in general literature (except so far as it bears upon his own special craft) in the illimitable ranges of history, in politics, in the higher philosophy. It cannot be said of him, as of his master's dismal heroes, that *tout lui a craqué dans la main*. There is no sign of trial on his part; he starts where Bouvard and Pécuchet end, and takes for granted a failure which he has not given himself the trouble to experience.

But it may be said, "What does it matter what he does not do, know, feel, care for, if he treats what he does do, know, feel, and care for, well?" The objection is ingenious, and, as Petruchio would say, "'a might have a little galled me" if its ingenuity had not been the ingenuity of fallacy. For the question is whether this insensibility to large parts of life has not injured Maupassant's treatment of the parts in which he did feel an interest. I think it has. In order to be sure about such a thing as this, it is necessary to take the admissions of a real admirer. I do not think that it is possible to select a better for this purpose than Mr. Edward Delille. He is of *les jeunes;* he has an immense admiration for Maupassant; his standards of literary admiration are, I think, quite other than mine. Yet he finds his author sometimes "actually dull" (which I never do), subject to *l'illusion de l'ignoble* (I should say unprotected by *l'illusion du noble*), capable of "a certain unconscious dulness of touch and vulgarity of tone." Mr. Delille thinks Maupassant's first book of verse, which I think the best book of verse written in France by anyone who has made his appearance since Baudelaire, a mere "set of scales." Now, where do these effects, which impress themselves on admirers much more high-toned and whole-souled than I can pretend to be, come from? They come, as I think, from exactly the defects of choice of subject and of pessimistic philosophy of life. There were too many things in emotion and in thought of which Maupassant was ignorant. Mrs. Piozzi, in those *Anecdotes of Johnson*, which (heretical as the avowal may be) seem to me to tell us more in one page about that

G.W. MEC... INSTITU... NEW SWIN...

remarkable person than Boswell tells us in a dozen, observes that the Doctor, despite his freedom from gush and his dislike to religious verse, could never repeat the stanza of *Dies Irae* which ends "Tantus labor non sit cassus" without bursting into tears. I know a person very different from Johnson who, never having read the *Anecdotes* till an advanced period of his life, had never failed to experience something like the same result at the same point. The numerous and complicated causes of this weakness, or, if anyone prefers to call them so, the numerous and complicated causes of this enjoyment, had no hold whatever on Maupassant.

But this hemiplegia of the intellect and the imagination—this sterilizing of one half, or more than one half, of the sources of intellectual and imaginative experience and delight—did not prevent him from leaving durable and perdurable results of the vigour of his mind and his sense in the regions which were open to him. He wrote—as almost every popular writer in these days who does not shut himself up in a *tour d'ivoire* and neglect popularity must write—too much ; and, in the special circumstances and limitations of his interests and his genius, this was specially unfortunate. He has repeated himself too often, and he has too frequently failed to come up to himself in the repetition. He is, I fear it must be allowed by all competent criticism which looks before and after, the Helot of Materialism, of Impressionism, of Naturalism, of most of the 'isms of this present day.

But in recompense he is probably the greatest writer of the last quarter of the nineteenth century in France: for if a greater is coming, he must make haste to appear, and must bestir himself lustily in the seven years that remain. In verse he has shown the dawn, and in prose the noon-day, of a combination of veracity and vigour, of succinctness and strength, which no Frenchman who has made his *début* since 1870 can pretend to equal. The limitations of his art have been sufficiently dealt with ; the excellences of it within those limitations are unmistakable. He had no tricks—the worst curse of art at all times, and the commonest in these days of what pretends to be art. He had no splash of so-called "style" ; no acrobatic contortions of thought or what does duty for thought ; no pottering and peddling of the psychological kind which would fain make up for a faulty product by ostentatiously parading the processes of production. Had he once got free—as more than once it seemed that he might—from the fatal conventionalities of his unconventionalism, from the trammels of his obtrusive negations, there is hardly a height in prose fiction which he might not have attained. As it is, he has given us in verse *Au bord de l'eau*, which is nearly the "farthest possible" in a certain expression of a certain mood of youth, and not of youth only ; in prose *Boule de Suif*,

Monsieur Parent, Pierre et Jean, which are all in their way masterpieces, and a hundred things hardly inferior. And so he is for ever of the company of "Les Phares"—a light-giver at once and a warner of danger, as well as a part of

> "cet ardent sanglot qui roule d'âge en âge,
> Et vient mourir au bord de *notre* éternité."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE ROYAL WELSH LAND COMMISSION.

I DO not intend to enter into the electioneering motives for this Commission, nor into the decision it took at its first sittings not to allow cross-examination of witnesses: the results of that decision, made apparent from the outset, have been duly criticized in *The Western Mail* of Cardiff, of May 29. Since the Chairman was present at the debate on the fiasco of Justice Matthews' Commission, it must be supposed that he would not have taken the same course and adopted the same erroneous and unjust procedure if he had not received orders to that effect.

I intend to call the attention of the reader to some of the questions which have been published by the Commission, and some of which have already been asked at the first sittings in Glamorganshire, and perhaps some fun may be extracted from them, for some of them are inept, and others are unconsciously subversive of morality, and nearly all attempt to stir up or create disunion and dissension.

Question 33 deserves the first mention, for it has drawn first blood, or first supplied copy to the newspapers. It is: "Have any cases of hardship arisen?" This is a nice fishing question, and covers a large extent of ground. Two cases of hardship were alleged, which proved the necessity of cross-examination; but I propose to mention only one, brought forward at Reynoldston, because of its ridiculous side, and the ridicule which may attach to those who allowed an hour to be taken up with such a story. It appeared that a publican, who farmed twenty acres of land, died, and left his stock, not to his widow, but to other relations; a labourer then married the widow, and asked to be taken as tenant of the land; but as he and his wife were impecunious, the agent naturally and properly declined a tenant whose solvency was so improbable. An attempt was made to represent the widow as having been a tenant, because a notice to quit had been given her; but that was a preliminary step which the agent had to take in any case in order to remove her. Mr. Penrice, the owner, stated that he disapproved of the marriage of the labourer, a young man of twenty-five, with the widow, who was fifty; and one Radical paper stated that he did not come well out of the examination.

This remark ought rather to apply to one of the Commissioners (neither the Chairman nor Mr. Brynmor Jones), who asked Mr. Penrice if he did not "think a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six would be a comfort to a woman of fifty?" The witness replied that he could not say anything about that. That Commissioner ought to have inverted his question, and asked if he did not think a woman of fifty would be a comfort to a young man of twenty-five; and then he might have obtained a decided answer—in the negative.

Most people, however, will think that Mr. Penrice was fully justified in raising objections to such an unnatural marriage. These alliances between old and young may be fairly frequent; but they never fail to shock the normal healthy mind. It is enough to recall to mind Hogarth's picture of a young man married to a rich old hag with a goggle eye in a City church by a disreputable-looking parson, and the lines under the engraving:

> Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
> And mask deformity with show,
> Gold can avert the sting of shame,
> In winter's arms create a flame;
> Can couple youth with hoary age,
> And make antipathies engage.

As the people in the neighbourhood described the matter in less choice language, it is surprising that the Commission listened for so long a time to this tale of disappointed hopes; but as serious chapel-men they had perhaps never looked at Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." I know an old woman who remained in possession of a farm, and when she was seventy she met an old man of eighty on a Thursday, and married him on the following Tuesday, and they say she thrashes the old man constantly, and that it serves him right.

Another question—"Do you know of any instances where compensation has been given for the general improved condition of a holding, and not simply for specific improvements?"—appears to have been framed by a Trade-Unionist. It sins against economical facts and Scripture teaching. General improvement, excluding special improvements chargeable under the Agricultural Holdings Act, would mean the result of industry and good husbandry on a farm which might have gone off in quality in consequence of the last tenant having been old and infirm, perhaps childless, and with no incentive to energy. It is obvious that the industrious and improving tenant would himself reap the results of better husbandry. Every new tenant is chosen on the supposition that he is the best farmer, and the one likely to do the best for the

farm; and, at whatever a man works, it is his duty to do it "with his might," and not "to bury his talent in the ground" or "hide it in a napkin"; but to endeavour to obtain the utmost production from it. If much stress were laid upon the doctrine involved in this question, old and infirm tenants would have to retire, instead of being borne with and assisted until they leave their farms in the course of nature. It is possible that this question is not due to the teaching of Trade-Unionism, but that it has arisen out of a confused and hazy recollection of the fact that the Royal Agricultural Society gives prizes to the tenants that show farms in the best state of cultivation and provided with the best stock.

Two questions show great ignorance of rural life in Wales, and might have been asked twenty years ago of large farmers in the Eastern Counties: "To what extent do tenant farmers and their wives take part in manual labour?" and "Do their children work at home? If so are they in receipt of wages, or how otherwise remunerated?" If the farmer's wife or daughter did not herself attend to his cheese and butter he would be in a poor way. The second question is in reality an attack upon the 5th Commandment, and would dissuade children from assisting to support their parents and brothers and sisters. Its authorship must be due to some person more familiar with life in the Lancashire cotton-mills, where children leave their parents very early, to live upon their separate wages. In the case of two large farms I have known of sons assisting their fathers for small sums of pocket-money, far smaller than they could have earned elsewhere, and far smaller than their fathers would have had to pay for similar assistance from a bailiff. One of these sons, now deceased, was a County Councillor. This question suggests the breaking up of family life, and if it were the practice for sons to go elsewhere to earn larger wages they would not be equally fit to succeed their fathers in the farm. In fact, in some cases the older sons go away to sea or to some other employment, and the younger son who remains at home succeeds to the farm.

There is an excuse for the question whether tenants are affected by a difference of language, politics, or religion, between the landlord and the tenant, inasmuch as this question is clearly suggested by one of the agitators in a speech in the House of Commons on a Land Tenure Bill, who urged that these differences were grievances; if so, the first difference is common to nearly all the landlords and tenants in England, for unless educated men have been brought up in the country, and in the habit of mixing with farmers and labourers, they would not understand much of their conversation. A long time ago I found it impossible to understand what was said to me in Derbyshire. I remember an undergraduate at Cambridge

who could talk broad Yorkshire, which was incomprehensible to most of his hearers. I lately tested several Lancashire Peers, and found only Lord Cross who knew what was meant by the Government being thrutched up wi' Bills. As to politics and creed, no landowner in England or Wales troubles himself to think of these since the ballot and the extension of the suffrage. I am fortunately able to prove by figures that ignorance of English has in no way injured my Welsh-speaking tenants. In these cases I have built two new houses without their being asked for; I reduced a rent of £44 to £34 for another; another has been reduced from £15 to £10; I have assisted another with a loan of £150 to protect him from his creditors; and I have spent upon houses and buildings of tenants speaking only Welsh £657 12s. 8d., out of £4,475 spent upon some fifty tenancies since 1872; and this does not represent the whole amount, it represents the outlay that I have personally directed in the case of a few tenants that I know to speak Welsh only, out of some eighty or ninety, and has no regard to other sums laid out by the direction of my agent, some of which may have gone to tenants speaking Welsh only: so that these tenants, although the minority and the tenants of smaller holdings, have had more than their proportion of the whole outlay. It should also be observed that where a matter is discussed through an interpreter misunderstandings are less likely to arise, since the interpreter would explain if he saw a misunderstanding arising.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked in recent years about the Welsh or British language; the late Dean Edwards has exalted it above English as a vehicle for metaphysical ideas; but, as a fact, nearly all the words respecting building are Latin, and not British. There were some who tried to get the proceedings of the Anglesey County Council conducted in Welsh; but they were overruled. More recently some Poor Law Guardians of the Bangor and Beaumaris Union have asked for Welsh proceedings, and have urged that those who did not know that language should learn it. Since then it has been publicly stated that 800,000 of the inhabitants of the Principality are English-speaking, and that only 350,000 are Welsh-speaking; the remainder, 450,000, being bilingual. The claim of Welsh to supersede English in public proceedings loses, therefore, much of its force. It must also be remembered that the Welsh of North and that of South Wales differ. Of the Welsh-speaking inhabitants there are but few who are able to read the old Welsh books; and Welshmen ought not to ask people to learn their language until they reform their orthography, or the adaptation of the Roman alphabet adopted at the time the Bible was translated into Welsh, and stereotyped by that means. It is not possible for me to read a Welsh book so as to be understood by Welshmen; but I have

been understood when reading from a Breton book, which I read as if I was reading French: which shows that the French have succeeded better than the Welsh in adopting the Roman alphabet.

As to creed and politics, I have never taken any account of them; but if predatory ideas are to take their place these ideas will obtain the necessary consideration. I remember a case where creed was put forward by a wild curate to supplement bad farming. My agent had desired me to go over a small farm to see what a bad state it was in. The tenant had died, leaving a son less able to farm than himself; and I was obliged to decline to continue him in his father's place. The curate wrote to me urging me to keep this young man because he was a communicant. The letter was rather violent, and the only notice I took of it was to pass it on to his Rector. It is probable that few landowners, howsoever earnest they may be as Churchmen, would prefer insolvent communicants who grow weeds on their farms to Dissenters who have given proofs of clean farming. The contrary opinion alleged by the agitators is a bogus cry, only good for the House of Commons.

The chief fault of the questions as they have been drafted is that they are too "leading," that they appear to have been addressed to malcontents or devised to stir up discontent, and that questions have not been asked that ought to have been asked. For instance, in connection with rent, farmers might well have been asked how much of their rent remained for the land after the usual rate of interest on the value of their houses and buildings had been deducted. It will be found that when this is taken into account rents diminish to a very low figure; in one case, of a new house and building and partly new fences for three acres, the rent for the three acres is, I find, a minus quantity, or is swallowed up by the interest on the buildings.

Questions as to encumbrances are hardly necessary, as it is obvious that if these are serious they must cripple the owner. The question as to whether land is owned in fee simple or is settled property is also a useless question, since under Lord Cairns' Act all settled property can be sold, and the occupier has lost a portion of the security he had for the permanency of his landlord. There is now no difference as concerns the occupier or cultivator between settled property and property in fee simple; the owner of either is actually free in either case during his lifetime, and the owner of settled estate can sell a portion to pay for the improvement of the remainder. It is true that Lord Vernon has written in *The Nineteenth Century*, of June last, that "if a life tenant hates his successor he will not make necessary repairs; much less will he lay out money in improvements." Anybody who read this and had no access to the pages of *Debrett* or *Burke* would suppose that Lord

Vernon's successor was a high Tory second cousin, whereas he has two sons of tender age. People hating their successors must be exceptions; and, as successors do not necessarily live to succeed, no man would neglect his property, reputation, and responsibilities, merely on that account. For my own part, I have both kinds of property, settled estate and land in fee simple; and I never found that I was at all influenced by those differences of tenure in respect to improving the buildings in either case. The personal qualities of the tenant and the extent of his requirements would far outweigh any considerations as to the possible successor of the owner. I agree with the rest of Lord Vernon's article, and with his complaints about the exorbitant terms of the Land Improvement Company; and I think that, besides urging that trustees should be empowered to borrow money for the improvement of an estate, if satisfied as to the need of it, the Government might be urged to lend money to landowners for the building of new farm-houses at the same rate as they did once for draining.

Mr. Ellis, who appears to be the first cause of the Commission, has endeavoured to make out that tenants in Wales want leases and cannot get them. I have given two that I was asked for—one to a tenant who wished to provide for a wife; the other to a tenant, now deceased, who feared my successor.

Out of about 130 tenancies in Anglesey, I have only fourteen leases. Two of these were given by the previous owner of a portion of my property; three were given because the tenants built their houses themselves; and seven leases were given before my time for small places of an acre or less, probably in consideration of the tenants rebuilding or repairing the cottages.

The want of a lease is not felt where year-to-year tenancies are usual. I remember once in Cheshire being asked by a visitor who was shooting with me if the tenants had leases, and the late Mr. Bromley Davenport interposed and said, "No: and if you were to talk to them about a lease they would think you wished to get rid of them." In Portugal year-to-year tenancies are general, and are considered to be perpetual; in Scotland, where nineteen-year leases are the custom, the tenants constantly leave at the end of their leases.

The agitators have also endeavoured to inspire the belief that farms are let to the highest bidder. I never heard of any such lettings in Wales, and, as no offer of a higher rent than that paid by the last tenant was ever made to me, I am justified in assuming that such a practice is not common. If I were before the Commission I might be told that any reference to Cheshire would be irrelevant: but here I may mention an experience, since it only bears upon what I should do, which would be the same either in Anglesey or in Cheshire. A farm of 100 acres had become vacant, and a person

offered an advance of sixty pounds on the old rent. He might perhaps have offered that safely, because he had a brother-in-law in Manchester, who was a milk-dealer, and so he would be safe of his money; but I preferred to give it to a tenant of a smaller place who was, as I knew, a good farmer, at an advance of thirty pounds, or half what the other offered. This also allowed of my pulling down and rebuilding the farm-house which that tenant was then occupying before his successor came to live upon the farm.

A few tenants in South Wales have been put up to suggest fixity of tenure as a remedy for low prices and agricultural depression. There is no reason to suppose that in this respect South Wales differs much from North Wales, and in the latter district we know that in the case of 190 odd landowners holding from 800,000 to 900,000 acres, thirty only have had any evictions in the last twenty years and more, and of these twenty-one have had each to evict only one tenant, leaving nine who had evicted from two to nine tenants. One of those who had had to evict one tenant had done so out of a body of 1,800. Among so many it would be wonderful that only one should be found either so intemperate or so bad a farmer as to require getting rid of. It may be cited as a proof of the good terms prevailing between landlords and tenants in Anglesey that the late Sir James Caird told me a short time before his death that the Land Commissioners had not yet appointed an umpire for Anglesey under the Agricultural Holdings Act. An Anglesey farmer writes to me with respect to the demand for fixity of tenure, which he says is inconsistent, for they say, "with regard to the Church, that the great stumbling-block which prevents its prospering is that idle clergymen cannot be removed, and in consequence their churches are ruined. If that is so, will not the same apply to an idle tenant who may get into a good farm, neglect it, and set up a grumble that his rent is too high? and would this not have a tendency to create idleness and unthrift if the rent is made no more than an idle man can pay, irrespective of what it would be worth to an industrious and competent man? The nation would have to buy from the foreigner what her own people ought to produce."

Inquiry is also directed to the proceedings of the office of Woods and Forests, and our advisers think that a few witnesses may be able to speak of the irritating rather than oppressive action of the Woods and Forests.

I happened to become acquainted in 1870 with what seems to be a good "object-lesson" of what would happen, among other things, with the State for landlord. My agent brought me two conveyances from the Woods and Forests for land taken in from waste by the side of the road by some of my tenants, and he had to pay for

three similar conveyances for the late Dean of Westminster. I remember that one of these conveyances, which were on small pieces of paper, was for seven shillings' worth of land, and two guineas was charged for the conveyance. For the exercise of the rights of the Crown as Lord of the Manor in such an insignificant matter a simple receipt, for whatever sum was chargeable, would have been sufficient; and the question suggests itself whether the seven shillings for the land would go to the Crown, and the two guineas to the office? I was so far impressed by this specimen of red-tape that when what were called Mr. Bright's Clauses of the Irish Land Act of 1870 were in Committee I moved to add a form of conveyance at a limited cost in a Schedule of the Act. The Peer who had charge of the Bill declined the amendment, and said that provisions would be made to facilitate the working of the clauses after the Bill was passed; but nothing had been done in that respect up to May, 1879, when the Duke of Argyll called the attention of the House to the little effect produced by those clauses. Some members of the Commission appear to have given very good advice to some of the witnesses who have appeared before them, to get copies of the Agricultural Holdings Act. It appears that many persons wrongly imagined that it was possible to contract out of that Act, and also out of the Ground-Game Act. One section of the Agricultural Holdings Act provides that a year's notice to quit shall be necessary unless landlord and tenant agree for a six-months' notice. In Anglesey and other parts of the country where the time for entering a farm is November 13, the year's notice is convenient, and a six-months' notice is not necessary. It is not so in Cheshire, where tenants give up part of the land in November, some more in February, and the tenancy ends on March 25, yet they do not give up their house and a small field called an outlet till May 12. The reason for keeping the house so long probably is that that is the date at which cows are turned out into the fields altogether. As to the tenants not knowing about the Agricultural Holdings Act, they ought to learn it, and it is their own fault if they do not make acquaintance with its provisions. And this ignorance of the law is not confined to tenant farmers. I have met with a Peer who had never heard of Lord Westbury's Act of 1863, although he was interested in it; with a County Member and large landowner who did not know that Lord Cairns' Act allowed of the application of trust money to the improvement of farms; and a general ignorance that under Lord Cairns' Act there is no land that cannot be sold by the owner.

I heard of one landowner in North Wales who adhered too rigidly to the Agricultural Holdings Act, and thereby discontented his tenants, for he refused to give them materials, on the ground that

when they left their farms they could be recouped for their outlay under the Act. They grumbled at this, as they had no intention or likelihood of leaving their farms.

As to my rents, I do not know the exact acreage of the whole of my Anglesey property; but, putting it at 5,600, the rent of the total would average under 18s. an acre; whilst the rent of twenty-nine holdings of from one acre to eighteen acres averages under 17s. an acre. This is contrary to what usually occurs as to small holdings being let at a higher rent than the larger ones.

21 farms of 20 to 48 acres	average	17s. 6d.	per acre.
12 farms of 50 to 80 acres	„	14s. 6d.	„
1 farm of 91 acres ...	„	28s. 6d.	„
23 farms above 100 acres	„	17s. 3d.	„

Mr. Ellis said last year, in his speech in the House of Commons, that so far as he knew "the tenantry of England were much more nearly on a level with their landlords in their habits of life and in their standard of comfort than the tenants of Wales. In Wales the standard of comfort of the small farmers is infinitely lower than in England." He went on to attribute this to insecurity of tenure. I must, however, contradict his premises, unless by the tenantry of England Mr. Ellis means those of the Eastern Counties twenty years ago. Without taking account of my County Councillor tenants, I may say that the habits of life and standard of comfort of my Anglesey tenants are better than those of my Cheshire tenants. Mr. Gladstone, in his reply to Mr. Ellis, mentioned having distributed the Agricultural Holdings Act to his farmers; but "he did not believe one of them looked at it." This suggests that they did not feel many grievances to complain of.

The Commission proposes to ask at whose expense pasture is laid down. To this it will naturally be replied, "At the tenant's." The question has perhaps been suggested by finding that laying down permanent pasture is a first-class improvement under the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the difference between a permanent pasture and laying down a pasture in the ordinary rotation of crops, which is only intended to last three years, consists in the difference of the seeds used and their price. Perennial seeds sown with the oats for these temporary pastures cost ten shillings an acre, whilst the seeds for permanent pasture cost from twenty-five shillings an acre upwards. There are other conditions necessary for a permanent pasture—good land, proper cultivation, a clean seed-bed, well manured, good treatment of the pasture while young and afterwards, and efflux of time. Outgoing tenants in Anglesey receive the value of grass-seeds sown, with some addition for labour when the land has been put into good condition, and the young grass has not been pastured before their leaving; and did do so prior to

the passing of the Agricultural Holdings Act; in Cheshire, and probably many other counties, they receive the cost of the seeds.

As laying down a pasture seemed to be a very ordinary farming operation, I asked a Cheshire Peer during the passage of the Agricultural Holdings Act why such a fuss was made over it, and he said, "Don't you know that in those wretched eastern counties it takes them fifteen years to get up a pasture?"

Now, it is not every farmer (an authority says not one in five hundred in Anglesey) that knows how to lay down grass, which is the principal reason why leave to plough grass is sometimes refused* unless the tillage land has been too long in tillage and wants a change, in which case that reason would outweigh the possibility of the tenant laying it down badly. I may mention that in one case in Anglesey I paid £7 for good seed to lay down a five-and-a-half-acre field as permanent pasture; but the tenant had neither asked for it nor expected it. I find there are different opinions as to the treatment of the young pasture. The usual course in Anglesey appears to be: first year, green crops; second year, oats and perennial grass-seeds; third year, hay; fourth and fifth year, pasture; sixth year, oats only. Here they add, No pasture-land ought to to be grazed by cows until it has been laid down for three or four years. Another practical farmer in Cheshire writes: "I recommend the grass being eaten off the first year—that is, what seeds are sown in the spring should be grazed next year, and not mown, because, if mown, the strong grasses generally get the master† and often destroy the greater part of the smaller seeds, and perhaps, in some cases, the most valuable, if intended for pasturage; and I prefer their being grazed by cattle the first year, rather than sheep, as the latter bite so much lower than cattle, and are therefore more liable to injure the roots,‡ until they are better established, and they don't take the long grasses so well as cattle, which is also a disadvantage. This system, in my opinion, is certainly the best for Cheshire; still, I am not prepared to say it would answer where the land is of a much drier nature, and where the rainfall is less generally, as some of the seeds might not stand the summer unless mown the first year, affording, as it does, some shelter from the hot sun. I grazed the permanent grass-seeds at —— the first year, and they did remarkably well, and have since far exceeded my expectations—these fields have been pastured five years. In some parts of Cheshire land is considered permanent

* The authority above quoted says that in his case the outgoing tenant had ploughed the best pasture, doing him four times as much damage as the good to himself.

† A competent farmer will have this in his mind, to prevent it.—*Id.*

‡ Sheep do not injure the roots; but if kept too long they nip the clover too close and injure it.—*Id.*

pasture when it has been down seven years; still, it will not be so rich as land that has been down for a greater number of years; neither will it stand dry or even wet weather so well, as it sooner burns in dry weather and treads in wet weather."*

Twelve questions are asked with reference to preservation of game. The first overlooks that rabbits cannot be preserved except on land in the occupation of the owner; hares are very scarce in most parts of Wales, and especially in Anglesey. I have more than there are on most other Anglesey estates, and have always found a good many in the north-east part of the island, where I have 1,500 acres together, but no gamekeeper. Where there are many hares the farmer may conclude that the land and pasturage are good; and there is some land where hares have never been seen. It is asked, Do tenants generally avail themselves of the Ground-Game Act? and if not, why not? They certainly do not generally avail themselves of all the provisions of the Ground-Game Act: for two reasons: first, if they do not kill their rabbits themselves, it is done for them by keepers, or they employ rabbit-catchers; but they do not generally in England or in Wales make that free use of the gun which Sir William Harcourt sought to introduce—if they did, there would be no game left in the country. This is owing chiefly to the tenants having a greater sense of justice than that which inspired the framers of the Ground-Game Act, and partly to the opinions given by judges (I believe Lord Bramwell was one of them) that the concurrent right to kill ground-game did not carry with it any right to injure or drive away the winged game. This reminds me of an incident one September when I was out with three other guns. We saw a man carrying a gun and beating the stubbles, and wondered at his unconcerned manner, since he must have seen and heard us. I sent for him, and the following conversation took place: "Are you aware, sir, that you are trespassing?" "No: I have the permission of the tenant." "Where is your written authority?" "I do not require one." "I beg your pardon: you do not know the law." "Not know the law? Why, I am a barrister!" "All the same, you do not know it." The barrister then asked if there was a magistrate present, and one of two who were there was called, and he, in reply to the barrister's question, told him he was afraid he was wrong: upon which the barrister apologised. He was then asked to join our party for the rest of the day, and told that the fourth person before whom he had

* The Anglesey farmer above quoted writes that large proprietors have made many poor out-of-condition farms and bad farmers by letting to a man (say) a one-hundred-acre farm when he has not enough capital for fifty acres, simply because his forefathers have been tenants of the same farm, frequently at an under value. He begins by borrowing from his friends, has to sell his cattle and corn when he ought to keep them in order to meet obligations, has no money to buy manures or feeding stuffs, and gets an inferior article at double its value on credit.

been appearing was a *Quarterly* Reviewer on the Ground-Game Act. When this gentleman got home he sent me a copy of the Act, with the passage against himself underlined.

With regard to the question as to the effect of game preservation on the relations between landlords and tenants, there can be no doubt that it is beneficial. The Ground-Game Act has removed the only cause that could previously exist for soreness, whilst in Wales the large portion of the country in which rock is close to the surface makes it easy to extirpate or to keep down rabbits. Preservation of game conveys, however, rather a false idea with regard to most parts of Wales, and the exercise of sporting rights would be more appropriate in a country where partridge shooting is the principal sport, excepting in warrens or enclosures in the occupation of the owner. Field sports bring the landlord and tenants into constant communication and fellowship; they bring under the notice of the landlord the places that require draining, and those where drains have ceased to work properly. A keeper is useful to the farmer by preventing trespass; and, so far from the law of trespass being quite satisfactory, it is insufficient, and my tenants in Wales have often complained of their walls being broken down; this is where there is no keeper. Excursionists seem to have the idea that they may go wherever they like, and, as they do not live in the neighbourhood, they have little sympathy for farmers, and do not seem to be conscious that they do any damage. About a year ago the son of one of my Cheshire tenants, who suffers a good deal from trespassers, remonstrated with three young men, and attempted to turn them back, when one of them frightened him by drawing a revolver and pointing it at him. The keeper came by shortly after, and the boy gave so good a description of the three men that the keeper and a policeman were able to find them and the revolver they were carrying, and to summons them, with the result that they were bound over to keep the peace. One of the witnesses heard at the third sitting of the Commission complained of the trespassers going through hay and corn, and of the little attention they paid to farmers' remonstrances, and of the damage done by their dogs. Farmers who would rather be without the Game Laws should remember that if there was no game their fowls and ducks and geese would be the objects for the nightly robber, as is already the case whenever rabbits run short, or when too much moonlight prevents poachers getting near enough to rabbits. It was on such a night that a disappointed gang of poachers carried off seventeen geese from a farmyard near Bowden Station, and then battered in the heads of two policemen who threatened to interfere with them. Another witness before the Commission, also at the

third sitting, a tenant of Sir Hussey Vivian, now Lord Swansea, complained of being eaten up by rabbits, and that he could not afford to pay a rabbit-catcher: he either reckoned upon the want of familiarity with the subject of the Commissioners (since if his rabbits were as plentiful as he said it was rather a case for the rabbit-catcher paying the tenant for leave to catch them, or taking half the rabbits he caught for his trouble) or else he was very soft. Much of this evidence justifies the not very high opinion entertained in North Wales of the people of South Wales. Some of my tenants employ a rabbit-catcher; the keeper kills for others, on the same terms as the rabbit-catcher; in two cases the keeper pays the tenant a sum for the right to kill the rabbits. In the case of a farm of 318 acres, not mine, but of which I hire the shooting, I pay £29 a year to the tenant for the right to kill the rabbits and for my dogs to be free of the traps which the rabbit-catcher used to set above ground.

One of the witnesses before the Commission at its fifth sitting complained of damage by rabbits; but it appeared that this damage had been caused by sheep. These animals get very nimbly over walls even when hobbled, and will, if they can, get into the turnip-fields, and the rabbits are accused of the damage done by sheep. I remember much damage done by sheep to a turnip-field on my late uncle's home farm in Holyhead Island, and the bailiff asserted that every night flocks of rabbits swam over a creek of the sea to visit these turnips. It would have been worth the value of the whole turnip-field to have established such a fact in natural history, instead of only giving an instance of the liveliness of the Welsh imagination.

One of the questions in reference to game is whether tenants are expected to beat coverts, and if they are paid, and how? If the Commissioners put that question they will proclaim their ignorance of human nature, and only a wilful agitator could give them the sort of answer that seems to be expected or desired. In Anglesey there are very few covers; my own labourers beat what there are in Holyhead Island, and some few tenants help to beat what I have in Anglesey: but a large number always accompany me during partridge shooting, and, besides tenants, board-school masters, clergy, and anybody that wishes to speak to me; and these get nearly all the game killed by me or my friends in Anglesey. These beaters enjoy the shooting quite as much as the guns do, and the rabbit shooting is what they enjoy most. I was told by a friend who had shot in Lancashire at the late Lord Gerard's that the neighbouring colliers turn out and join in the cover shooting; but they were not very useful as beaters, for they divided themselves into parties, each party selecting a gun, following and betting upon him, and occasionally disputing as to whether a dead bird or

rabbit belonged to their man or not. My friend began to pay more attention to the colliers than to the game, when one of his suite tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Now, young man, mind your shooting: you're making us lose our money." Outside one of the woods he was requested by the colliers not to shoot a particular hare on a spoil bank, which was a favourite of theirs. If Lancashire colliers enjoy seeing cover shooting, why should not Welsh tenants do the same?

The preceding question as to payment of tenants for beating covers appeared to me to be the most absurd; but a friend who has had more than forty years' experience as to land gives the palm to the question, "Is there any combination in the nature of a Trade-Union among landlords,—*e.g.*, not to accept tenants of a certain description?"

The person who framed this question must have had it suggested to him by reading a French novel published two years ago, where French ironmasters are represented as making secret marks in the "livrets," or registers of service of working-men, by which those who were Socialists were designated to the ironmasters, so that they might avoid taking dangerous characters into their workshops. There is another question, the absurdity of which is so great that it must be attributed to a misprint or to a general direction to the framer of the questions that all the questions were to be addressed to all classes connected with land—otherwise, it is difficult to see the use of asking estate-owners about their diet. Some useful information as to the diet of small farmers was elicited at the third sitting of the Commission at Swansea, showing that on that score they had no cause for complaint. If this question is not due to an error or a misprint, it must be an insidious attempt to discover whether landowners breakfast on champagne and turtle. If I should be asked the next question, "What time have you for self-improvement?" I should be obliged to answer, "None at all, since the Radicals have threatened to disturb everything, and I have had to abandon writing on literary subjects which before engaged my attention."

Since these pages were written, the electioneering objects of the Commission have become more apparent by the announcement, on July 6, that Mr. Gladstone, being about to be discarded by Mid-lothian, is going to stand for Merionethshire.

STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

It might not be appropriate to tender to the Royal Commission this article as evidence; but I may say that I am ready to be cross-examined upon any of the statements contained in it.

A FRESH PUZZLE OF HOME RULE.

WHAT is now known as the *omnia* decision of the House of Commons in the matter of the Irish members to be retained in the Imperial Parliament is not in itself of any great moment to Unionists for the immediate purposes of the Home Rule conflict. It is an illustration, but only one among many, of the surprising levity with which the designing and enactment of a new Constitution for the United Kingdom have been undertaken. At present I desire to point out that it may have consequences beyond the limits of the British Islands, which consequences do not altogether depend on the chances of the Home Rule Bill becoming law. The House of Commons has committed itself in principle to an arrangement much nearer to federalism than the proposals of the Bill as first issued.

Colonial self-government we know. There is a local Parliament, or whatever it may be called, with plenary, though not unlimited, power of legislation and taxation for local purposes. There is not any representation of the Colony in the Imperial Parliament. Self-government of this colonial type is known to have been the model worked upon by those who framed the Home Rule scheme of 1886. As regards the constitution of the Executive Government, the imitation is even more marked in the Bill of 1893. Federal self-government, again, we know, not only in the United States and Switzerland, but within our own colony of Canada since 1867. Each constituent State or Province has its own legislature and its own representation in the central legislature. The limits that divide Federal from State or Provincial legislative power are laid down by the written federal constitution, which is a necessary part of this system. There was originally no intention of introducing federation into the scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. But the Bill of 1893 tried to make a compromise between the colonial and the federal principles by the so-called "in-and-out" scheme of its ninth clause. That scheme has been discarded, after a few months' reflection, without any serious attempt to defend it; and instead of it we are to have eighty Irish members in the House of Commons, with a voice and vote on all matters as well imperial and British as Irish.

Now this brings us much closer to Federation than we have ever been brought in the previous course of the controversy. The plan

approved by Her Majesty's Ministers and by the House of Commons is to give the Queen's Irish subjects representation in an Irish Legislature and in the Imperial Parliament too. Thereupon a question arises for which it may or may not be possible to obtain serious attention, within these four seas, while the Irish controversy is in the acute stage, but which may nevertheless be forced upon us a good deal sooner than we expect. What will the colonies have to say? With what face can Great Britain insist on keeping Canadians or New Zealanders in a less favourable position, as regards the Imperial Parliament, than Irishmen are allowed to retain, together with a new local autonomy closely resembling that of our self-governing colonies? It seems quite as likely as not that one effect of the Home Rule controversy will be to precipitate the problem of Imperial Federation, and moreover in an inconvenient form.

Representation in Parliament is not in my opinion the right way to give the colonies their due share in imperial affairs. It is in the executive, not the legislative department that we should look for an effective point of contact; and I believe the thing might easily be done by forming a new Committee of the Privy Council, as others have been formed from time to time for special purposes, and have grown into standing departments of government. On this, however, I am not concerned to dwell at present. If, on the other hand, we try to frame any scheme of direct representation, we are confronted at once with great numerical difficulties. Evidently some sort of proportion to population would have to be observed. If we attended only to the individuality of each colony, Newfoundland would be largely rewarded for standing out of the Dominion of Canada, and their West Indian colonies for their obstinate objection to all schemes of consolidation which has so far been one of the great obstacles to political and commercial progress in that region. In fact, we should put a premium on that very particularism which has to be broken down if the unity of the British Empire is to be realized. In addition to this, any nearly nominal representation of the colonies in Parliament would materially weaken the position of the Agents-General without conferring anything like an equivalent benefit. Let us then see what sort of problem we should have to deal with if Australians or Canadians were to address the mother country in some such terms as these:—

"We have hitherto been content to rub along with the Colonial Office, and to be ignored by the British public on all ordinary occasions, so long as we were all in the same boat. We have been willing to await future developments in patience. In the days happily now past we have borne, though not with content, to be almost told that we had better go about our own business. Now you are coming to see that the Colonial Office policy of forty years ago was a policy of cutting off your own living branches, not an

innocent complying with Nature in letting your fruit drop as it ripened. That is well, and we can wait for better things ; but not for ever. And whatever is done must be done on fair and equal terms. We will have no spoilt children in the family. Do as you please at home, by all means, so long as it is the old country and the old constitution. You let us do as we please, even to taxing your goods, and we have no desire to interfere with your domestic affairs. Settle the Irish question in any way that does not affect our position. But now you are doing with Ireland the one thing which can and does put us in a position of inferiority. You are setting up Ireland as a new variety of self-governing colony, and yet keeping Irish members in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, in reduced number, it is true, but still in the full strength to which Ireland is really entitled according to population. An Irishman may be as good as any other citizen of the Empire, but we do not see by what double dose of original merit he has earned the privilege of combining the rights and liberties of a British colonist with those of a domiciled Englishman or Scot. If there is to be double representation, territorial and imperial, we claim our share of it, and a fair and substantial share too. The old objections about excessive distance are obsolete. We are practically almost as near to Westminster as Penzance and Newcastle—not to speak of Aberdeen—were in the last century. It is you who have made this beginning of federation, and we call on you to carry it through."

Perhaps it might be possible to frame some plausible dilatory answer to a demand of this kind. But I confess I can see none, except that compliance with it would give a great deal of trouble. It may be worth while, at any rate, to glance at the conditions. The population of the Dominion of Canada may be taken roughly at five millions. So may that of the Australasian Colonies. If we take Ireland at rather more than the actual figures, and assume that the decrease of Irish population in late years will be promptly reversed under the blessings of Home Rule, we may say that Ireland counts for five millions too. Thus, if population is to be the test, Australasia and Canada might each of them claim a Parliamentary representation equal to that of Ireland. If the present ratio of members to population were to be preserved, nothing short of the addition of a hundred and fifty members to the House of Commons would approximately satisfy the claims of these colonies or groups of colonies alone. It is hardly worth while to work a similar sum for the other colonies. But it may be pointed out that the South African group shows an actually greater figure of population than either Australia or Canada. That number, however, is largely made up of non-English and non-European elements ; and neither Canadians nor Australians would be willing to apply the modern democratic principle of counting heads, and nothing but heads, to

the extent of giving greater weight in imperial representation to South Africa than to themselves. We might have in this manner a very pretty racial trouble to tackle at an early stage of the arrangement. Similar questions on a smaller scale, but quite troublesome enough on their own ground, would arise for the extremely mixed populations of the West Indies when their turn came.

Such a wholesale addition to the House of Commons could not, however, be seriously thought of. Room could be made for colonial representation only by a considerable modification in the ratio of electors to elected. In other words, a new and gigantic Redistribution Bill would have to be the first chapter of our new Constitution for the British Empire. These difficulties, it may be said, are enormous: they are such as to show that the whole project is fantastic and unworkable. I am not at all concerned to dissent from this. It seems to me that some opportunity might as well have been allowed for perceiving and considering the difficulties before the House of Commons committed itself to a decision which, as I submit, puts the colonies quite within their rights if they choose to raise the question.

There is another possible danger which I hope may not be probable; but though it is a remote one, I do not think it can be safely overlooked. It is conceivable that our establishment of Ireland in the position of a more-than-most-favoured colony might have, in one or more colonies, an opposite effect to that which I have contemplated. In the event of strained relations between the colonial and the imperial Government (such as have in fact been produced, once and again, by constitutional conflicts in the self-governing colonies), the dislocation of imperial sovereignty by Irish Home Rule might enable a disaffected party to raise the cry of separation to some purpose. "We will not stay to be snubbed while Ireland is petted," they might say not without a show of reason. I am not here assuming that the mere fact of Irish Home Rule would encourage whatever tendencies make for disintegration throughout the Empire, although there is a good deal to be said for this more general apprehension.

Unionists who endeavour to insist on the foregoing or any like topics will be told, of course, that they are fanciful and irrelevant; that the British Constitution is not to be impaired; that Ireland is to be a dependency and remain a part of the United Kingdom: and, in short, that Mr. Gladstone has the secret of causing two and two to make five. Those who care more for the future of the British Empire than for the current division list, and who do not believe that the nature of things can be cheated, may be silenced but will hardly be satisfied.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE WHITE SEAL.

All these things happened several years ago at a place called Novastoshnah, or North-East Point, on the Island of St. Paul, away and away in the Bering Sea. Limmershin, the winter-wren, told me the tale when he was blown on to the rigging of a steamer going to Japan, and I took him down into my cabin and warmed and fed him for a couple of days, till he was fit to fly back to St. Paul's again. Limmershin is a very quaint little bird, but he knows how to tell the truth.

Nobody comes to Novastoshnah except on business, and the only people who have business there are the seals. They come in the summer months by hundreds and hundreds of thousands out of the cold grey sea; for Novastoshnah beach has the finest accomodation for seals of any place in all the world. Sea Catch knew that, and every spring he would swim from whatever place he happened to be in—would swim like a torpedo-boat, straight for Novastoshnah, and spend a month fighting with his companions for a good place on the rocks as close to the sea as possible. Sea Catch was fifteen years old, a huge grey fur-seal, with almost a mane on his shoulders, and long wicked dog-teeth. When he heaved himself up on his front flippers he stood more than four feet clear of the ground, and his weight, if anyone had been bold enough to weigh him, was nearly seven hundred pounds. He was scarred all over with the marks of savage fights, but he was always ready for just one fight more. He would put his head on one side, as though he were afraid to look his enemy in the face; then he would shoot it out like lightning, and when the big teeth were firmly fixed in the other seal's neck, the other seal might get away if he could,—but Sea Catch would not help him. Yet Sea Catch never chased a beaten seal, for that was against the rules of the beach. He only wanted room by the sea for his nursery; but as there were forty or fifty thousand other seals all hunting for the same thing each spring, the whistling, bellowing, roaring and blowing on the beach were something frightful. From a little hill called Hutchinson's Hill you could look over three and a-half miles of ground covered with fighting seals; and the surf was dotted all over with the

heads of seals hurrying to land and begin their share of fighting. They fought in the breakers, they fought in the sand, and they fought on the smooth-worn basalt rocks of the nurseries, for they were just as stupid and unaccommodating as men. Their wives never came to the island till late in May or early in June, for they didn't care to be torn to pieces; and the young two, three, and four year old seals, who had not begun housekeeping, went inland about half-a-mile through the ranks of the fighters, and played about on the sand-dunes in droves and legions, and rubbed off every single green thing that grew. They were called the holluschickie—the bachelors—and there were perhaps two or three hundred thousand of them at Novastoshnah alone.

Sea Catch had just settled his forty-fifth fight one spring, when Matkah, his soft, sleek, gentle-eyed wife, came up out of the sea, and he caught her by the scruff of the neck, and dumped her down on his reservation, saying gruffly: "Late as usual. Where *have* you been?"

It was not the fashion for Sea Catch to eat anything at all during the four months he stayed on the beaches, and so his temper was generally bad. Matkah knew better than to answer back. She looked round and cooed, "How thoughtful of you. You've taken the old place again."

"I should think I had," said Sea Catch. "Look at me!"

He was scratched and bleeding in twenty places; one eye was almost out, and his sides were torn to ribbons.

"Oh, you men—you men!" Matkah said, fanning herself with a hind-flipper; "why can't you be sensible, and settle your places quietly! You look as though you had been fighting with a killer-whale."

"I haven't been doing anything but fight since the middle of May. The beach is disgracefully crowded this season. I've met at least a hundred seals from Lukannon beach, house-hunting. Why can't people stay where they belong?"

"I've often thought we should be much happier if we hauled out at Otter Island instead of this crowded place," said Matkah.

"Bah! only the holluschickie go to Otter Island. If we went there they would say we were afraid. We must preserve appearances, my dear."

Sea Catch sunk his head proudly between his fat shoulders, and pretended to go to sleep for a few minutes; but all the time he kept a sharp look-out for a fight. Now that all the seals and their wives were on land you could hear their clamour miles out to sea above the loudest gales. At the lowest counting there were over a million seals on the beach—old seals, mother seals, tiny babies, and holluschickie, fighting, scuffling, bleating, crawling and playing

together—going down to the sea and coming up from it in gangs and regiments, lying over every foot of ground as far as the eye could reach, and skirmishing about in brigades through the fog. It is nearly always foggy at Novastoshnah, except when the sun comes out, and makes everything look all pearly and rainbow-coloured for a little while.

Kotick, Matkah's baby, was born in the middle of that confusion, and he was all head and shoulders, with pale, watery, blue eyes, as tiny seals must be; but there was something about his coat that made his mother look at him very closely.

"Sea Catch," she said at last, "our baby's going to be white!"

"Empty clam-shells and dried sea-weed!" snorted Sea Catch. "There never has been such a thing in the world as a white seal."

"I can't help that," said Matkah, "there's going to be now"; and she sang the low crooning seal-song that all the mother seals sing to their babies:—

"You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;
And summer gales and killer-whales
Are bad for baby seals."

Of course the little fellow did not understand the words at first. He paddled and scrambled about by his mother's side and learned to scuffle out of the way when his father was fighting with another seal, and the two rolled and roared up and down the slippery rocks. Matkah used to go to sea to get things to eat, and the baby was only fed once in two days; but then he ate all he could, and throve upon it. The first thing he did was to crawl inland, and there he met tens of thousands of babies of his own age, and they played together like puppies, went to sleep on the sand, and played again. The old people on the nurseries took no notice of them, and the holluschickie kept to their own grounds, and the babies had a beautiful time. When Matkah came back from her deep-sea fishing she would go straight to their playground, and call as a sheep calls for a lamb, and wait till she heard Kotick bleat. Then she would take the straightest of straight lines in his direction, striking out with her fore-flippers and knocking the youngsters head over heels right and left. There were always a few hundred mothers hunting for their children through the playgrounds, and the babies were kept lively; but, as Matkah told Kotick, "So long as you don't lie in muddy water and get mange, or get the hard sand into a cut or scratch, and so long as you never go swimming when there is a heavy sea on, nothing will hurt you." Little seals can no more swim than little children, but they are unhappy till they learn. The first time that Kotick went down to the sea a wave carried him out beyond his depth, and his big head sank and his little

hind-flippers flew up exactly as his mother had told him in the song; and if the next wave had not thrown him back again he would have been drowned. After that he learned to lie in a beach-pool and let the wash of the waves just cover him and lift him up while he paddled; but he always kept an eye open for the big waves that might hurt. He was two weeks learning to use his flippers, and all that time he floundered in and out of the water, and laughed and grunted, and crawled up the beach, and took cat-naps on the sand, and went back again, till at last he found that he belonged in the water. Then you can imagine the times that he had with his companions, ducking under the rollers, or coming in on the top of a comber, and landing with a swash and a splutter as the big wave went whirling far up the beach; or standing up on his tail and scratching his head as the old people did; or playing "I'm the King of the Castle" on slippery weedy rocks that just stuck out of the water. Now and then he would see a thin fin like a big shark's fin drifting along close to shore, and he knew that that was the killer-whale, the grampus, who eats young seals when he can get them; and Kotick would head for the beach like an arrow, and the fin would move away slowly as if it were looking for nothing at all.

Late in October the seals began to leave St. Paul's for the deep sea by families and tribes, and there was no more fighting over the nurseries, and the holluschickie played anywhere they liked. "Next year," said Matkah to Kotick, "you will be a holluschick; but this year you must learn how to catch fish." They set out together across the Pacific, and Matkah showed Kotick how to sleep on his back with his flippers tucked down by his side and his little nose just out of water. No cradle is so comfortable as the long, rocking swell of the Pacific. When Kotick felt his skin tingle all over, Matkah told him he was learning the "feel of the water," and that tingly, prickly feelings meant bad weather coming, and he must swim hard and get away from it. "In a little time," she said, "you'll know where to swim to, but just now we'll follow Sea Pig, for he is very wise." A shoal of porpoises were ducking and tearing through the water, and little Kotick followed them as fast as he could. "How do you know where to go?" he panted. The leader of the shoal rolled his white eye and ducked under. "My tail tingles, youngster," he said. "That means there's a gale behind me. Come along! When you're south of the Sticky Water (he meant the Equator), and your tail tingles, that means there's a gale in front of you, and you must head north. Come along. The water feels bad here." This was one of very many things that Kotick learned, and he was always learning. Matkah taught him to follow the cod and the halibut along the under-sea banks, and wrench the rockling out of his hole among the weeds; how to skirt the wrecks lying a hun-

dred fathoms below water, and dart like a rifle-bullet into one port-hole and out at another as the fishes ran; how to dance on the tops of the waves when the lightning was racing all over the sky, and wave his flipper politely to the stumpy-tailed albatross and the man-of-war hawk as they went down wind: how to jump three or four feet clear of the water like a dolphin, flippers close to the side and tail curved; to leave the flying-fish alone, because they are all bony; to take the shoulder-piece out of a cod at full speed ten fathoms deep, and never to stop and look at a boat or a ship, but particularly a row-boat. At the end of six months what Kotick did not know about deep-sea fishing was not worth the knowing, and all that time he never set flipper on dry ground.

One day, however, as he was lying half asleep in the warm water somewhere off the island of Juan Fernandez, he felt faint and lazy all over, just as human people do when the spring is in their legs, and he remembered the good firm beaches of Novastoshnah seven thousand miles away, the games that his companions played, and the smell of the sea-weed, the seal roar and the fighting. That very minute he turned north, swimming steadily, and as he went on he met scores of his mates all bound for the same place, and they said, "Greeting Kotick! This year we are all holluschickie, and we can dance the fire-dance in the breakers off Lukannon and play on the new grass. But where did you get that coat?"

Kotick's fur was almost pure white now, and, though he felt very proud of it, he only said, "Swim quickly! My bones are aching for the land." And they all came to the beaches where they had been born, and heard the old seals, their fathers, fighting in the rolling mist.

That night Kotick danced the fire-dance with the yearling seals. The sea is full of fire on summer nights all the way down from Novastoshnah to Lukannon, and each seal leaves a wake like burning oil behind him and a flaming flash when he jumps, and the waves break in great phosphorescent streaks and swirls. Then they went inland to the holluschickie grounds, and rolled up and down in the new wild wheat, and told stories of what they had done while they had been at sea. They talked about the Pacific as boys talk about a wood that they have been nutting in; and if anyone had understood them he could have gone away and made such a chart of that ocean as never was. Then the three- and four-year old holluschickie romped down from Hutchinson's Hill, crying, "Out of the way, youngsters! The sea is deep, and you don't know all that's in it yet. Wait till you've rounded the Horn. Hi, you yearling, where did you get that white coat?"

"I didn't get it," said Kotick, "it grew"; and, just as he was going to roll the speaker over, a couple of black-haired men with

flat red faces came from behind a sand-dune, and Kotick, who had never seen a man before, coughed and spat and lowered his head. The holluschickie just bundled off a few yards, and sat staring stupidly. The men were no less than Kerick Booterin, the first chief of the seal hunters on the island, and Patalamon, his son. They came from the little village not half-a-mile from the seal nurseries, and they were deciding what seals they should drive up to the killing- pens—for the seals were driven just like sheep—to be turned into sealskin jackets later on.

"Ho!" said Patalamon. "Look! There's a white seal!"

Kerick Booterin turned nearly white under his oil and smoke, for he was an Aleut, and Aleuts are not clean people. Then he began to utter a prayer. "Don't touch him, Patalamon. There has never been a white seal since—since I was born. Perhaps it is old Zaharrof's ghost. He was lost last year in the big gale."

"I'm not going near him," said Patalamon. "He's unlucky. Do you really think he is old Zaharrof come back? I owe him for some gulls' eggs."

"Don't look at him," said Kerick. "Head off that drove of four-year olds. The men ought to skin two hundred a day; but it's the beginning of the season, and they are new to the work. A hundred will do. Quick!"

Patalamon rattled a pair of seal's shoulder-blades in front of a herd of holluschickie, and they stopped dead, puffing and blowing. Then he stepped near, and the seals began to move, and Kerick headed them inland, and they never tried to get back to their companions. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of seals watched them being driven; but they went on playing just the same. Kotick was the only one who asked questions, and none of his companions could tell him anything except that the men always drove seals in that way for six weeks of every year.

"I am going to follow," he said; and his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he shuffled along in the wake of the herd.

"The white seal is coming after us," cried Patalamon. "That's the first time a seal has ever come to the killing-grounds alone."

"Hsh! don't look behind you," said Kerick; "it *is* Zaharrof's ghost! I must speak to the priest about this."

The drive to the killing-ground was only half-a-mile, but it took an hour, because if the seals went too fast Kerick knew that they would get heated, and then their fur would come off in patches when they were skinned. So they went on very slowly, past Sea Lion's Neck, past Webster House, till they came to the Salt-house just beyond the sight of the seals on the beach. Kotick followed, panting and wondering. He thought that he was at the world's end; but the roar of the seal nurseries behind him sounded as loud

as the roar of a train in a tunnel. Then Kerick sat down on the moss, and pulled out a heavy pewter watch, and let the drove cool off for thirty minutes; and Kotick could hear the fog-dew dripping off the brim of his cap. Then ten or twelve men, each with an iron-bound club three or four feet long, came up, and Kerick pointed out one or two of the drove that were bitten or too hot, and the men kicked those aside with their heavy boots made of walrus's throat; and then Kerick said, "Let go!" and the men clubbed the seals on the head as fast as they could. Ten minutes later little Kotick did not recognize his friends any more, for their skins were ripped off from the nose to the hind-flippers, whipped off and thrown down on the ground in a pile. That was enough for Kotick. He turned and galloped (a seal can gallop very swiftly for a short time) back to the sea, his little new moustache bristling with horror. At Sea Lion's Neck, where the great sea-lions sit half-in and half-out of the surf, he flung himself flipper overhead into the cool water, and rocked there gasping and miserable. "What's here?" said a sea-lion gruffly, for as a rule the sea-lions keep themselves to themselves.

"Scoochnie! Ochen! scoochnie!" (I'm lonesome, very lonesome!") said Kotick. "They're killing *all* the holluschickie on *all* the beaches!"

The sea-lion turned his head inshore. "Nonsense," he said, "your friends are making as much noise as ever. You must have seen old Kerick polishing off a drove. He's done that for thirty years."

"It's horrible," said Kotick, backing water, as a wave went over him, and steadying himself with a screw stroke of his flippers that brought him within three inches of a jagged edge of a rock.

"Well done for a yearling!" said the sea lion. "I suppose it is rather awful from your way of looking at it; but, if you seals *will* come here year after year, of course the men get to know of it, and unless you can find an island where no men ever come you will always be driven."

"Isn't there any such island?" began Kotick.

"I've followed the *poltoos* (the halibut) for twenty years, and I can't say I've found it yet. But, look here—you seem to have a fondness for talking to your betters—suppose you go to Walrus Islet and talk to Sea Vitch. He may know something. Don't flounce off like that. It's a six-mile swim, and if I were you I should haul out and take a nap first, little one."

Kotick thought that that was good advice, so he swam round to his own beach, hauled out, and slept for half-an-hour, twitching all over, as seals will. Then he headed straight for Walrus Islet, a little low sheet of rocky island almost due north-east from Novas-

toshnah, all ledges of rock and gulls' nests, where the walrus herded by themselves.

He landed close to the old Sea Vitch—the big, ugly, bloated, pimpled, fat-necked, long-tusked walrus of the North Pacific, who has no manners except when he is asleep—as he was then—with his hind-flippers half-in and half-out of the surf.

"Wake up!" barked Kotick, for the gulls were making a great noise.

"Hah! Ho! Hmph! What's that?" said Sea Vitch; and he struck the next walrus a blow with his tusks and waked him up, and the next struck the next, and so on till they were all awake, and they all stared in every direction but the right one.

"Hi! It's me," said Kotick, bobbing in the surf, and looking like a little white slug.

"Well, may I be skinned!" said Sea Vitch; and they all looked at Kotick as you can fancy a club full of drowsy old gentlemen would look at a little boy.

Kotick did not care to hear any more about skinning just then. he had seen enough of it; so he called out, "Isn't there any place for seals to go where men don't ever come?"

"Go and find out," said Sea Vitch, shutting his eyes. "Run away. We're busy here."

Kotick made a dolphin-jump up in the air, and shouted as loud as he could, "Clam-eater! Clam-eater!" He knew that Sea Vitch never caught a fish in his life, but always rooted for clams and sea-weeds, though he pretended to be a very terrible person. Naturally the Chickies, and the Gooverooskies, and the Epatkas—the burgomaster gulls, and the kittiwakes and the puffins, who are always looking out for a chance to be rude, took up the cry, and—so Limmershin told me—for nearly five minutes you could not have heard a gun fired on Walrus Islet. All the population was yelling and screaming, "Clam-eater! *Stareek* (old man)," while Sea Vitch rolled from side to side and grunted and coughed.

"Now will you tell?" said Kotick, all out of breath.

"Go and ask Sea Cow," said Sea Vitch. "If he is living still he'll be able to tell you."

"How shall I know him when I meet him?" said Kotick.

"He's the only thing in the sea uglier than Sea Vitch," screamed a burgomaster gull, wheeling under Sea Vitch's nose. "Uglier and with worse manners."

Kotick went out to Novastoshnah, leaving the gulls to scream. When he got back he found that no one sympathized with him in his little attempt to find out a quiet place for the seals. They told him that men had always driven holluschickie—it was part of the day's work—and that if he did not like to see ugly things he should

not have gone to the killing-grounds. But none of the other seals had seen the killing, and that made the difference between him and his friends; besides, Kotick was a white seal.

"All you have to do," said old Sea Catch, after he had heard his son's adventures, "is to grow up and be a big seal like your father, and have a nursery on the beach, and then they will leave you alone. In another five years you ought to be able to fight for yourself." Even gentle, kind Matkah, said, "You will never be able to stop the killing. Go and play in the sea, Kotick." And Kotick went off and danced the fire-dance with a very heavy little heart.

That autumn he left the beach as soon as he could, and he set off alone because he had a notion in his round bullet-head. He was going to find Sea Cow, if there was such a person in the sea, and he was going to find a quiet island with good firm beaches for seals to live on, where men could not get at them. So he explored and explored by himself from the North to the South Pacific, swimming as much as three hundred miles in a day and a night. He met with more adventures than you could put in a book, and narrowly escaped being caught by the basking shark, and the spotted shark, and the hammerhead; and he met all the untrustworthy ruffians that loaf up and down the seas, and the heavy polite fish, and the scarlet-spotted scallops that are moored in one place for hundreds of years, and grow very proud of it; but he never met Sea Cow, and he never found an island that he could fancy. If the beach was good and hard with a slope behind it for seals to play on there was always the smoke of a whaler on the horizon, boiling down blubber, and Kotick knew what that meant. Or else he could see that seals had once visited the island and been killed off; and Kotick knew that where men had come once they could come again.

He picked up with an old stumpy-tailed albatross, who told him that Kerguelen Island was just the place for peace and quiet; and when Kotick went down there he was nearly smashed to pieces against some wicked black cliffs in a heavy sleet-storm with lightning and thunder. Yet, as he pulled out against the gale, he could see that there had once been a seal nursery even there. And it was so in all the other islands that he visited. Limmershin gave me a long list of them; for he said that Kotick spent five seasons exploring, with a four months rest each year at Novastoshnah, when the holluschickie used to make fun of him and his imaginary islands. He went to Gallapagos, a horrid dry place on the Equator, where he was nearly baked to death; he went to the Georgia Islands, the Orkneys, Emerald Island, Little Nightingale Island, Gough's Island, Bouvet's Island, the Crossets, and even to a little speck of an island south of the Cape of Good Hope, called Royal Company Island. But everywhere the people of the sea told him

the same things. Seals had come to those islands once upon a time, but men had killed them all off. Even when he swam thousands of miles out of the Pacific and got to a place called Cape Corientes (that was when he was coming back from Gough's Island), he found a few hundred mangy seals on a rock, and they told him that men came there too. That nearly broke his heart, and he headed round the Horn back to his own beaches, and on his way north he hauled out on an island full of green trees, and there he found an old, old seal, who was dying, and Kotick caught fish for him, and told him how he had failed to find either Sea Cow or a place for his friends. "Now," said Kotick, "I am going back to Novastoshnah, and if I am driven to the killing-pens with the holluschickie I shan't mind." The old seal said, "Try once more. I am the last of the lost rookery of Masafuera; and in the days when men killed us by the hundred thousand there was a story on the beaches that some day a white seal would come out of the North and lead the seal people to a quiet place. I am old, and I shall never live to see that day; but others will. Try once more." And Kotick curled up his moustache (it was a beauty), and said, "I am the only white seal that has ever been born on the beaches, and I am the only seal, black or white, who ever thought of looking for new islands."

That cheered him a great deal: and when he came back to Novastoshnah that summer, Matkah, his mother, begged him to marry and settle down, for he was no longer a holluschick, but a full-grown Sea Catch, with a curly white mane on his shoulders, as heavy, as big, and as fierce as his father. "Give me another season," he said. Remember, mother, it is always the seventh wave that goes furthest up the beach."

Curiously enough there was another seal who thought that she would put off marrying till the next year, and Kotick danced the fire-dance with her all down Lukannon beach the night before he set off on his last exploration. This time he went westward, because he had fallen on the trail of a great shoal of halibut, and he needed at least one hundred pounds of fish a day to keep him in good condition. He chased them until he was tired, and then he curled himself up, and went to sleep on the hollows of the ground-swell that sets in to Copper Island. He knew the coast perfectly well: so about midnight, when he felt himself gently bumped on a weed-bed he said, "Hm, tide's running strong to-night," and, turning over under water, opened his eyes slowly and stretched. Then he jumped like a cat, for he saw huge things nosing about in the shoal-water and browzing on the heavy fringes of the weeds.

"By the great combers of Magellan!" he said, beneath his moustache, "who in the deep sea are these people?"

They were like no walrus, sea-lion, seal, bear, whale, shark, or fish that Kotick had ever seen before. They were between twenty and thirty feet long and they had no hind flippers, but a shovel-like tail that looked as if it had been whittled out of wet leather. Their heads were the most foolish looking things you ever saw and they balanced on the ends of their tails in deep water when they weren't grazing, bowing solemnly to each other, and waving their front flippers as a man waves his arm.

"Ahem!" said Kotick. "Good sport, gentlemen?" The big things answered by bowing and waving their flippers like the frog-footman with the letter in *Alice Through the Looking-glass*. When they began feeding again Kotick saw that their upper lip was split into two pieces, and that they could twitch apart about a foot, and bring together again, with a whole bushel of sea-weed between the splits. They tucked the stuff into their mouths and chumped solemnly.

"Messy style of feeding that," said Kotick. They bowed again, and Kotick began to lose his temper. "Very good," he said. "If you do happen to have an extra joint in your front flipper you needn't show off so. I'll admit you bow gracefully, but I should like to know your names." The split lips moved and twitched, and the glassy green eyes stared, but they didn't speak.

"Well," said Kotick, "you're the only people I've ever met uglier than Sea Vitch and with worse manners." Then he remembered in a flash what the burgomaster gulls had screamed to him when he was a little yearling at Walrus Islet, and he tumbled head over heels backward in the water, for he knew that he had found Sea Cow at last! The Sea Cow went on schlooping and grazing and chumping in the weed, and Kotick asked them questions in every language that he had ever picked up in his travels; and the fishes talk nearly as many languages as human beings. But the Sea Cow did not answer because Sea Cows cannot talk. He has only six bones in his neck where he ought to have seven, and they say under the sea that that prevents him from speaking even to his companions; but, as you know, he has an extra joint in his front flipper, and by waving it up and down and about he makes a sort of clumsy telegraphic code.

By daylight Kotick's mane was standing on end, and his temper was gone where the dead crabs go. Then the Sea Cow began to travel northward very slowly, stopping to hold absurd bowing councils from time to time, and Kotick followed them. What he said to himself was, "Any people who are such idiots as those people are would have been killed long ago if they hadn't found out some safe island; and what's good enough for the Sea Cow is good enough for the Sea Catch. All the same, I wish they'd hurry."

It was weary work for Kotick. The Sea Cows (there were about twenty of them) never went more than forty or fifty miles a day, and stopped to feed at night, and kept close to the shore all the time, and Kotick swam round them and over them and under them, but he could not hurry them up. As they went further north they held a bowing council every few hours, and Kotick nearly bit off his moustache with impatience, till he saw that they were following up a warm current of water, and then he respected them more. One night they sank through the shiny water—sank like stones—and, for the first time since he had known them, began to swim hard. Kotick followed, and the pace astonished him, for he never dreamed that Sea Cow was anything of a swimmer. They headed for a cliff by the shore, a cliff that ran down into deep water, and swam into a dark hole in the foot of it, twenty fathoms under the sea. It was a long swim, and Kotick badly wanted fresh air before he was out of the long dark tunnel they led him through.

"My wig!" he said, when he rose gasping and puffing into open water at the farther end, "it was a long dive, but it was worth it."

The Sea Cows had separated, and were browzing lazily along the edges of the finest beaches that Kotick had ever seen. There were long stretches of some worn rock running for miles exactly fitted to make seal nurseries, and there were playgrounds of hard sand sloping inland behind them, and there were rollers for seals to dance in, and long grass to roll in, and sand-dunes to climb up and down, and, best of all, Kotick knew by the feel of the water that no men had ever come there. The first thing he did was to assure himself that the fishing was good, and then he swam along the beaches and counted up the delightful low sandy islands half-hidden in the beautiful rolling fog. Away to the northward out to sea ran a line of bars and shoals and rocks that would never let a ship come within six miles of the beach, and between the islands and the mainland was a stretch of deep water that ran up to the perpendicular cliffs, and somewhere below the cliffs was the mouth of the tunnel.

"It's Novastoshnah over again, but ten times better," said Kotick. "Sea Cow must be wiser than I thought. Men can't come down the cliffs even if there were any men; and the shoals to seaward would knock a ship to splinters. If any place in the sea is safe this is it." He began to think of the seal he had left behind him; but, though he was in a hurry to go back to Novastoshnah, he thoroughly explored the new country, so that he would be able to answer questions about it.

Then he dived, and made sure of the mouth of the tunnel, and raced through to the southward. No one but a Sea Cow or a seal

would have dreamed of there being such a place; and when he looked back at the cliffs even Kotick could hardly believe that he had been there.

He was ten days going home, and he was not swimming slowly either; and when he hauled out just above Sea Lion's Neck the first person he met was the seal who had been waiting for him, and she saw by the look in his eyes that he had found his island at last.

But the holluschickie and Sea Catch, his father, and all the other seals, laughed at him when he told them what he had discovered, and a young seal about his own age said, "This is all very well, Kotick, but you can't come from no one knows where and order us off like this. Remember we've been fighting for our nurseries, and that's a thing you never did. You preferred prowling about in the sea." The other seals laughed at this, and the young seal began twisting his head from side to side. He had just married that year, and he was making a great fuss about it.

"I've no nursery to fight for," said Kotick. "I only want to show you all a place where you will be safe. What's the use of fighting?"

"Oh, if you're trying to back out of course I've no more to say," said the young seal, with an ugly chuckle.

"Will you come with me if I win," said Kotick; and a queer green light came into his eye, for he was very angry at having to fight at all.

"All right," said the young seal carelessly, "*if* you win, I'll come." He had no time to change his mind, for Kotick's head was out, and his teeth sunk in the blubber of the young seal's neck. Then he threw himself back on his haunches and hauled his enemy down the beach, shook him, and knocked him over. Then Kotick roared to the seals, "I've done my best for you these five seasons past. I've found you the island where you'll be safe, but unless your heads are dragged off your silly necks you won't believe. I'm going to teach you now. Look out for yourselves!" Limmershin told me that never in his life—and Limmershin sees ten thousand big seals fighting every year—never in all his little life did he see anything like Kotick's charge into the nurseries. He flung himself at the biggest Sea Catch he could find, caught him by the throat, choked him, and bumped him, and banged him till he grunted for mercy, and then threw him aside and went for the next. You see Kotick had never fasted for four months as the big seals did every year, and his deep-sea swimming trips kept him in perfect condition, and best of all he had never fought before. His curly white mane stood up with rage, and his eyes flamed, and his big dog-teeth glistened, and he was splendid to look at. Old Sea Catch, his

father, saw him tearing past, hauling the grizzled old seals about as though they had been halibut, and upsetting the young bachelors as though they had been ninepins, and Sea Catch gave a roar and shouted, "He may be a fool, but he is the best fighter on the beaches. Don't tackle your father, my son! He's with you!" Kotick roared in answer, and old Sea Catch waddled in with his moustache on end, blowing like a locomotive, while Matkah and the seal that was going to marry Kotick cowered down and admired their men folks. It was a gorgeous fight, for the two fought as long as there was a seal that dared lift up his head, and when there was not they paraded grandly up and down the beach side by side bellowing.

At night, just as the Northern lights were winking and flashing through the fog, Kotick climbed a bare rock and looked down on the scattered nurseries and the torn and bleeding seals. "Now," he said, "I've taught you your lesson."

"My wig!" said old Sea Catch, hoisting himself up stiffly, for he was fearfully mauled, "the killer-whale himself could not have cut them up worse. Son, I'm proud of you, and, what's more, *I'll* come with you to your island—if there is such a place."

"Hear you, fat pigs of the sea. Who comes with me to the Sea Cow's tunnel? Answer, or I shall teach you again," roared Kotick.

There was a murmur like the ripple of the tide all up and down the beaches. "We will come," said thousands of tired voices. "We will follow Kotick, the white seal."

Then Kotick dropped his head between his shoulders and shut his eyes proudly. He was not a white seal any more, but red from head to tail. All the same, he would have scorned to look at or touch one of his wounds.

A week later he and his army (nearly ten thousand holluschickie and old seals) went away north to the Sea Cow's tunnel, Kotick leading them, and the seals that stayed at Novastoshnah called them idiots. But next spring, when they all met off the fishing banks of the Pacific, Kotick's seals told such tales of the new beaches beyond Sea Cow's tunnel that more and more seals left Novastoshnah. Of course it was not all done at once, for seals are not very clever, and they need a long time to turn things over in their minds; but year after year more seals went away from Novastoshnah and Lukannon, and the other nurseries, to the quiet sheltered beaches where Kotick sits all the summer, through getting bigger and fatter and stronger each year, while the holluschickie play round him, in that sea where no man comes.

Now there are two great countries squabbling to find out which of the two shall kill seals off the island of St. Paul's, in the Bering

Sea; and while they are squabbling news has come in that the seal-catch is small. It will get smaller and smaller, till at last the two countries will be left with nothing to argue about. Limmershin told me. Isn't it simple when you know all about it?

RUDYARD KIPLING.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

In these days of enormous journalistic activity a very great many men of letters are engaged professionally in determining the public taste in literature. The same men, many of them, as students of letters, have to consider the old question about what are the qualities that make for the immortality of any author. It would be difficult to say which is the harder task—to gauge and serve contemporary opinion, or to prophesy and explain posterior; and it is probable that confusion may become worse confounded by allowing the two questions to be mixed up together. One thing we may hold by is, that, while it is true that books which live, live in the last instance by popular consent, and not by any critical prerogative of mercy, it is not so certain that the public is greatly interested in the creatures of its clemency. Some, at least, of the works "which will never die" live on in the lips rather than in the minds of men. To the general, any grandly-rounded sentiment is Shakespearian; any moral, shadowed forth in simple, direct, natural figure, is Scriptural. *Paradise Lost*, which stands for all as Milton, is probably as little read as *Comus*, of which few in comparison could name the author. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is familiar on the lips of thousands who have never accompanied Faithful through Vanity Fair. Has one in ten thousand read *Gulliver's Travels?* yet are there in ten thousand ten who have not heard of Gulliver? *Robinson Crusoe*, acknowledged delight of the young generations of all countries, and notably the boys' food of their men of letters, is not, so often as the *Boys of England* and a hundred other such, the crumpled, dirty sheet, dragged from the depths of spinning-top and marbles, that entrances the furtive readers who await your "copy" for the printer, or who loiter round the corner with your dinner. M. Maxime Du Camp, in his biographical sketch of Théophile Gautier, speaks of Bernardin de St. Pierre as having found the style that does not grow old. But, does *Paul et Virginie* hold the public taste? It is doubtful whether, in England at any rate, even when its popularity might be taken for granted as it may be taken for granted in France now, it ever did more than catch the public ear. Perhaps, therefore, we ought not so readily to

assume that the life of a book depends upon the general taste of posterity, and that the immortality of an author will be vitally affected by the widening of the circle of readers. That widening will affect contemporary literature, for there is no criticism of contemporary literature so effective as a statement of sales. If, however, we are right in believing that this extension of numbers signifies no more than that literature is becoming a vogue, that the increase in the body of readers means no increase in its critical knowledge, we may safely assume that the judgments of the expert few, so far from being less powerful, will grow in influence. For there is no greater snob than what is known as the "general public." It detects unerringly the true leaders of fashion, apes them out-of-doors, and, on its home-coming, lays elegance aside for a messy comfort. No less unerringly, although in its back-parlours it follows its own taste for clippings and the mystery of crime, it will catch the opinion of the expert, and air it abroad. In this way, critical judgments, which, like tennis-balls, live by being kept in air, are given more chances of life by an increase in the number of tongues to bandy them to and fro. The curious consequence of the vulgarity of its practice and the refinement of its opinion is that the public is glib in general principles, and ill-informed on particular examples. It was only this week that we overheard a young city man, picking up the new edition of *Pepys* at his library, say, "Diary—hum—there's too much self-consciousness in the literature of the day." Finer illustration could not be found of the point on which we are insisting. He who had not heard of Pepys' *Diary* was acquainted with the common talk of current criticism. It may not have been wise or profound; enough that it was not the own opinion of this Philistine who reflected it, and in the sham conviction of it threw down (as being too self-conscious, if you please) the *Diary* of Mr. Pepys, who lives because he is the veriest Philistine of them all.

It is this new edition of *Pepys*,* of course, and this overheard criticism of it, that have set us a-thinking of the vitality of certain books. All assume that the decree has gone forth that the *Diary* of the Clerk of the Acts is to live; and we are not sure whether it is a thing, or merely a name, to the great body of readers with whom (it is usual to suppose) such decrees lie. To this young gentleman in the city, clearly, it was not a name even; but, fortunately, his forked twig for divining the true springs of literature has only recently come to hand, and when they read it, no doubt, his father and grandfather found it as entertaining to call up from

* *The Diary of Samuel Pepys.* Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. I. George Bell & Sons.

its pages the curious character of its author as did those who likewise corrected and confirmed by them the historians of the period they cover. Since Sir Walter Scott, who, if we mistake not, reviewed the first edition in the *Quarterly* nearly seventy years ago, it has been the complaint of all writers on Pepys that we do not get so much of him as we ought. The edition in the hands of Sir Walter contained scarce half the manuscript. The fourth edition—the old *Bohn* which, probably, is that used by most of us,—was shorter than the original by considerably more than a fourth; and Mr. Bright's edition, twenty years later, the completest hitherto and now out of print, omitted about one-fifth. Mr. Wheatley's *Pepys*, therefore, is the first to appear in its entirety. We are asked to trust to the judgment of the Editor that the few passages still awanting could not possibly have been printed; and we have found ample evidence in Vol. I. that no undue squeamishness has curtailed for us this "wicked little impersonation of bustle, vanity, and spirit."

Judged by this first volume, which covers a year and three months of the ten years comprised in the *Diary*, the omissions now supplied for the first time did an injustice less to the author's contemporaries—the danger as a rule of over-zealous editing—than to the author himself. When his MS. was deciphered, a century and more after his death, the world got the quality of Samuel Pepys as it had never been revealed to the nearest to him in his lifetime. From the pages of this latest edition his character stands out with a subtlety of relief greater than ever. Pepys left the key to his cipher behind him; whether with intent that a later generation should unlock his "true inwardness" with it we cannot say. It must be remembered that he was only twenty-eight when he began the *Diary*, and that, under compulsion of an affection of the eyes, he put by his pen nine years later. At that time, indeed, he was a man of considerable importance; but when he began to write he was at the Exchequer Office at £50 a year, and not sure of his place there, "living lately in a garret," "esteemed rich, but indeed very poor," and without idea (as he was for years thereafter) of his advanced condition. One may take it that he did not write overshadowed by any ghost of posterity. In any case, we feel, he was a man of singular integrity who could so little play tricks with his conscience as Pepys does in his *Diary*. He pulls up the blinds upon himself as if there were not a spot within upon which the sun had better not shine. Yet Pepys' evidently was not a character built on simple lines. He was a man of singular versatility, wrote Scott. The curious fascination of the *Diary* is, indeed, the evidence it affords—perhaps an honest analysis of any man's life would afford it—

of incongruous elements in the character of its author. There never was a man requiring less than Pepys to be told to "gang warily"; yet when he was twenty-two and she fifteen, he married Elizabeth St. Michel, who had as little of a portion as he of a place. He was fond of his wife, only now and then "rattling her up" because of her ill-training of her house-dog, and unhappy habit of leaving her clothes about, which offended the orderly attorney soul in him. We may almost believe he was faithful to her, he having his full share of citizen virtues; although away from her apron-strings, he indulged a little dallying, and sleeping abroad, would "stay up a while playing the fool with the lass of the house," and kiss her in the morning, "she being very pretty." Indeed, he was susceptible to a handsome wench, and there are hints in the *Diary* it was perhaps as well his wife could not decipher any better than we can. For a gentleman patient in well-doing for himself, he was greatly beloved; his own feet firm—but not till then—he had a helping hand for others; he would even stand security for them, but chiefly for "My Lord" who had dispensed many favours and had more in his wallet. He had an anxious eye on this world's goods, and a keen relish for its pleasures. He was active and bustling, and economical of time as of money: when the sermon was poor he read over the whole book of the story of Tobit, and, we trust, was edified. Yet frequently he was a great while at at his "vial and voice," learning to sing "Fly boy, fly boy," and others, "without book." Whether he was vain of his person, he was careful in clothing it. He notes the day on which he began to wear buckles on his shoes, and left off his great skirt suit and put on the white suit with silver lace coat. He was a "prood man" when he received Mr. Blackburne's letter, subscribed with his own hand, "Samuel Pepys, Esquire"; and says he was, making no bones about it as a more sensitive man would. The truth is he was not sensitive at all, but very crude for all he was a connoisseur; as shrewd as he was simple, as strenuous as he was naïve, official, yet not bound with red-tape, carrying the habits of Axe Yard to the affairs of Whitehall, to the considerable benefit of the affairs of Whitehall, and little modification of the habits of Axe Yard; a man, in a word, of the State and of Clapham. All of which, but chiefly the less-engaging qualities, are writ down with Mr. Pepys' own hand. In Pepys we have an illustration of what any shrewd observer must have noticed among his fellows: the combination of great complexity of character with extreme simplicity of consciousness. It is thus only that we can account for men for whose honesty scores will vouch acting, and referring to their actions, in a way that to many of us is inconsistent with anything but a debauched conscience. It may be that without deliberately playing the hypocrite they

deceive themselves. What must be remembered is, that the keen nose for hypocrisy is not to be found among those of us who are extremely sincere in our actions and motives, but among those of us who are extremely conscious of them. Mr. Lowell has said that Samuel Pepys was the most perfect type that ever existed of the class of people described by the French adjective *Bourgeois*, and that, perhaps, it was in consequence of its defects that he wrote so delightful a book. It would follow, then, that honesty of self-consciousness is a Philistine virtue—a conclusion that does not jump with everyone's experience. The *Diary* delights us because of the human interest in it, which the fact of its being a diary only makes the greater. By his honesty in writing the history of a man, Pepys the Philistine accomplished that wherein art may fail.

If we wish to string our beads of the month together, we may do so by noting that, in the case of Théophile Gautier, failure to catch the ear of mankind came from excess of art. That is acknowledged by M. Maxime Du Camp, in the biographical sketch of Gautier* already referred to, and driven home by Mr. Andrew Lang in the excellent *Preface* thereto. M. Du Camp writes, as one of the few and faithful, yet with moderation; Mr. Lang, greatly more critically, but with appreciation of Gautier's gift and temper. The limitation in these—the lack of the "large and eager sympathy with what is universal"—gives Mr. Lang fresh occasion for that apology for the common things of life, in which he reflects the splendid example of Sir Walter. In the "three hundred volumes" of Gautier "there is style, there is charm, there is music," he says; "but there is more of life in a chapter of Dumas or in a *proverbe* of Alfred de Musset. . . ." "For *Mort aux Perruques* he substituted *Mort aux bourgeois*, and, to tell the truth, his bitter insistence on this hatred of the commonplace becomes tedious, becomes melancholy, as we read his harangues in the memoirs of the Goncourts. We cannot imagine Shakespeare, or Scott, or Dumas thus declaiming against the ordinary, the staple of human existence, the life that all the poets' fathers lived. That life, of course, is indifferent to the finer things of art; but man was by no means born to live for art alone." We ought to say that this passage is part of the argument—the leading one in Mr. Lang's *Preface*—against the biographer's insistence that had Fortune been kinder, or the State more appreciative, Gautier's place as a poet would have been higher, his poetic work greater in bulk, and nobler in quality. Mr. Lang cuts through speculations of that kind with a sheer stroke of cold, penetrating common-sense. "Like other men," he says, "Théophile Gautier did what he could, and

* *Théophile Gautier.* By Maxime Du Camp. Translated by J. E. Gordon. Preface by Andrew Lang. *The Great French Writers.* T. Fisher Unwin.

what it was in him to do." Does Mr. Lang here disarm the criticism of some of us unbaptised judges of himself, who are constantly lamenting the absorption of the poet in the most distinguished man of letters in our own day? One can understand how exactly "irritating" is the theory of the "Great Work," the *magnum opus*.

Mr. Clifford Harrison relates in his *Stray Records* an interesting conversation he had with Dr. John Brown, of whom, by the way, a biography has appeared which, a friend tells us, is perhaps as good a "Life" as we can expect of one who embodied the rarest and most distinguished and delicate sentiment with the manliest and homeliest temper. John Brown said to Mr. Harrison, who admits that he may have spoken with a good deal of folly as well as enthusiasm, of some question of art: "Be careful of thinking too much of that same 'Art' with a big 'A.' It covers a multitude of sins nowadays, and is an excuse for a good deal of something I, being old-fashioned, should call 'Self-will.'" Art with the big "A," covering as many sins of self-will as the "artistic temperament," of which more again, still stalks among us; but it is scarce the besetting evil of our time. A greater danger to present-day purely literary, and, therefore, permanent, but is social, and, therefore, modified constantly by accidental considerations which have no more to do with literature than neck-ties have to do with life. Strong men, indeed, beard this influential Bench (which the chance diversity of mood, not any inherent qualification for artistic judgments, separates from the British Matron), and compel a body of witness in their favour which it cannot resist; but its effects—temporary, of course, and even useful, as the outcome of reaction—are everywhere manifest. It would not be difficult to prove one of them to be the ridiculous under-estimate of sentiment; for which, however, this may be said, that futile as it is as a dam, it is excellent as a filter.

From such speculations, it is time to turn to certain recent books, chiefly novels, the consideration of which, however, is not entirely apart from these general questions, although we do not mark the connection.

Mr. William Tirebuck is a man of an extreme originality. The expression of it in *Sweetheart Gwen** is a little unfortunate in reflecting an emotionalism, which we hope we are not narrow in thinking less a worthy part of his individuality than evidence of a want of tone in it. Frankly, the writer and his book lack humour—the most truly prudential of all high qualities. Hence, an absence of restraint; a touch of something, not maudlin, but

* *Sweetheart Gwen: A Welsh Idyll.* By William Tirebuck. Longmans, Green, & Co.

certainly not healthy, in Parts I. and II., which contain the Idyll. It seems to us not improbable that many readers will be surfeited before they finish the Idyll and reach Part III., which, deliberately or not, is the corrective acid. In addition, even that corrective is adulterated so that it fails to cleanse the mouth. It is extremely difficult, without breaking the rule of never outlining a story whose distinctive quality cannot be outlined, to state in less general terms the defects of *Sweetheart Gwen*. The furthest we may go is to explain that the story narrates the uncommon history of a boy until the dawn of manhood breaks for him, and the effect of these early experiences—were it not for the warning of Mr. Tirebuck before us, we should call them spiritual experiences—upon the man long after he left the boyhood stage behind. Despite the fault we have mentioned, the first and larger portion of the book is a fine, subtle, and often firm piece of work, requiring, we take it, a more sympathetic reader than every novel finds to enter into its distinctive qualities. The last section, which is the confession of the man to the influence of the boy, is light and unemotional and even cynical, until, at the very end, at the urgency, one is almost compelled to imagine, of the instinct for a peroration, it declines upon an emotional mysticism. The plan of the book bears some relation to allegory, which is generally unsatisfactory, and inevitably so where what figures forth the spiritual has not a quality that is not human. *Sweetheart Gwen* is too realistic for such an intangible purpose; its purpose is not worthy its fine realism; and besides raising an active hostility in some minds, it can scarce appear to those who think its merits far in excess of its faults, more than an unfortunate experiment.

The four stories brought together in Mr. Brookfield's *The Twilight of Love** are described by their author as "Studies of the Artistic Temperament." It is not any sympathy with the cant current on the subject that bids us find fault with Mr. Brookfield's sub-title as unjust; rather we hold it unfair to this thing—the artistic temperament—for the same reason that we hold the common cant unfair to it: it fixes the shoe on the wrong horse. The delineation of the characters by whom this temperament is supposed to be possessed is as accurate as it is firm; but we are not convinced, in the cases of almost any of them, that they are possessed of it. "A Modern Penelope" was a heartless girl who went on the stage because she had been betrayed, and because he who had deceived her was able to place her there as a slight act of reparation. Again, Florrie Adeane was *admired* very much; we have her word for it, and that rather discounts any idea of an

* *The Twilight of Love: Being Four Studies of the Artistic Temperament.* By Charles H. E. Brookfield. Ward & Downey.

artistic triumph. The faithful and long-suffering Mildred de Laure, who kept a husband, the "Superior Animal," by dancing in the ballet at the Pompadour Theatre, had a noble temperament, if you like, but not, so far as we are led to see, an artistic. Indeed, the only character in the book who did possess it was Mlle. Angèle, over whom Lionel Mendés marched to success on false pretences; and she exhibits more excellent qualities than any of the other, even subsidiary, figures that flit across its pages. Our objection to Mr. Brookfield's title, if good, does not disprove that the artistic temperament deserves the judgment he asks for it; but it makes invalid the evidence he leads. That consideration apart, the stories deserve praise for their firm and direct handling. Mr. Brookfield never falls into the mistake of being hyper-subtle; on the contrary, he is rather apt to make his points by strong contrasts: for example, his description, in "Kirk and Stage," of the Scotch household—effective, we must admit—is true to the letter, but absurdly false to the spirit, of the conditions of that life.

Extreme subtlety, on the other hand, marks "Mr. Tommy Dove" and the other stories in Miss Margaret Deland's new volume,* which are studies in silent tragedy: tragedy not the less terrible because it affects men and women who, but for it, would be entirely commonplace. Of these five stories, that which gives the volume a title impresses us most: Mr. Tommy Dove is so like his name, so exactly "Tommy," and Miss Jane so perfectly bodies forth our conception of the "Miss Jane" of her condition; the gentle gilding of their lives by Love's beams is so much a something to make us smile, to them so much all in all; the sunlight is blotted out so silently, and the grey descends with so little of a sigh. None of Miss Deland's stories makes cheerful reading; but those, at least, who keep a curious eye upon workmanship will derive from the broad finish of these studies an incitement that will more than counterbalance their sadness.

Mr. Kipling's volume demands all the space that is left us: nevertheless, we must delay its consideration for a moment to commend three new editions. Two are editions of poets:—Mr. Dykes Campbell's excellent *Coleridge*† and Mr. Underhill's addition to the *Muses' Library*. *The Poetical Words of John Gay*,‡ which is handsome, exhaustive (both the earlier version and the later of *Rural Sports* are given), keeps strictly to its purpose, and

* *Mr. Tommy Dove; and other Stories.* By Margaret Deland. Longmans, Green, & Co.

† *The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited, with a Biographical Introduction, by James Dykes Campbell. Macmillans.

‡ *The Poetical Words of John Gay.* Edited, with a Life and Notes, by John Underhill. Two volumes. *The Muses' Library.* Lawrence & Bullen.

is introduced by a *Life* that is more grudging in its estimate of the man than any previous biographies of him. The third and most important is the enlarged edition of Professor Veitch's *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border**: itself an instance of the proud patriotism and poetic gift that it commemorates, seen in these lines, written upon the eve of his death by one of the latest and most rarely gifted of the Border singers:—

"I've been happy above ground;
I can never be happy under
Out of gentle Teviot's sound—
Part us not, then, far asunder.

"Lay me here where I may see
Teviot round his meadows flowing,
And around and over me
Winds and clouds for ever going."

Many Inventions,† Mr. Kipling's new volume, presents a difficult task to the reviewer. It presents a difficult task, because of such a work one is expected to chronicle an advance or a shortcoming; to note in it excess of bad qualities which previously were indicated only; or to record the absence even of the indication. In the case of *Many Inventions* one can do none of these things. To our mind "My Lord the Elephant" has not been surpassed by Mr. Kipling; but it, and the scarcely less notable "His Private Honour," are not so much, if at all, superior to "On Greenhow Hill," or "Without Benefit of Clergy," or "The Man Who Was" in *Life's Handicap*, that we may count them for an advance in their author's art. "One view of the Question," with its splendid satire, "The Finest Story in the World," and "In the Ruhk," the farce of "Brugglesmith," "The Children of the Zodiac," although out of Mr. Kipling's beaten track, are not entirely new excursions from it. Further, the qualities of the telling are not any more changed than the motives of the stories told. Certainly the author's natural vigour has not abated; as certainly its coarser touches still soil these latest pages. In a word, *Many Inventions* is a duplication of previous achievement.

Assuredly the stationary stage is not satisfactory. A great painter, who was repeating his successes with apparent ease, once said in presence of the writer, "A man always is reaching to the top of the hill, or he is going down it." On the lips of one to whom the conviction of it was evidently a burden, this patent truth was impressive, and we have never forgotten it. We cannot think, however, that Mr. Kipling's stationary stage is more than a pause before a further climb; and one reason especially leads us to this opinion. It

* *The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*. By John Veitch, LL.D. New and Enlarged Edition. William Blackwood & Sons.

† *Many Inventions*. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan

is, that, in this volume, as in all that have gone before, the notable quality is precocity. The vigour, the penetration, the wide survey, above all the intuitive knowledge, are here as wonderful as ever they were. To these there are royal roads, and they were Mr. Kipling's. But there is no royal road to the wisdom that comes only with the passage of the days. There is not lacking signs that that is beginning to leaven the work of "the precocious boy;" but there is many a step in front of him to wisdom's heights. If, with his natural equipment, he wins them, a wide kingdom will be in his command.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Courts Martial.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

I take the opportunity of the sad loss of the *Victoria* and the pending trials to call attention to what seems to me a defect in the law of Naval Procedure. Possibly before these lines appear in print this defect will have once more become apparent: it has been exhibited in various recorded instances.

The trouble arises from the custom of the service, recited and confirmed in the 91st section of the Naval Discipline Act, which prescribes a unique course to be taken in every case of *loss* of a ship of war,—namely, that a Court Martial shall be held to inquire into the cause of loss, while elsewhere in the Act provision is made for the trial of officers, &c., on definite charges of breach of duty. The general inquisitorial inquiry and the trial of individuals are thus mixed up in one and the same procedure, to the embarrassment of both. My suggestion is that they should be separated. To legalize this change, hardly more than a mere repealing clause would be required: at any rate, very simple legislation and a regulation or two would suffice. The case of a loss of a ship of war would then be dealt with precisely as any other grave and complex event concerning the discipline of the service,—a mutiny, for example, or a ship grounding and imperilled amid peculiar circumstances (as the *Agincourt*), but not actually lost.

It will readily be admitted that both kinds of judicial inquiry—namely, inquest and trial—are sometimes necessary. If there be ground for supposing that the loss of a ship has been occasioned by the negligence or culpable error of any individual officer or officers, it is obvious they should be brought to trial. But here is my point: they should be tried on definite charges, and the evidence on the trial should be confined to those charges. These are essential conditions of criminal trial as now recognized in English jurisprudence. Without definite and explicit charges,—and this holds with especial force in complicated cases,—the accused, whose reputation and commission are at stake, cannot duly either prepare or

conduct their defence; nor is it right that the evidence on such issues should be encumbered, perhaps prejudiced, by evidence on other points (howsoever important in themselves) which are not relevant to the charges. Doubtless in some cases, probably in the case of the *Victoria*, much consideration is required to determine who shall be tried, and on what charges. But for this purpose the authorities (just as they do in other cases) may hold any preliminary inquiry they may think fit (usually a confidential one),—they remaining wholly and solely responsible for the action finally taken, or, it may be, for the no-action. If after such inquiry they should come to the opinion that there is no sufficient evidence to support charges against anyone, then, it seems to me, there should be no *trial*. What is the good of putting on trial a few obviously innocent survivors from a wreck? It is a mere form, and a confusing form.

On the other hand, in certain cases, happily exceptional, it is no less clear that the need of the service cannot be satisfied by the mere trial of certain officers. In some cases the action of the dead must be inquired into and judged; in others, the conduct of civilians; in others, the construction of the ship or engines; in others, the circumstances amid which the ship was sent to sea: these or other circumstances, often very obscure, very complex, and ranging over long periods of time, may demand full and public inquiry,—the purpose of such inquiry being to explain and record precisely what has occurred, with a view to providing against errors or misfortunes in the future. Such inquiry—whether held before or after any Court Martial ordered in the case—will be committed to Naval officers serving under the pendant—and chosen for their authority, ability, and experience—at their head a strong President. Without going so far as to say that in no case whatever should resort be had to an outside tribunal, such as a Royal Commission, one may say that such an expedient is not only highly exceptional, but is apt to be the device of a weak Ministry, seeking to evade its proper responsibility, whilst, on the other hand, it is eminently desirable that Naval officers should be encouraged in every way to show themselves equal to the highest demands of their great Service,—not only as regards discipline and seamanship, their own peculiar domain, but also as regards Naval construction, dockyard management, and Naval policy and administration of every kind, including finance; including, moreover, equitable judgment of persons and things in relation to the Service. But such inquisition is very different from trial, and should be differently organized and managed. As there will be no charges and no sentences, there should be no hard-and-fast rules of evidence, and (probably) no evidence on oath: all should be at large to the tribunal for full inquiry, subject only to the scope of their instructions. Within those limits it will be for them to choose what questions they will examine, and in what manner and to what extent: in short, they will be masters of the entire situation, free to do the best they can fully to inform the mind of their convening authority, who will then, upon his own responsibility, take such action as he thinks the case requires. Experience, however, in analogous cases (as in the inquiries held under the Board of Trade in railway accidents &c.) has shown that certain methods or rules must be observed. One of these

(plainly demanded by equity) is that where the inquiry naturally points to censure of individuals the tribunal should invite evidence from the inculpated parties; another, and a most important one, is that the Report should set out in due narrative order and due fulness the facts proved (with extracts from the evidence and observations thereon if necessary), and should finally formulate definite conclusions and recommendations. On no other terms can the inquiry be adequate. Naval officers do not love the pen; but it will not do to huddle the whole matter into two or three sentences; we want to know much more than two or three sentences can give us. We want a complete story and account. As an example of entire success in this kind, I would cite the inquiry into the fall of the Forth Bridge, conducted by the late Mr. Henry Rothery (whose name, in passing, I would salute with respect and affection). The questions there were very intricate, and involved severe censure of both living and dead persons; but the Report was so searching, so equitable, so convincing, as to be quite decisive: no word of it, so far as I remember, was ever called in question. It would be rather melancholy to compare with this the findings of some Courts Martial in the case of wrecked or lost ships. The defects or mistakes committed in them I charge in great part to the imperfect and perplexing procedure which the officers were bound to follow.

What, then, is to be urged for the present practice? Nothing, I believe, but the custom of the Service, which has prevailed for perhaps 150 years. This is a strong plea, I admit. Ancient custom is not to be lightly disturbed, especially in such a service; it should be maintained even against a good deal of inconvenience. But it should give way, if shown to lead to serious mischief and error, when a better path is open. I have endeavoured to show that such is the case here. Few things concern the Service more intimately than those great inquests and trials; and it should be remembered that the art of Trial and the art of Inquiry are essentially modern arts: that is to say, immense improvements have been made in them in these 150 years, corresponding to the growth of science and the critical sense and detailed practice of our complex modern life. I venture, therefore, to suggest for consideration the change I have pointed out.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,
VERNON LUSHINGTON.

July 15, 1893.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their Manuscript to be returned in case of rejection.

Letters by Mr. R. W. R. WILSON, Mr. J. DUNDAS WHITE, and Mr. C. E STEWART *are held over until next month.*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 064654665